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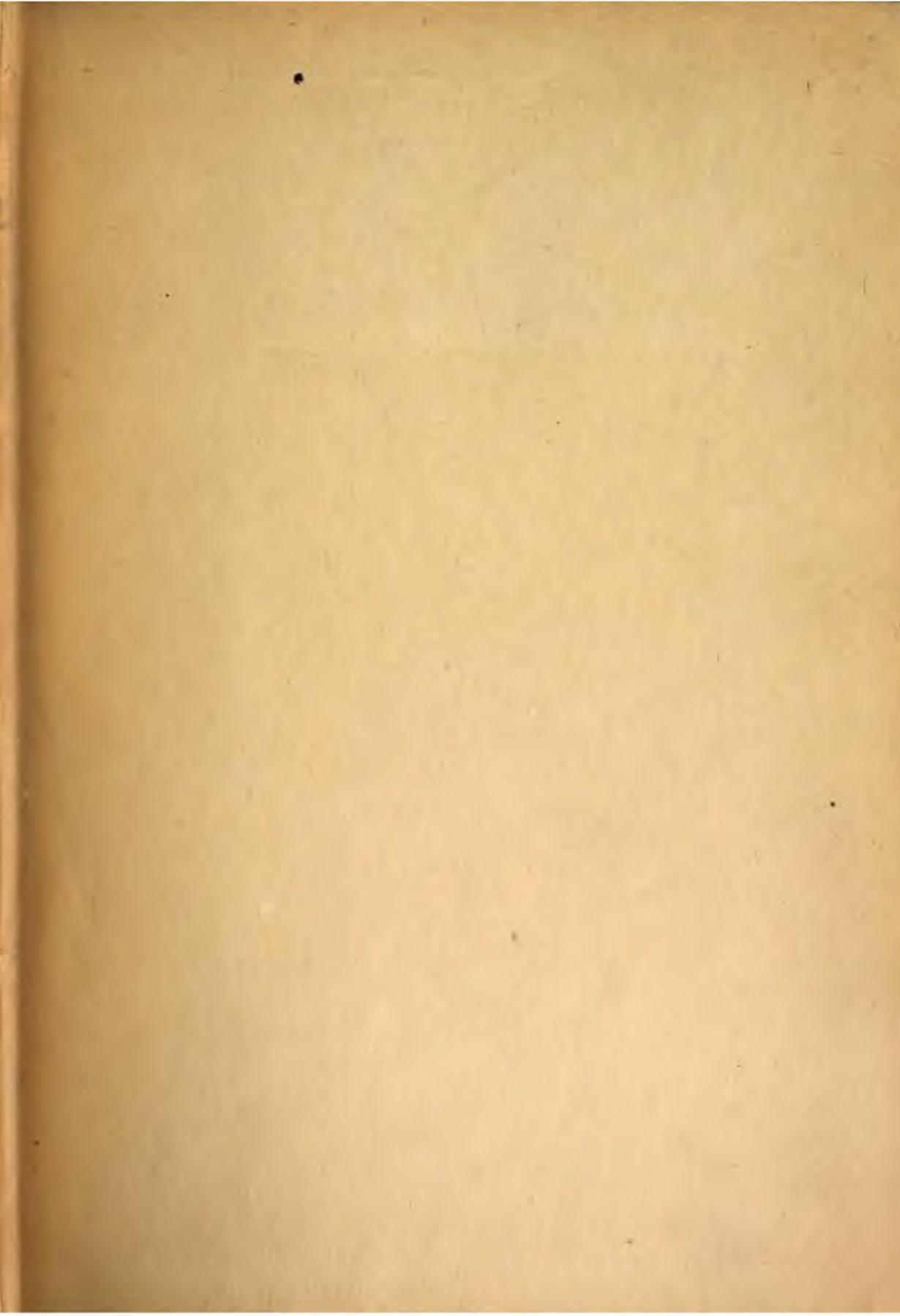


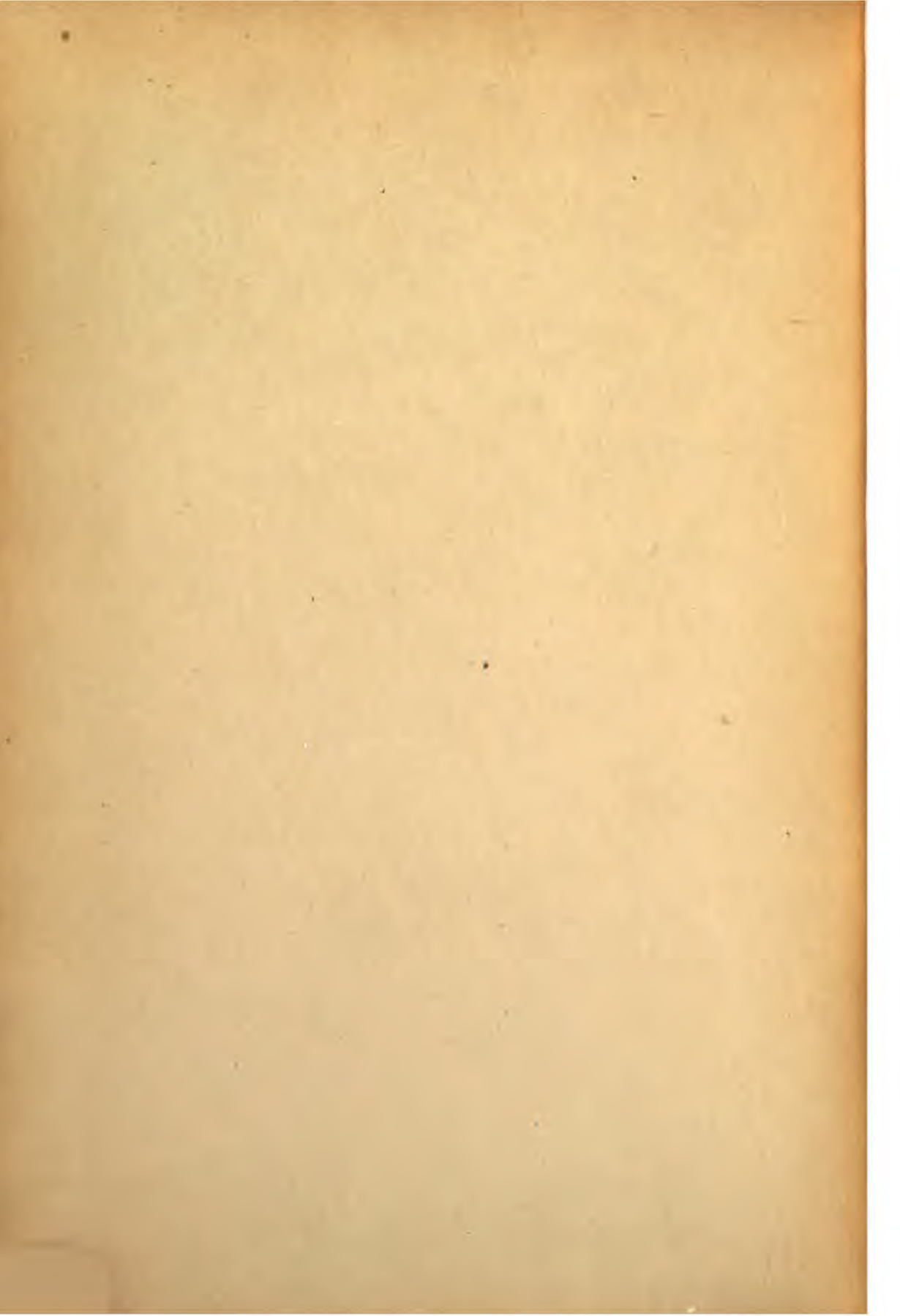
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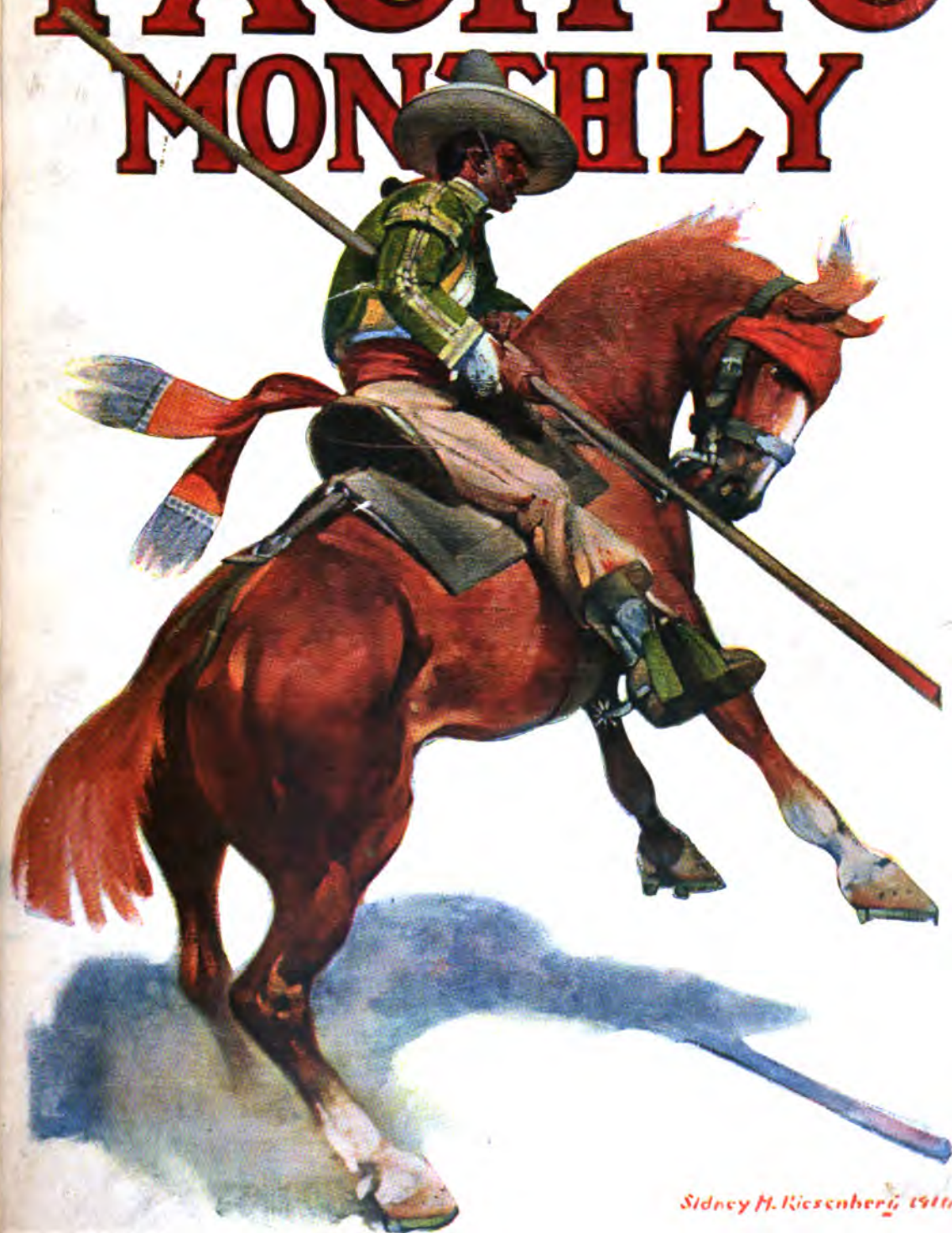


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To Our Readers

The Pacific Monthly for February, 1911

Because of the unexpected length of some of the articles in this number, two or three other articles which had been scheduled for this month, were crowded out and will therefore appear in the February issue.

"*Hunting the Wild Boar*," by STEWART EDWARD WHITE, is a very lively and picturesque account of an outing in a remote and unnamed corner of the Southwest. With one companion and two small but very efficient dogs, Mr. White ranged the wilderness for a fortnight of fun with wild porkers.

"*Confessions of an Itinerant Phrenologist*" is the first of a series of delightfully intimate personal narratives by men who, writing anonymously, describe interesting phases of real life from the "inside." This phrenologist was a man who approached his "profession" at first with great respect and genuine scientific interest. His observations on human character, his experiences in many places, and his conclusions and finally-achieved philosophy make exceedingly interesting reading.

"*The Trail Blazers*," or "*Surveying a Railroad Through the Wild Rockies*," by CAL F. STEWART, is a vivid off-hand sketch of the life of a railway surveyor. It shows what railroad pioneering is like and proves that even today the engineers are finding short cuts through wildernesses as primitive as in the days of the earliest Western trail blazers.

"*Land Looking in British Columbia*," by W. D. HULBERT, is a graphically-told story of a trip into the great, forested coast region of the Northwest, to examine timber lands.

MR. JOHN E. LATHROP, in "*The West and the National Capital*," for February, will discuss the interesting developments in the railroad rate controversy, the Ballinger problem and other important matters before Congress. He will have something interesting to the West, also, on the monster merger of the copper mining and smelter interests now forming.

The second half of WILLIAM WINTER'S article on "*The Newspaper and the Theatre*," is, if possible, more interesting than the first installment. The intrepid stand for Press honesty and Theatrical decency taken by the venerable dramatic critic and litterateur should command general attention and respect. Some of his statements may arouse resentment in some quarters, but neither their truth nor his conclusions can be successfully challenged.

HENRY A. CLOCK'S "*Narrative of a Shanghaied Whaleman*" approaches its conclusion. The next installment describes a thrilling encounter with a whale that wrecked his boat and nearly cost the lives of its occupants. The hard, harsh life aboard the *Alexander* was relieved by one spot which, so by contrast; if not really bright, at least seemed it was a fortnight's loafing and "sport" at St. Michael Island.

FICTION

The second installment of "*The Golden Half of the Silver Moon*," by FELIX BENGUAT, carries poor Selim through a whirl of thrilling adventures and more than ever fascinates the reader with its Oriental charm.

In the next installment of "*The Elbow Canyon Mystery*," the story takes a very lively turn. Events follow one another in rapid succession and Ballard, the young engineer, finds himself deeper than ever in a desperate situation.

Among the interesting short stories of the February number are: "*The Come-On*," by E. D. EWERS, how a desperate life convict achieved freedom; "*Mrs. Brutus*," by MARYEL VANCE ABBOTT, the clever undoing of a masterful woman's will; "*William Shakespeare's Second-Best Bed*," by ELLIOT KAYS STONE, an amusing tale of a Vankee soap-salesman's adventure with an antique four-poster.



The Clock

By Aloysius Coll

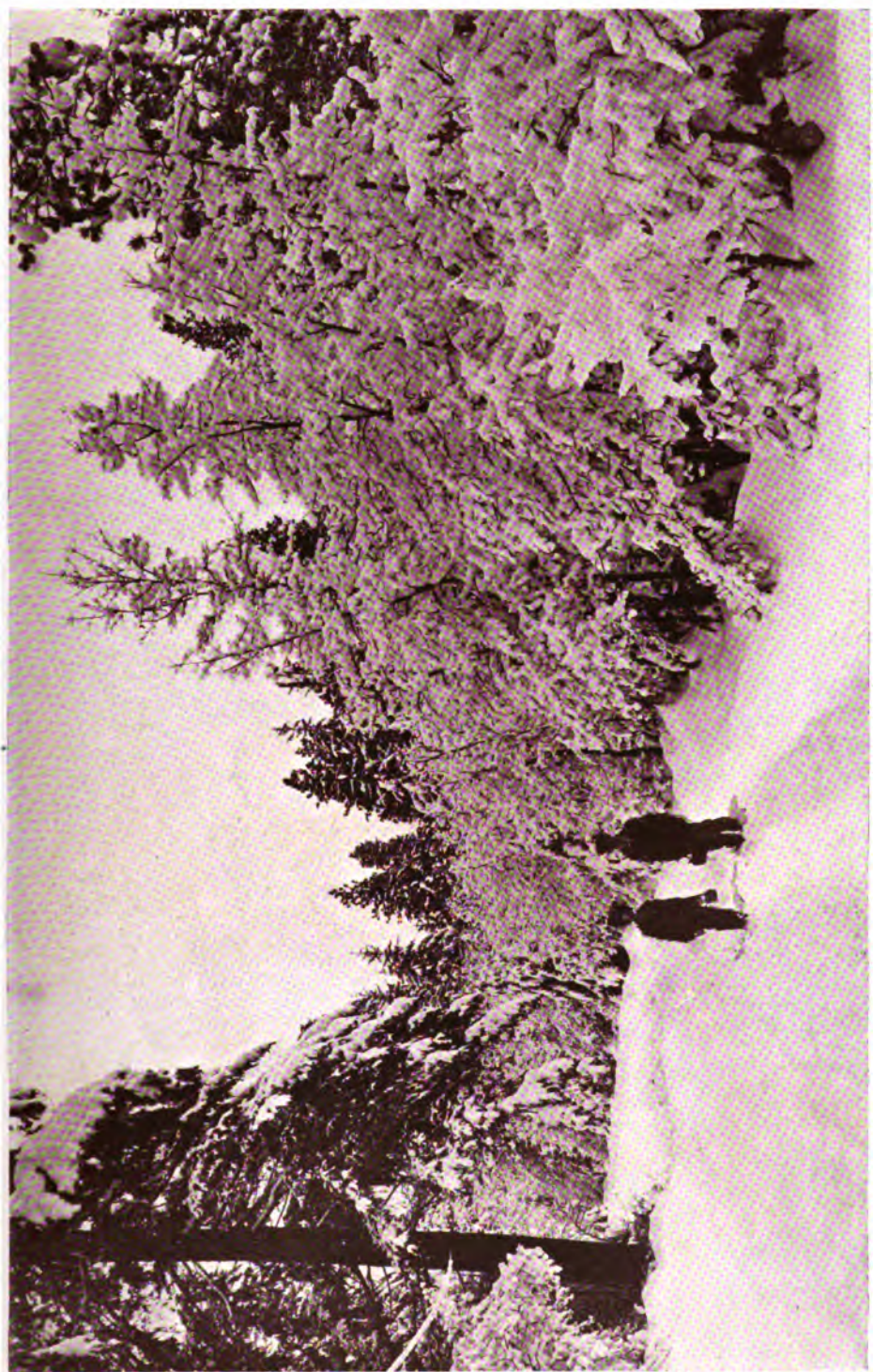
A day, a year—what are they but the lore
Of vanity? The hour that Saul is dead
Homer is born to sing. One loaf of bread
For him that has a finger on the door
Of Death is food for all his needs, and more.
For every man the clock is air, or lead,
And never yet has any moment fled
For him as for his father gone before.
Our victories are measured in the moon,
Our failures by the stars that dim and fall.
Our sloth for dreams, and dreams for duty done;
But who can tell what golden afternoon
Life's overwound alarm shall strike the call
Of midnight—at the setting of the sun?



EVENING IN HAWAII.



IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, LAKES LOUISE, MIRROR AND AGNES.



THE ROAD TO SCHOOL, WHITE SALMON VALLEY, WASHINGTON.



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VOL. XXV

JANUARY, 1911

No. 1

Story of a Political Refugee

By L. Gutierrez de Lara

(Written in collaboration with John Kenneth Turner.)

As this article goes to press, the news comes that revolution has broken out in many sections of Mexico. Because the Government made a farce of the presidential elections of June, the people have arisen to do by force the thing that they hoped to do and tried to do by peaceful means—that is, to restore constitutional government.

For the first time since Diaz seized the government of Mexico thirty-four years ago, his regime is seriously threatened. While the revolution is sure to triumph ultimately, it is impossible at this moment to predict the outcome of the present uprising. It may be put down. If a fair election were held tomorrow, Madero would triumph over Diaz ten to one, but majorities do not count in a country that is ruled by the sword. It is military organization that counts and nothing else.

Diaz has 40,000 regular soldiers, nearly 10,000 rurales and a tremendous force of regular and secret police, all well trained, all armed to the teeth. The revolutionists have numbers, but they have only such a degree of organization as is possible under excessive espionage, and only such arms as they have been able to smuggle into the country or to buy in small quantities at a time.

It will be seen, then, that no matter how righteous the revolutionists' cause, no matter how unpopular the Government, the Government must win unless the rebels are able to win over a considerable portion of the army. This I believe that they can do provided they are able to maintain themselves in the field for the first few weeks. Ninety-seven per cent of the Mexican army are drafted men who would prefer to fight the Government than to fight for it. Therefore, every captured soldier will become a revolutionist recruit, and when it appears that the revolution has a fair chance of winning, the army will go over in companies and in regiments.

As this is written, United States soldiers are being sent to the border with the ostensible purpose of enforcing the neutrality laws. If they do this and this only, well and good, but, as shown in this article, the tendency in the past has been to overstep legal authority in order to co-operate with Diaz in exterminating his enemies. The very presence of troops at the border is a threat against Mexicans residing in the United States who wish to return to their own country, there to engage in the fight against the Government, a thing that they have a perfect right to do. It is also a threat of intervention a little later. One of the things that the revolutionists most fear is that, when it is seen that Diaz cannot cope with them, the United States, under the plea of protecting American lives and property, will intervene in favor of Diaz.

Thus in more than one way the presence of troops at the border injures the cause of the revolutionists. If ever armed rebellion was righteous, surely this one of Mexico is righteous. The American people should watch carefully to see that their Government does not serve a despot against an army of patriots who are fighting to abolish the slavery and political oppression of "Barbarous Mexico."

JOHN KENNETH TURNER.



WHEN I, a citizen of Mexico, came to the United States some four and one-half years ago, I nursed an abiding faith that no man could be arrested and imprisoned in this country unless he had committed some crime. And as to an honest and law-respecting man being deported for his political beliefs, I could not have believed that—never.

We of Mexico, like the well-informed of the world generally, were aware of the reputation your

great commonwealth enjoyed as a haven for the politically-hunted. I knew something of the honors your people have bestowed upon Palma, upon Shurz, upon Garibaldi, upon Kosciuszko, and upon numerous other brilliant stars who have lighted up the stony, tortuous path toward political liberty in other countries. I had never heard of your deporting or imprisoning any of these patriots. I knew that in my own country—so incorrectly styled a Republic—for his political opinions a

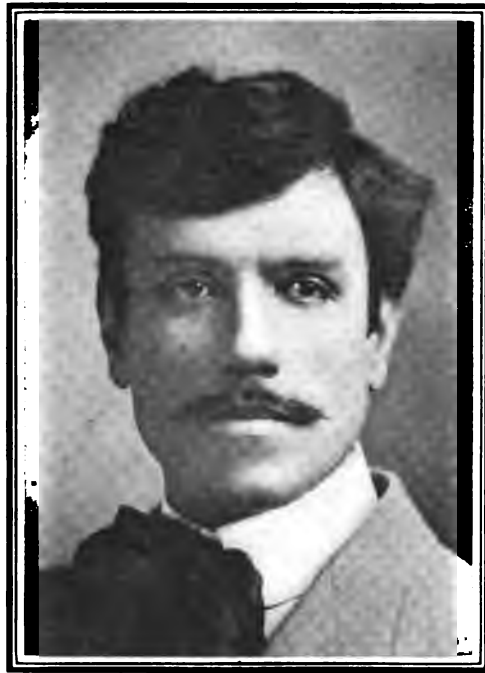
man may be imprisoned, his business may be destroyed, he may be stripped of his property, banished, killed. But I had heard differently of the great United States. When I set foot on the northern side of the Rio Grande I fondly believed that any individual, American or foreigner, however humble, however obscure, could speak his own thoughts within fair and decent limits and go unpunished.

I did not become a resident of your country wholly of my own free will. I would have preferred to remain at home, there to play what part I could in the

movement to lift the yoke from the neck of my people. I became a political refugee only to save my life.

I am proud to say that the blood of the Spanish *conquistadores* runs but thinly through my veins. I am almost pure Aztec. My family has been known in Northeastern Mexico since long before our independence. My great-grandfather was Hidalgo's first envoy to your National capital. Bancroft and other historians devote space to his exploits. Bernardo Gutierrez de Lara—that was his name—fought throughout the War

for Independence, attaining the post of commander-in-chief of the armies in the North of Mexico. Later, after Iturbide had imposed himself as emperor, had been driven out of the country and had returned again in the hope of regaining his power, it was the unyielding stand of my great-grandfather which resulted in his arrest and execution. General Jose Maria Mier, present governor of the State of Nuevo Leon, is of our family. My younger brother, Dr. Felipe Gutierrez, has performed notable services for



L. GUTIERREZ DE LARA.

the Health Department of Mexico.

My father, who had inherited but a fraction of the family wealth, died when I was small, and soon my mother was nursing the remnant of the fortune in order to send her three children to school. When I was eighteen we moved from Monterey to the National capital, where I took up the study of law in the National School of Jurisprudence. In 1892 I took part in a monster street demonstration against the fourth "election" of Diaz, and when the police and soldiery charged upon and scattered the



Manuel Sarabia

Inez Ruiz

Tomas Sarabia

Lauro Aguirre

MEXICAN REFUGEES WHO HAVE SUFFERED PERSECUTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

marching hosts I was among those arrested. Luckily, however, in the confusion of herding hundreds to the jails and police stations, I succeeded in breaking away, so I escaped the months of imprisonment which fell to the lot of many of my fellow-students, among them Ricardo Flores Magon, who is now president of the Mexican Liberal Party and a refugee, like myself.

In Mexico students of the public institutions are forbidden indulging in any political activities whatsoever, the law being enforced, by the way, only

when those political activities are unfriendly to the administration. In 1892 many of my classmates were expelled. I was overlooked, only to suffer expulsion a year later for slyly criticizing some of the antics of our cheap aristocracy. My article appeared in *El Diario del Hogar*, a daily paper which was suppressed by the government just prior to the "election" of last June, but which has since succeeded in renewing its existence.

After my expulsion from school I served variously as a clerk in the Military Court of the capital, as a student in



Ricardo Flores Magon

Antonio Villarreal

Librado Rivera

MEXICAN REFUGEES IMPRISONED FOR "VIOLATION OF THE NEUTRALITY LAWS."



EX-GOVERNOR HENRY T. GAGE, OF CALIFORNIA,
ONE OF THE FLOCK OF ATTORNEYS HIRED
BY THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT AS SPECIAL
PROSECUTORS OF THE LOS
ANGELES PARTY OF REFUGEES.

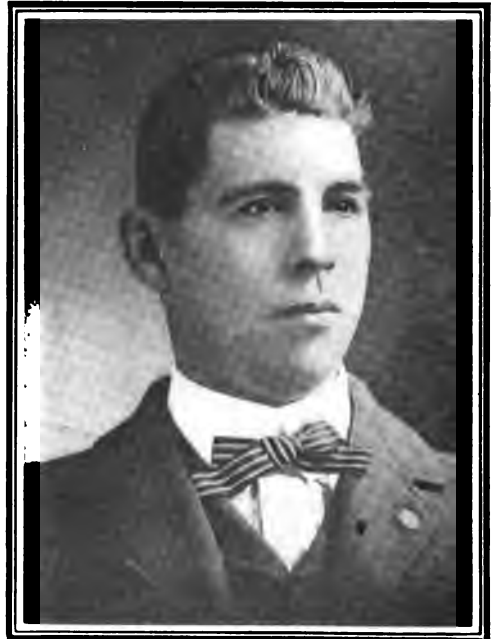
the diplomatic school in the Department of Foreign Relations, and as a judge in the city of Parral, Chihuahua. Later I practiced law in the states of Chihuahua and Sonora. It was while practicing law in Cananea that the events occurred which made me a political refugee, a homesick wanderer in a strange land.

The Cananea strike, even at this late day, seems to me a worthy subject for a magazine article. The story has been almost entirely falsified in the American press. The American consul at Cananea, indeed, who was also an employee of the Greene-Cananea Copper Company, so distorted the facts that he was summarily removed within a week after the trouble began. The truth is that the Cananea affair was not a race war in any sense of the word, that the American women and children of Cananea were never in the slightest danger. It was an industrial strike, pure and simple, and one which was encouraged by the promoters of the Greene-Cananea Copper Company, who planned to "bear"

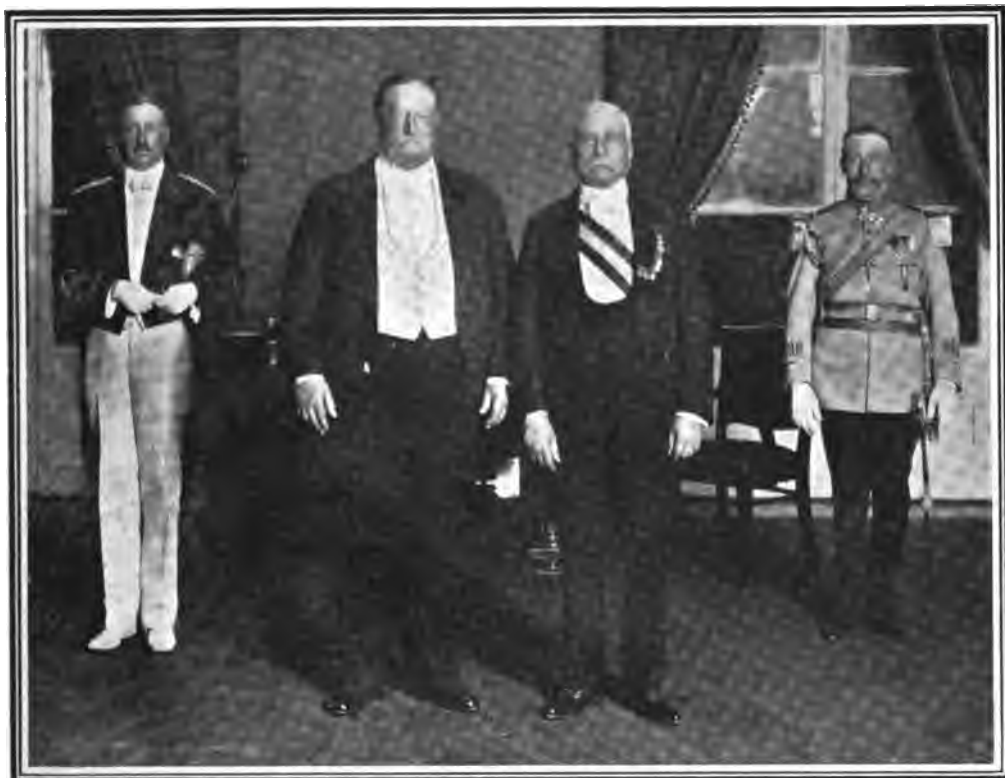
Greene-Cananea stock and buy it in for themselves.

Greene telegraphed for Mexican troops the day before the strike. Greene men fired the first shot. Who else than Greene inspired the false reports that went out to the American newspapers? Greene hired the three hundred Arizonans who invaded Mexico under the misapprehension that they were needed to protect American women and children. After the first little riot was entirely past, it was Greene men who drove about the streets popping their Winchesters indiscriminately at Mexicans. Finally, it was Governor Yzabal, tool of Vice-President Corral, of Mexico, and himself a partner of Greene, who massacred the unarmed strikers, who impressed hundreds of them into the army, and who, had he not misunderstood his orders, would have shot me with his other victims.

My offense lay in the fact that a few days previous to the strike I addressed a meeting of miners—that and nothing more. The strike was a surprise to me, yet on the morning of May 31, 1906, I found myself one of the closely-packed sardines in the Cananea jail, accused of



F. TALAMANTES, THE NOTORIOUS LOS ANGELES
CITY DETECTIVE, WHO WAS LOANED TO
THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TO HELP
ACCOMPLISH THE DOWNFALL OF
THE MEXICAN LIBERALS.



TAFT AND DIAZ, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MEXICAN BORDER, OCTOBER, 1909.

"inciting" the strike. Three days afterward Vice-President Corral wired a list of thirty-four prisoners who were to be taken out and shot, and my name was among the number.

It was the friendship of the telegraph operator which saved me. He whispered the contents of the message to the postmaster, who was also my friend, and the postmaster risked his position and liberty to wire my brother of my plight. My brother succeeded in getting the matter before Diaz, who



CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, THE UNITED STATES ATTORNEY-GENERAL, WHO CONDUCTED THE PROSECUTION OF MEXICAN POLITICAL REFUGEES.

wired Governor Yzabal asking what offense I had committed. Misinterpreting the message, Yzabal released me, and when he learned of his mistake I was gone.

I reached American soil by freight train, but after a few days of safety I decided to go in disguise to Mexico City and place the true facts before Diaz, in the hope that he would punish the criminals of Cananea.

Diaz granted my request for an audience, but kept putting off the date until I received in-

formation that Yzabal had seen him first and that the police were looking for my hiding-place. Again I fled to the United States, narrowly escaping capture on the way.

At Douglas, Arizona, the Mexican consul tried, by fair words, to entice me across the line, but failed. At Naco I saw through the car window a line of United States rangers and Mexican *rurales*. The *rurales* waited while the rangers searched the train. I thought I was to be kidnapped and carried across the line. I still believe that this was the

lish being limited, the many avenues open to educated men for making a living were closed to me. For a few days I was obliged to labor in the streets. It is so with political refugees generally. Finally, I succeeded in disposing of some mining property which I owned in Mexico and, living upon this, I wrote a novel in Spanish, "*Los Bribones*" (The Rascals), dealing with the Cananea strike.

It was about this time that the Mexican Government, by the use of bribery, perjury and political wire-pulling, tried to get me into its clutches.



MEXICAN MOB.—A SEA OF HATS.

plan, but a kind-hearted passenger, an opera singer with whom I happened to be conversing, hid me in her private compartment and I escaped capture. After the train recrossed into Mexico this lady's room was searched by the *rurales* on three successive days.

I arrived in Los Angeles, California, in the fall of 1906, and for nearly a year the agents of Diaz did not molest me. During that period I was kept pretty busy making a living. When I left Mexico I was compelled to leave my profession behind me. My command of Eng-

The story of the persecution of myself as a political refugee upon United States soil is only one of many. Indeed, I suppose that my case is comparatively insignificant, inasmuch as the slings and arrows directed against me were only incidental, and not an integral part of the general campaign waged against the members of the Mexican Liberal Party who had escaped to this country. But it is not my purpose here to deal solely with my own case.

I am not, nor have ever been, a member of the Mexican Liberal Party,



C. B. Walte, Photographer.
MEXICAN CAVALRY; ONE OF THE SHOWIEST TROOPS.

though I have always sympathized with its lofty aspirations. This party sprang into existence in 1900, its purpose being to restore popular government, which was abolished by Diaz thirty-four years ago, when he led his army into our

capital and proclaimed himself president.

The Liberal Party was a party of peace, a party of law and order and progress. It violated no laws and intended to violate none. But the outlaw government of Diaz destroyed it by the



MEXICAN REGULARS. THE MOST CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE PLACES THEIR NUMBER TODAY AT OVER 40,000. THESE MEN NEVER GET LEAVE OF ABSENCE, AS THEY WOULD RUN AWAY.



C. B. Walte, Photographer.

COTTON MILLS AT RIO BLANCO, SCENE OF THE BLOODIEST STRIKE IN MEXICAN LABOR HISTORY.

blood-and-iron methods of barbarism. Its clubs were broken up, its officers jailed, its newspapers suppressed, its editors imprisoned. Some members were assassinated. Others were impressed into the army. Still others were sold into slavery. Those who had property were stripped of their property. Every constitutional guarantee of civilized nations was abrogated. Every peaceful avenue of reform was closed. Such are the inevitable methods of a despotism that would maintain itself. *Is there any American so gross and groveling, and so forgetful of the fights of his forefathers, as to blame the Mexican Liberals for turning to thoughts of revolution?*

Bear in mind, however, that the leaders of that progressive movement were hunted out of the country before the party adopted a military program. The Flores Magons, Ricardo and Enrique, with a party of others, arrived in Lare-

do, Texas, in January, 1904. Almost immediately a general harassment of them began. I remember hearing, in 1905 and 1906, of actions of libel, both criminal and civil, of suits for damages to reputation, brought by persons who had come from Mexico as tools of the Diaz government. After the failure of the party's first plans for an armed rebellion, which

was set for the month of September, 1906, there were reports of many imprisonments, especially in Texas and Arizona, and numerous attempts to carry refugees across the line, in order that the Diaz government might deal with them after its own summary methods. And some of these attempts were successful. Manifestly these imprisonments could not have occurred, nor these deportations been accomplished, or even attempted, without the co-operation of American officials.

If I did not consider this co-operation of the



TERESA VILLARREAL, SISTER OF ANTONIO, A REFUGEE IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

United States governmental powers with Diaz, for the purpose of aiding Diaz in the extermination of his political enemies, unjust, even unlawful, and a contravention in general of the American principle which guarantees safety to political refugees, I would not be writing this story.

Some of the methods employed in the campaign of deportation during this period were: first, to institute extradition proceedings under charges of "murder and robbery"; second, to deport through the Immigration Department under charges of being "undesirable immigrants"; third, to kidnap outright and feloniously carry across the line.

Some members of the Liberal Party whose extradition was sought on charges of "murder and robbery" during the space of a few months were Librado Rivera, Pedro Gonzales, Crescencio Villarreal, Trinidad Garcia, Demetrio Castro, Patricio Guerra, Antonio I. Villarreal, Lauro Aguirre, Ricardo Flores Magon and Manuel Sarabia. There were others, but I have not definite knowledge of their cases. Some of the prosecutions occurred at St. Louis, others at El Paso, Texas, others at Del Rio, Texas, and others at Los Angeles, California.

An uprising of a Liberal club at Jimenez, Coahuila, formed the basis of the charges in all but one or two of the cases. During this uprising somebody was killed and the government postoffice lost some money. Wherefore every Mexican who could be convicted of membership in the Liberal Party, although he might never have been in Coahuila nor have ever heard of the rebellion, stood in danger of extradition for "murder and robbery." The United States Government spent a good many thousands of dollars in prosecuting these manifestly groundless charges, but it is to the credit of certain Federal judges that the prosecutions were generally unsuccessful. Judge Gray, of St. Louis, and Judge Maxey, of Texas, both characterized the offenses as being of a political nature.

The scheme to deport political refugees through the Immigration Department was more successful. As I understand them, the immigration laws of your country provide that, if it be discovered that an immigrant is a criminal

or an anarchist, or if he has entered your country in an illegal manner, provided that such discovery is made within three years of his arrival here, the immigration officials may deport him. The question of the "undesirability" of the immigrant is not a subject for review by your courts, the immigrant may not appeal, and within two or three restrictions the immigration agent's word is law. It will be readily seen, therefore, that if the said official be not an honest man, if he be willing to accept a bribe or even yield to influence or blandishments, he may, with impunity, send many pure and upright men to an untimely death.

And exactly this thing has been done. I am morally certain that it would have been done in my own case had not an aroused public opinion intervened.

Antonio I. Villarreal, secretary of the Liberal Party, was among those placed in danger of deportation "under the immigration laws." After various means had been used unsuccessfully to secure his extradition, he was turned over to the immigration officials at El Paso, and was actually on his way to the line when he made a break for liberty and escaped.

Of a large number of Mexican Liberals arrested in Arizona in the fall of 1906, Lazaro Puente, Abraham Salcido, Gabriel Rubio, Bruno Trevino, Carlos Humbert, Leonardo Villarreal and several others were deported in one party by the immigration officials at Douglas. There is no legal excuse for deporting an immigrant because he is a political refugee. On the other hand, according to your American principles, he is entitled to especially solicitous care for this reason. And yet all of these men were deported because they were political refugees and for no other reason. All of them were peaceful, respectable persons. The law under no circumstances permits of deportation after the immigrant has been a resident of this country for more than three years. But several of this number had lived here for longer than that time, and Puente, who was editing a paper in Douglas, claimed to have resided in the United States continuously for thirteen years.

Still another crime of officials may be cited in this particular case. When occasion arises for deportation, the immi-

grant in ordinary cases is merely returned to the country whence he came. But in this case the group of Mexican Liberals was delivered over to the Mexican police in handcuffs, and the American handcuffs were not removed until the prisoners arrived at the penitentiary of Hermosillo, State of Sonora!

The Mexican Government, by the way, found nothing against these men after it had got them except that they were members of the Liberal Party. Nevertheless, it sent each and every one of them to long terms in prison.

Kidnappings are not a matter of record except where the kidnappers are caught. At least that is the case with political refugees, for when the kidnapping is successful the perpetrators see that the victim is disposed of in such a manner that he may never tell the tale. There have been many reports of the kidnapping of Mexican political refugees. Liberals have been seen near the line and then have never been seen again and it has been supposed that they were kidnapped. But there are several cases that admit of proof. City detectives of St. Louis, supposedly at the behest of Diaz agents, kidnapped Librado Rivera and Aaron Manzano and secretly carried them to Irontown, Missouri. There was no warrant of arrest, no appearance before a magistrate, no charge, not even a police booking. Had not a friendly newspaper man of St. Louis exposed the unlawful act there is little doubt that the victims would have been taken secretly to the border and turned over to the Mexican authorities.

Then there is strong evidence of a plot to kidnap Magon, Villarreal and Rivera in Los Angeles, in August, 1907, and carry them across the line. Here there is evidence both circumstantial and direct. But the most complete case against the kidnappers is found in the affair in which Manuel Sarabia, second speaker of the Liberal Party, was the victim.

Sarabia was in Douglas, Arizona, working as a printer under an assumed name. June 30, 1907, he was approached on the street by United States Ranger Sam Hayhurst, who held him up at the point of a pistol and, without a warrant, put him in the city jail. At about mid-

night Sarabia was led from the jail, shoved into an automobile, tied and gagged, carried across the line, and turned over to a band of waiting *rurales*. The *rurales* tied their prisoner on the back of a mule and made a five days' trip through the mountains to Hermosillo, placing him in the penitentiary.

The only thing that saved Sarabia was this circumstance, that, before the gag was placed, he cried out his name and that he was being kidnapped. Some passerby heard, the story spread, Douglas was aroused, public meetings were held, the governor and the president were petitioned, and, finally, the conspirators, seeing that they were exposed, gave up the prisoner, Ranger Captain Wheeler making the trip to Hermosillo to bring him back. Upon his return to Douglas no charge was placed against Sarabia, he was not arrested, and efforts were even made to bribe him to leave town.

The case against the kidnappers was complete. The Mexican Government was involved, through its local representative, the Mexican consul, Antonio Maza, and the United States Government was involved through Ranger Hayhurst. Implicated also were sworn officials of the city and of the Territory, the city jailer, Lee Thompson, and Constable Shorpsire, the last named having accompanied the automobile across the line.

The chauffeur, Henry Elvey, made a clean breast of his part in the affair, with the result that Consul Maza, Hayhurst, Thompson and Shorpsire were arrested and charged with felonious kidnapping. Others should have been arrested—the head jailer, who changed the regular night man off to put Thompson in charge, and some private detectives who aided in the enterprise. It was proved that Maza had paid the chauffeur and that he had visited newspapers in order to hush up the affair, when the first word of it was going about. But Maza was not convicted. His government did not even have the decency to remove him from office. Nor were any of the others convicted. The evidence was clear and conclusive, the accused were held to answer before the higher court, but when the public excitement over the matter had died down the cases were quietly dropped.

All of these incidents, and a good many more of similar character, happened before I myself became one of the persecuted, which was in the fall of 1907.

Ricardo Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera, president, secretary and first speaker, respectively, of the Liberal Party, had come secretly to Los Angeles—as detectives were hunting for all of them—and established a weekly paper, which they called *Revolucion*, publishing it under the nominal editorship of the owner of the printing shop, Modesto Diaz. The hiding place of these men was finally located and, August 23, they were arrested. Whereupon began a legal fight for freedom and against extradition which ended only after they had been confined in American jails and penitentiaries for nearly three years.

When two Los Angeles city detectives, the notorious Talamantes and Rico, and a squad of Pinkertons invaded the house of Magon and his friends, they planned, not to take them to jail, but to carry them secretly to Mexico in an automobile. Circumstances point to this fact, and the confession of one of the hirelings of the Mexican consul proved it. Among the circumstances pointing to a kidnapping plot was the lack of legal preparedness on the part of the officials. They had no warrant. They were even at a loss as to what charge to place against their prisoners. They therefore placed them in jail and held them *incommunicado* for several days without any charge and without even any booking.

Arrested on Attorney-General Bonaparte's Order and Held Without Evidence.

It was at this juncture that I, an old schoolmate of Magon, busied myself to secure legal aid, to raise money and to arouse public opinion on behalf of my friend. As the arrest of the three left their paper without an editor, I undertook this work temporarily, also. It was for these reasons, and these alone, that I was arrested.

September 27, one month after the incarceration of the Liberals, a Deputy United States Marshal called at my home and informed me that I was under arrest. No warrant was shown me, but

I was told that Attorney-General Bonaparte had ordered that I be held pending extradition proceedings to Mexico. For a long time I was at a loss to know what offense the Mexican agents would charge against me.

The extradition treaty between the United States and Mexico provides that, when one government asks the extradition of a criminal of the other, it must furnish the requisite evidence of guilt within the space of forty days. In my case this rule was repeatedly violated.

At the start a complaint was filed charging me with larceny, committed on the blank day of the blank month of 1906, in the blank state of the Republic of Mexico.

Forty days elapsed and I was still suffering the humiliations of imprisonment. No evidence whatsoever. Then a second complaint was filed. It was exactly like the first, except that the blank state was changed to the State of Sonora.

For a second forty days I outraged my appetite with the vile stuff that passes for food in that class of jails in which the sheriff feeds the prisoners on the contract basis. Nothing happened. When ninety days had passed my attorney applied for a writ of habeas corpus. It was denied and the prosecution was given more time to prepare a new complaint.

Finally I was charged with stealing uncut stove-wood in the State of Sonora, August 13, 1903!

They even went so far as to try to secure my extradition on that charge! Yes, I had had some trouble over some stove-wood. I had been the attorney of a widow whom a certain rich mine-owner of Cananea was trying to defraud out of a piece of land. This land had some trees growing on it, the widow needed some wood, and I advised her to cut down some of those trees. The mine-owner had me arrested, and, as the local court was entirely at his mercy, it declared that I was guilty. I appealed and, though justice is not to be found in a Mexican court, the injustice of my arrest was so patent that the higher judge refused to consider my case.

I succeeded in bringing out these facts at the hearing, and in showing, in addition, that the value of the wood in ques-

tion was only four dollars, while it requires a twenty-five-dollar theft for extradition proceedings. Besides, the statute of limitations applied. And there were other irregularities. And yet for this they held me in jail for one hundred and four days and brought the thing to a hearing at the end! Such is an account of the first attempt Diaz made to get me into his clutches.

The direct connection of the Mexican Government in the prosecution of myself, of Magon and of other Mexican political refugees, even in the cases which did not involve extradition to Mexico, was shown in a hundred ways.

Before the arrest of Magon, Modesto Diaz, his family and associates, were harassed by the city detectives, Talamantes and Rico, who tried by threats and by imprisonment to learn from them the whereabouts of the Liberal leaders. During this time Modesto Diaz was taken to jail, where he was questioned and threatened by the Mexican consul himself, Antonio Lozano.

The hiding place of Magon was located several weeks before the arrests were made, but the detectives waited until the arrival in Los Angeles of the Mexican ambassador, Enrique C. Creel, now Diaz's Minister of Foreign Relations. On the day of the arrest the daily newspapers reported that Creel had come to town to hire special counsel to prosecute the prisoners. Such counsel was hired, some of the highest-priced lawyers in California, ex-Governor Henry T. Gage, Horace H. Appel and Gray, Barker & Bowen.

Immediately after the arrest of Magon and his friends, Talamantes confided to an acquaintance, Federico Arizmendez, that he had received one thousand dollars of the reward money, which the Pinkertons, in the flush of their success, declared that the Mexican Government had offered. Arizmendez's affidavit is a matter of record.

Modesto Diaz, the printer, was arrested, and upon calling for his effects when he was released several days later, he was told that he would have to wait a few days, as the papers taken from him had been placed in the hands of the Mexican consul.

Finally, Thomas Furlong, leader of

the party which arrested Magon, admitted that he was hired by the Mexican Government. Here is an excerpt from the testimony at one of the subsequent hearings:

By Mr. Harriman:

Q. What is your business?

A. I am the president and manager of the Furlong Secret Service company, St. Louis, Mo.

Q. You helped to arrest these men?

A. I did.

Q. What right did you have?

Mr. Lawler: That is objected to as a conclusion of the witness.

Q. By Mr. Harriman: Did you have a warrant?

A. No, sir.

The Commissioner: The other question is withdrawn, and now you ask him if he had a warrant.

Mr. Harriman: Yes, sir.

Q. Arrested them without a warrant?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You took this property away from them without a warrant?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Went through the house and searched it without a warrant?

A. How is that?

Q. Went through the house and searched it without a warrant?

A. Yes.

Q. And took the papers from them?

A. I didn't take any papers from them. I took them and locked them up and then I went back and got the papers.

Q. Took them from their house and kept them, did you?

A. No, sir, I turned them over—

Q. Well, you kept them, as far as they are concerned?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Who paid you for doing this work?

A. The Mexican Government.

Furlong was quoted in a Los Angeles newspaper as saying that he had been "after" Magon and his friends for three years, and that during that period he had turned one hundred and eighty Mexican revolutionists over to the Mexican Government. He told W. F. Zwickey, a Civil War veteran and an ex-sheriff, that he was "not so much interested in this case and the charges for which the defendants are being tried, as in getting them over into Arizona; that all we (meaning by 'we' himself and the Mexican Government) want is to get the defendants down into Arizona, and then we will see that they get across the line." Zwickey's affidavit is a matter of record.

During this period Los Angeles swarmed with Mexican detectives, there were additional arrests, and improper methods were repeatedly used to entrap the refugees or intimidate their friends. Following my arrest Manuel Sarabia came to the city and undertook the publication of *Revolucion*. He was promptly taken to jail and charged with the same offenses as stood against Magon et.al. Modesto Diaz, Arizmendez and Ulibarri, printers, undertook to continue the paper, but they, also, were arrested; they were charged with criminal libel upon the officers who had committed the three crimes of false arrest, battery and burglary in arresting Magon and confiscating his papers. Thus was the Liberal paper suppressed.

Shortly previous to Magon's arrest two pretended employment agencies were operated at the same time in Los Angeles for the purpose of luring unsuspecting Liberals into Mexico under the promise of good jobs. The Mexican Consul, Lozano, had known me in the diplomatic school and he offered me a position as scout for one of these agencies. In the hope of being of service to my friends, I accepted the position, and therefore for a few days I was technically a Mexican spy myself. But I suppose that I was spied upon in turn, for Lozano became suspicious and let me go. An American in charge of one of the employment offices, named Crowley, was soon afterward shot in broad daylight in his place of business by an assassin who mysteriously escaped. I have every reason to believe that Crowley was assassinated because he knew too much of the business of Diaz's agents in Los Angeles and was attempting to extort blackmail.

Spies were all about. Lozano attempted to hire some of my best friends to keep him informed, and not all of these were Mexicans. I know that several times I entertained spies on the supposition that they were friends. I have evidence that Diaz spies were given extraordinary powers to go through the mail of Mexicans at the local postoffice, and I have evidence that several municipal detectives were regularly paid by the Mexican Consul. Within a week after I had slipped away on my secret

visit to Mexico in 1908, though I had been living in the open regularly and had never sought to hide, at least three different spies were inquiring for me of different friends in Los Angeles. Such was the extent of the espionage.

"Suspicion," "resisting an officer," "murder and robbery," "libel," "murdering John Doe," "violating the neutrality laws," "conspiring to violate the neutrality laws," were some of the charges under which Magon, Villarreal, Rivera and Sarabia, the four Liberal leaders, were held in the Los Angeles jails through seventeen weary months. In nearly every case the charges proved to be entirely without foundation. The men were kept in jail, not because they had committed any crime, but because they were politically opposed to the Diaz government; and Diaz wished to put them out of the way, as he puts his enemies out of the way in his own country.

Manifestly, a foreign government could not succeed in keeping its enemies in American jails unjustly without something being the matter with your own administration of justice. Let me point out a few facts that go to show a general policy of wilful persecution, as opposed to lawful prosecution, on the part of the public powers of your country in the administration of these cases.

First, on the part of the police. Magon, Villarreal and Rivera were arrested by Thomas Furlong, a private detective, with a corps of assistants and two Los Angeles city detectives. In arresting the men without a warrant the detectives violated a criminal statute. When the detectives failed to produce a warrant, the victims, fearing that they were about to be kidnapped, set up an outcry, and the detectives beat them over the heads with revolvers, beating one of them so severely that he lay insensible and bleeding on the sidewalk; the others they gagged. Here was a clear case of battery, a second violation of a criminal statute. After the arrest, Furlong, without any greater legal right than if he were a professional burglar, went to Magon's house, broke into it, and carried away his private papers, a third violation of a criminal statute. For their part in the arrest, the city detec-

tives were offered and received bribe money, which constituted a fourth violation of law, punishable by fine and imprisonment. All of these facts were clearly proved. And there were other similar acts of law-breaking by the same parties which can be clearly proved.

Nevertheless, neither the authorities of the city of Los Angeles nor those of the State of California took any action against the criminals. Furlong was not arrested. Talamantes and Rico were not arrested. Talamantes and Rico were not even removed from their positions. They are members of the Los Angeles police force to this day!

Second, on the part of public prosecutors. Attorney-General Charles J. Bonaparte took personal charge of the prosecutions. The accused protested to Senator Perkins that, while they were being prosecuted under the neutrality laws—the extradition proceedings having at that time been abandoned—the real purpose of the prosecution was to get them down into Arizona, in order that from there they might be taken across the line on one pretext or another. Perkins asked Bonaparte about this and the latter replied, in a letter that was published at the time, that such was not the purpose. That it *was* the purpose was admitted by Bonaparte less than ten days later, when, at a hearing before Judge Ross in San Francisco, the United States Attorney, read a telegram from the Attorney-General to this effect: "Resist habeas corpus proceedings in case of Magon et. al. on all grounds, *as they are wanted in Mexico.*"

More significant still were the methods of Oscar Lawler,* then United States District Attorney at Los Angeles, who prosecuted the cases in that city. During the first week of July, 1908, by Lawler's orders the prisoners were placed *incommunicado*. That is, the medieval Spanish system of permitting the prisoners to receive no visitors was put into force, and kept in force for more than six months. During this period Lawler issued a statement to the public declaring the prisoners guilty of offenses which had never been charged against

them and of which he had no evidence. Finally, Lawler admitted to Mr. John Kenneth Turner, according to the latter's statement, that: "We are doing this at the request of the Mexican Government. They have accommodated us and it's no more than right that we should accommodate them."

Third, as to the judiciary. United States Judge Welborn took occasion, during the hearings before him, to comment feelingly on the friendly relations of this country with "our sister Republic," and the heinousness of the criminality of persons who might cross our boundary line with the purpose of raising rebellion in that "Republic." When prosecution under the neutrality laws began, bail was fixed at \$5,000, although the alleged crime was only a misdemeanor and although bail in the case of Espinosa, upon which the Los Angeles cases were based, had been but \$500. In the course of time the excessive bail was raised, and presented in gilt-edged form. Judge Welborn refused to accept it, his excuse being a peculiar interpretation of a Supreme Court rule which declares that, when habeas corpus proceedings are pending, the custody of the prisoner shall not be changed. Thus the prisoners were denied a privilege usually granted to all criminals below the murderer in cold blood.

The campaign to extradite the refugees on charges of "murder and robbery," generally failed. It succeeded insofar as it kept a good many Liberals in jail for many months, drained their resources, weakened their organization, and intimidated their friends, but it did not succeed in extraditing them. Most of the Liberals deported were deported by immigration officials or by kidnapping.

The "murder and robbery" campaign failed in securing extradition because it was so plainly in contradiction with American laws and American principles. The United States prosecutors must have known this, but, in order to accommodate Diaz, they went ahead with the prosecutions. That this campaign was not a mere blundering on the part of individual United States Attorneys, but

* The same Lawler that gave some remarkable pro-Administration testimony at the Ballinger investigation some months ago.

that it was a policy of the highest officials of the Government, was shown, in 1908, when numerous published reports from various departments at Washington and from Oyster Bay expressed the desire of the Administration to deport Mexican political refugees "*as common criminals.*"

In pursuance of what seems to have been a general policy of aiding Diaz in the extermination of his political enemies, the Administration, at the time of the Las Vacas rebellion in 1908, sent troops, posses of United States Marshals, Secret Service agents, United States Rangers and Customs officials to patrol the border, with instructions that they drive back into Mexico any refugees who might, in their flight from Mexican troops, attempt to cross the boundary line to save their lives. These instructions were carried out. Some refugees were turned back to their death, others were arrested, and these languished in prison for many months. That the Administration exceeded its authority in this matter seems pretty certain. One phase of the case was set forth in an Associated Press dispatch, dated from Washington, and printed pretty generally throughout the country July 1, 1908. After telling about the military forces at the border and their purpose there, the article goes on:

The employment of American troops for this purpose, by the way, is almost without precedent in recent years, and the law officers of the War Department, as well as the Attorney-General himself, have been obliged to give close study to the question of the extent to which they may exercise the power of preventing persons from entering the United States across the Mexican border.

Under the law no passports are required except in the case of Chinese and Japanese, and about the only other reasonable ground for detention of fugitives seeking to cross the line would be some presumable violation of the immigration or health inspection laws.

So it will be a delicate task for the army officers, who are charged with the duty of policing this international boundary line, to avert clashes with the civil courts if they undertake to make promiscuous arrests of persons fleeing from Mexico into the United States.

Extradition proceedings under charges of "murder and robbery" gave way

pretty generally to efforts to imprison for violation of the neutrality laws, or conspiracy to violate the neutrality laws. It is a high misdemeanor to set on foot a military expedition against a "friendly power," or to conspire to set on foot a military expedition against a "friendly power."

Some of the Liberal refugees who have been prosecuted under this law are: Tomas de Espinosa, Jose M. Rangel, Casimiro H. Regalado, Lauro Aguirre, Raymundo Cano, Antonio Aruajo, Amando Hernandez, Tomas Morales, Encarnacion Diaz Guerra, Juan Castro, Priciliano Silva, Jose Maria Martinez, Benjamin Silva, Leocadio Trevino, Jose Ruiz, Benito Solis, Tomas Sarabia, Praxedis Guerrero, Sirvando T. Agis, John Murray, Calixto Guerra, Guillermo Adan, E. Davilla, Ramon Torres Delgado, Amendo Morantes, Francisco Sainz, Marcelleno Ibarra, Inez Ruiz, Manuel Sarabia, A. I. Villarreal, L. Rivera and R. F. Magon. Most of the arrests occurred at San Antonio, Del Rio, El Paso, Douglas, or Los Angeles. This is by no means a complete list, but it is a list of the most notable cases.

In nearly all of these cases the accused were kept in jail for month after month without an opportunity of proving their innocence. When the cases came to trial, they were usually acquitted. Convictions were secured in the cases of Espinosa, Aruajo, Guerra, Priciliano Silva, Trevino, Rangel, and Magon, Villarreal and Rivera. Prison sentences ranging from one and one-half to two and one-half years were given the convicted ones and they were confined either at Leavenworth, Kansas, or Florence, Arizona.

Were these men guilty? The American people impress me as being eminently law-abiding, even law-worshipping, and I cannot expect you to give these men your sympathy and your succor if it can be shown that they actually set on foot a military expedition against Mexico from United States soil, or planned to do so, however patriotic their aims may have been.

If these men were not guilty, how is it that they were convicted?

It is my opinion that not one was

guilty within the proper interpretation of the statute, that the laws were stretched to convict them, that in some instances, at least, they were deliberately jobbed.

This is a bold indictment, but I think the facts bear me out. That there existed on the part of your Government a most incontinent desire to serve Diaz is shown by the circumstance that cases where the evidence of violation of the neutrality laws is ten times as clear—as American expeditions to aid revolutions in Central American or South American countries—have been and are habitually overlooked by your authorities. But this fact I do not need to urge in favor of the Mexican Liberals. The truth is that there has never been any adequate evidence to show a violation of the neutrality laws on their part.

Did they set on foot a military expedition against a friendly power? Did they plan to do so? No. What did they do? They came to this country and here planned to aid a revolutionary movement in Mexico. Here they fled to save their lives, here they stayed, planning to return and take part in a rebellion upon Mexican soil; nothing more.

Did this constitute a violation of the neutrality laws?

Not in the opinion of United States Judge Maxey, of Texas, who reviewed some of the cases. January 7, 1908, the *San Antonio Daily Light and Gazette*, quotes Judge Maxey as follows:

"If Jose M. Rangel, the defendant, merely went across the river and joined in the fight, he had every right to do so, and I will so tell the jury in my charge. This indictment is not for fighting in a foreign country, but for beginning and setting on foot an expedition in Val Verde County."

The exact text of the law is as follows:

Every person who, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begins, or sets on foot, or provides or prepares the means for, any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominions of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district or people, with whom the United States are at peace, shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding \$3,000, and imprisoned not more than three years.

Magon, Villarreal and Rivera, the leaders, not only did not set on foot an expedition against Mexico, but they did not even cross the river and fight themselves. Their conviction was secured through the palpably perjured testimony of a Mexican detective named Vasquez, who presented the only direct evidence against them. Vasquez claimed to be a spy who had penetrated a meeting of a Liberal club. There, he declared, letters were read from Magon ordering the club to constitute itself as a military body and invade Mexico. At this meeting, said Vasquez, military appointments, forwarded by Magon, were made. The names, said he, were written by a member named Salcido. The paper was produced, but handwriting experts brought by the defense proved the document to be a forgery. Vasquez then changed his testimony and swore that he wrote the names himself. This was a vital point in the testimony and, had the public prosecutors been interested in upholding the law, rather than in persecuting the political enemies of Diaz, they would have discharged the defendants and prosecuted Vasquez for perjury.

For lack of space, I have omitted mention of numerous petty outrages perpetrated by American or Mexican agents of Diaz in this campaign of persecution. John Murray was arrested by Secret Service Chief Wilkie himself. Murray's offense consisted of raising money for the legal defense of the refugees. I attended the trial of Silva and Trevino in El Paso and was astonished to hear a city police officer brazenly testify that his chief had told him to obey the commands of the Chief of Police of Juarez, Mexico, and of the Mexican Consul of El Paso. Robert W. Dowe, the American Customs Collector at Eagle Pass, Texas, was compelled to resign under charges of acting as a secret agent for the Mexican Government, and receiving money for such service. The evidence in the case was suppressed by your Treasury Department, which reinstated Dowe after some months had passed and public indignation over the affair at Eagle Pass had blown over. In the District Court of Los Angeles, California, a warrant for the arrest of myself,

my wife, and about twenty of my friends has been on file for many months, ready for service at any time. We are charged with violating the neutrality laws in having *circulated a manifesto printed by the Liberal Party*. Threats that this warrant was to be served have been made to various of my friends, with the evident purpose of deterring them from aiding in any way the movement for the regeneration of Mexico.

The most recent effort of the Mexican Government to secure my extradition was made in October, 1909, shortly after Mr. Turner's first article on "Barbarous Mexico" appeared in *The American Magazine*. In that article Mr. Turner told of my accompanying him on his trip into the slave camps, of the service I had been to him, and I have not the slightest doubt that it was for the sake of revenge for my doing those things that I was accused.

Briefly, an effort was made to extradite me under the charge of being an "alien anarchist." Now, all my friends know that I am no anarchist, and I defy anyone to prove that I ever expressed an anarchistic sentiment. Moreover, I had been a resident of the United States for more than three years. Nevertheless, I was about six weeks in jeopardy. City detectives, in the employ of Diaz, gave perjured testimony against me, and there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that I would have been carried back to Mexico, except for the storm of public protest that followed the exposure of the plot. Had I been less widely known—through my lectures, my connection with Mr. Turner, etc.—the case would not have been given the publicity that it received, there would not have been the

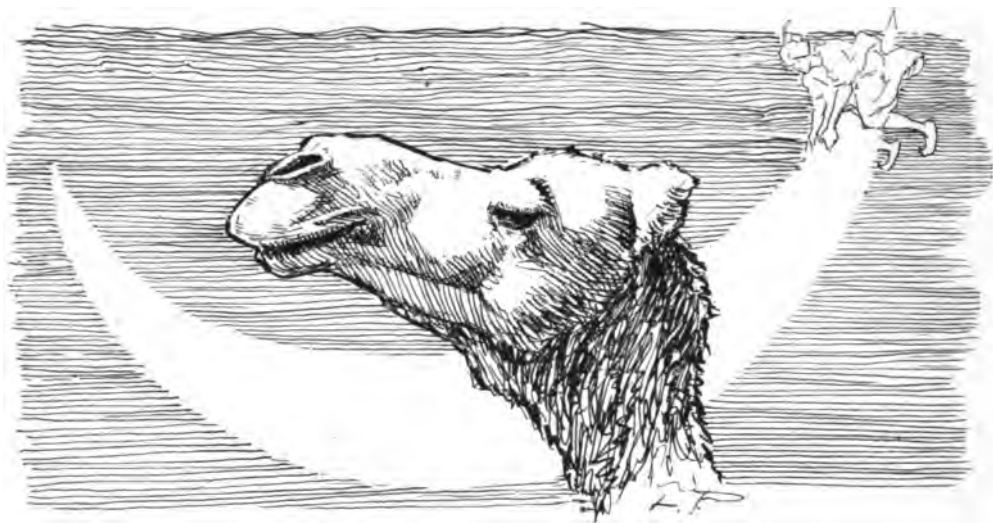
public protest, and today I would either have been dead, a victim of a firing squad and a blank wall, or rotting a prisoner in one of Diaz's political dungeons. Such has been the fate of others who have been deported unlawfully by your public officials.

The general persecution of Mexican political refugees, which the American people have permitted, continued unabated up to June, 1910, when the scandal became so great that the matter was presented to Congress, and the facts which I have set down here, but in more complete form, were testified to before the House Rules Committee. Resolutions providing for a general investigation of the persecutions are now pending in both Houses.

Up to the initiation of Congressional proceedings the Government planned to continue the persecutions. Repeatedly it was announced that, when the terms of Magon, Villarreal and Rivera, at the Florence Penitentiary, ended, they would be prosecuted on further charges. But August 3, 1910, they were released and were not rearrested. Since that date there have been no prosecutions up to this writing. But within the past few weeks the towns along the border have again begun to swarm with Mexican detectives, and I have the evidence direct that agents of Diaz and officials of the United States Government have formulated plans and are preparing the papers upon which to launch a more vigorous campaign against us than any of the past.

Will the American people again permit the abuse of their just and noble principle of protection for political refugees?

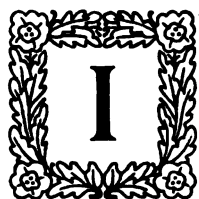




The Golden Half of the Silver Moon

By Felix Benguiat

Part I.



IT was mid-day at the well called the Jewel of the Desert. The camels lay upon their folded knees, their long necks outstretched along the ground, their watchful eyes half closed. The camel-drivers reclined in the shade of the acacia grove about the well, and beyond this dark wall of green the desert shimmered in the sun like a shield of brass.

Lame Yusuf, the camel-driver with the twisted foot, was folding his newly-washed turban, chanting in a low tone:

*All things come to an end.
The young man too must die.
Nothing lasts. The palm must bend.
Only endure Death and Eternity.
Of all else thou mayst say,
"This, too, shall pass away."*

Over and over he droned the last words: "This, too, shall pass away." Suddenly he called out, "Tell us a tale, O, Muhamed Ibn Ali, while we rest from our journey, at ease in the shade of the acacias. We have a hard life and but little pleasure; soon we must again face the desert; perhaps robbers, or the fever,

shall slay us. Now, while we rest, tell us a tale that we may forget Life's struggles and enjoy our moment of ease, screened from the fierceness of the desert by the cool and perfumed acacias."

"Tell us a tale," said they all, turning toward Muhamed, who leaned on his elbow and looked down into the sand, wherein he drew lines with his finger. "Tell us a tale, Muhamed, thou with the silky beard of a young man. Tell us a tale, son of Ali."

Muhamed, being thrice entreated and three times thrice entreated, began:

In the name of God, the Compassionate. In the reign of the Caliph Welid, the maker of roads and digger of wells,—may his memory be blessed—there lived in Damascus a young man named Selim. He was the son of his father and poor, but of great beauty, and beauty is a full treasury. He was a porter and sat in the shade of the bazaar awaiting customers. One day in the heat of noon, when he dozed, he was awakened by a thrust, and saw standing before him a woman slave, slim and elegant, who had pushed him with her foot. She beckoned him to follow her and, taking up his shoulder-knot, he did so. She led the

way to the principal jewelry-stall of the bazaar, where the owner, with a profound salaam, handed her a small package, not half the size of my hand, done up in perfumed leather. She motioned to Selim to take the parcel, which he did, smiling. A bird could have carried it. She hurried away, never once looking behind her. After much walking they came to a small iron gate in a great wall. This she opened with a key and stood aside to permit him to enter, locking the gate after him. She then took from him the perfumed packet.

Selim had begun to believe his employer was a mute, but now she spoke, saying:

"Selim, my mistress has seen thee and Love has smitten her with his sharp sword. She has sent for thee, that if thou wilt thou mayest possess her. Take the ring which is in this box and when thou art bathed and apparelled place it upon thy finger; and the attendants will conduct thee to her." So saying, she clapped her hands and a mute quickly appeared. She gave the parcel to him, muttering some words, and he, motioning to Selim, led the way to baths of the whitest marble and of the greatest voluptuousness. Here he was bathed and rubbed and perfumed with an oil delicately scented with sandalwood, after which he swam in a pool, the cold water clear like the palest emerald. He was dried with soft towels, smelling of rose-leaves, and clothed in a tunic and drawers of the finest stuff of Muslim, and slippers of the sweet-scented grass of Kabul were placed on his feet, and a pale blue robe, of the soft and heavy silk of Samarkand, with gold thread in the border, was hung over his shoulders. He was impatient to behold the lovely princess who had cast her love upon him, but the attendants (who were mutes) would not abate one whit of their ministrations, and not till he was enfolded in the blue robe did a slave kneel before him, presenting the small parcel in perfumed leather which he himself had carried. He hastened to open this as the talisman which would lead to his happiness. The perfumed leather enwrapped an ivory-box. The lid of this being lifted, showed a dull iron ring, divided into twelve equal parts by fine silver lines, and in each part

was a small gem of perfect purity: diamond, ruby, emerald, pearl, sapphire, topaz, moonstone, garnet, catseye, amethyst, lodestone and turquoise. When the attendants beheld this ring they prostrated themselves before it, but Selim, impatient to behold the princess, placed it on his finger and signaled the chief mute to lead on.

The bath attendants conducted him to the entrance of the seraglio and here a eunuch, attired in crimson silk and white, with a heavy chain of gold about his neck, met him and conducted him in silence through many passages. They entered a court where a fountain played and among living plants birds hopped about and waked the air with their singing. On the other side of this court were broad marble steps, leading into an archway which was closed with curtains of the heavy tapestries of Bokhara, starred with golden stars. Before this the eunuch stopped and gravely bowed, motioning to Selim to enter. Selim hesitated. He felt for his knife. It had been taken from him at the bath. He looked around for a weapon. There was none. A beautiful scimeter was thrust through the sash of the eunuch. Selim was bold, quick as the leopard, and strong as any three men. He was young. His eye no sooner lighted on the jeweled handle of the scimeter than he smiled, waved his hand in greeting to the eunuch, stepped toward him and in an instant had gripped his wrist with one hand while with the other he tore the sword from the girdle. The eunuch wrenched his hand loose and grasped Selim by the shoulders. That grip showed Selim he would have met his match in strength, but as if he divined Selim's thought the eunuch smiled and released him. He signed to Selim to keep the weapon. Selim bowed, and entered the room.

He saw only a white-robed woman, heavily veiled, seated on a divan. She arose and walked toward him slowly. When she came to within one pace of him she put aside her veil and stretched out her arms. Selim's blood froze in his veins with horror. He saw before him the most hideous *ifrit*. Red bristles grew in tufts on her head, lips and chin. monstrous purple lips protruded and the lower lip hung down showing toothless

gums. There was no nose, only two holes, from which grew red bristles. The skin was loose, yellow and wrinkled, like a toad's, and two white, glassy eyes stared at him with a look so gloating that the sword fell from his hand and with a scream of terror he fled.

He found himself in the dark street, not knowing how he reached it, nor where he was, but after a time he began to understand that he was in a quarter of the city distant from the great mosque and the bazaar, and he turned his steps in that direction. As he walked, he meditated: "Happy is he who has been saved from peril. Yet worse may be reserved for him. Of none can it be said he is happy until he be dead. What saith the poet?

Send me not riches, to be envied.

Send me not power, to be hated.

Send me not fame to be slandered.

Send me not into dangers.

*But behind mine own walls let me find
modest comfort.*

*Amid roses let me be forgot by all but
Love.*

He saw the ring upon his finger, and that he was walking about in the robe and slippers of a grand wazir. Unless before dawn he got something suitable for a porter, he could not follow his calling. Even to be seen in such princely garments would bring inquiry upon him.

He hurried to the house of a merchant who dealt in clothing, and by hammering at the gate and shouting he aroused him. He called down from the top of his house to know what was the cause of so great a disturbance. After expostulation by the merchant and promises of a good trade by Selim, he opened the gate and lighted a lamp which hung in the shop. Selim offered to exchange his garments of the cloth of Muslim for coarse drawers and a shirt proper for a porter, and to sell the blue silk robe, with the border of golden thread, at any price which the merchant would name. The merchant felt of the robe, casting suspicious glances at Selim.

"How came you by these garments?" he asked, "And why would you sell them?"

Selim, remembering that the truth is a sure path and he who speaks a lie is

lost in a maze, told the merchant who he was and that he could not ply his trade in such garments.

"That is good sense," said the merchant, "but where are your porter's clothes, and how came you by these of such elegance that I have never seen their equal?"

Then Selim, again remembering that he who holds Truth by the hand hath a sure guide, told the merchant all that had happened, whereupon the merchant, lighting a hand-lamp, said to Selim, "Follow me," and led him to a very narrow iron door, saying, "In here we will find what you need," and they entered a small room without any opening except the door. On the shelves were many bolts of cloth and parcels of clothing. When Selim was inside the merchant begged him to stay a moment, for he had forgot his measuring-stick, and taking the lamp with him he quickly closed the door and locked it, which being done he called in to Selim, "Thou son of a jackal, thou shalt truly find in there that which thou needest. Liar! Thou shalt find the watchman and the Kazi. Thief! Thou shalt find a sharp sword." Then the merchant hurried away.

Selim threw himself at the door, but it was the strong door of a treasure-house. In a passion he cursed himself and all women and all merchants. "Fool that I was to follow a strange woman. O, fool of fools, to tell the truth."

He was not detained long. Presently he heard people coming toward the store-room. The door was flung open and there stood the merchant and three watchmen of the city. "Take the scoundrel," said the merchant. "He has probably murdered a prince and he tells me, a man of business, a man of honesty, a merchant of Damascus, a most absurd story of *ifrits*."

Selim was quickly stripped of his splendid clothing. His hands were bound behind his back and he was hurried to the prison. There his bonds were loosened and he was thrown naked into a stone room without opening save a small round hole in the ceiling. He was told to await the coming of morning, when he would be brought before the Governor and probably would be beheaded as a thief and murderer.

"Verily," said Selim, in his solitude,
"It is true, as says the poet:

*"A flock of twenty geese fly low over
the hill at night;*

*"What decides which one shall receive
in its breast the arrow of the hunter?"*

"And this, also:

*"Better for thy own happiness to tell
the multitude the lie they relish, than the
unaccustomed truth."*

"This, also, is true," said a voice from
the blackness of the cell:

*"A dog is cursed and spit upon, but if
thou trust in aught but a dog thou wilt
be deceived."*

"Who art thou?" said Selim.

"Abdul Ibn Wasit is my name. Breath.
Who I am—what I am—I know not, nor
any one knows. Who knows himself?
Much less another."

"How camest thou to this foul prison?"
said Selim.

"How camest thou?"

"I'll not tell thee," said Selim.

"I will treat thee better, brother. I
will tell thee my tale. It will help pass
the time till morning, for at the
rising of the sun I am to die."

"Happy is he who knows not when
Asrafel shall smite him," murmured
Selim. And the voice out of the darkness
recited as follows:

"My name is Abdul Ibn Wasit. I was
born in Bussorah,—that beautiful city
which is like a pearl shining on the bank
of the river. My father, governor of
the city, was that great Wasit al Kebl,
whose glory as a warrior and conqueror
equals that of Khalid or Muavia, Taric
or Musa. His palace was by the river
and his flowery gardens, kept by high
walls, listened to the never-ceasing mur-
mur of the waters. I was his sixteenth
son. My mother was a girl of Irac, cap-
tured in one of his conquests and made
his slave wife. Though I had fifteen
elder brothers, seven of whom were by
his lawful wives, yet I was my father's
favorite. He found in me his own fierce-
ness and reckless courage. In the assault
on Kufa I, a mere lad, rode by his side,
till maddened by the whirl of slaughter

I pressed forward and returned to him
my arms dripping with blood to the el-
bows and bearing in my hands the head
of Mukhtr, leader of the rebel Kharejites,
whom I had stabbed in the Mosque even
as he prayed, and I had cut the throats
of his three daughters who knelt and
screamed for mercy.

"In the name of God, the Compassion-
ate, who can escape his fate? As it is
written, so will it be. Among the cap-
tives was a beautiful wife of a Kharejite,
whose husband my father slew with his
own hands and then took her as his
wife. He became so enamored of her
that he divorced one of his four lawful
wives and made her a wife, according to
the word of the Prophet. He never tired
of her and she gained a commanding in-
fluence over him. Finally he became un-
der her teachings a Kharejite,—he whose
joy it had been to slay thousands of that
rebellious sect. His religious fervor
knew no bounds. He was eager to atone
for his past persecutions of those he now
considered the special saints of Islam.
He headed a conspiracy of the Khar-
ejites of Bussorah and of the whole pro-
vince against the Caliph. He was betrayed,
and before he was ready to act he was
entrapped, under pretence of sending him
reinforcements. The cruel eunuch Mus-
tafa arrived with a vast army and took
possession of the city. The Kharejites
once more were massacred. My father
was impaled alive at the head of the
great bridge, while Mustafa stood by and
jeered him. I and Naila, his Kharejite
wife, were spared from the massacre
and were set bound before my father
with the assurance that when he died we
should accompany him to his Kharejite
Paradise. Then said he, concealing his
agony and smiling at us from his place
of torture, 'I shall live till the third night
and they shall be free.' For three days
we witnessed him dying. The fierce
sun, which made the strongest gasp, beat
upon his naked head and body and black-
ened the blood which had streamed upon
the stake and upon his limbs. The flies
swarmed in his eyes and wound. His
lips swelled and cracked and his tongue
hung out, but not a drop of water was
permitted him. On the third day he hung
swollen and seemingly lifeless, save that

from time to time he would open his eyes, amid the buzzing flies, and roll them and stare at us. Just at dusk of the third day there was an alarm given and in the distance shouts and cries and sounds of a riot were heard. Our guard ran in that direction, and as they did so our bonds were cut, a purse of gold was thrust into my hand and a splendid sword. A voice said, 'Flee to the river-gate of your father's palace,' and like the passing of a spirit the person was gone.—Allah bring him into Paradise.

"Naila and I each sprang toward my father, she to embrace him, I to kill him, if he still suffered; but he was dead. 'Let not the living be sacrificed to the dead,' said I to her. 'Go to the palace water-gate, as you have been told. As for me, I will go my own way.' I gave her the purse and she vanished into the darkness and I have since then no knowledge of her.

"I reached up and touched my father's hand and then crouched at the foot of the stake which was black with his blood. Presently the guard returned and there was confusion as they looked for us in the darkness. 'Bismillah!' said the Captain. 'We must find others to take their place and we will kill and mutilate them and show to Mustafa his commands have been obeyed.' As he said this I thrust my sword through his back, upward, into his throat. When he fell I snatched his dagger from his waist and calling to them in a hoarse whisper, 'Dogs, I will kill ye all,' I fled.

"I lurked in the city and waited until I had killed two of these tormentors of my father. Allah grant him bliss! Then I bethought me why should I risk my life killing these flies, while the great vulture Mustafa lived and might escape my knife? I waited and watched, but it was not easy to reach Mustafa through all his guards. I left the city and became a leader of robbers. I never failed in my prayers and ablutions, Allah forget not the faithful. In the beginning of this month Allah gave Mustafa to me. He was riding from Bussorah to Babylon with a small guard. He rode in a camel-litter, luxuriously, like a woman or a eunuch. He was clad in an ample burnous of sky-blue silk. I marked him well. He rested during the mid-day, but traveled

far into the night to the well of Othman, where he halted. There I attacked them, and disregarding all else made straight for Mustafa, and though he was a fierce warrior Allah fought with me and I slew him. I cut off his hated head and kicked it in the dust, and then I swore I would have the head of the Caliph Welid who had sent Mustafa against my father. This frightened my followers, who were carrion dogs. They betrayed me to the troops of the Caliph and deserted me, so that I alone was taken. I was brought to this city and thrown into this prison. At dawn I shall be beheaded. Kismet. No man can alter the decree of Fate."

Abdul ceased his speech and silence fell upon the darkness. Selim was moved by the tale of him who so soon must die, and thought pityingly of his fate. Presently Abdul again spoke and said, "Brother, how is it with you? What has brought you to this hole of death?" Whereupon Selim told Abdul his tale.

At dawn the door was thrown open and through it came faintly the cry of the Muezzin. The jailers entered and the Captain of the Guard called, "Abdul Ibn Wasit, come forth to die."

"As God wills," said Abdul. Then to the Captain he said "Take me before the Caliph. I have that to tell him which he will be eager to hear."

"Thy decree is pronounced," answered the Captain.

"So be it," said Abdul. "Only let not the Caliph know that the sword has stopped that which I would tell him, and which he would give his right hand to hear. Surely he will cause thee to be strangled."

All the guard heard Abdul say this, and therefore the Captain was afraid not to permit Abdul to speak with one in authority, lest thereafter something transpire and the others report against him. "Ye shall both go before the Governor," said the Captain, and Abdul and Selim were led to the divan of judgment, the right hand of one being bound to the left hand of the other.

When they were brought before the Governor of the city, Abdul Ibn Wasit prostrated himself and immediately began crying in a loud voice, "Allah be praised! Praises unto Allah! Allah the Compassionate! Allah, the Merciful;

Allah be praised!" So he continued, without ceasing, until the Governor said:

"Dog, cease thy howlings. Why dost thou so vociferously call upon Allah?—whose name be exalted."

"That he has in his infinite mercy saved you, Oh auspicious Ruler of the People, from such a mistake as would keep you from Paradise. Is it not written, there can be no forgiveness for him who hath persecuted the innocent? You were about to behead me for slaying Mustafa, the Eunuch, but by the head of the Prophet and the curtain of the Kaaba, I am innocent. I was falsely accused. There is the assassin. He has confessed it," and Abdul pointed to Selim, who stood too astonished to utter a word. "Oh, Illustrious One," continued Abdul, "the truth is a part of God and cannot be hid. This man was thrown into the prison with me last night and asked me why I groaned and lamented, and I told him because I was to die at dawn for the killing of Mustafa, the Eunuch, but that I was innocent. 'Yes,' said he, 'I well know that, for I am he who did it,' and he told me how he had followed Mustafa and had attacked him at night and had driven his dagger into Mustafa's throat and beheaded him and carried away with him the blue burnous with border of golden threads which Mustafa was accustomed to wear, but which he had put off for the night." Abdul thus told his own story as if coming from the mouth of Selim and concluded: "Send for old Yusuf, the cloth merchant. He has the blue robe, even now, which he took from this man last night, knowing him to be a robber." It was not necessary to call Yusuf. He was there, ready to accuse Selim, and now, emboldened, he not only told what had happened, but much which had not. The night guards corroborated Yusuf and the Governor at last turned to Selim, saying wrathfully,

"Miserable wretch, what hast thou to say? For none shall be condemned unheard."

Selim then bethought him that he who holds to the truth is as if he held to the toe of God, so he told his story, just as it had happened. But the Governor became more and more angry and at the end said, "The place for the teller of tales of *ifrits* and sorcery is in the

market-place, not the judgment-seat. By the beard of the Prophet, thou shalt pay for thy stupid mockery." Then the Governor ordered that Abdul be released and given a piece of money, but that Selim be taken to the place of execution, first his tongue be cut out, for that he was a liar; and then his head be struck off because he was a robber and an assassin.

When the Captain of the Guard approached Selim and told him to hold out his hands to be bound, he saw the ring upon his finger, at sight of which he salaamed and spoke to the Governor, who, when he saw it bade them set Selim free, which was done and all made way for him, and Selim left the place wondering greatly and not knowing why he was released. He looked for Abdul, but that liar had vanished. Then Selim hid the ring, which he thought had brought him into trouble, and he left Damascus and went unto Bagdad, where he clad himself as a porter and again betook himself to his trade.

One day an old man came to him and putting a piece of silver in his hand begged him to follow. Selim did so and his patron bought a basket of figs and a basket of melons which Selim carried to a low-roofed house in the suburbs of the city. A slave admitted them and they entered a small court where a fountain whispered. Here other slaves brought ewers and napkins and at a sign from the old man Selim made his ablutions. Wine cooled with snow was brought, by which he saw that the old man was not a strict observer of the law. At a sign from him Selim seated himself on the divan and was served with a cup of cool wine. The slaves retired and when they were alone the old man spake, saying:

"My son, thou hast no wife?"

"None," answered Selim.

"Marriage is the decree of God and of the Prophet."

"So, also, is Hell."

"It brings joy."

"And much trouble."

"Suppose your father had thought so."

"My mother had then been spared one great pang. I many."

"Increase and multiply is the word of Allah. Blessed is he who obeys."

"Would you say so of serpents?"

"Have you no desire for a wife?"

"None."

"Beautiful as an houri?"

"Beauty is the bloom of the flower: sweet to taste, but tasted,—gone. Remember the words of the poet, 'The exquisite rose which opens her lovely bosom to the morning lies scattered upon the ground, and the evening breeze mourns over her.'"

"You do not discourse like a young man. Beauty is the pearl of Life. You, yourself, are a witness."

"Wisdom is the pearl of Life," answered Selim, "But who is the diver who shalt fetch it from the depths, or who shall know in what oyster it lies hid?"

"Youth is the season of folly, but great is thy wisdom, O splendid young man. Thou art like a young date-palm, beautiful to look upon, full of vigor and of sweet fruit. What is thy name?"

"Selim. Naught else."

"Then I will call myself Abu Selim, and thou shalt be Selim Ibn Bakr, for my name is Bakr Ibn Ibrim al Gelid. I have a daughter who has beheld thee and is so enamored of thee that she sleeps not, eats not, laughs not, speaks not, but sighs continually. She is indeed beautiful as a tusk of polished ivory. Her eyes are like the stars of midnight in a quiet pool, and her lips are the very portals of Paradise. But chiefly she is blessed with knowledge. Wisdom exhalet from her as perfume from the hyacinth. I am a merchant, and that I have dealt well you shall behold."

At this, the old man arose, and taking from his girdle a great iron key he opened a door and led Selim down some stone steps into a subterranean chamber where stood the ebony statue of an Egyptian, holding a torch which burned brightly. Around the room were iron chests. The old man unlocked these, one

by one, and threw them open. One was filled with pearls; another with rubies; yet another with emeralds. Others held wrought gold vases, crystal bowls and utensils of surpassing beauty; and others were packed with cloth-of-gold and bales of exquisite stuffs. Even as Selim stood, dazzled by the lights which flashed from the jewels in the colors of the rainbow, the old man closed the chests and motioned him to ascend.

When they were again seated on the divan, Selim still dazed and dumb with the sight of these inexhaustible treasures, the old man clapped his hands and the curtains parted and there stood a stately figure, robed in the pale green of the desert sunset sky.

At this point the cry of the Chief of the Caravan was heard and Muhamed Ibn Ali desisted from his tale. "By the beard of the Prophet," said Lame Yusuf, "Muhamed, thou art the treasure of thy tribe. Tonight thou shalt again delight us. Here is a scarf, beautifully embroidered at Damascus with pomegranates and bright with silver threads. Give it to thy favorite. Many women must love thee."

"And here," said Hosein, the oldest of the camel-drivers, "is a bunch of golden dates. They are sweet, like the words of thy mouth. We shall not forget to reward thee. Tonight thou shalt finish thy tale."

But the caravan traveled far into the night and in the cool of morning rested in the oasis of Somara, where the dogs ran out and barked at them. All were weary and slept. But in the heat of the afternoon they gathered under the awning which the master of the caravan had caused to be spread and Muhamed Ibn Ali, being many times entreated, continued his tale:

(To be continued)



SELIM AND THE "IFRIT."

The
West



and the
National
Capital

by
John E. Lathrop

The Meaning of the Freight Rate Hearings; Inefficiency in Railroad Management; System's Money All on the "Mule" Secretary Ballinger; Reclamation Service Changes; Discord in the Forest Service; Party Lines Nebulous.

THE end of the stock-jobbing and "printing press" era of railroad-ing; the beginning of the era of true efficiency—that is the meaning of the hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission on the proposed increases in freight rates.

It concerns every one who works, or buys, or sells, or ships, or produces, East or West; North or South.

When Jay Gould was in the heyday of his power, so runs a story told by the more liberal element on Wall Street, he kept running a printing press a whole night, putting out "water" shares in the Erie Railroad Company. Now, the Erie is before the Interstate Commerce Commission, asking that rates be increased, in order that it may meet higher operative expenses, and at the same time pay annually dividends on those "printing press" issues of stock of the old Gould days.

When Collis P. Huntington and his associates were building the Central Pacific, they issued volumes of stock of a kind with that which Gould put out.

Later, Edward H. Harriman, taking over the Union and Southern Pacifics, and lesser roads, to form the present Union Pacific system, likewise issued stock which did not represent actual investment in the properties.

The Union Pacific, together with the

Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Burlington, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Santa Fe and the Gould roads, are asking freight-rate increases, in order that they, too, may meet increased operating expenses, and pay dividends on securities now in existence, whether or not they represent actual money investments or just water, inflation, juggling, capitalization of earnings, or of monopoly in consolidation schemes, or whatnot.

I question that the people of the Western States appreciate to what extent they are vitally concerned in the hearings which have been conducted before the Interstate Commerce Commission during the past four months, wherein the carriers sought to gain official sanction to proposed increases of rates, and shippers resisted such advances. It was an attempt to inaugurate a process whereunder the future should hold out no promise of safety against other advances. More and still more, always more, the carriers seemed to say to the country; as to the consumers—well, "The People? The People be Damned."

Alarm lest this endless process of advancing carrier rates be successfully inaugurated was voiced by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, at the Chicago hearing, when from the bench he said in substance to the carriers' counsel:

"Some other method must be found than increasing freight rates to meet the higher charges of operating the railroads



LOUIS D. BRANDEIS, CHIEF COUNSEL FOR THE SHIPPERS AGAINST THE RAILWAYS' DEMANDS FOR INCREASED RATES. ALSO CHIEF COUNSEL FOR THE "PROSECUTION" IN THE BALLINGER INVESTIGATION.

of the country. If these contentions (for increases because of higher wages to employes and higher prices of many supplies used by railroads) were to be accepted, there might be no end in the future to other advances."

What is that "other method" to which Commissioner Lane referred? The answer is supplied in one word: EFFICIENCY.

We have been in the habit of accepting our modern railroad systems as the marvels of the age in high development of operative methods, methods of accounting, and all the details of management which make up the control of the system of transportation in these United States. None demurring, we have accepted it as beyond cavil.

When, therefore, arises the voice of authority to assert that these Twentieth Century marvels have lagged behind the industrial age in efficiency of operation and accounting, we are given pause. Yet, when Louis D. Brandeis, of counsel for the resisting shippers, and backed by them with their scientific knowledge, Frank Lyon, of counsel for the Commission, and other eminent attorneys, and expert engineers such as Harrington Emerson, F. W. Taylor, H. L. Gantt and others, give that voice of authority, we are forced to pay heed to what they say.

These propositions as to low efficiency were given to me by the counsel and experts of the shippers. To learn whether or not their claims would not be refuted by the famous men who head the railroads, appearing as witnesses in the hearings, I attended the sessions of the Commission and listened to the statements and the examinations and cross-examinations.

While it was apparently only negative demonstration, because Mr. Brandeis was then cross-examining the railroad presidents, it amounted to positive demonstration of the truth of the shippers' contentions; for not one of the great railroad men could answer one question which proved that he and his class have evolved a system of operation which compares favorably with that achieved by the most advanced manufacturers of the country engaged in competitive business who must meet actual competition from keen rivals.

When counsel sought to obtain from the eminent railroad men on the witness stand facts of vital significance, none could answer. W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central; President McCrea of the Pennsylvania; President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio; Vice-President Stuart of the Erie, and other men who have to operate these and other systems—some of whom actually control and direct shop management and track-laying and car repairing and engine upkeep—faltered and finally admitted that they could not analyze the figures they were filing as official statements of the cost of operation of their roads.

Also, most surprising of all, President Brown, head of one of the two roads reputed to be the best operated in this country, could not tell the Commission the relationship to the parent New York Central and Hudson River Railway borne by its subsidiary companies—yet all around him were New York Central men and before him the flower of the New York bar to aid him. And President McCrea told the Commission that the total return to Pennsylvania stockholders annually is six per cent; after which Mr. Brandeis showed and McCrea admitted that for ten years those Pennsylvania stockholders had had annually an average in earnings for them of fourteen and one-half per cent return, of which fully eight and one-half per cent had been paid them in cash or its equivalents.

Of course, it is hinted by some of their opponents that the railroad men willingly misrepresented; but I am taking the more charitable course—saying they did not know, that they were victims of an inefficient system that extends into both physical management and financial maneuvering.

At the hearings it was revealed how strongly the carriers' representatives still resist the proposition that Government must regulate them. Each railway president argued as though his corporation must be regarded the same as a private enterprise, in respect of dividends, rights and duties. That the railroad is a public highway; that freight and passenger tolls are taxes paid by the people to maintain and operate those public highways, seemed not to have penetrated the in-

telle of those who stood for the carriers.

Yet the Federal Supreme Court so declared in 1873; and reaffirmed that opinion in 1897.

This adverse attitude toward regulation was made plain October 25, in New York, when 100 lawyers for the carriers met to devise ways and means to overthrow the amended interstate-commerce laws. Colonel Henry L. Stone, of the Louisville & Nashville, made this authoritative announcement:

"The legal representatives of the railroads of the United States are convened to go over the Mann-Elkins act (the interstate laws as amended in the last session) thoroughly; and try to see if there are not points in it against which attacks can legally be made. The lawyers believe the act, which makes a Supreme Court out of the Interstate Commerce Commission, so far as the railroads are concerned, is unconstitutional. They are seeking for some clause which may be attacked on the ground of unconstitutionality."

Among these railroad lawyers were E. A. Lindley, Great Northern; Charles W. Brown, Northern Pacific; Gardner Lathrop, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; and backing it was James J. Hill, controller of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Burlington, all of them roads which enter materially into the traffic of the Pacific Coast.

Their queries were as to the legality of Section 15, conferring power on the Commission to suspend a proposed increased rate, and giving the shipper the right to direct the route over which his goods shall go; long and short haul clause; Section 15 as to establishment of through routes, joint classifications and

joint rates by the Commission; and, most important, perhaps, that portion of Section 15 which throws upon the carriers the burden of proof that proposed increases are reasonable and just.

It is worthy of note here that these clauses objected to by the carriers were forced into the bill by the progressive senators and representatives, against the protest of the carriers and the administration.

"It is fortunate, indeed," said Mr. Brandeis, "that these discoveries have been made

just at this time, when a new social concept is being developed, a new conception of the relationship of railroads to the people. Had it been made earlier, the increment of benefit doubtless would have been absorbed by the carriers, and the people at large would not have gained material advantage. Whatever of good shall accrue from application of these principles shall not be absorbed by the railroads; it shall go in major part to the people, though it shall also bring to the carriers ample advantage. Not the least of this shall be that the existing dissatisfaction with our railroad management will be allayed, and peace shall reign where now is war."

Note this significant fact—the pro-

posed increases of rates shown by actual freight tariffs which were filed with the Commission here affected only articles which are not produced by the trusts. The increases were on products and manufactures of independents. One-half of the tonnage of the Eastern roads comes from the trusts; it was to go free from additional freight burdens. The remainder was to have an 18 6-10 per cent increase, on the average.

"Just about one such miscarriage of justice, as would be involved in permitting that sort of a schedule to take



GOVERNOR STUBBS, OF KANSAS.

"I don't take any stock in the idea of the railroads that they can make rates on the values of their terminals as increased by the growth of population. That is taxing people for living. * * * If they'd stop their 'high finance' they could get more money from the American people seeking investment than they could use. The curse of American railroads is the way they have juggled with things, and the way their officers have got rich on shady deals."

effect," was the comment of Ben Hampton, "would mark the finish of public confidence in the whole program of regulating the railroads."

Nor is the foregoing the whole issue presented by the demands for privilege to increase freight rates. The carriers assert that enormous sums of money must be procured by the roads for betterments and extensions. They aver that, unless they advance rates, they cannot get the money from the bankers.

Let the Union Pacific system be selected to illustrate the matter. Kuhn, Loeb & Company have been the bankers for the Union Pacific; Standard Oil selected E. H. Harriman as its railroad representative. Standard Oil and its coterie were piling up such surpluses of money that they had to find a channel through which it might flow in sound investments. That was the way Standard Oil got into railroading.

Union Pacific, the Hill roads, Pennsylvania, New York Central and other roads assert they cannot borrow money unless freight rates be advanced. In the light of these known facts, then, instead of saying that the roads cannot go to the bankers and borrow money, it should be said that Kuhn, Loeb & Company and other bankers simply say in effect:

"We have financed Union Pacific in the past. We have seen fat dividends paid to our clients from Union Pacific coffers under existing schedules of rates. But we want larger dividends. Hence, we refuse to loan our money on these properties unless we may advance rates."

For, be it understood, Wall Street nowadays admits that the national financial and industrial and transportation interests are centered in a quasi-agreement of common procedure, with John Pierpont Morgan at the head. He and his co-laborers numbering a dozen men today control Wall Street banking, railroading and big industrial operations. Hence, it seems arbitrary of them to say that money for extensions and betterments cannot be borrowed, unless rates be advanced.

It might as well be kept in mind by the people that this close central control is maintained over the activities named. That has been demonstrated—in Wall

Street operations on 'Change; in Senate speeches by Senator La Follette; in a dozen other ways. In fact, it is the belief around Interstate Commerce Commission headquarters that the roads do not expect advances in rates; but that they merely hope to prevent lowering of rates, and that they will be content if the schedules remain at their present level.

However, it is claimed that the proposed regime of modernizing operative departments of the roads and installing true efficiency will solve the problem.

Inefficiency in Railroad Management, the Cause of Losses Complained.

A common belief is that "graft" in railroad management causes material losses. It does; yet waste and inefficiency cause vastly greater losses. A few months ago, a Big Four road official was discovered to have stolen \$623,000 from the company. It was the railway-news sensation of the day.

Note also: examination of the operation of one road by an expert of the Emerson, Gantt and Taylor type revealed \$23,000,000 wasted in four years, about \$6,000,000 a year. This waste, apart from the moral considerations, is more serious in its imposition of added burdens on the people in excessive passenger and freight tolls, than is the graft losses.

It is estimated that every twenty-four hours \$1,000,000 is wasted through inefficiency—\$365,000,000 every year—in railroad operation.

So that, economically, "graft" is negligible, while waste is important.

It was known to a few persons in past years that the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company lost several thousand dollars by collusion between a station agent and the conductor and brakeman of a way freight train in Oregon. It agitated those who learned of it.

James Woodworth, then assistant to the President of that road, now general traffic manager of the Northern Pacific, inaugurated methods of better business handling, and saved more each month than that graft had caused in losses in ten years.

The proposition is simple. And it may be illustrated by the methods employed by Harrington Emerson, the ex-

pert, in reforming the methods of managing the operative and repair work of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway. When he went to that system to apply his efficiency rules, he found waste on every hand. For instance, he discovered that it should be possible to lay rails on Section No. 15 for a given sum each. As a matter of fact, it had cost three times that sum, for a particular bit of track-laying.

Investigation revealed that on the occasion when the section crew went out to lay those rails, the men had been stopped because they had neglected to take with them the proper kind of spikes. A hand-car was brought into requisition, and a run made to get the spikes. Again, the crew was stopped from work, because they had not supplied themselves with the proper kind of fish-plates, and another run was made to get them.

"Preparedness," Mr. Emerson avers, is the keynote of the efficiency required in such a case. The failure of that section crew even to approximate efficiency was due to failure higher up in the official scale. It has been asserted by railroad experts that in some departments the Santa Fe has made extraordinary advances in efficiency by reason of scientific management.

Emerson, who is a distinguished expert of thirty years' experience, tells of a railroad in the East in the shops of which efficiency of labor was increased from fifty-five per cent to ninety-three per cent, upon a basis of 100 per cent standard of excellence. The same men, equipment and foremen achieved this result, under the efficiency rules evolved.

The cost of locomotive repairs dropped more than \$1,000 each, yet the locomotives averaged heavier, hauled more tons and made more miles per failure. On the 2,000 locomotives owned by that road, therefore, \$2,000,000 was saved in a year; although the engines hauled each 3,300,000 more tons. This increased the annual earnings per locomotive \$3,000, or a gain of \$6,000,000. On these items, then, \$8,000,000 was saved in a year.

Another railroad maintained its freight cars for thirty-seven dollars per annum:

while a rival road expended \$100 per car in maintenance. At thirty-seven dollars a car, on its 50,000 cars, there was a saving of \$3,150,000 annually over the expense for the same item of its rival road.

What Some Statistics Show Concerning Railway Efficiency.

Still further astonishing facts are brought out by Mr. Emerson. I quote from his address before the Pittsburgh Railroad Club:

"Comparing the locomotive maintenance costs of five trunk lines operating between the same terminals, under largely similar conditions, in round figures, it costs

Road A—6 cents a mile.
Road B—8 cents a mile.
Road C—10 cents a mile.
Road D—12 cents a mile.
Road E—16 cents a mile.

"Assuming 30,000,000 locomotive miles a year, and a standard of \$0.06 a mile:

Road A wastes nothing.
Road B wastes \$600,000.
Road C wastes \$1,200,000.
Road D wastes \$1,800,000.
Road E wastes \$3,000,000.

As to the results of this standardiza-



SENATOR WESLEY L. JONES, NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON.

Senator Jones Came to the Defense of Bullinger During the Bullinger-Pinchot Controversy. He Is Mentioned to Be Secretary of the Interior If Bullinger Should Resign.

tion to procure efficiency, Mr. Emerson says:

"In a very large locomotive shop, conditions were first standardized, and then standards of performance were furnished. The shop went on as before, same equipment, same work, same men, same foremen and other officials, but standards as to every particular man were set up. The results were as follows:

Month.	No. of Men.	Stand. Hrs.	Actual Hrs.	Eff.
1	21	2,011.2	3,613.9	55.6
2	50	4,350.2	7,418.8	58.6
3	77	7,649.6	12,748	60
7	251	27,051.08	41,463	89.3
12	656	122,736.4	126,534.4	97
13	731	120,357.5	120,476	99.9
14	771	148,841	146,434	101.7
15	819	155,276.5	160,701	96.5

F.W. Taylor, another recognized expert who placed the operation of a great steel works upon a scientific basis, lays this as the fundamental principle of this new evangel:

"High wages and low labor cost."

If this seem to be self-contradictory, let the future out-working of the reforms proposed for railroads and already installed in many of the great manufacturing plants speak. For it is purposed, not to reduce labor cost by reducing wages, but by paying more to men employed, at the same time by introduction of scientific methods of accounting, first, and of operation, second, to get better results from men and materials. The subject cannot be properly treated without touching upon the relationship the new proposals bear to the employment of labor. It is true that some organized labor has resisted it. Some unions have thus far latterly demanded that all men in a given trade be

paid the same wages. The new proposals involve differentiating between efficient men and non-efficient men; in short, paying them according to their work.

Furthermore, this proposed regime of operative efficiency means that the real railroad men are to come into their own. For decades, we have had a riot of Wall Street railroading. The men who actually run the roads—General Managers, Superintendents, Auditors, Engineers and experts of all kinds who go out to do the real work—these have suffered an eclipse in late years.

And, too, it means that the local railroad man, for so long compelled on orders from Wall Street to do things that bring him into unpleasant relations with his neighbors and fellow citizens of his home commonwealth, shall at last realize that he is regarded as a co-laborer for the good of the communities through which his lines run.

*System's Money
All on the "Mule."*

Quite easily one steps from this discussion to that of National politics. Last month, I wrote at length of the status of Republican politics. Since that article was written, important developments have clarified the air in many quarters. It is possible today to

write plainly that the financial interests centered in Wall Street have turned to the Democratic Party and hope to capture it for the 1912 campaign. The money of "the interests" has been poured in the late elections to elect Democratic candidates in the East. None who boasts



HENRY S. GRAVES, CHIEF FORESTER, SUCCESSOR TO GIFFORD PINCHOT.

even moderate information now questions the accuracy of that assertion. In Ohio, Judson Harmon's campaign was supplied with funds without stint; in New York, John A. Dix, nominated by Charles Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, was supported by all the power of "the Street"; in New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson had assistance from the same strongboxes; in Indiana, John Kern in his fight against Senator Beveridge needed only to ask for campaign funds to get them in plentitude. It was the same wherever in the East Democrats went to the electorate.

The story related last month in this department—that J. P. Morgan early last summer issued orders to his subordinates in banking and industry to support Harmon—proved to have been true; but it was likewise true that he gave orders to support other Democratic nominees, and that Wilson and Dix and Kern were on his list of favored seekers for political honors. Western followers of Thomas Jefferson may as well face the truth—the cards have been stacked against the popular rule in the Democratic Party; for, unless signs are misleading, the current is running strongly towards the Morgan control of that party.

"Fear of Roosevelt" was the slogan. Roosevelt had lambasted the "Old Guard" in New York. He had dominated the State convention in that State, nominated Henry L. Stimson for Governor, helped write the platform.

Yet, not even the fulsome praise of the Taft Administration and the endorsement of the unpopular tariff bill by the New York convention, sufficed to bring the President and the former President close together. The New York campaign had not been in progress two weeks before it was demonstrated that the Taft men in New York State were working for the defeat of the Republican nominee, Stimson, excepting a few men, such as Otto Bannard, who, as Taft's mouth-piece, even though he wanted to, did not dare show less than formal support for Stimson.

The President's statement through Bannard, that the State election there did not bear upon the 1912 Presidential election, was forgotten in a few days; for everyone knew that it did vitally involve the 1912 campaign for the Presidency;

that the rank and file of the Taft contingent wanted to see Roosevelt's nominee snowed under by a majority of hundreds of thousands, and that it was pro-Taft men who were pouring forth Golconda-like stores of gold to achieve that end.

So that, while publicly maintaining formalities of comity, Taft and Roosevelt drifted farther and farther apart.

In respect of one political matter, let us get our history on straight. Eastern reactionaries tried to convict Roosevelt of entire blame for the defeats the Republicans met in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey.

But those who expressed the opinion that Roosevelt was chargeable with Republican defeats in those States, apparently forgot that the Republicans were defeated in Ohio, the home State of President Taft; in Illinois; in Maine before Roosevelt became an element in the situation; in Missouri; in Pennsylvania; in West Virginia; and elsewhere. It will be necessary to find some more logical reason with which to account for the landslide of November 8.

But, that the November elections were a blow at the 1912 aspirations of Mr. Taft for renomination goes without the saying. Those who speak for the Taft administration cite the achieved legislative program as evidence that his incumbency of the White House has wrought for good. It is obvious that they cannot claim credit for such program without accepting responsibility; and it is now plain as day that the voters repudiated the chief item of the Taft legislative accomplishments—the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill.

Secretary Ballinger.

Interest in the Ballinger investigation has been revived by the assertion that a resolution calling for the impeachment of Mr. Ballinger would be introduced during the present session of Congress. The Administration is worried over the knowledge that a combination of Insurgents and Democrats could easily put through such a resolution. The Federal Constitution gives the House authority to institute impeachment proceedings. When the House so votes the Senate is compelled to sit as judge of the charges preferred by the House.

When this was written, the Congressional Investigating Committee had not taken action beyond that announced by the minority and majority in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. But it had been well settled that the Committee's final action would in nowise affect public sentiment. That the people of the country had reached their conclusions, was patent to the tyro, and that there was powerful demand for the removal of Ballinger was equally plain. So that when the Cabinet met in Washington for the White House "bachelor house party" in September, much interest was felt in the queries as to whether or not President Taft would lay before his Ministers the whole issue, and ask them to decide.

This was absolutely absurd—a query founded upon ignorance of the basic facts and unpublished history of the origin of the whole troubles. That President Taft could not ask Secretary Ballinger to resign was one of the truths that might have been written into the book of political axioms. Furthermore, the Ballinger issue did not come up for consideration by the Cabinet.

To friends, however, the President expressed himself, leaving no room to doubt that he was not to ask Ballinger to resign. In substance he said:

"I exonerated Secretary Ballinger; my Attorney-General exonerated him. I fought for him during the investigation with all the power of the Administration. How can I unsay what I said then? What could I say to the Nation were I to attempt to change my attitude? I cannot ask Secretary Ballinger to resign."

In addition to this expression of the President, came the analysis of the situation by the friends of Secretary Ballinger, in substance as follows:

"Secretary Ballinger discharged the duties of his office in strict accordance with the distinct understanding between him and those who formed the administration of President Taft. What he did was what it was known he would do when he was appointed to the Cabinet. The Roosevelt-Pinchot conservation policies were to be emasculated. It was to be stated to the country that the Taft

administration believed that Roosevelt had been without the law; that the Taft administration would keep within the law. This policy, supplanting the Roosevelt policy, was thoroughly understood as the policy of Ballinger. Should Ballinger, going on the firing line to execute these new policies, and subjected to heavier firing than was expected, finally attacked fiercely and crowded into a corner, take upon himself the entire onus of a policy, proved more or less unpopular, and which he was responsible for only in minor part? In short, and to use street parlance, should he be the goat? Emphatically, No. If Ballinger go down before this severe firing, others must go with him. These others are really more responsible for the unpopular policy than the Secretary is."

This position of the Ballinger contingent meant that, if Ballinger "fessed up," Mr. Wickersham, Attorney-General, and Mr. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General, would have to do the same, for it was alleged that Hitchcock had been instrumental in arranging that the new policy in handling public-owned resources be engrafted on the Taft administration; and that Wickersham entered heartily into its promulgation and upholding, remains the plain record of the case.

It was patent, then, that Ballinger was secure from Presidential invitation to hand over his portfolio; although none could say whether or not he would do so voluntarily.

Reclamation Service Changes.

The prediction made in these articles in the December *PACIFIC MONTHLY*, that the Reclamation Service is about to be turned over to the control of the War Department, finds justification in the quasi-official announcement that the Taft administration will place an Army Engineer-Officer at the head of that Bureau, as Director, to replace Frederick H. Newell, the present Director. It is the outcome of a conflict between the proposal of the Roosevelt administration that the Army be relieved of its engineer duties in all branches of the Government, excepting essentially military works, and civilian engineers be given

the preference; and the different plans of the Taft administration that, instead of lessening the Army's authority over Governmental engineering works, all engineering works be turned over to that Department.

This is a change vastly more significant than appears upon the surface. It is not only a question of technical qualifications, but goes to the matter of Governmental policies in the broadest manner. The Army Engineers, as a class, have not been enthusiastic over the Roosevelt conservation policies, have held to the old-time concepts along that line, and have been disposed to scout the proposals submitted to the Nation by the Roosevelt-Garfield-Pinchot contingent. The change, if effected, will mark a not small departure from the establishment of the Roosevelt ideas on conservation which it had been believed were founded never to be torn down.

It means, in the opinion of close observers here, that State rather than National conservation is to be insisted on by the Federal Government, and it may easily result in the distinct declaration in favor of turning over to the States the control of all natural resources. The Roosevelt adherents view it with some alarm, and believe it presages the weakening of the Reclamation Service, the Forest Service and all the Governmental agencies which were articulated in the Roosevelt scheme of conservation.

The Army Engineers who toured the West during the summer to inspect the Federal irrigation projects had not submitted their report when this was written. But that that tour meant the subtraction from Director Newell of his former measure of authority is accepted here as unquestionable. Probably it means that the beginning of the end has been written and that Director Newell, notwithstanding his great services, will not long remain at the head of his Bureau.

Discord in the Forest Service.

Another important development of interest to the West is the discovery that all is not sweet peace in the Forest Service. Henry S. Graves, appointed to succeed Gifford Pinchot as Forester, has

continued the Pinchot policies loyally. He has upon his own volition changed no feature of the former Forester's methods. The rank and file of the Service's forces have, likewise, remained loyal thereto. But harmony has not been established between Forester Graves and the Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, Graves' Cabinet chief.

These things crept out from the secrecy of officialdom to the knowledge of the anxious watchers! When President Taft, in September, en route from the St. Paul conservation convention, reached Chicago, he was met there by Secretary Wilson and Forester Graves. The latter placed squarely before the President his complaints—that the relations between himself and the Secretary were not ideal, and that, if not improved, his resignation must follow perforce. The matter was threshed out more or less thoroughly, and adjustment, temporary at least, was effected.

The complaint of the Graves administration was that the Secretary has apparently tried to discredit the Forester and some of his principal assistants before the field forces of the Forest Service; has sought to weaken their standing with Supervisors and District Foresters, and gone so far as to make open statements that these men are not competent to do their work. Immediately after Pinchot went out from office, Secretary Wilson amputated from the Service staff the Law Division, taking it bodily over to the main Department of Agriculture establishment; did likewise with the Division of Accounts, and in every way possible made it apparent that the structure which Pinchot had upbuilt was not to be permitted to remain untouched.

Mr. Graves was not Secretary Wilson's choice for Chief Forester. He wanted Alfred F. Potter appointed. Not having his wish granted, so the Graves-Pinchot loyalists aver, the Secretary proceeded to dismember the Forestry organization to the extent that it was no longer possible for the Bureau to carry on its work unhampered with the inevitable red tape which always has been the brake on the wheels of progress toward higher efficiency in Governmental business.

They assert, and those who have done

business with that Bureau support the claim, that the Forest Service was the most efficient governmental organization ever created in this country. They believe the changes have not increased efficiency, but materially decreased it, to the injury of the Service.

These facts are not published abroad; and probably might receive if put to the test, that diplomatic denial which often emerges from officials who would be somewhat embarrassed by publicity of certain facts. But that they are facts is susceptible of proof absolute.

Party Lines Nebulous.

Reverting to politics, it has interested Western folk to read that, beyond all precedents of the past fifty years, party lines have been wiped out in all the East, as they appear to have been in the West. Party slogans were sounded, but failed to rally the hosts. Lifelong Republicans openly announced opposition to Republican nominees, and berated the electorate for choosing them to office; while dyed-in-the-wool Democrats quite as publicly rushed to the support of Progressive Republican candidates or reactionary nominees of their erstwhile enemy party.

Complete realignment of the Nation's political forces seemed to be about to ensue. The Congress opened with the Progressive Republicans refusing to accept the olive branch thrown to them by President Taft; with Progressive and Standpat Republicans at swords points; Progressive Democrats fighting with Standpat members of their own party; and political topsy-turvy reigning in the National Capital.

The retention of Secretary Ballinger, probably, was taken to heart more by the Progressive Republicans than any other one act of the Taft administration; and they argued that by endorsing the Taft administration Roosevelt had slapped in the face the very men who, during his African sojournings, had fought the fight for his conservation policies against tremendous odds.

The autumn further developed the patent fact that Roosevelt's fate rested, not with the voters of New York, but with the Western Progressives. The conservative leaders of the East, horse, foot and dragoons, repudiated him. So that

he was left between the Scylla of conservative opposition and the Charybdis of progressive criticism.

But another idol of the Progressives fell from its pedestal during the fall campaign—Senator Albert Baird Cummins of Iowa. It was the Cummins organ—the *Des Moines News*—that inveighed loudest against Roosevelt's Saratoga outputtings, declaring that Progressives forthwith repudiated the Oyster Bay statesman for that he had not remained faithful to his professions of Western radicalism.

Then Senator Cummins went to Chicago, where he pleaded for the re-election of Congressman James R. Mann, who, with Tawney and Payne and Daltzell, formed Cannon's political bodyguard in the House. Here is what Senator Cummins said:

"Any man who reaches the conclusion that we ought to substitute for any Republican the best Democrat on earth badly needs an intellectual stimulant. With all its inequalities, with all its mistakes and all its wrongs, I would rather have 1000 years of the present Payne-Aldrich tariff law than one month of Democratic free trade."

The Progressive in both parties had fought the campaign on the theory that, if the nominee of their own party was a Standpatter, it were better to vote for the nominee of the other party, provided he was honestly a Progressive. Cummins' declaration aforesaid, in the light of the prevailing spirit of the fight, amazed Progressives the country over. Palpably a Presidential possibility before that utterance, so said the political wiseacres, he became an impossibility that moment.

That statement brought upon his head a storm of adverse criticism not second to the protests from the Progressives at Roosevelt's endorsement of Standpat Congressman William E. Humphrey of Seattle, Standpat Governor Draper and Standpat Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. The Progressives began to run around in circles, and to realize that, for the nonce, Progressivism had received a check, and that reorganization of their forces would be necessary before the fight of 1912 came on. But, everybody knows that Roosevelt's fight in New York State was against the very flower of the reactionary army, and whatever

his mistakes, his defeat was a terrible blow to the progressive forces, and it will be long before the last yelp of delight shall have been heard from his enemies.

Joining the broader-than-party contingent, however, came two Senators as permanent recruits of the Progressive movement—Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, and William E. Borah, of Idaho. While remaining Republican, they took no position that approximated the narrower party concept of Senator Cummins.

Recapitulating, and making a general guess as to the highest probabilities, it seems to be justified to offer this as the coming situation in 1912, based on the developments of the summer and fall:

The reactionary forces have stronger hold on the Democratic Party than the Progressives; Bryan's influence with that organization—not with the masses, but with the politicians—suffered material decrease; and the campaign closed with Murphy in New York, Roger Sullivan in Illinois, Judson Harmon in Ohio, the Taggart-Kern combine in Indiana, the Dahlman anti-Bryan faction in Nebraska, the Frank Day-O'Brien faction in Minnesota, the anti-Progressives in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, the anti-Progressive faction in Montana, similar factions in other States controlling the local Democratic organizations.

The Progressive Democrats are in the ascendancy over reactionary Democrats in Oregon, Washington, California, Kansas, and a few other Western States.

The Wall Street interests have turned to the Democratic Party and purpose to

seize its absolute control for 1912, have knocked the head from a large money barrel and stand ready to ship its contents to anyone of Democratic label who would help along the looting of that party. The character of reactionary control of State organizations apparently gives to the Standpatters the balance of power, and to make it probable that they will dictate the National convention's proceedings.

As to the Republican situation, it is an open fight for control by the reactionaries; the question as to future relations between Roosevelt and the Western Progressives remains unsolved; and the money powers apparently bank upon slighter hope of controlling that party than they do on the control of the Democratic Party.

This is not to say that the masses of the voters in either party have receded from their obviously Progressive tendencies, nor to deny that the country today is insisting that some political organization step forward with a well-digested program of procedure that will win their confidence and justify them in investing that organization with the authority of Government. It is only to set forth the situations as to the local control of the States, and to summarize the attitude of the politicians. It does not preclude making the prediction that, so chaotic are the conditions, final victory for the Progressive cause, for real Popular Government, probably will not come in 1912, for the voters are somewhat mixed, and are not yet convinced whither they should turn for that permanent relief which they purpose to have, and to have soon.



The Three Kings

A Christmas Story

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

*'Tis Christmas-tide. Be of good cheer;
Peace and joy to each one here.
On this holy Christmas morn
Christ, our Lord, on Earth was born
To the cruel crown of thorns.
Listen all, and listen well,
While the story I do tell.*

King Kuru sat upon the throne
Of Iran. Knelt there every one;
A thousand magi, robed in white,
Ten thousand shields that flashed the light.
Along the vast and pictured walls
The magi knelt. Down all the halls
None stood erect,—save Kuru, King,
And his blind lutist,—hand on string,
To tell the glory of the King.
Scarce had the breathless tale begun
When everywhere, as if the sun
Burned in the halls, a glory blazed,
And Kuru stood as one amazed.
He clasped his throne. His jeweled crown
Fell with a clang and spun around.
To him it seemed a rare perfume,
A wondrous presence, filled the room.
And where the blind Feerdausi stood
An angel flashed, one glorious flood
Of streaming flames and endless wings,
Waving on high before the King.
The King's soul shrank in the white blaze
Of the arch-angel's crystal gaze.
"O, Kuru, God hath found thee wise.
Thrice blessed and blessed beyond all price
Thou art. Lo, thou shalt look upon
The Son of God. His glorious son
New born this night upon the earth,
A messenger of lowliest birth
From the wide realms of Truth above,
That Love is Power and God is Love.
Stay not, stop not, but follow far,
Where leads yon new and radiant star,
To where it rests. Well shalt thou know
God's son,—the babe who sleeps below."
Gone was the radiance from the room,
Still faintly clung that rare perfume.
The pictured halls seemed dark with gloom.
The angel like a spark had gone;
King Kuru sat a king of stone.
"The King! The King! The King is ill!"
Like swans at night, the wild cries fill
The halls. Then suddenly are still.
A great light shining in his eyes,
The King to silence waves their cries.
"What is this star upon the sky?
Let my astrologers descry."
Then all looked upward, hushed in dread
At the new glory overhead.
The white-robed magi nothing said.
King Kuru bade his satraps bring
A thousand men of bow and sling,

A thousand swords to serve the King;
A thousand horses, mailed for war;
For he would follow yon strange star.
Then fell a voice from out the sky,
Filling the earth so solemnly:
"O, King, thou hast no need of swords
To follow with the Lord of Lords.
Go thou, with sweet humility,
Before thy Lord to bend the knee."
King Kuru like a stone did stand;
Then slowly raised his jeweled hand
And halted all the glittering band.
As reeds, stirred by the wind, do shake,
So swayed the mighty host, aquake.
King Kuru called for Sol, his ewer;
He washed himself to be all pure;
He took of spice, and gems, and myrrh,
In precious box of alabaster,
Wrought round with gold and ivory,—
A thing most beautiful to see.
He wore but sandals on his feet;
A knife to cut his daily meat.
A milk-white robe he wore. No word
He spake, but left his sword,
And strode him forth to meet his Lord.

II.

King Sargon, the great warrior, slept;
His chieftains 'round him vigils kept.
The date-palms veiled the burning sky
And made a waving canopy.
Red burned the desert sands, and red
The sun wheeled slowly to his bed.
The desert cliffs shone bare and red.
The desert shimmered in the sun;
The King slept, tiger-skins upon.
Right well had he his hunting done.
For three times seven burning days
The King had tracked the desert maze;
Had been the first, and ran before
Where e'er he heard the tiger's roar.
His smooth round arms had drawn the bow
No other man could hope to do.
His strong brown arm had thrown the dart
Which pierced the tiger through the heart.
His fingers, scorning other help,
Had, naked, choked the half-grown whelp.
The hunting o'er; the sport well done,
Now would he turn to Babylon,—
The fairest city neath the sun.
'Twas there his young queen combed her hair.
The fountains, flowers and baths were there,
The gardens, beautiful and rare;
Where lay in cool and fragrant shade
Both counselors and lovely maids.
But here the camels crouched and blinked,
The lance shafts and the cuirass clinked.
The soldiers, noiselessly, they crept,
For lo the King—great Sargon,—asleep.
Sudden he woke, with wondering stare.

His eyes gazed on the vacant air,
 Frowned on a soldier who was near
 Who knelt and shivered with cold fear.
 The King he mused a breathing while
 And as he mused he came to smile.
 "Send me my prophets and my seers,
 Melech, the man of many years."
 They came. "Tell me what this doth seem;
 Tell me the meaning of my dream.
 I dreamed I was a tiger bold
 And watched the hushed, star-guarded fold,
 Eager and hungering for food,
 Drunk with the hot, sweet, smell of blood.
 Within this fold there was a lamb,
 Bleating, forsaken of its dam,
 I leaped to seize it for my prey
 But fell, and smitten, helpless lay,
 At the lamb's feet, a helpless thing,
 Which with a look all pitying
 Gave me to drink from crystal heart.
 Then sounded a great voice apart
 From earth, which filled the sky above,
 "The Master of the world is Love.
 Sargon, love c'en thine enemies;
 Go, now, and bend thy Kingly knees
 To him this day is born afar,
 Great Prince of Peace, to whom kings are
 But dust. Go, follow thou the star
 Which burns to lead thee ever on
 Unto thy King—God's blessed son."
 Then I awoke—glare in my eyes—
 As one who wakes to great surmise.
 What means this dream?" The whispering seers
 Thus said: "Oh, King, dismiss thy fears.
 This is the meaning of thy dream.
 The gods decree that to thy queen
 And all which sweet in love doth seem
 Thou shalt return—and she shall prove
 There is no solace like to love."
 Across the hot and quivering sand
 Swiftly there wound the caravan,
 Like some great serpent, till it lay
 Close by the wells in bright noon day.
 King Sargon slept, but sudden woke,
 As he had feared Azrael's stroke.
 "Call me my prophets and wise men
 That they may tell my dream again.
 I dreamed I watched a heron's flight,
 When suddenly there broke a light
 Through all the heaven and a voice
 Sang beautifully, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!
 Rejoice all men, rejoice and pray,
 The King of Kings is born today.'
 The wise men said, "Oh, King Sargon,
 Now thirty kingdoms thou dost own
 Won by thy sword. They know thy away
 And thirty kings do thee obey;
 Thou art the King of Kings, we deem
 This is the meaning of thy dream."
 Yet once again King Sargon dreamed
 In the wide silence of the night
 And woke with strange and chilling fright
 To hear a voice say, "Rise, oh, King.
 Take thou nor host, nor anything,
 But go this night, beneath yon star
 To where the hosts of Angels are."
 Then as he looked the great star drew
 Slowly to westward in his view.
 A longing rose and filled his breast,

A hunger for the wondrous quest.
 With naught but sword and his great pearl—
 Was called the "Moonlight of the World"—
 He stepped between his guard and on
 Toward the heaven pressed King Sargon.

III.

Nem-ab-ra made a mighty feast,
 Long were the lines of shaven priests,
 Musicians, dancers, apes, white bulls;
 The temple steps smiled beautiful
 With lotus, lilies, poppies, palms;
 In clouds of incense rose the psalms
 From thick-necked priests and choristers.
 And humming everywhere there stood
 The vast face-upturned multitude.
 Nem-ab-ra sat upon a throne
 Of burnished gold. Like sun it shone,
 Above—a sky of silk on staves,
 Below—a very sea of slaves.
 Necho, the High Priest, stood apart,
 Held sunward high a bullock's heart.
 Slowly he raised his hands on high,
 When like a tempest burst the cry
 Both near and far, from every mouth,
 "King of the North and of the South,
 King of the world. Son of the Sun,
 Great Pharaoh—Lord! Thy will be done."
 Great Pharaoh smiled at this acclaim,
 When suddenly, as in a flame,
 Walking in light, as in a cloud,
 In Necho's place one said aloud
 As trumpet clear and high and slow,
 "Not so, Oh, King—Not so. Not so.
 A King of Kings—a King of Heaven
 Today unto this world is given.
 His throne a stall, His bed of hay,
 His truth it shall not pass away.
 He hath no crown, He hath no sword,
 He is thy King, He is thy Lord.
 What madman bold! Oh, Insolence!
 Oh, sacrilege and vain pretence!"
 The priests be-crimsoned o'er with blood
 Fell from the altars where they stood.
 They fell like quintain blocks of lead
 And tumbled lay as they were dead.
 In rushed the guard with pike and shield,
 But bent as in the ripened field
 The tempest fells the heavy corn,
 The Bright One spake in patient scorn:
 "I am the Angel Raphael
 Sent out of Heaven truth to tell
 To thee, Oh, Pharaoh, counted wise,
 That thou must take the good emprise
 And see the Son of God on High
 New born in weak humility.
 God sets his star within the sky.
 Forsake this couch, or chariot car
 And follow—follow—follow far
 Yon golden star to where it rests,
 There count thyself among the blest.
 Down fell the great crowd, every one,
 Nem-ab-ra fell his face upon.
 A light shone brighter than the sun.
 From out the air came to their ears
 Sweet music. Sounds which move to tears
 Then slowly died as evening breeze
 Dies murmurous among the trees.
 A silence fell, nor any stirred.

Nem-ab-ra rose and gave the word.
 The dazzled multitude obey;
 In buzzing wonder melt away.
 Nem-ab-ra chose a bow of force,
 Five hundred of his men of horse,
 And every horse was white as milk;
 Rare ivory, jewels, bales of silk.
 He took his slaves, his cooks, his players,
 Musicians, jugglers and sooth-sayers.
 Swift camels laden with good fare
 And stuffs and viands rich and rare.
 A very royal company,
 With show and glitter, good to see.
 He gave his snake-wrought signet ring
 Unto his queen to rule as king.
 And so rode forth in majesty
 Toward the star which filled the sky.
 The desert is a baleful place,
 The white bones, signs of death, they trace,
 A shining path across its face,
 Unto the clear and shining sky.
 Nem-ab-ra and his company
 Held to the star which moved on high.
 But presently on either hand
 There was not anything but sand
 And cursed bare rocks. The heat did rise,
 The sand did dance before their eyes.
 "Oh, water! Water!" gasped throats dry,
 "Pasht send us water, or we die."
 Nem-ab-ra called his sorcerers,
 Around them stood the murmurers.
 "Come, wisemen, strike me now this rock,
 Let water follow your rod's shock.
 With your witch wands now strike the ground,
 Let crystal water well abound."
 The sorcerers looked with frightened stare;
 Such miracle they did not dare.
 Nor dare refuse the King's command.
 They chanted psalms, they smote the sand.
 And eagerly the thirsting eyes
 Did look to see the water rise.
 No water came. No sign was there.
 The burning land shone dry and bare.
 "Oh, lying priests. Oh, useless tools.
 Yours is the mystery for fools.
 Your wonders are but deeds of sport
 Amid the jesters of my court."
 From all that crowd came one long cry.
 "Kill—kill the camels ere we die.
 Then press we back to homes of ease,
 Nor brave again such woes as these."
 E'en as arose these maddened cries
 And men looked murder eyes to eyes,
 As if it were an easy thing
 To save themselves and kill a king,
 There came a heavenly blaze—a shock—
 And water flowed beneath the rock.
 Pure water,—water white and cool,
 Spreading into a lovely pool,
 Where eagerly,—again,—again—
 Men knelt to ease their burning pain.
 And drank, and drank, as might the damned,
 If water flowed to their drear land.
 A voice which made all hearts afraid,
 Nor ever might be disobeyed,
 Said, "O, Nem-ab-ra, thou, alone,
 Mayst make obeisance to God's son.
 Send back thy train, aye, every one."
 The awful voicing seemed to die,

As thunder fades along the sky.
 Nem-ab-ra stood, with hanging head,
 And all was silent as the dead.
 "O, sorcerers and priests," he said,
 "Ye lying men of vain pretense;
 Ye fatteners by insolence.
 Ye perjurers and thieves, who can
 Reach only to the height of man;
 Ye petty men, like to the rest,
 Turn back your faces from the West
 And go ye quickly whence ye came,
 Outcast and stripped of all but shame."
 Nem-ab-ra turned and gave command
 Unto the captain of his band;
 And standing by the pool, alone,
 He watched them wending t'ward his throne:
 His sword he took, and diadem,
 Encrusted o'er with many a gem.
 Then turned toward the shining light
 And strode into the coming night.

IV.

Well fared the Kings beneath that star
 Which still each followed from afar,
 Blazing by night as 'twere God's throne;
 By day more bright than sun it shone;
 Still trembling on toward the West,
 Toward the citadel of rest.
 So fared each one through field and fen,
 O'er icy peaks, by fearsome den
 Of monsters and more savage men.
 Weary and wasted with the rude,
 Harsh lot of the poor multitude.
 Alas, it is forever true
 That millions toil to keep a few.
 One crimson morn, when all the East
 Flung forth its flags, the bright star ceased
 Its march, and seemed in light to whelm
 The roofs and walls of Bethlehem.
 The heavens oped, an angel-choir,
 Up-borne by wings of moving fire,
 Floated above. Resounded then:
 "Peace on Earth. Good will toward Men."
 And Earth gave answer to the morn:
 "To us a Savior is born."
 "Peace on Earth," and Earth to Heaven,
 "Unto us a son is given."
 The streets were silent. All men gazed
 Astonished, wonder-smit and dazed.
 Men on the housetops knelt, afraid,
 And to the Star of Glory prayed.
 Like golden motes within the sky,
 The bright battalions flashed. That cry
 Never to die, was heard again;
 Alas, and was it sung in vain?
 "Peace on Earth. Good will to Men."
 "Peace. Good will, All Bretheren."
 Above a stable, now most blessed,
 The guiding star hung bright, steadfast;
 And hovered there the angels, white.
 A lowly place, all filled with light.
 An infant in a manger lay;
 And 'round his head the glories play.
 The asses and the mild-eyed kine,
 Kneeling, adore the Child Divine.
 "Hail, Mary! Blessed of women! Hail!
 Mercy lives. Love shall not fail.
 Blest be the fruit of Mary's womb,
 For Christ hath conquest o'er the tomb.

Hail, Mary! Blessed Virgin! Hail!
 Now Christ is born, and Hate shall fail.
 Strife, wars, injustice, greed shall cease;
 For, lo, hath come the Prince of Peace."

V.

Nem-ab-ra, Sargon, Kuru,—Kings
 Of the East, beheld the wings
 Of th' angelic host, like rippling fire,
 Sway through the Heaven. Heard the choir,
 Sweeter than ever earthly song
 Was sung; so pure, so clear, so strong.
 It fell to earth in dulcet stream,
 Soft as the music of a dream.
 Alone, apart, each King, by Fate,
 Was drawn unto a different gate,
 Which entering, each betook his way
 To where the Christ Child, glorious, lay.
 Each paused, fast bound in wondering thrall,
 To see above a stable stall
 The Heavenly light. Loud laughed they each,
 And to the air, in scornful speech,
 They laughed: "Is this the Son of God,
 With cattle, stabled on the sod?"
 Lo, ere the wind their laughter caught,
 Behold a transformation wrought.
 The lowly roof became a vault
 Beautiful as Heaven's, without fault;
 Columns of gold upheld the dome,
 And marbles sumptuously shone.
 The floor of gold and ivory
 And chrysoprase, green as the sea;
 And endless were the vistas, bright,
 In the vast palace of delight.
 Upon a throne of dazzling ray
 The Prince of Peace, the Christ Child, lay.
 Angels stood all about. A voice
 Cried, "Kneel, ye monarchs, and rejoice
 That unto you, today, is given
 To see and know the Son of Heaven."
 King Kuru, humbly, veiled his face,
 And, kneeling, said, "O, Prince of Grace,
 Here, at thy feet, this precious box,
 For now I know that Heaven mocks
 At all the attributes of Power,
 And only Love to Love is dower."
 He gave the box of myrrh and spice;
 The box of jewels beyond price;
 And kneeling there, so lowly, wise,
 He looked with Adoration's eyes.
 Rash Sargon unto Pharaoh burst:
 "Back, King. Of Kings I am the first."
 Nem-ab-ra's eyes grew black with ire;
 Hot Sargon's flashed with deadly fire.
 Their swords leaped out like living things
 To do the battle of the Kings.
 Their swelling necks and knotted arms
 Told they were bred in war's alarms.
 Their swords flashed high. Ere fell the stroke,
 A voice from out of Heaven spoke:
 "Cease! Banished is the day of strife.
 'T is God alone who giveth life.
 Let man's too sinful slaughter cease.
 Good will toward men! On Earth great peace!"
 The swords fell ringing to the floor.
 Sargon and Pharaoh knelt before
 The lowly Christ Child, who must die
 To teach men love and charity.
 From all the angels swelled a paean:

"Peace on Earth as Peace in Heaven."
 Nem-ab-ra gave his kingly crown;
 King Sargon cast his great pearl down.
 It was as if the moon was hurled
 From space,—the "Moonlight of the World."
 A little child did near them stand
 Who held a lily in his hand.
 He placed it with the offerings
 Of the three dread and mighty Kings.
 Then, suddenly, there came a gloom
 And Kuru knew that strange perfume
 Which filled the air. Before their gaze
 Vanished the palace of amaze,
 Star-studded vault and chrysoprase,
 And golden columns of delight;
 And 'neath the splendor of the night
 The lowly stable stood. Within
 A stony manger, cherubim
 About his head, the infant lay,
 And at his feet, in bright array,
 The wondrous pearl, the box of gems,
 Nem-ab-ra's jeweled diadem,
 And the child's lily. There the kine
 And sheep, with tinkling bells a-chime,
 Knelt tranquilly; and ragged men,
 Wasted and wan, and white women
 Stood crowding to the holy place,
 So wistful-eyed, so sad of face.
 "Drive out these slaves," proud Sargon cried,
 But, lo, the Heavenly voice replied:
 "These are my poor. Think not that thrones
 Are my delight. These are mine own;
 Bearers and wearers of a cross
 Which fouls the brightest gold to dross:
 Injustice.—Think not alms, or gift,
 That leaden, leaden cross can lift.
 Nay, Justice is the very throne,
 The light of Life. Aye, this alone.
 O, Kings, find ye no ease in bed
 Till these, my poor, be clothed and fed.
 O, Kings, find ye no peace in Death
 Till, these delight in Life's glad breath.
 O, Kings, ye robbers are, by might,
 Till these, too, share Life's equal right.
 Build me not temples, nor say prayers,
 While these are laden down with cares.
 Say me no glib and gilded creed
 Till these are happy by just deed.
 Lift these from hells of their distress.—
 Not Charity, but Righteousness.
 Then in the fields of fragrant
 We shall pluck flowers Earth may not see;
 And Christ shall say on Judgment Day,
 'What ye have done unto the poor,
 Ye have done unto me.'"
 The Kings bowed low and cried, "O Lord,
 We hearken to Thy solemn word.
 Now, give a sign whose gift is best,
 That we may know him chiefly blessed."
 Again the sweet seraphic choir
 Exulted glorious and higher;
 Again the glory shone around,
 And sea and earth and heaven resound
 With the sweet singing of the spheres
 Beyond the hope of mortal ears.
 "Peace on Earth. Good will to men,"
 Sang cherubim and seraphim.
 A Heavenly ray, pure, undefiled,
 Fell on the lily and the child.

The Newspaper and the Theatre

By William Winter

THE most potential influence that is exerted upon Society, at this time, is that of the Newspaper Press. Thousands of persons who do not read anything else habitually read newspapers, and those persons, customarily, adopt, as their own, the opinions which those newspapers have expressed. There are persons who think for themselves, but they are not very numerous. The newspaper does the thinking for the majority, and, in so doing, it uses a prodigious force,—namely, that of *suggestion*. The newspaper, accordingly, largely creates and still more largely directs the current of opinion, and, once directed into specific channels, that current is seldom successfully opposed. Control of the newspaper press, therefore, is eagerly desired and continuously sought by persons acquisitive of practical public favor. The managers of theatres, in particular, being wholly dependent on public patronage, are especially assiduous in pursuit of newspaper influence, and, by various methods, they customarily succeed in obtaining it, and this they do with little or no heed to the consequences of the wrong or base use to which, in many cases, they constrain its application. Adverse criticism of defective drama and inadequate acting is measurably prevented, and when not prevented, is virulently assailed, and although abstract, perfunctory censure of trivial or unclean and mischievous plays more or less frequently gets into print,

very little decisive condemnation is published in the newspaper press, which goes straight to the root of dramatic and theatrical decadence and corruption,—precise and emphatic arraignment, that is, of those theatrical managers, those authors, and those actors, who, heedless of everything but the prospect of notoriety and pecuniary profit, use their talents and opportunities to degrade or pollute the stage, and thus, in as far as their influence extends, to infect the public morals and debase the public taste. Among the many devices that are employed by theatrical managers with a

view to control the newspaper press and to make it a part of their official machinery, one exceedingly effective method is the Advertising Club. The metropolitan daily newspaper subsists, mainly, on its income from advertisements. The average charge for a theatrical advertisement, in a New York daily newspaper, is forty-five cents an agate line, on week days, and fifty cents an agate line on Sundays. The average income of a New York daily newspaper, from its theatrical advertisements, is about \$225.00 a day, for six week days, and about \$1,000 on Sundays,—a

weekly receipt, that is, of about \$2,200. The regular theatrical season, usually, extends over thirty-two weeks, and it is supplemented with a summer season,—long or short, according to the state of the weather. The average income from theatrical advertisements, for a daily newspaper, during the regular season, is about \$70,000; during the summer season it is from \$5,000 to \$15,000. Those fig-



*Faithfully yours
William Winter*

ures are conservative estimates. The income is rather more than less, and, obviously, it is an important one.

The New York Herald, for example (here named because it is the largest single receiver of theatrical advertisements in America), toward the end of the last theatrical season, that is, on Sunday, April 17, 1910, carried eight and one-quarter columns of "amusement" advertisements,—that is, 2,408 agate lines, for which, at the fifty-cent rate, the sum of \$1,204 was paid. *Double price*, however, is always charged for "display type" or "cuts," so that not less than \$1,800 was paid by the theatre managers for that Sunday's publicity in that newspaper alone. During the preceding week *The Herald* did not, on any day, carry less than a full column of theatrical advertisements, diversified by both "display type" and "cuts," so that the revenue, for the seven days could not have been less than \$3,000; and, for the regular season the total must have been considerably more than \$100,000. The great department and dry-goods stores buy advertising space by special contract, at greatly reduced rates (which are sedulously kept secret), but, as far as known, *all theatres* pay the same price "over the counter." The manager who threatens to withdraw, or even to reduce, his advertisement, because of the publication of a condemnatory criticism, or for any other reason, is, accordingly, as a rule, heard with deference and accommodated with concession; and the dramatic critic who has told the truth, as he sees it, receives from the managing editor or the proprietor of the newspaper thus constrained an order that "*attacks on our advertisers must cease.*"

This instrumentality for subordinating the newspaper has been known to take the peculiarly aggressive and usually effective form of *Special Advertising*—a managerial "reward for good conduct," in having published favorable comment. A compendium is made of the praises of a play that have appeared in various publications, and the concourse of encomiums, so framed as to make a large, showy "display" advertisement, is inserted in all the newspapers that have published favorable notices; but is withheld from those that have dared to print censure. Business Management, in the Counting

Room, immediately becomes anxious. Inquiry ensues; explanation is vouchsafed, that the special advertisement has been withheld because of resentment of an "unjust" notice,—for adverse criticism is *always* "unjust," according to theatrical managers. The discontented manager is mollified by assurance that he will be commended as the pattern of all virtue; the criticism is annulled by a fervid puff; the critic is admonished, suppressed, or discharged; and the desired "paid ad." makes its appearance.

Another and perhaps even more potent managerial instrument for the regulation of press opinion relative to stage affairs is the Complimentary Ticket or Pass. Desire to be a "dead-head" at the theatre is well nigh universal. Theatrical managers are aware of that general propensity, and they know how to utilize it. Every theatre is provided with a "Free List." Almost every newspaper accepts complimentary tickets, not only for its accredited representative and members of its staff specifically assigned to duty at theatres, but for any and every member of its staff who may happen to want them. The practice of accepting free tickets for the use of the dramatic critic is proper enough, for it is convenient and not unreasonable, but it would be advantageous to all concerned if every newspaper, in its dealings with the theatre, would, invariably, buy tickets of admission when required. Once, when I was associated with *The New York Tribune*,—a journal which, in the dual capacity of dramatic editor and reviewer, I served for more than forty-four consecutive years,—I asked that this plan might be adopted, but my request was not seriously considered. "I do not remember a time," the Editor replied, "when the City Editor did not have all the theatre tickets he wanted." Such, indeed, has long been the custom. It is the managerial policy to place theatre passes wherever they are likely to "do any good," and the City Editor of a daily newspaper, who supervises the collection and display of the city news, possesses exceptional facilities for scattering through the newspaper paragraphs calculated to please the vanity and help the business of theatrical managers,—and that is done, for the most part, with total disregard of the quality or

character of the plays those persons are at the moment "Presenting." The course of the manager is decisive. If he gives the free entrance to his theatre, and does not receive the free "reading notice," he stops the free entrance until he does receive the free notice.

A politic editorial expedient, not infrequently employed, by which all trouble as to condemnatory critical opinion can be, and is, avoided, is restriction of the critical writer to the treatment of *technicality* in plays and in the acting of them. A critical deliverance in that vein makes a show of learning, but it does not convey any effective meaning to the general reader, nor, by itself, does it do any good. Proceedings in the Theatre become the proper object of necessary public comment and discussion only at the point where they impinge on the public mind and affect the public welfare. Essays on the abstract topic of the drama are little read and less regarded,—for one reason, among others, which is in itself decisive: Among the many writers who have published remarks on Acting, few have shown themselves qualified to give an instructive opinion as to the technicality of that art. Critics in general, to judge by their published writings, do not study the complex machinery of expression, and do not know much, if anything, about technical methods of producing the voice, using gesture, allowing time for effect, controlling emotion, regulating facial play, listening, moving, remaining motionless, and so following. An experienced "utility actor" knows more about the technicality of stage art than "a whole theatre" of ordinarily equipped critics.

It is notable, also, in the practice of daily journalism, that the censure which is permissible on week-days is not permissible on Sunday,—that being the day when the newspaper makes for itself the best possible showing, has the widest circulation, and is more generally read, especially by theatre-goers, than at any other time, and when, therefore, censure of theatrical misdoings would be likely to make itself particularly felt. Political antagonists or obnoxious political doctrines, such as, for example, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Cannon, the Free Silver Theory, or High Tariff, as the case may be, are held

to be proper objects of every-day discussion, and they can be, and are, freely denounced, if that be "the humor on 't," at all times; but on Sunday nothing must be dealt out to the theatrical reader but "news," and nothing to the manager but soothing syrup and balm. The politicians do not, as a rule, advertise, but when they do, or when they bestow political preferment, at home or abroad, the newspaper utterances are in gentle accord with the private interests of the owners, editors, and politicians.

It will be observed, furthermore, by persons who closely investigate the subject, that, while adverse opinion as to plays and acting is sometimes published by the newspaper press, *in almost every instance, and as a custom*, the salutary effect of it is, almost immediately, nullified, by the publication of "interviews," "news stories" (as they are mis-called), and "special features" with pictures. This is especially true with regard to those obnoxious productions that are generally referred to as "daring" and which, when honestly treated, not infrequently compel a protest in the name of common decency, as well as morality. The author of the vile "play," or the manager who has produced it, or the actor who has disgraced himself by performing in it, is welcomed into the columns of the newspaper that has justly condemned him and his proceedings, and he is allowed to set up any sort of specious plea that he fancies will defend his conduct and procure public interest and favor. It is the old process,—commonly known as "whipping the devil 'round the stump." "Let us have a rational article, on one page, that will please the judicious reader, and help to maintain the honor and dignity of the paper, but let us have a favorable, flamboyant, illustrated 'news notice,' on another page, that will gull the multitude, stultify the critical writer, help the business and so delight the advertiser, and thus we shall make it manifest that we are 'fair to all sides,' and that we *understand practical journalism*." Such is the general standard and practice, in these matters, and it is known to work very well,—for the managers, and for the advertising columns.

A prominent actress, Miss Olga Nethersole,—prominent chiefly because she

has produced plays so offensive to good taste and right feeling that some of them might properly be designated as notoriously noxious, and one of which placed her, temporarily, in a police court,—has publicly declared, in a New York publication, speaking as both manager and player, that, in her opinion, no newspaper has the *right* to publish remarks adverse to any play or any performance of which it has accepted the paid advertisement. This doctrine means that when you buy space for an advertisement in a newspaper you also buy either the favorable judgment of that newspaper, or, certainly, its forbearance from the publication of any censure; in a word, you muzzle the press, and this should be accepted as the recognized *right* policy!

Theatrical managers, in general, approve of the publication of theatrical criticism, that is to say, elaborate, thoughtful discussion, in the Press, of the performances given in the Theatre. They are perfectly aware of the almost superstitious respect that the general public, notwithstanding much imposition on its credulity, feels for opinions that are expressed in print, and they know and keenly appreciate the prodigious influence that is exerted by those printed opinions. Favorable notice, in the form of such elaborate critical comment, therefore, is recognized as the most valuable form of publicity that a theatrical performance can obtain. Observing the existence of these conditions, it is easy to understand why theatrical criticism, in the abstract, is conditionally approved, and why, under the existing commercial dominance of theatrical business, a concerted effort, which might easily prove successful, has not been made to *abolish it*. Effort to control criticism, to modify and direct it, to make it tributary to “business enterprise” while seeming to be impartial and independent, has been made, and continues to be made, and sometimes dissatisfied managers, or writers whom they are able to inspire, inveigh against it, and the inquiry is propounded: “Why should theatrical business be criticised from week to week and day to day, while no other business is thus investigated and discussed?” That inquiry should be answered, and the answer is two-fold and decisive.

In the first place, *every business* is, and ought to be, subject to critical examination and discussion, in as far as the character and conduct of it affect the welfare of the community, and if not thus considered and discussed the forbearance of the press is, in every instance, due to some “politic” reason, generally solicitude as to advertising patronage controlled by the business exempted, and it marks an ignominious neglect of fundamental duty to the public; for the press should be, to the people, at once a mentor, and a voice. In the second place, the Theatre,—meaning the life of it, which is *Acting*,—is not, never was, and never can be, merely a business. It is a fine art, the art which, to the people, is the most interesting, the most readily and deeply appreciated and loved, and therefore the art which exercises upon the community, everywhere, the most direct, most constant, and most potent influence. Accordingly, it is not only right and natural, it is necessary, that the administration of the Theatre, an institution of such puissant importance, should be, at all times, critically considered, in as far as the management and use of it affect the public welfare. The person who attends a theatre does so in reliance on the good faith of its manager. He has no means of ascertaining what he will see in the theatre, except such as are provided by newspaper publications which he accepts as well-informed, well-reasoned, discriminative, and trustworthy,—and which, for that, among other cogent reasons, should express no material judgment without assignment of the grounds on which it rests. After he has presented his ticket of admission and entered the theatre, if the performance or the play proves to be inefficient, tedious, vulgar, or offensive,—as often happens,—he has no redress; he has paid and been admitted; he can stay or he can withdraw.

The press, accordingly, is, or should be, the protector of the citizen, as regards the Theatre as well as everything else. Its function is something more than that of a mere private money-making business. Its rightful province is to collect and set forth, in a clear and interesting form, *all* the legitimate news of the world, and to comment on that news in a judicious spirit, affecting public opinion for the

public good, and in no way can it more decisively benefit the community than by fostering, through the medium of thoughtful, wise, sympathetic, salutary criticism, every refining, ennobling force that is possibly fluent from the Stage,—an institution as potent as the Church, and almost as potent as the Home.

Few persons, it would appear, fully realize the colossal growth, the vast wealth, and the prodigious influence of the Theatre. There are, in the United States and Canada, more than 6,000 theatrical towns,—places, that is, in which theatrical performances are customarily given. Distributed through those towns are more than 8,000 theatres,—not every one a fully equipped theatre, but every one adapted for theatrical business and used for it. In thirty-three of the larger cities the total number of theatres exceeds 360. New York has about ninety; Chicago more than thirty; Philadelphia, twenty-five; Boston, fifteen. The number of actors, of various degrees, in the United States is, at a moderate computation, not less than 20,000; there are more than 3,500 theatrical managers; the number of resident and traveling companies in the land is about 600; the number of persons directly employed in the industry of the Theatre exceeds a quarter of a million, while the number of persons who continually derive pleasure, in various forms, from the Theatre, and are under its influence, can hardly be computed, even approximately;—practically, it embraces, in this country, directly or indirectly, the entire populace.

And if the reader cares to reflect upon the scope of the power that is possessed and wielded by the Theatre he might consider for a moment the meaning of the attention and the amount of space that are accorded in, practically, all the daily and other periodic papers published in our country, to plays and to actors and managers and their proceedings.

Observation discerns that the people in general are more deeply interested in what they call "amusements" than in serious occupations. You must study the popular amusements, therefore, if you wish fully to understand the mental condition and tendency of the public. The very hurly-burly of modern business is, in general,—after maintenance of existence,—labor to provide amusement, in

one form or another, and it is through discussion and guidance of their amusements that the people are most easily affected. Two methods of such discussion and guidance, both long in vogue, are sharply contrasted in contemporary practice,—that of universal, indiscriminative laudation, and that of rational, instructive, true criticism,—meaning thereby recognition, advocacy, and praise of every fine and worthy endeavor and achievement, associated with inveterate opposition to every wrong tendency and derogate impulse. The former, under the growing restrictions that are imposed on the critical writer, largely predominates, and it has helped to foster evil by praising it as well as by meeting it with toleration. Within recent years, particularly, —although noble and beautiful works have been shown, and important steps have been taken, an avalanche of vulgar trash has been cast upon our stage, and the people have, to a great extent, accepted it and have, practically, approved it,—while far too seldom has a voice among public censors been raised against that flagrant abuse of the Theatre. On the contrary, the public has been told to accept it, has been praised for accepting it, and has been prompted to encourage the extension of it. Under the impulse of such "critical" writing,—either foolish or dishonest,—and under the remunerative support of a public taste either morbidly curious or viciously indulgent, the Stage, in many instances, has been so degraded that the publicist who, conscious of his duty to his time, would consider theatrical proceedings in the vital aspect of action and reaction on the public mind, often finds himself constrained, on the one hand, to contend not only for truth, reason, and beauty, but for morality and even for common decency, and, on the other hand, restrained from such contention by editorial considerations of mercenary expediency, solicitous of profit and regardless of public policy.

In drawing chiefly upon my personal experience in the vocation of criticism for illustrative incidents, I do so from a wish to avoid involving in dispute and trouble other writers, several of whom, according to their statements to me, and sometimes within my personal knowledge, have been subjected to exasperating and shameful restriction. The following

extracts from a correspondence preliminary to my retirement from *The New York Tribune*, while illustrative of a general contemporary attitude toward criticism, reveal a frankness in the avowal of that attitude which, in its brutal directness, is somewhat exceptional:

"To Roscoe C. E. Brown, Esq., Managing Editor of *The New York Tribune*.
"Dear Mr. Brown:

"It may, or it may not, interest you to know that I consider your treatment of the Drama articles that I wrote for *The Tribune* of this day to be a great injustice, equally to the paper and to me.

"I worked very hard to write those articles, and to make a fine theatrical page, true in every detail, dignified, thorough, and right.

"I weighed and considered every word. All that I wrote is true, is just, is in strict accordance with the views previously expressed in *The Tribune*, and is proper to be published. Yet you put your blue pencil through essential portions of my work, and spoiled it.

"I have advocated and helped every good thing that has been done in the theatre of my time. I have opposed, and tried to kill, all that is wrong.

"My articles relative to indecent and therefore reprehensible plays have been, and are, framed for the purpose of doing as much injury to the business of persons exploiting them as is possible; of informing respectable persons of what is going on in the theatre; and of keeping as many readers as possible away from obnoxious and injurious plays.

"I have been a newspaper writer for fifty-six years, and I would remind you that I occupied my present position on the *Tribune* staff before you were born. I know my business, and I know the right and best way to produce the results at which it is the duty of a journalist to aim, in the interest of society . . .

"Yours very truly,

"WILLIAM WINTER."

"My Dear Mr. Winter:

" . . . Whatever my youth and whatever my other shortcomings, I am the Managing Editor, with a duty and a responsibility. In making the excisions which I did on Saturday night I acted under instructions in the carrying out of a distinct and unmistakable policy, laid out for me by Mr. Lyman" (meaning Hart Lyman, Esquire, Editor-in-Chief of *The New York Tribune*) "that the page of Sunday notices should not contain critical attacks . . . I might have gone much further than I did, in literally complying with my instructions . . .

"Your policy of placing on the Sunday page, beside our theatrical advertising, matter 'framed for the purpose of doing as much injury to the business' of some of those advertisers as possible may, or may not, be the right one, and the publication of such articles may, or may not, be the duty of the journalist to society. I do not attempt to decide the question. All I say is that my instructions with regard to that page are that the articles are not to be framed for any such purpose, and the excisions which I made were in strict and necessary compliance with those instructions. . . .

"Very sincerely yours,

"ROSCOE C. E. BROWN."

Administration of the Theatre which conducts it without even decent reticence and without regard for the public welfare, and would dragoon the most powerful instrument of social advancement into tolerance, if not support, of such conduct, and an administration of the press which surrenders its right and obligation to expose, denounce, and oppose such policy in the Theatre, are shameful in the extreme. "It is not and it cannot come to good." The correspondence here quoted is, it should be remembered, merely exemplary; the policy disclosed is not peculiar to one newspaper but is dominant in many.

On the Trail of Dr. Cook

By C. E. Rusk

Leader of the Mazama Expedition to Mt. McKinley

Illustrated from Photographs Copyrighted 1910,
by Kiser Photo Company, Portland, Oregon

Part III.



WERE a man suddenly set down upon the surface of the moon, and told to describe his impressions, what could he say? The wonderful change from all the old familiar sights of the world, the solitude, the grandeur, coming so unexpectedly upon the startled senses, would well be enough to tax the expressive powers of even the inspired masters of language. Under such conditions it would be next to impossible for one to comprehend the reality of the situation, even though his mind might be great enough to grasp the tremendous magnitude of the scene. And yet it may well be doubted if such an experience, aside from the matter of transportation, would exceed in novelty, solitude, and weird splendor a visit to the sublime Arctic-Alpine region around the head of Ruth Glacier and the foot of Mt. McKinley.

Language, at its best, is a weak thing. I doubt if the finest thoughts, the most beautiful mental pictures, are ever given to the human race, for the reason that there is no means by which to release them from the brain of genius. Perhaps Earth's greatest epic was never written because the soul of the poet strove vainly for expression through the mediocrity of words.

Nor is this all. Where the written or the spoken narrative must fail to enlighten the imagination, the pictured narrative must fail for the eye. The photograph may show the outline of a landscape; but the size and the *soul* of it, never! These things being so, I must confess that I can give to you, the reader, no real idea of what is there.

There is a profundity in immense soli-

tude that cannot fail to impress even the most sluggish intellect. There is fascination in the untrod wilderness; a lure in the mystery of the great unconquered peak.

Are there, any other place on Earth, such mountains as those stupendous piles that culminate the Alaska Range? Not that they are the highest in the world, for the great peaks of the Himalayas overtop them by thousands of feet. But the Himalayan snow line is sixteen or eighteen thousand feet above sea level, while Mt. McKinley on some sides, at least, can be said to have no snow line. The whole region from its base, for miles upon miles, is loaded down with a fathomless burden of perpetual ice and snow, save where the walls are too steep for anything to cling.

What glorious mountains they are! Unique and stupendous; immutable and lone! Were one a royalist, he well might imagine Mt. McKinley the monarch of all monarchs, surrounded by an immense retinue of great nobles, each one worthy to be the peer of any other sovereign on Earth. And the king keeps a splendid court where the robes are of ermine snow, the jewels of sparkling ice, the throne of granite, and the palace ceiling the star-flecked sky.

Mont Blanc has been called, by a great poet, the monarch of mountains, and yet the pride of Europe might be dumped in among the crags that cluster around the imperial throne of McKinley without adding visibly to the grandeur of the scene.

Since the morning of Creation solitude reigned, through countless centuries, over the stupendous panorama at the head of Ruth Glacier. Then came two human atoms to marvel for a few hours at the



THE UPPER END OF RUTH GLACIER, A LITTLE OVER TWO MILES FROM THE BASE OF PEAK "SEVEN" AT THE LEFT; MT. MCKINLEY ABOVE THE CLOUDS IN THE DISTANCE.

Dr. Cook probably turned back at this point, as he furnished no photographs that can be identified as taken nearer the great peak. The Doctor would have made a good record had he claimed no more than the accomplishment of this distance with his limited equipment and with but one companion into a totally unexplored region.

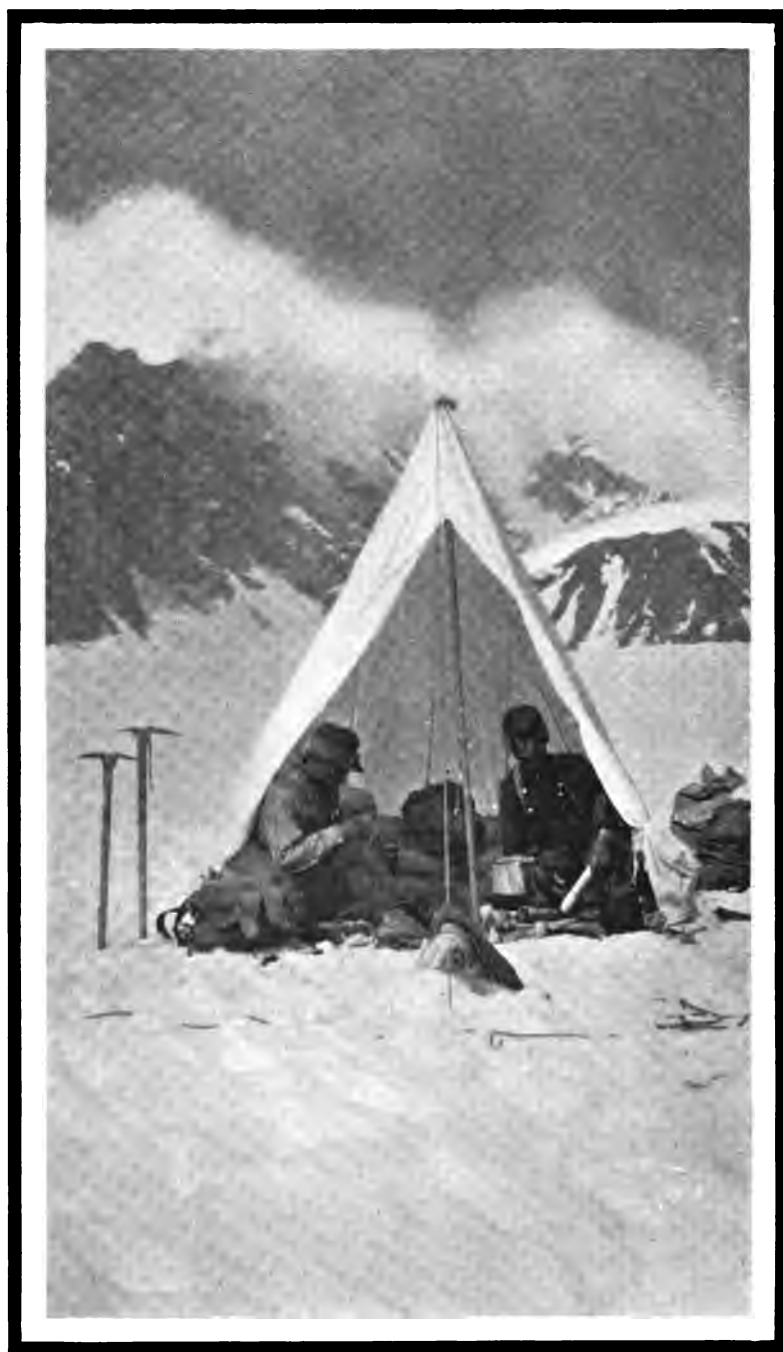
wondrous sight, only to hasten away to tell their fellow atoms of the glories they had seen. Solitude again held sway for four lonely years. And in the summer of 1910 came ten other human atoms, who likewise marvelled and paraded up and down the icy way for a few brief days and then away to tell the great mass of

human atoms, called civilization, of the impossible mountains *they* had seen.

And again over it all broods the great solitude and the great silence—for if it be true that there is no sound where there is no ear to hear, the crash of the avalanche and the boom of the ice are of no avail; all the great cataclysms of



NIGHT ON THE GREAT MOUNTAIN. THERE IS NO DARKNESS IN EARLY JULY IN THIS LATITUDE.



LAST CAMP ON RUTH GLACIER, BASE OF MT. MCKINLEY.

Interior of the silk tent; Messrs. Rusk and Ridley cooking supper on the alcohol stove. Two alpenstocks tied together form the tent-pole.

Nature are here carried on without noise—solitude and silence are supreme.

It is a curious thought. Here are some of the most tremendous forces of

Nature working day after day and year after year, with Titanic energy; but without the production of a single sound, because perforce of the lack of an auditory apparatus to catch the great vibrations as they ripple through the frosty air. And yet, after all, perchance, this mighty symphony of sound could be called into being as surely and as quickly by the ear of a mouse as could be done by the ear of an Eastern professor.

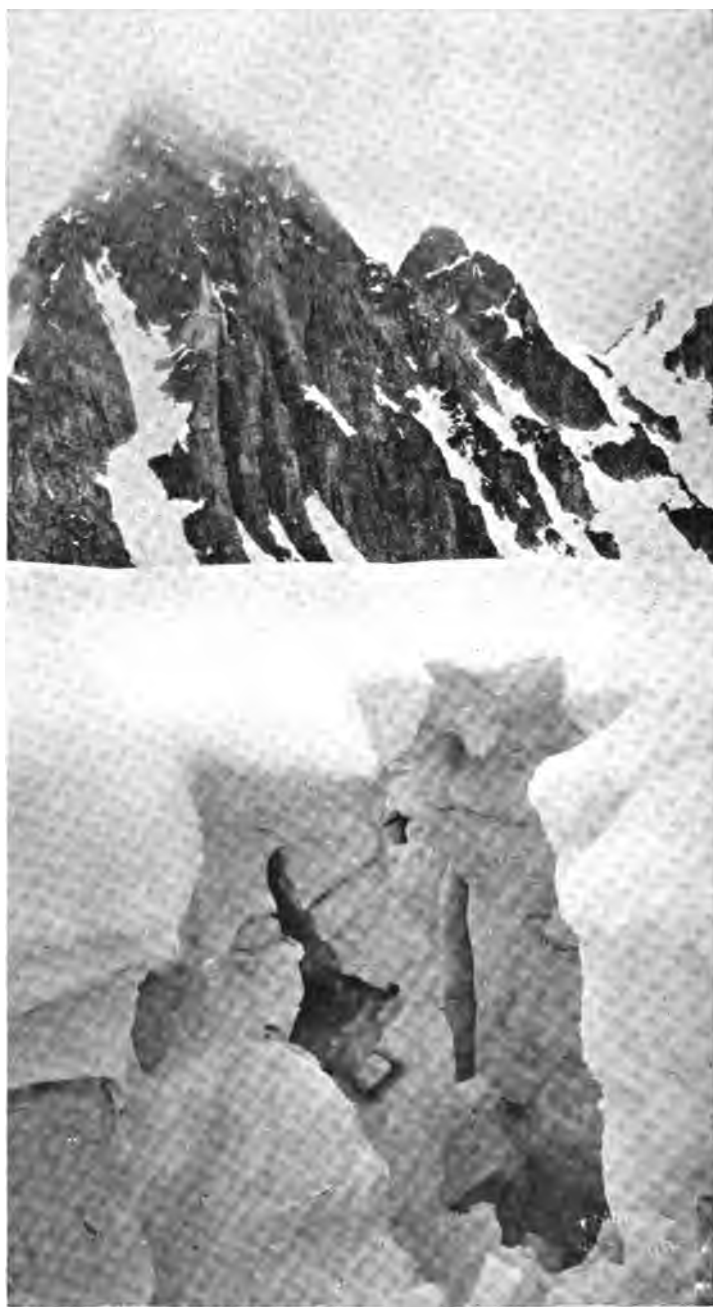
Probably one of the first impressions one receives when coming first upon these mountains, at close range, is the feeling that they cannot be mountains. They do not look like the mountains we are used to. They seem unnatural—perhaps supernatural would be the better word. It is as though the gods had contended for some great prize to be awarded to the one producing the most stupendous architectural pile.

They rise abruptly, and many of them almost sheer. There is a marked absence of detritus at the bases; there is no gradual steep-

ening of the slopes toward the upper levels. The walls shoot up from the snow of the glacier surface, and, on many, you might stand at the summit

and cast a stone which would drop clear to the base before striking. Countless avalanches have polished the sides, and the water has carved fantastic columns. The snow cornices on the crests are wonderful in their variety of design and in the purity of their whiteness. This snow has never been sullied by the foot of man or the dust of surrounding regions. The wind has woven it into curious and dainty textures.

In the summer there is no darkness. Only a "twilight zone" between the setting and the rising of the sun. You may see to read a magazine in your tent at midnight without an artificial light. The afterglow lingers long on the lofty spire, and before it has faded from the snow fields it is merged into the light of coming day. As the sun drops into the north west, the great triangular shadow of McKinley is cast athwart the sky or upon the purple clouds. Doubtless on the 21st of June the sun might be seen the entire night from the crest of the peak. It is often



A CREVASSE ON A TRIBUTARY GLACIER ENROUTE TO COOK'S "TOP OF THE CONTINENT" PEAK

Mr. Rojec, the photographer, fell into one of these crevasses, his life being saved by the sled he was carrying horizontally across his shoulders, which sled caught against the walls and held him dangling until he managed to regain a foothold.



PEAK "SEVEN," NAMED MT. BARRILLE BY DR. COOK.

The deceptive character of the landscape in this region is evident, even in the photographs, as the foot of the tremendous looking wall is nearly two miles from the figures of Messrs. Rusk and Ridley.

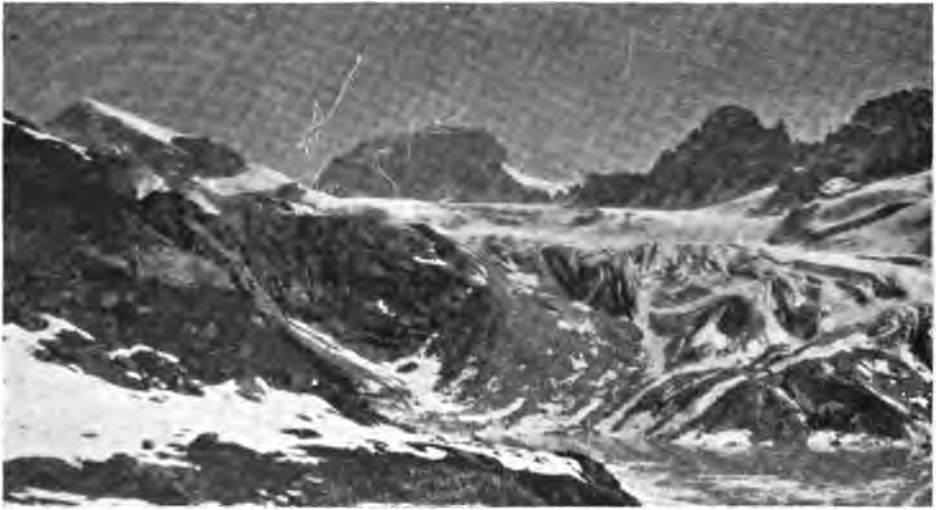
impossible to tell whether the beautifully colored clouds in the northern sky are painted by the setting or the rising sun.

When the hours of sunlight are so

long and there is no period of darkness, the evaporation from the large areas of snow and ice fields is enormous, and is scarcely checked from one day's end to another. The peaks are constantly condensing this moisture, and the result is that it comes down again in frequent and annoying rains or in chilly fogs. Whenever the nights are cold enough to check the evaporation, practically clear days may be hoped for. The last night of our stay on the upper glacier, the mercury fell to twelve degrees below freezing, and the following day was the only absolutely cloudless one that we saw while on the ice.

What must this scene be under the winter moon! The imagination cannot give to us even a faint idea of the magnificent glory of those splendid peaks new-robed in snow as they sparkle and glitter under the great silver disk, suspended high in the heavens, with never a sound to disturb the silence nor an atom of life

to break the loneliness. The gorges are wrapped in profound darkness, while the heights stand out clearly in the mellow light. Sharp cut is the line between the



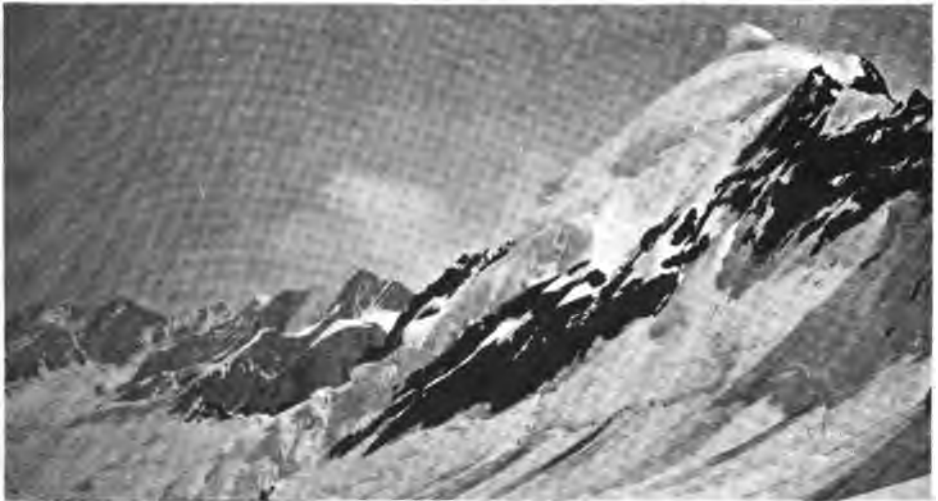
PEAKS ON RUTH GLACIER.

From right to left: Mounts Lee, Gilsan and Mazama, named by Mr. Rusk. The fourth peak at the extreme left, according to the opinion of Mr. S. P. Beecher, of the Cook party, was the one photographed by Dr. Cook for the summit of McKinley. Mr. Rusk climbed this peak in the expectation of securing an identical photograph, but owing, perhaps, to being much earlier in the season, found quite too much snow for the Cook picture. Moreover, a careful study of the middle peak (Mt. Mazama) convinced Mr. Rusk that the latter was the one ascended by Cook, and photographed as the "Top of the Continent."

shadows and the moonlight, and the dome is like a planet afar in the sky.

The first view of Mount McKinley itself, from the upper glacier, is apt to prove disappointing. It is, of course,

foreshortened and is liable to suffer by comparison with the tremendous nearer walls about the base. But it grows and it grows on the senses as they realize its true size, until it finally appears in its



PEAK "SEVEN" (MT. BARRILLE) SEEN FROM THE WEST.

Compare with the picture on the preceding page, taken from the opposite side of this mountain.



WALLS OF PEAK "SIX," LOOKING DOWN RUTH GLACIER.

"The sky was deepest blue, the snow intensely dazzling in the sunshine; the photograph contains no adequate idea of the splendor, immensity and sublimity of the surroundings."

monstrous proportions. And yet to understand how small these footwalls are in comparison with the massif of the main mountain they must be seen from a great distance after having been seen

at close range. And then, remembering how high they actually are, and seeing how they are dwarfed by the overwhelming bulk of the mountain, one comes to know the awful bigness of McKinley.

Mt. McKinley is a combination of the rock and the snow peak. In the first place there are the immense cliffs of the lower slopes, great walls of savage granite, more difficult of ascent than most, if not any, of the so-called first-class peaks of the expert Alpinist. Then, too, the entire southern face is one fearful precipice of avalanche-torn pink granite. The higher northeastern slopes give it more the character of the snow peak. The summit, seen from the upper glacier, is a very sharp snow point, although seen from the other sides of the mountain it has more of a rounded and dome-like appearance. The first part of the ascent of Mt. McKinley from this side would be a fierce battle with crags, steep gullies and avalanche-swept

slopes, while the last few thousand feet would be a struggle up a long steep snow slope, broken by yawning crevasses, while through it all would be the handicap of rarefied air and bitter cold.

To climb either of the seven western peaks of Ruth Glacier is a more difficult task, perhaps, than the ascent of any of the great peaks of the United States proper, and there are many other pinnacles near by that are still harder to climb. What, then, must be the ascent of McKinley?

Some have said that the only way to reach the top of Mt. McKinley is by means of an airship. No airship will ever rest upon its summit. The recent fate of Chavez in crossing the Alps is but earnest of the things that will happen to the man who tries to climb Mt. McKinley in an aeroplane.

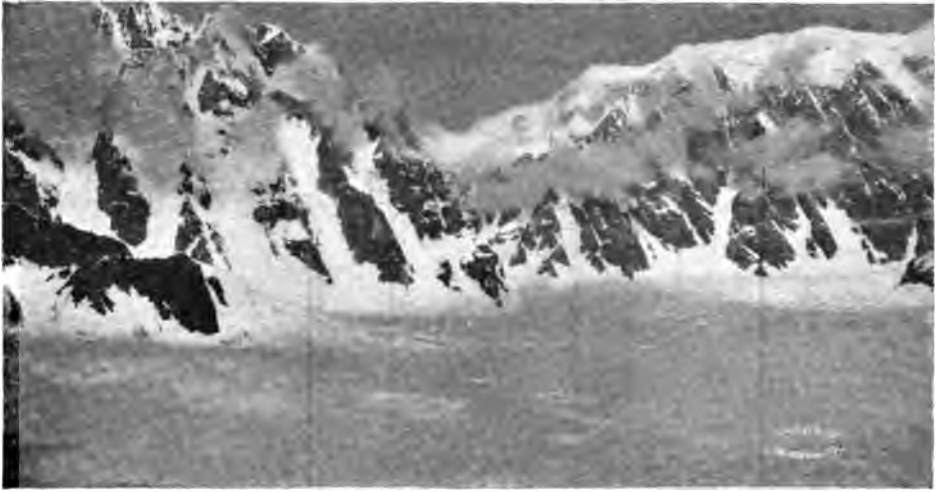
I have previously spoken of the absence of animal life on the upper glacier. This is not true of the lower glacier, however. We saw nesting sea-gulls so near the ice that a stone could be cast from the nest against the face of the glacier. Along the lateral moraines were many ptarmigan, and the mother birds were so tame that our photographer secured the

picture of one at a distance of a few feet. Whistling marmots were plentiful on the side hills and in the rocks. Little chief hares were numerous enough to make us apprehensive for the safety of our shoe leather, and the thongs of our



A PAUSE FOR LUNCH ON RUTH GLACIER, ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF FROM THE FOOT OF PEAK "SIX," WHICH APPEARS SCARCELY MORE THAN A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.

snow shoes suffered, more or less. There were several varieties of little birds that enlivened the flower gardens on the lower hillsides with their cheerful chatter. Around the margins of the glacial lakes, between the green slopes and the



"ROOSTER COMB" AT THE LEFT RISES FULLY 7,000 FEET FROM THE SNOWY PLAIN AT THE BASE. THE SOUTH RIDGE OF MT. MCKINLEY AT THE RIGHT.

The farthest point reached by the Mazama Party was the base of the south ridge, about the middle of the picture.

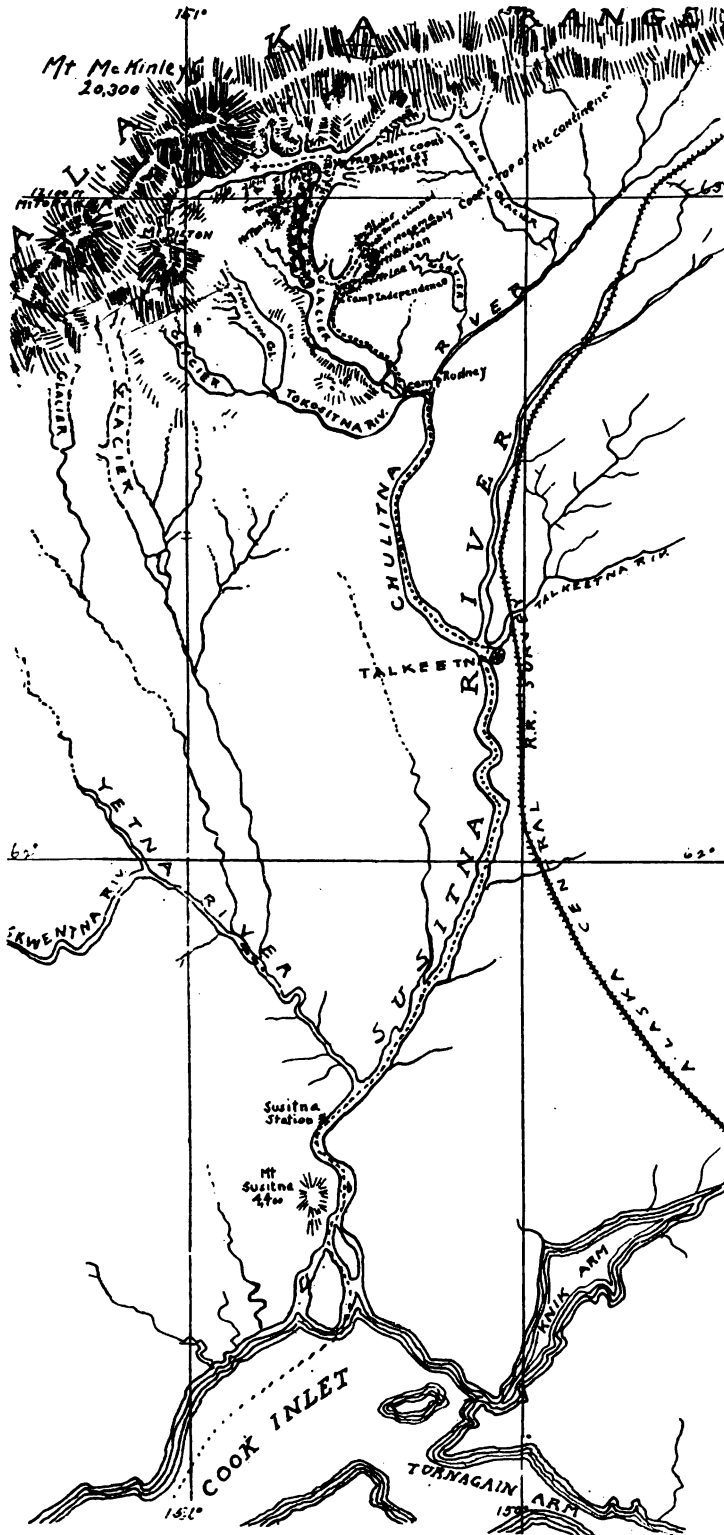
ice, we found a few caribou tracks. A number of bear tracks were seen in the snow. Then, of course, there were spiders, flies and other insects, not to mention the mosquitoes which gave us some annoyance even beyond Camp Independence.

But on the upper reaches there was sign of neither bird nor quadruped. The visible insect life was confined to an oc-

casional spider and now and then a stray fly, freezing on the snow. A solitary mosquito greeted us on top of Point Piper, some 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and this was the highest and the most ferocious form of life that we encountered. An abundance of red snow, said to be caused by a microscopic insect, was found every place we went. Likewise the vegetation. On the upper



A FAREWELL SALUTE TO THE MOUNTAIN, AS THE MAZAMA PARTY STARTED ON THE RETURN TRIP.



THE MT. MCKINLEY REGION.

The dotted line indicates the Rusk party's route from Cook Inlet up the Susitna and Chulitna Rivers to Camp Rodney, thence by Ruth Glacier to the base of McKinley.

glacier and on the surrounding mountains there is absolutely none, with the exception of a few hardy lichens to be found in the sunny nooks of the cliffs. There are here no beautiful parks, as in our own mountains, creeping far up the slopes to dispute dominion with the eternal snows. On the south and the east there is not a tree within thirty miles of the foot of McKinley, and there is, perhaps, not a stick as thick as a lead pencil within twenty miles of it. I distinctly remember, upon my return down the glacier, how startlingly the first spruce trees loomed through the fog.

This absence of animal life makes it useless to depend upon the securing of game to replenish a food supply, while on a trip to the upper glacier, and the lack of vegetation compels the transportation of all fuel. We burned wood alcohol, which was carried in gallon cans and used in a Universal Alcohol Stove No. 0. We had two of these little stoves and they did very well most of the time, although one of them gave some trouble at Camp 15. It required from three-quarters of a pint to one pint of alcohol to cook a meal for the three of us. Alcohol

was the only thing we had plenty of, and we left over six gallons on the glacier when we returned—part of it at Camp Morden and the balance at Camp Independence. With that left at Camp Morden I also left the following note written on a board:

"Parker-Brown Expedition:—If you need this alcohol, use it and welcome. Our provisions are exhausted and we must turn back.

"Good-bye, and good-luck to you.

"July 15, 1910. C. E. RUSK."

Whether or not they found it, I have never learned.

Pemmican is, perhaps, the best of all foods for such an expedition. It is nourishing, healthful, palatable, and requires no cooking. It is always ready for use and will keep forever. It is a preparation of compressed beef, tallow and raisins. Erbswurst, or pea soup, is also an excellent food; but it requires considerable cooking and a consequent use of precious fuel. Pilot bread is good, although very bulky. We found raisins, dates and chocolate splendid to satisfy the craving for the sweeter foods always experienced on mountain journeys. Tea—with the exception of water made by melting snow—was our only drink while on the ice.

In so many tales of mountain travel we find gross exaggerations. The Mt. McKinley region has not been exempt, although it would seem that the unbiased truth about it should be wonderful enough without the addition of impossible details. It is my opinion, though, that these exaggerations are not intentional, but are rather the result of overcharged imaginations. We read of crevasses thousands of feet deep—some of them even bottomless. I have never seen a crevasse that I estimated to be over two hundred feet in depth, and I cite no less an authority than Professor Harry Fielding Reid to show that they rarely, if ever, exceed that depth. Nothing seen near Mt. McKinley would lead me to think that this estimate should be increased. We are told of precipices sheer for thousands of feet—in one place Cook speaks of a little matter of 10,000 feet. Scientists tell us that perpendicular walls of great height are very scarce. The great cliffs on and around Mt. McKinley

are surely tremendous, and are exceeded by few, if any, places in the world. Yet careful analysis will show that none of them is vertical for any great distance; although many of the highest very nearly approach the perpendicular and many faces are sheer for a considerable part of their height and occasionally actually overhanging. So, after all, perhaps, the enthusiastic chronicler is excusable to a certain extent, when he speaks of the crags of Mt. McKinley vertical for thousands of feet. Again, we are told of the earth's shaking and trembling as from an earthquake under the shock of fearful avalanches. Here our old offender, Dr. Cook, steps in once more. The Mt. McKinley avalanches are nowhere excelled in frequency and magnificence; but the tremblings and the vibrations are only in the air; the gyrations under foot are but another result of a flight of fancy.

And what of Dr. Cook? During my sojourn in Alaska, I talked with many men concerning him. All—with a single exception—were united in the belief that he did not reach the top of Mt. McKinley. Of his courage and his resolution there can be no doubt. He is described as absolutely fearless. He was also considered as always willing to do his share and as an all-round good fellow to be out with. Had he been content to rest his laurels upon the things he had actually accomplished—to say nothing of the possibilities of the future—his fame would have been secure. His explorations around Mt. McKinley were extensive. They were of interest and of value to the world. He discovered a practicable route to the great mountain from the southeast side. Had he persevered, he doubtless would have reached the summit on some future expedition. He was the first to demonstrate the possibility of launch navigation up the Susitna and the Chulitna. That one trip alone—when with a single companion he braved the awful solitude of Ruth Glacier and penetrated the wild, crag-guarded region near the foot of McKinley—should have made him famous. But the Devil took him up onto an exceeding high mount and showed him the glories of the icy alpine world and—the doctor fell. Let us draw the mantle of charity around him and believe, if we can, that

there is a thread of insanity running through the woof of his brilliant mind.

Undoubtedly there will be an effort to change the names bestowed by Dr. Cook. I fail to understand by what reasoning such a course is justifiable. He discovered the things that he named. We have no right to say that because he finally turned out to be a faker, he has no right to the fruits of his legitimate explorations. His offense has been very great; but who can say that his punishment has not been even greater? To my mind it would be as reasonable and as just to attempt to change the names of Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier and Puget Sound because of some recently discovered shortcoming in the life of Vancouver. Furthermore, upon some of the natural features discovered by Dr. Cook he bestowed the names of honored persons, and, no doubt, nearly all whom he tried to compliment in this way are worthy people to whom an attempt, such as I have mentioned, will come, more or less, as a humiliation.

Looking at the matter in this light, I have elected to use, and to advocate, so far as my influence goes, the names given by Cook wherever his priority of exploration and discovery would naturally allow him the right to name.

The noble peak just south of Mt. McKinley he has called Mt. Disston. He probably did not discover this mountain; but no previous attempt had been made to give it a definite name. The miners and prospectors had called it "Baby McKinley," "Little Mac," "Teddy," etc., and lately it has gradually come to be

known to some as "Roosevelt." The latter will hardly appeal to those who think that Roosevelt is the greatest of all Americans, for they will not relish the idea of having his mountain so tremendously overtopped by one bearing his predecessor's name. As a matter of fairness and courtesy to Mr. Disston, if for no other reason, I believe that the name, "Mt. Disston," should be recognized. The first five of the seven splendid peaks on the west side of Ruth Glacier, Dr. Cook

calls Mts. Church, Grosvenor, Johnson, Wake and Bradley, respectively. The seventh he designates as Mt. Barrille. He has evidently overlooked the sixth; at all events, he fails to mention it in his book, although it is the noblest of the line. Cook speaks of twelve of these peaks. There are really only seven. Ruth Glacier was named by Dr. Cook, or his daughter, during his expedition of 1903.

Let us pass on to the description of his "ascent" of Mt. McKinley. One who has been over his route and can supplement his memory of those scenes with a series of most excellent

photographs cannot escape the conviction that the energetic doctor has attempted to confuse the reader with his flowery generalities concerning the "glory of the cloud-world." However attractive his style may be from a literary standpoint, it is woefully lacking in detail to one who is trying to follow the events of that wonderful "climb."

He passes lightly over his trip up the Susitna and the Chulitna. He says that from near his camp on the Tokositna, through the gap of Ruth Glacier, he



MR. RUSK EATS A LITTLE PEMMICAN.

discovered a way to reach the summit of McKinley—a manifest absurdity. With a pack of about forty-five pounds to each man, he claims that they travelled up this rough glacier a distance of thirty-five miles in three days, over a route with which they were unfamiliar, rising 7,000 feet in altitude as they went. Our own experience demonstrated the utter impossibility of such a feat. Furthermore, Cook's experiment was made at a time of the year when conditions for travelling on the glacier were far more unfavorable than at the time we were there—in July.

And then he began the "ascent." But from his description it is impossible to tell where the climb was begun or to follow his alleged route. And when we turn to the pictures in his book for enlightenment, they not only fail to elucidate—they actually convict him. Some of these pictures have been "doctored," but they still retain enough of their identity to be easily recognized when compared with our photographs.

I have previously spoken of his "Mt. Barrille" as being the seventh peak of Ruth Glacier. The picture of this peak appears opposite page 193 of his book, "To the Top of the Continent," over the title, "Mt. Barrille: the Northeast Ridge." I am at a loss to know whether or not he intends to include this peak as a part of the northeast ridge. If he does, he attempts to convey a false impression, although a part of the northeast ridge appears in the distance. Opposite page 196 is a picture purporting to be of the "middle northeast slopes." This is absolutely false. The peak is really the sixth peak of Ruth Glacier. On the next page, entitled "An Amphitheatre," is a very faithful representation of the first tributary glacier entering Ruth Glacier on the eastern side. At the extreme left of the picture is the peak which I am convinced is the one climbed by Cook and photographed as "the top of the continent." The small glacier, which joins Ruth Glacier fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest point on Mt. McKinley, I shall hereafter refer to as the tributary glacier. In looking down this glacier, one is looking west and southwest, and away from McKinley at almost a right angle.

Opposite page 204 we have a sketch, pure and simple, and on the following page, "in the solitude of the cloud world," we find our old friend, Peak Six, taken from a different position. Next let me call attention to the picture opposite page 239, said by Cook to show a shoulder of Mt. McKinley. This view is so natural that there can be no mistaking it. The cliff is at the head of the tributary glacier (presumably a part of his "top of the continent" peak), and the scene is looking down the tributary glacier and across Ruth Glacier in a westerly direction. At the right are the first three peaks of Ruth Glacier; also the foot slopes of the peaks on the east side of that big glacier. There are several minor landmarks that are unmistakable. Mt. McKinley is fifteen or twenty miles north and northwest of any point shown in this picture.

Having studied the last-described photograph, we are prepared to turn back to the thrilling scene depicted opposite page 209 where Cook and his companion are clinging tenaciously "on the brink of an Arctic inferno" on the side of Mt. McKinley, 14,000 feet above the sea! The greater part of this picture is taken up with the sketch of an impossible snow slope into which the heroic travellers have dug for their lives. But in the upper right-hand corner we find the easily recognized lower portions of the tributary and the broader expanse of Ruth Glacier with their well defined landmarks; most prominent being Peak One, or "Mt. Church." And McKinley "twenty miles away!" This picture is a modification of the one opposite page 239, previously mentioned. In place of the cliffs at the left of the latter, we have the great, fanciful snow slope. But the position of the climbers would be nearly the same in the two, and, as a consequence, they are at no point near the great mountain, no part of which appears in either picture. I wonder if Cook imagined that no other man with eyes and a camera would ever penetrate this region.

In a previous article I have spoken of our two failures, because of the weather, to attain the highest point of the peak which Dr. Cook is supposed to have photographed and labeled as the

summit of Mt. McKinley. Had we been able to reach this point, it is doubtful if we could have duplicated his famous picture, as the upper pinnacle of this mountain was, at the time of our visit, capped by an immense dome of snow, whereas when Cook was there it was nearly bare. Last winter's fall of snow was a very heavy one and this had melted but little on the higher altitudes in July. However, the location of the peak had been so accurately described to me by members of Cook's party, and their descriptions tallied so closely with our own observations, that I have no doubt of its identity. There are a few other of these pictures which I have not space to discuss here; but they are of minor importance, and can all be identified, with reasonable accuracy, as having been taken near the tributary glacier, or along the sides of Ruth Glacier.

Cook and Barrille seem to have reached a point on Ruth Glacier about abreast of Peak Seven. The book shows no picture taken beyond that place. Had Cook gone farther he surely would never have neglected to secure photographs of the wonderful panorama that unfolds itself around the head of the glacier. The doctor says it was so clear when they were on the summit of McKinley that landmarks two hundred and two hundred and fifty miles away could be plainly seen. Yet he brought back no pictures of this stupendous scene. Even a photograph looking down from the top onto the "cloud-world" would have been a wonderful thing. Nor does he present any near view of the great mountain itself, although it looms magnificently from the upper ice fields, and he goes into raptures over its splendor as he claims it appeared to him from there. Of course he must have pictures to go with his story, and these, I have endeavored to show, he secured around the tributary glacier and among the seven peaks of Ruth Glacier.

Of the other discrepancies in his narrative, I cannot deal at length. They have been much discussed by others heretofore, and one or two examples must suffice. In starting from the Tokositna, Cook says, they had provisions for ten days. They were at least twelve days in getting back to base

camp, yet he speaks of no shortage of rations. During the first day of the climb when crawling up onto the great northeast ridge—a prodigious undertaking, as all will agree who have seen it—they rose in elevation 4,000 feet, an impossible task, I believe. From his camp at 16,300 feet, up a comparatively gradual slope, on the next to the last day of the climb, they were only able to make 2,100 feet during the entire day; yet on the last day, with increasing altitude and naturally steepening slopes, they made the final 2,000 feet by ten o'clock in the forenoon!

They climbed in shoe packs. Packs have rubber soles. Every mountain climber knows that it is impossible to go up even a moderately hard snow—or an ice—slope with rubber soles without creepers. Yet Cook does not mention creepers in his list of things they had along. Consequently they could have climbed neither an ice slope nor a snow slope where the snow was hard. They could have reached the top of the peak at the head of the tributary glacier, and the upper end of Ruth Glacier without encountering such slopes. But they could not have gone up Mt. McKinley without doing so.

One evening while we were returning to Camp 14 from our cache at Camp 15, I waited for Rojec while he went up onto a little ice knoll to take a picture. The slope was almost imperceptible. Presently I heard him say:

"D—n it, come and help me!"

With his camera, his tripod and his ice ax, he had gotten in a position where he dared not take a step in either direction, in his packs, although the slope was so inconsiderable that he would never have noticed it if he had had on his hob-nailed shoes. The situation was amusing and we had a good laugh after I had helped him down. We wore the packs on the level snow fields, the moraines and the gravel-covered ice; but resorted to our hob-nailed leather shoes on the hard snow slopes and the bare ice.

That is all for Dr. Cook. He had many admirers who would have rejoiced to see his claims vindicated, and I, too, would have been glad to add my mite in clearing his name. But it could not be. As

he sowed so has he reaped. If he is mentally unbalanced, he is entitled to the pity of mankind. If he is not, there is no corner of the earth where he can hide from his past.

But we have other claimants to the honor of having made the first ascent of Mt. McKinley. The question now uppermost in the minds of mountaineers who are interested in the big mountain is: Did Tom Lloyd and his party reach the top? I have been asked that question many times and my answer has invariably been, "I do not know." They claim to have done a wonderful thing and it was a wonderful thing if they did it. In many respects their story is as contradictory as Cook's, and in some ways it has no truer ring. The pains they take to express contempt for the "cheechack-oes" will not tend to increase the faith of thoughtful people in their tale.

Alaskans are divided in opinion as to whether or not Tom Lloyd climbed the mountain.

"I know Tom Lloyd," said one man to me. "I wouldn't believe him under oath.

He cant travel ten miles a day on level ground. Why, he cant even kill his own moose meat. When we were over in that country at the same time he was, we had to kill moose and give to him to keep him from going hungry."

But—

"I know Tom Lloyd, well," said a friend of mine who has been at Valdez for a number of years. "If he says he climbed Mt. McKinley, I am satisfied he did it. I think there is no doubt he got to the top."

They say they have done it, and we may not dispute their claim without proof. All true mountaineers will gladly do them honor when convinced of their grand achievement. If they are fakers, their sins will find them out as surely as did Dr. Cook's. The matter must be settled beyond cavil. The original ascent of Mt. McKinley is so great an event that the question of priority cannot long remain disputed. If the men of Fairbanks were the first to stand upon that snowy crest, the glory must be theirs, undimmed by the shadow of a doubt.



THE SITE OF ONE OF DR. COOK'S CAMPS; RELICS WERE FOUND BY MR. RUSK ON THE DARK POINT IN THE MIDDLE FOREGROUND.

On the Park Bench

By Arthur R. André

THE three of them were there, just as he had seen them a hundred times before: Old Man Mullins, the liveryman, who was looking up some information in the "Veterinarian"; Doc. Peters, the undertaker, who was reading the *Elleryville Guardian* through conscientiously from cover to cover; and "Stub" Wilson, the cook from the Farmers' Rest, down the road, who never made a pretense of reading anything. A girl came in, and he exchanged a book for her and watched her as she passed out through the open door, with the volume he had given her tucked snugly under her arm. Then his gaze wandered farther afield, and he observed the heat-waves rising over Martinson's corn, and the poppies flaming in Mrs. Timmens's front garden. A bee droned in and circled for a moment among the book-cases, and Old Man Mullins dabbed at it angrily with his red cotton handkerchief. Stub Wilson, the cook, in his favorite corner beside the window, slept openly and unashamed.

Then strange things began to happen. A fur-clad figure loomed over him, silhouetted sharply against a background of falling snow; a door slammed—a carriage-door, it seemed—but faintly; and a moment later, the sedate little library building, with its book-cases and newspaper-racks and tables and chairs, was careering madly along the sun-baked county road. Cornfield and poppies were quickly left behind; Old Man Mullins and Doc. Peters and Stub Wilson vanished; then the library building itself disappeared—and he was riding in a superbly appointed automobile, past brilliantly illuminated shop-windows and in and out amongst other silently gliding

cars and vehicles, with a well-dressed and impressive-looking stranger seated at the wheel beside him.

Billy Weeks lowered his eyes and discovered that the snow-water was running out of his shoes and was trickling in a tiny stream across the floor of the car. Then his gaze traveled slowly upward, to his soiled and threadbare garments and his grimed and work-scarred hands. He was a frail-looking little old man, withered and bent, quite the opposite of the commanding figure beside him.

"Well!" questioned the stranger, gruffly. "How did they manage to get you out of the library?"

The little old man looked up with a start. He did n't know the gentleman. But the gentleman knew him—which was strange! Then he remembered the question, and that the other was undoubtedly expecting a reply.

"The trustees thought that I was devoting too much time to my 'home for aged people,'" he answered, in a thin, quavering voice.

"And were you?" the stranger demanded.

"No, sir!" Billy earnestly replied. "Always I worked out my plans at night—in my own time."

The machine had left the city far behind, and was gliding along a deserted country road. Uphill and down it sped, straight ahead and around dizzying curves, but always without a jar or shock or sound or sensible vibration. A full moon shed its silvery rays upon the sleeping, snow-clad earth. It was all very strange and mysterious.

"Tell me about the 'home,'" the stranger continued.

"What made you think of it in the first place?"

Billy Weeks nervously cleared his

throat. "There are so many old people who are dependent upon charity," he began hesitatingly, "—and there are so many wealthy folks who don't know what to do with their money—that it naturally occurred to me to put the two facts together." He stopped short, alarmed apparently at the sound of his own voice.

"Yes?" questioned the stranger, encouragingly.

"Then I reasoned it out that if these old people were given a farm and a little capital to start with, *and were left to themselves*," the old man mustered up courage enough to continue. "Not told that they must do this or do that, in this way or in that way, *but were left to themselves*——" He stopped again, looking up keenly into his listener's face with his faded, watery, blue eyes.

"Yes, yes!" acquiesced the other.

"Why then, of course," he explained eagerly, "they need n't be a burden to anybody. And they could govern themselves—and be happy and contented, *in their own way*."

"Very good!" the stranger thoughtfully approved, as he steered the machine.

"So I drafted a letter," the old man went on again, more confidently, "and in it I set forth the pressing need of such an institution, together with plans and specifications and an estimate of the probable cost, and remembering to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, I mailed it to one of the richest men in the country."

"And—?" interrogated the stranger.

"He sent it back."

The stranger smiled.

"I sent it to others—scores of them—but they all sent it back."

"All of them?" asked the stranger, with assumed indifference.

"No, not all," and Billy Weeks settled himself back comfortably in the seat of the car. "The last person to whom I sent it was Colonel Hawkins—the richest man in Elleryville. Colonel Hawkins owned everything in Elleryville that was worth owning, and had railroads and things besides. But he lived in New York. That was why I never met him."

"Why did n't you send it to the Colonel before?" questioned the stranger.

A ghost of a smile flickered across the old man's face as he thoughtfully caressed his beard. "Colonel Hawkins had a name in Elleryville for being rather 'close,'" he made reply. "But the Colonel—or perhaps it was the Colonel's secretary—answered my communication," he continued proudly; "and I was given assurance that the matter would receive proper consideration in due time. In due time," he repeated, with hopeless resignation. "And that was twenty years ago!"

"You have n't told me yet what you did after you left the library," remarked the stranger, changing the subject.

Again the old man smiled. He turned and looked out through the window of the car, and the thought presented itself vaguely to his mind that the scene upon which he gazed was strangely familiar. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," he replied meditatively; "I was librarian at Elleryville for twenty-five years."

The stranger nodded.

"When they let me out," the old man continued wearily, "I looked about me and invested what little I had managed to save in a book-store, and lost it."

The stranger nodded again, sympathetically.

"Then I obtained a position as a book-keeper. But I was discharged from that because my employer considered I was too conscientious—too 'squeamish,' he called it. And after that, without a 'character'—for the man followed me up vindictively wherever I went—it was odd jobs, when I could get them. When I could get them," he repeated plaintively, "and I was librarian at Elleryville——"

"There it is now!" the stranger interrupted, pointing out of the window.

The automobile had climbed a slight ascent, and Billy Weeks looked down upon a checker-board of electric lights that nestled in the valley below. The moon had passed behind a cloud, and a luminous haze hung over the peaceful scene. As he gazed, the "ting" of a streetcar bell rose softly on the midnight air—the town of his fondest memories had become a city! Then the machine sped swiftly around a curve, and the apparition was gone.

"You were speaking of 'odd jobs,'" the stranger suggested, a few minutes later.

"When I could get them!" the old man bitterly replied. "Odd jobs—and sometimes the interiors of jails—and tramping the streets of the city, as I tramped them today—tired, and hungry, and cold. The little park looked inviting, hidden away among the big office buildings," he rambled on reminiscently. "It was n't snowing when I sat down. I must have fallen asleep; and I dreamt—"

But the sentence died on his lips; for another turn in the road revealed to him—where Martinson's farm used to be—a long, low, rambling structure, surrounded by a stretch of cultivated ground. Every detail of the building was discernible in the bright light of the moon; and it was an exact reproduction of the old folks' home he had planned, and dreamed about, and pictured in his imagination a thousand times.

Then, before he could recover from his astonishment, the car swung in through the big iron gates and around the tree-bordered drive, past the old-fashioned flower-beds and summer-houses—all of which Billy had himself designed—and came to a standstill in front of the main entrance. A figure in a cook's cap and apron was waiting on the steps to greet him.

"It's Stub Wilson!" he ejaculated, as the man in the car jumped out and assisted him to alight.

The cook smiled, and shook him warmly by the hand, and led the way through a long, deserted dining-room to a brightly-lighted kitchen. Copper pots and pans gleamed on the snowy walls; a table, with racks of plates and dishes, occupied the center of the floor; and on the range a boiler hissed and sputtered invitingly. "First you must eat!" declared Stub. He set out a plate of cold roast beef and some bread and butter, together with a cup of fragrant coffee, and seated the newcomer at the table.

Billy Weeks lingered lovingly over the food, enjoying each separate mouthful like an epicure. The hot, steaming coffee penetrated to the tips of his fingers and toes, driving out the cold, and filling

him with renewed life and strength. At last, hunger was appeased and curiosity reasserted itself. "What do you call the place, Stub?" he asked, as he took a more leisurely survey of his surroundings.

"The home for aged people," the cook replied.

Billy turned this over in his mind for some moments in silence the while he enjoyed the comforting warmth which the range gave forth. Then he catechised the cook again.

"A charitable institution?" he ventured, feeling his way.

"No, siree!" Stub indignantly retorted. "We are self-supporting."

"You dont mean—" began the old man, trembling. But the cook cut him short, and conducted him back through the big, empty dining-room to the entrance hall of the building. There, in a neat glass case, fastened to the wall, an envelope and a dozen sheets of paper were prominently displayed. The paper was yellow with age, and the hand-writing upon it was faint and indistinct; but plainly inscribed upon the envelope was the name and New York address of Colonel Hawkins, and the last sheet bore the signature of the ex-librarian. It was Billy Weeks's original communication.

"And it's just as you figured it all out," the cook explained. "No outside officials; no board of guardians; no visiting trustees. The place belongs to us; we make our own rules and regulations—and there are precious few of them, you may be quite sure—and each of us has an equal share in the management, and is expected to do his fair share of the work."

A mist blurred the old man's vision, causing stars to glisten upon the brass-bound frame of the case.

"We have our own truck-farm," the cook went on again, "our own orchards and poultry and horses and cattle and sheep. We make our own cheese and butter, our own clothes and shoes. We bake our own bread, and, well!"—proudly—"we are just a little more than self-supporting." He paused for breath.

"I never expected to live to see it!" avowed Billy, wiping his eyes.

"And, say," added the cook, enthus-

istically, "you could n't drive any of us old fellows away from here with a club! Come and I'll show you the library."

"The library!" Billy almost gasped. But then, as he well remembered, in the plans and specifications he had drawn up twenty years ago, he had been careful to make provision for a library.

The cook preceded him along a hall to the right, threw open a pair of swinging-doors, and switched on the electric light. "Colonel Hawkins purchased the old Elleryville library when it was up for sale and brought it over here," Stub explained.

Billy Weeks's eyes opened very wide. There were the familiar rows of books, the files of newspapers, the desk—his own desk—and his own old swivel-chair. It was hard to believe that the years which had passed were anything but a distressful dream.

"The Colonel thought that you would find the place more home-like," the cook commented.

The little old man experienced a choking sensation in the throat, but made valiant efforts to control himself. "Any one else here that I know?" he managed to ask.

"Sure!" Stub replied. "Remember Mullins, who used to keep the livery stable, and Doc. Peters, the undertaker, and Simpson, and Marsh, and old Jed Tompkins?"

Billy nodded.

"Well, they are all here," the cook continued, smiling, "and you'd think that they owned the place, merely because they can boast of your acquaintance. And now I'm going to show you to your room," he broke off. "Step as lightly as you can," he admonished. "Old folks are apt to be light sleepers."

Billy Weeks followed his conductor up a flight of stairs and along a corridor that was flanked with many doors. "And Colonel Hawkins is going to see to it that a 'home' like this is established in every State in the Union," the cook whispered importantly over his shoulder. "Here we are," he added, as he came to a halt. He opened a door, and lighted a candle that stood on a little table beside a bed, and bade his guest good night.

The old man detained him for a moment. "Who was the gentleman who brought me here, Stub?" he questioned.

The cook stared open-mouthed. "That was the Colonel," he answered in astonishment. "You dont mean to say that you never met the Colonel before! Well, well! But my soup-stock will be boiling over, if I dont watch out. Good-night, Mr. Weeks,"—and he was gone.

The room looked unaccountably familiar to Billy Weeks. It was as if he were back in his old lodgings again in Mrs. Timmens's cottage in Elleryville. The same bureau, with the scratch in the middle of the looking-glass, stood in one corner of the room, and the chest of drawers, with the handle missing, in the other. There was the old book-case, with his favorite half-dozen books, just as he had left them twenty years ago, and the convenient little writing-table beside the bed. Mechanically he divested himself of his ragged clothes and slipped between the sheets. He was very tired.

He stretched out his hand to extinguish the light, and in doing so observed the crack that traversed the ceiling irregularly from door to window. He had stared at it many a time, he reflected, as he lay awake at night, back in his little bedroom in Elleryville. The crack in the ceiling puzzled him. And he couldn't remember what had become of the Colonel, when he had followed Stub Wilson through the big, deserted dining-room of the institution back to the kitchen. But he was very tired.

Then it occurred to him, quite suddenly, that Stub Wilson was dead. Doc. Peters was dead. Old Man Mullins was dead. Simpson, and Marsh, and Jed Tompkins—they were all dead, had been dead, some of them, for years. He started up in bed at the thought, then lay down again. He was very tired. The snuffed end of the candle glowed red for a moment, then smoked and went out, and the bed was very warm and comfortable.

Tomorrow, he yawned, he must get up early and make out a catalogue for the library. Twenty years was a long time, and the boys—

They found him, the next morning, on the park bench. His head had fallen forward upon his breast, and his back and shoulders were covered with a mantle of snow. Colonel Hawkins, the financier, in his eyrie in the Bradley Building, that overlooked the park, happened upon the brief item in his evening paper.

"Weeks," he murmured to himself reminiscently. "Now I wonder if that

was our Billy Weeks, of Elleryville, who was librarian twenty years ago. Uh-huh! 'Soiled and tattered envelope, with a New York postmark, found in his pocket.' Let me see!" and the multi-millionaire cudgelled his memory diligently. "Wrote me to see if I would n't provide a home for aged incompetents or something of the kind, I remember,"—and he laughed. Then his gaze shifted to the stocks and shares quotations.

The Narrative of a Shanghaied Whaleman

By Henry A. Clock

Part III.



WE were loafing about the deck that morning with nothing to do, when we heard the cry "Ah blo-o-w." It seemed to drift down from above and fill the air about us. Instantly all was excitement, but before anyone had made a move the Mate had sung out again and leaning over the rail of the crow's nest, he called to the Captain:

"Two of them, sir, about a mile away."

"Very well," answered the Captain, "come down and lower away."

The Mate immediately gripped his leg around a stay and slid quickly to the deck, and before the Captain, who started for the crow's nest at once, had reached the foretop, we were tumbling into our boats. The whaler carried five boats, one in command of each of the mates, and one under the navigator.

As soon as the command is given the crews crawl into their boats as they hang from the davits, and then they are lowered away to the water by some of the ship-keepers who remain on duty aboard the ship until the boats return from the chase of the whale.

We had never yet been in the whale-

boats, but we had received much oral instruction from both the Mate and our boatsteerer, so we knew our places and just about what to do. As soon as we struck the water we erected our boat-mast, and after considerable profanity and some trouble we got away from the ship in fine style. Before we were well away from the ship the Captain, who was now in the crow's nest, called out to us through a megaphone that the whales had just come to the surface again and were directly ahead of us.

With our big lug-sail spread to catch every bit of the breeze, we raced away toward the last spout. Those of us who were greenhorns were slightly nervous at the thought that at last we were about to meet at close quarters the monster of the deep, but things were happening too quickly for any of us to be really frightened.

We could see nothing of the whales ourselves, but the Mate kept a cautious eye on the signals from the ship and soon seeing the "close" flag at the truck, he hove to and we swept the sea for the ripple that betrays the rising whale. The Mate all the time gave us tense instructions as we waited.

"Keep your eyes open, lads," he added,

"there's two pounds of tobacco for every man of you if we get that whale."

There is considerable rivalry among boats in the pursuit of a whale, and I could see the other four boats as they lay quietly on the waves, waiting for the appearance of the whale that we were so anxious to sight first. Luck was with us, too, for just at that moment the boat-steerer whispered shrilly:

"There he is!"

And, in the same instant, we all saw the big black hump break the smooth surface and gleam in the sunlight, as the water splashed over, and heard the subdued roar of his spout as it sent the vapor flying into the air.

With a soft "Stand by now," from the Mate, and at his swing of the tiller, we wheeled as if on a pivot and almost noiselessly we swept down upon the doomed whale. I do not remember noticing anything in particular at the time, but later when we had returned to the ship, the picture came clearly to my mind. The bright sunlight falling on the sparkling blue water and the big black hump, which was all we could see of the whale, moving slowly along and an occasional sho-o-o-o that accompanied each spout of vapor. In the boat sat six men who were eagerly bent on the death of this mammal, leaning forward rigidly, fingers gripping fiercely at the gunwale of the boat, their eyes following the whale as it moved through the water and a desperate fear in their hearts that it would "sound" again before they reached it. In the bow of the boat stood the harpooner, his line carefully cleared and the heavy explosive harpoon poised in his hands. Nearer and nearer we got till at last we were a scarce twenty feet away; just then the harpooner saw something just beneath the bow of the boat that caused him to draw back his arm for a mighty cast, but he caught himself and before the Mate could ask what was the matter, he whispered:

"It's the calf, keep on."

And on we go, straight over the calf, who is too deep for us to have trouble in getting over, but I can see, as we pass over him, that he is about twenty feet long and is rising fast. But we are onto the old cow like a flash, and with the prow not a fathom from her glistening

side, the Mate throws his weight onto the tiller, and at the same instant that we sheer off, the burly harpooner casts his weapon. Quicker than thought pictures are printed in our minds; we see the keen blade strike the soft mass of blubber, and hear the sharp crack as the bomb is fired as the blade enters, and even as we veer off into safety, we hear the dull explosion of the bomb, deep in the whale's body.

There was much for us to do when the harpoon was cast, for before the whale brought a strain on the line we should have our mast down—it is hinged—and our sail furled, the line carried back to the loggerhead and every man on his thwart with his oar out ready for action. It required quick, sure team work, but we did not fail. Before our boat had lost the momentum its sail had given it, we were seated and our oars run out ready to swing the boat in any direction the whale might care to go. But this time there was no need. The whale did not sound, and as we turned to look, it gave a shudder that agitated the water for a hundred feet around and turned on its back—dead. Naturally, we were elated and we stood up and whooped; we slapped each other heartily on the backs and told one another that we were lucky; we forgot for the moment that we were men violently kidnaped from our homes and unlawfully held in bondage; we forgot the insults and blows we had received; the foul hole in which we lived and the rotten food that we were compelled to eat. And, who would n't? We had pursued and killed the biggest animal a man can hunt, besides we had each won two pounds of tobacco!

The other boats crowded around us, enviously eying the whale and wondering how the bone would weigh. Then they hastened away for the ship to be ready, the minute the whale was alongside, to begin cutting off the head. We ran up the "fast" flag, and, smoking contentedly, waited for the ship to come.

There seems to be an erroneous idea abroad that all whales have whalebone concealed about them somewhere; nor is it true that all the bones of a whale go to make the whalebone of commerce. In fact, none of the bones are molested. The bowhead whale, which is the species

found in the Arctic, is the only species that furnishes the whalebone, or baleen, as it is technically known. The bowhead, unlike the sperm whale, has no teeth, and the conformation of his head and mouth is different. His jaw-bone is from ten to fifteen feet long and on the upper jaw, set in what, if he had teeth, would be called his gums, is the baleen. It is in long slabs growing so closely together that it is almost a solid mass, and hangs straight down, covering the lower jaw completely. Each piece at the top is perhaps an inch thick and eight to twelve inches wide—the length depending on the age and size of the whale. It runs to a tapering point at the bottom and its inside edge has a growth of long, coarse, black hair-like fringe which is used for a very excellent purpose. The whale, when he is hungry, finds a spot where the water is thick with mollusk, or perhaps a school of small fish, and with his mouth wide open he surges through the mass. When his mouth is full he closes shop and the sea life he has captured is safe in the trap, for while the water circulates freely between the strips of baleen the coarse hair forms a mat that effectively prevents the escape of his meal. His mouth, when closed, is a roomy place of perhaps twelve feet long by six feet wide and eight feet high, so that he can hold an immense amount of food there while he slowly makes away with it. His huge mouth is necessary, for his throat is so small that were he to catch at each rush only what he could swallow, he would run himself to death before he finished a meal. Whatever the Jonah-swallowing possibilities of the sperm whale, the bowhead's throat is only about six inches in diameter, and for that reason not many of the sea fish fear him.

The bowhead varies in size according to his age, and while the old-timers tell of whales one hundred feet long, the biggest one we killed measured but eighty-five feet, and the smallest one a scant thirty feet. No one knows how old the whale gets to be, but it is sure that they do not mature under one hundred years, and with that fact as a basis, it is safe to say they live to be a thousand years and perhaps longer.

The average whale will yield two thousand pounds of bone of an average length of eight feet, and one whale we killed yielded three thousand pounds of good bone.

The oil of the bowhead is of low grade and while at one time it was taken and sold as a cheap whale oil, at the present time the whalers do not find that it pays, as a better oil can be manufactured cheaper than the whale oil can be procured; this of course, does not apply to the sperm oil. The sperm whale frequents the warmer waters, and does not venture into the Arctic.

The ship had been moored to the shore ice, which extends a mile or so off the land, when we sighted the whale, but as we ran up the "fast" flag the lines were cast off and she began working her way down to where we waited with the whale. Soon she floated easily down from the windward and we hove her our line, and caught the two-inch rope she dropped to us. We cut a hole in the flukes and made fast, doing the same with another line which we made fast to the lower jaw of the monster, then all fast we went aboard to help hoist the head in. A cutting stage was lowered over the neck of the whale, and five or six men with long-handled, sharp spades cut away the blubber; cutting carefully with the tackle, rolling the whale as they cut, they stripped a blanket off that reached entirely around the carcass where they desired to cut off the head. This three-foot blanket of blubber off and the backbone bared, a man was lowered onto the carcass with a line under his arms, so that he would n't slip off. He carried a big broad-axe to chop through the bone which was some four feet in circumference.

In the meantime the rest of us had fastened the strong two-and-a-half-inch rope tackle to the head by means of huge steel hooks. As the man on the monkey rope chopped away at the bone, the steam winch began to take a strain on the head tackle. The fore and main masts of our ship had been especially stayed and braced for this work, but even so they bent and groaned under the load. With the backbone cut through, the winch began to wheeze and puff as it lifted the

ten tons of bone and blubber clear of the water, and as the full weight came onto the tackle the ship itself heeled over slightly under the strain; but after much shouting and cursing—nothing can be done aboard a ship without every one in authority shouting himself hoarse—the head swung inboard and rested securely on deck. It lay crossways of the fore-deck and reached from rail to rail, which meant a length of eighteen feet.

Now came the really disagreeable part of the work, for as the head lay on deck oil seemed to ooze from every pore and from the cuts it fairly gushed. Soon the deck was saturated with oil and to stand upright—and the ship was rolling slightly in the waves—without a strong grasp on something, was impossible. Armed with sharp spades we were cutting the baleen from the jaw and it was precarious work. A man would be cutting at a mass of baleen and the roll of the ship would catch him unawares, and with a wild yell he would drop his razor-edged spade and slide for the lee rail—dashing against it he would draw himself up in an agony of fear lest his spade be following him, while his comrades would swing themselves clear of the deck until the rampaging spade was captured or found a resting place.

It was an exciting four hours we put in detaching the baleen from the jawbone of that whale, but we had it out at last and the head was allowed to slip overboard and go its oily way.

When we had sliced off what blubber we wanted for eating purposes, we cast loose the carcass, and the Eskimos took charge of it at once, fighting for place with the innumerable gulls that were so intent on gorging themselves that they had to be pushed off the carcass before they would stop. The Eskimos of two villages were there, down to the last papoose, and some of the dogs. Clustered around the decapitated carcass were canoes of all descriptions, from the finicky little kayak up to the big forty-foot walrus-hide hunting boat, and the occupants swarmed out of the boats as soon as they reached the whale and onto the carcass, each with his long-bladed knife until the whale was hidden by fur-clad forms. They were a jolly crowd,

laughing and talking with each other, jeering at the unfortunate who missed his footing and plunged into the cold water; but there was no squabble over choice cuts, all were happy and with a reason, for floating high in the water as the natives stripped off the blubber and meat, the carcass meant a winter's food for the entire tribe. And, as their parents worked, the children chewed contentedly on tender strips of blubber, as happy as a child of civilization would be with a stick of candy.

Whiskey and the Eskimos.

The Diomed Islands are a favorite base of operations for whiskey traders, and Eskimos, like all other Indians, have an insatiable craving for whiskey. One island lies in United States waters and the other in Russian waters, which is very convenient for illicit trading. A smudge of smoke on that horizon invariably means a revenue cutter, so when smoke is sighted the whaler pulls out and stands off between the islands until he has ascertained what flag the cutter carries, then he hastens to the island not owned by the country which that cutter represents.

While I cannot speak for the entire race of Eskimos, I can truthfully say that the tribes who frequent the coast, and who have for years associated with the whalers and traders, are extremely deficient in a moral sense, the squaws being only too eager to spend the summer months on a whaler, and there is scarcely an officer of the whaling fleet who has not his favorite squaw, whom he picks up in the spring and keeps all summer, leaving her with a barrel of beef and other provisions to spend the winter with her tribe. In fact, these squaws are the rich women of the tribe after a summer spent aboard the whaler, all of which arouses a natural envy among her sisters of the tribe. This perhaps accounts for no greater indignation being shown by the natives when a whaler brutally assaults a child of tender age, whom its guardian, befuddled with drink, has given to a white cur's degenerate lust.

They are a puny race at the best; seldom it is that one lives to be as old as fifty years, and most of them die

earlier, and their mode of life is such that any disease appearing among them soon becomes an epidemic. During the summer we spent in the Arctic the measles completely wiped out several villages.

The Eskimos, as a race, are peaceable and quiet and only when they are filled with the alleged whiskey the whalers trade them, are they in the least quarrelsome. This whiskey, which is prepared aboard the ship, from burnt brown sugar and alcohol, has a peculiar effect on the destinies of some of the natives who partake of it. There was one buck at the Diomedes who brought his furs and ivory aboard to trade who evidently was not familiar with this beverage. He had traded away his little hoard for flour and beef and a few little trinkets, and his idea of values was strongly evidenced when he eagerly traded a fine polar bear hide for a dollar watch,—not that he knew anything about telling time, but it appealed to his childish nature, and when he had finished the Captain gave him a drink of whiskey from a tubful that sat by the wheelhouse door. Without a wink the Eskimo downed a big tin cup full of the poisonous stuff, and then, with the help of two squaws, gathered up his trade and went over the side,—we were moored to the shore ice—and started for the shore..

Knowing well the quick effect of the stuff he had swallowed, some of us watched the party move away. For nearly half a mile the buck trudged serenely along and then he began to have symptoms: First he gave his load to the squaws to carry; evidently it was beneath the dignity of a man feeling as he did, to carry a pack. Soon he began to appear hilarious, although we could not hear anything we could see plainly his actions, and he surely had great difficulty in placing his feet, but before he reached the village he began to tire and at last he was utterly weary and we saw him lie down on the ice, apparently satisfied to stay there.

The squaws urged him for a time, pulling at his arms and endeavoring to get him started again, but their efforts were wasted, and finally they went on, to come back in about twenty minutes with a dog team and sled. On this they packed him away toward the village and we sup-

posed that we had seen the last of him. He would probably wake up in a few hours with a throbbing head and a parched taste in his mouth, and that would be the last of it. But we did n't know this persistent fellow—in five hours he was back—this time with one squaw, and not one of the two whom he had had on the former trip. He came aboard and loitered around for a time without making any move. Finally he asked for the Captain and when told that the Captain was asleep below, he seemed rather disappointed, but after studying over it awhile, he braced up again and asked for the Mate—the Mate was also below, and the native subsided for nearly an hour. He walked fitfully about, smoking green Russian tobacco in his long-stemmed brass-bowled pipe, and then quite by accident one of the boatsteerers asked him if he had anything to trade. Instantly he poured forth his proposition in a jargon of mixed English and Eskimo, and what he said surely astonished the boatsteerer, for all of fifteen years' dealing with the Eskimos.

This thirsty heathen, not having anything else to trade, and having an intense longing for whiskey had, as soon as he awakened from his sleep, hunted up his mother and brought her aboard and as calmly as a grocery clerk offering a dozen eggs, he offered to trade off his mother for more whiskey. He not only offered to trade off his mother, but he insisted, and after the boatsteerer had recovered from his stupefaction and refused to trade, the native followed him around the deck begging. But to no avail; the boatsteerer would have none of the proposition, and at last the Eskimo sorrowfully climbed over the side and walked slowly toward his igloo. He was disappointed, but, as we were to find, he was far from defeated. He could not trade off his mother, who was obviously well pleased to become a commodity with which her son could acquire whiskey, but he had other resources. He did n't come back that night, but the next day he was smilingly present to continue negotiations. But he did n't bring his mother back with him.

In his darkened intellect I suppose, he had been groping around for the reason the whalers would n't take his mother,

for he knew that women were seldom refused a place aboard the ship, and had finally reached the conclusion that she was too old and decrepit. Whatever conclusions he had reached, however, when he crawled over the rail the next morning, there followed a squaw that we had not seen before, but whom we later found to be his sister. For an Eskimo and among Eskimos she was an extremely pretty girl, even-featured, soft brown eyes and a very light complexion, which no doubt, marked the passing of former whalers. Stolidly she followed this savage who had made himself the lord of her destinies about the ship, and from the way she grinned and grunted an occasional word or two to him, it was evident that she was well pleased with her prospects.

The Eskimo, after having carefully promenaded his stock in trade, approached the quarter-deck to make a dicker with one of the officers. There, however, he met with no success, as the officers were all well supplied, and none of them would open negotiations with this dealer in humanity. Not in the least discouraged, the native went forward to the steerage where the boatsteerers were quartered, and grasping the squaw by the arm, disappeared with her down the steerage companionway. For an hour or so we saw no more of him; then, just as we were beginning to think that he must

have gone ashore while we were not looking, he came out of the companionway again, this time alone. Success fairly radiated from him, and it was not necessary for us to see the quart bottle of whiskey that he so proudly carried to know that he had gained his object. Without any loss of time he clambered over the side and started for his igloo, joyously chanting a hunting song, happy in the thought that he had made a good trade. The boatsteerer kept his property until we left the Diomedes and then sent her ashore with a couple of bags of flour and a cask of beef.

Such is the uplifting influence of civilization in the Arctic!

An occurrence like the one above described is so commonplace that it attracts no notice, the natives know no better, and there is no law that high up on the globe to restrain the whalers and traders, who generally are as ignorant as they are lawless. But sure it is that unless these viciously-inclined whites are restrained, the Eskimo, as a race, is doomed.

Law in the Arctic, at least the only law the whalers know, is dealt out by the revenue cutters, of which there are two that cruise in those waters during the open season. But while there is no doubt they do the best they can, in so far as they restrain lawlessness among the whalers, they might as well remain in San Francisco Bay.*

*Note.—The United States revenue cutters have been of very great service in Alaskan waters beyond doubt, but they appear along the Arctic Coast for a brief period only in each year, touching for a few hours at Cape Prince of Wales, Cape Blossom, Point Hope, Point Barrow, and then are gone until next year. Until recent years, with the appointment of a few frontier United States Commissioners, the revenue-ship officials have been the sole representatives of the law along this vast and bleak stretch of coast. Unlike the whalers, revenue cutters do not winter in the Arctic. It is said that during the past season or two the revenue men have been more vigorous and energetic at law enforcement and punishment of infractions of common decency by whites in their relations with the natives. It is to be hoped this is true.

The old captains of these revenue cutters often seemed little impressed with the seriousness of their real duties in the Arctic, but were chiefly concerned with their private and personal business of trading with the natives. The thing was often a scandal to the subordinate officers of these vessels, but little about it has ever reached the public eye.

That much good has mingled with the evil of the system is quite true. The subordinate officers of the ship are allowed to carry a very limited amount of trade goods, chiefly flour, sugar and similar staple provisions, but the captain takes a more or less huge store, enabling him to very materially enter into competition with the whalers and regular traders. The wardroom officers are enabled to secure a limited supply of furs and curios as gifts for their relatives and friends and perhaps also to sell; whatever profits are derived being entirely expended in wardroom supplies and a few welcome luxuries. The revenue captains, however, clean up annually, several thousand dollars from the traffic with the natives.

That this opportunity to trade with the natives is a good thing for the latter is quite true, for the natives get more nearly the full value of their furs and other trade goods aboard the revenue cutters than with the whalers, professional traders, or any other class of whites, and it is true that they are not induced to part with their treasures in exchange for a few drinks of vile alleged whisky. It has happened, however, that even aboard a revenue cutter, the ways for the coveted trade have been greased by a nip in the privacy of a captain's cabin, and so the system has made for laxity. "Community of interest" between the captains of revenue cutters, and of other vessels trading with the Eskimo in the Arctic, has perhaps accounted for the otherwise unaccountable lack of interest sometimes manifested by the representatives of Uncle Sam in the punishment of injustice in the North.

At Point Hope and Point Barrow, off-shore whaling stations have been established for many years, where ex-whaler captains, boat steerers and other experienced whalers are grubstaked by the whaling companies or act independently. They endeavor, each spring, to intercept the annual run of the whales from the remote Arctic, southwestward toward Bering Straits or the Siberian shore. Should the outfit average no more than one good whale every three years, this industry is profitable. These off-shore whalers average up very much as do the men in charge of the ships. In consequence debauchery of the natives around these stations has been more or less the rule.

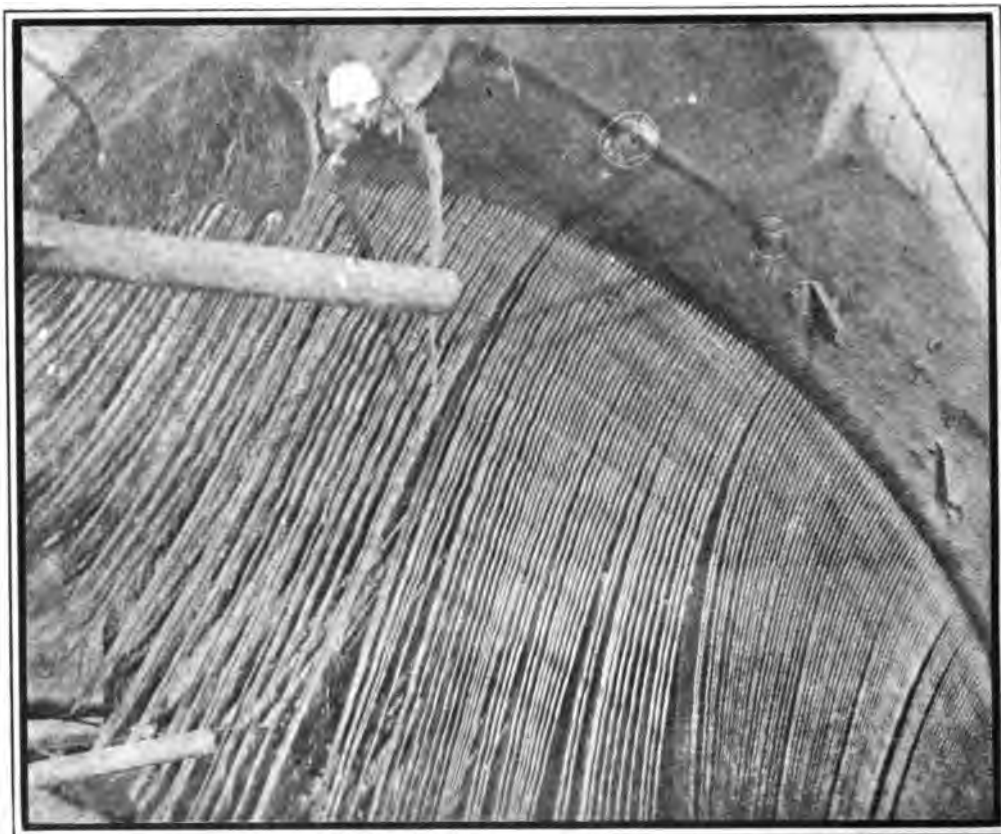


PINGALURUK, A NATIVE GIRL OF THE KOTZEBUE SOUND REGION, A GOOD TYPE OF ONE OF THE PROGRESSIVE TRIBES OF ALASKAN NATIVES.

The Death of Norton.

While at the Diomedes the second death among our crew occurred. A young fellow of the starboard watch, whose home we learned was in Duluth, was stricken with tonsilitis. Among civilized people this would not have been deemed serious, or among any people in fact, for as I think of it, it was n't the tonsilitis that was the cause of his taking-off at all. It was circumstances that killed him.

more serious things to think of than colds; each man was carefully engaged in conducting himself in such a manner that he would escape sundry blows from iron belaying pins and other unpleasant things that might come his way. But Norton's plight was forced upon us one morning when he went aft and told the Mate that he could not swallow the coarse salt beef and the flint-like hardtack that we subsisted upon, and courteously asked if the cook might not make him some gruel or



Photograph by S. Rognon Bernardi.

UPPER JAW OF A BOWHEAD WHALE, SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE BALEEN, OR WHALE-BONE. IN THIS SPECIMEN WERE 780 SLABS OF BALEEN, RANGING IN LENGTH FROM A FEW INCHES TO NEARLY TEN FEET.

He might easily have recovered from the attack of tonsilitis, but he could not escape from the circumstances that hedged him in.

He had for days been complaining of his throat, that it was sore and hurt him fearfully when he swallowed, but no one paid any great heed, thinking 'twas only a passing cold, and we had other and

other soft food until his throat was in such condition that he could go back to plain fare.

The Mate, boiling with rage at such outrageous conduct on the part of a mere greenhorn, strode across the deck in a manner that ought to have shook the old ship from stem to stern. Stopping in front of the terrified Norton, he shook



**NATIVE ALASKAN GIRLS OF THE AGE AND TYPE SOUGHT BY WHALERS, WHOSE UNPUNISHED
OUTRAGES AND ABUSES OF SUCH CHILDREN HAVE DISGRACED THE ARCTIC COAST.**

his hairy fist under the lad's nose and roared a masterpiece of fancy swearing, and I want to say here that at fancy swearing, either at a mark or in action, the Mate was a gold-medal performer. Pausing to recover his breath, he added:

"D'ye see that fore t'gallant yard up there? Well, you get up there and stay there till I tell you to come down, and get up there damned quick."

Norton, weak and sick, hurried as well as he could and soon was sixty feet above the deck, clinging to the t'gallant yard-arm in a pitiful way. And, seeing him there, any one of us would gladly have taken his place, but we knew that to make such a suggestion to the Mate would mean, not that we be ordered to relieve the sick boy, but be sent to decorate another yardarm on our own account.

For an hour Norton clung giddily there, although the ship was practically motionless, and then knowing that he could hang on no longer he crawled back to the mast and swinging onto a stay, slipped quickly to the deck.

The Mate had been watching him though, and almost as soon as the boy struck the deck, the Mate was at his side with an upraised belaying pin. But the blow did n't fall, and the Mate had struck Norton for the last time, for as his feet hit the deck his knees gave way and he collapsed on the deck like an empty sack. The Mate, lowering his weapon, was profanely undecided whether the boy was shamming or not, and at last he pried open the boy's mouth and looked at the raw, swollen throat.

The Captain, too, came forward, and after one look at the throat, he said: "Take him below."

The Mate, ordering two men to pick up the lad, said: "I dont think it is anything serious, sir."

The Captain, without deigning to reply, walked aft, and the Mate, with flushed face, turned to the onlooking

crew and wanted to know, with many profane interjections, why they stood gawking like a lot of farmers instead of getting about their work. In an hour or so he went, with a paper tube and some sulphur to Norton's bunk in the forecastle; he raised the sick boy's head, and putting the sulphur into the tube, he inserted the end of it into Norton's mouth and blew the sulphur lustily down his throat.

This heroic treatment, which only had the effect of nearly choking Norton to death, and burning his throat to a very painful degree, was the single treatment given him, and the following two weeks he laid in his bunk dying before our very eyes; we could do nothing for him, although at times he tried to swallow some hardtack that we had soaked in water for ten or twelve hours.

He was doomed, however, to die—and he did die—of starvation. And to increase his agony he must lay in his bunk and three times a day watch twenty hungry men gobble their food.

But he did n't die aboard the ship, for one day, when we were expecting his death any hour, a revenue cutter came alongside, the *Thetis*, and she sent an officer aboard, as they always do, to see if the foremast hands have any complaint to make, and he found Norton barely alive. After receiving the Captain's report, they hurried Norton aboard the *Thetis* and into the sick bay, where the ship's surgeon might do his best to save the boy. But they were a week or so too late, for that night, after weakly but carefully cursing the name of each officer aboard the *Alexander*, Norton died, and the next day, at noon, the *Thetis* put out to sea. Across the quiet waters we could hear a deep voice calling all hands to stand by for burial service. Our shipmate had died and we scraped down masts while the revenue men ceremoniously buried him.

[To be concluded]



Irrigation Ditch That Is Reclaiming the Desert Near Bend.

The Present and Future of Eastern Oregon

By Randall R. Howard



WHAT Eastern Oregon is today, and expects to be tomorrow, is typified by a recent incident in Ontario, on the extreme eastern border of the great railroadless area. Some six months ago a stranger came to this fairly vigorous yet quietly growing gateway town. He did n't ask many questions but he had soon hunted out some of the property owners. And before anybody realized what was going on

he had purchased twenty-five of the choice business lots of the place. Then, without blare of trumpets, he began to assemble carloads of building materials. Soon men were set to work excavating large cement basements, and digging holes for concrete piers.

The citizens of the town now point with pride to their prospective five-story, white pressed-brick hotel, to cost \$100,000. Some of the older residents talk doubtfully about the stranger, and "hope" that the place wont be over-boomed, and



Residence Section Of Burns. Note the Many Windmills.



A Street In Ontario, On the Eastern Border of Oregon.



Crescent "Townsite," On Deschutes Railways, and Prospective Junction of East-and-West Harriman Road.

"wonder" how their town, or even a town five times the size, can support the immense fine hotel, and the half-dozen store-and-office buildings planned by the enterprising new citizen. But the new-comer does n't explain. He pays his workmen promptly; is always ready with a liberal contribution for the boosting fund; and goes on working.

The talkers-about now calm themselves with the story that this strange, quiet new man is a cousin or something of Jim Hill's, and that he has been given a railway tip and is prepared to sink a million and a half dollars in the little town on the edge of awakening Eastern Oregon.

Another tale of city ambition localizes itself in the heart of Eastern Oregon on the Upper Deschutes River, where the broad "desert" meets the timbered slopes of the Cascade Mountains—a spot 140 miles from the nearest railway boundary. Ten years ago the traveller on leaving the river and the pine timber, and starting on the long, tiresome ride across the sandy waste, sought a last benediction by

looking over his shoulder and saying: "Farewell, Bend." On returning toward the Deschutes "bend", his central thought was of the symmetrical little extinct volcano that guided the way and which is called "Pilot Butte."

After a time one of the residents on the river bend thought a wagon load of "store goods" would pay, and a little later it was decided to have a school-house and a postoffice. In the controversy for a name, the Deschutes River won against the weathered volcano, and the postoffice was called Bend. The town felt its first big thrill of ambition when it became headquarters for the company that within a few years has constructed several hundred miles of irrigation ditches, and has made this one of the most fertile and largest single irrigated tracts in the Northwest.

Ambition took another burst skyward when it became definitely known that both the Hill and Harri-man railway lines up the Deschutes River into Eastern Oregon would slightly detour in order to make Bend their first joint station on this freak river that is the power and the irrigation wonder of Oregon. It was n't given a place in the 1900 census, but it has between 700 and 1,000 people today; and if all should come that can be accommodated with staked-out town lots, there would be a city of some ten or fifteen thousand. Will-be boulevards front for a mile or more the beautiful Deschutes, pine-fringed and buttressed on either side with rugged volcanic bluffs and sharp crags. A scenic railway up





New Irrigated Homestead On "Desert," Central Eastern Oregon.
Smith Rock In the Background.



A Homesteader's Start. First Cabin Of a Rancher On "Desert,"
Near Redmond, Crook County.



Settler's Cabin In Pine Timber, Upper Deschutes Country.

the sandy sides of Pilot Butte is talked of, and the booster slogan is "25,000 in 1915."

Other Eastern Oregon towns and sections are also ambitious—and they will be allowed to recite their stories in order. It should be kept in mind that town growth in a new land cannot, as a rule, outrun the development of the country about. Also, Eastern Oregon has only a few scattered villages and small towns, whereas its potential resources—with the coming of the railway—justify and will demand a number of large towns and cities.

In order to gain our proposed intimate personal view of Eastern Oregon as it is today, and as it hopes and plans to be tomorrow, let us imagine ourselves homeseekers. We have perhaps been elbow-jostled from an Eastern State, and are following the centuries-old westward course of migration. The scant population of Eastern Oregon, and reported great man-less areas, and undeveloped wealth, and the building of two costly railways, have been as a vacuum and a magnet. We are drawn to one of the several gateway cities—and pardon the personal should we decide to follow the same route as on my recent 1,000-mile bike-auto-stage

ride through this great awakening area.

We leave the main line of railway at Ontario, on the border between Oregon and Idaho. We are now at the back door of Eastern Oregon, from the Pacific Coast cities; but at the front entrance from the cities of the East or the Middle West. We are met by a noisy group of cowboys galloping down the street, happy because their herd of beef, which they have been driving for a month, is at last on the "cars." A team of ten dusty horses comes plodding and jingling their sleigh bells up the street, hauling three wagons piled high with long wool sacks, topped off with hides of sheep and cattle. Irrigation ditches parallel the sidewalks and these are lined with loaded-down fruit trees, and the great bunches of alfalfa reaching to one's waist. Further on is the town pump, which will take fire if water is lifted too briskly, and the gas and oil that has collected in the pipe released. Then there is the pressed-brick, \$100,000 hotel, a monument to the new railway-dreaming citizen of the town. The cowboys, the freighter with his wool and hides, symbolize the old and the passing. The irrigation ditch and the fruit and alfalfa, the gas and oil, and the new hotel speak of the new and the hoped-for.

Just outside of Ontario, on the twenty-mile stub-railway west to Vale, we are plunged into a sand heap, it would seem. But look east and west into the irrigated valleys, and back across the Snake River to the \$500-an-acre reclaimed bench lands. True, the only difference is water, but water is to be the miracle-worker in Eastern Oregon. Given water, and avoiding the occasional alkali spots, the gritty, dusty, desolate plain is truly an oasis. It matters not how sandy. Indeed, further inland, along the Crooked River Valley, it is told how a man who was formerly a shoe cobbler in the town of Prineville, homesteaded a shifting sand-bank quarter section, and was only able to get the alfalfa started by sitting on the sand until the forage plant took root. At any rate, beautiful green alfalfa fields, almost countless haystacks, tall shade trees, a productive garden and orchard, and a painted house now replace the former dust cloud, and incidentally the cobbler no longer cobbles.

In the section between and about Ontario and Vale are a number of possible and prospective large irrigation projects. This is the location of the formerly planned Malheur Government Reclamation project of 70,000 acres which private capital is now planning to complete. Other projects under way are the Owyhee which will irrigate 80,000 acres in the Snake River Valley; and up nearer Vale, are the Bully Creek project of 20,000 acres, and another of about 20,000 acres at Westfall. Should oil be developed in commercial quantities—and there are splendid prospects in several parts of Eastern Oregon—much land would probably also be irrigated by pumping plants.

"The Last Frontier" is the title that Vale applies to itself, since it is the "jumping-off" place for the interior-bound traveler. Here he must say good-bye to railway luxuries and prepare himself as if for "crossing the plains" in the days before the trans-continental railways. Vale is a town of possibly a thousand people, nestled under a hill, and in the midst of white valleys and plains, which will be green and many-colored and bearers of gold with the completion of the irrigation schemes that are feasible and planned.

Vale has the typical fighting spirit that creates and maintains frontier towns. The census of 1900 states that the place had 127 people. At that time the little village was twenty miles from the railway—but some of the villagers were ambitious, and they had money to gamble on their chance of winning. In order to keep the county seat they dug \$8,000 from their pockets and built a court house, on their own initiative. Then they wanted a branch railway. They got the ear of the officials of the main railway line by pledging some \$15,000 as a bonus. The population and the wealth of the place immediately jumped, since it was now a railway terminus, a chief distributing point for the great mass of freight taken into Eastern Oregon from the East. Here the locomotive and the passenger coach and the boxcar turn back, and the pokey freight wagon and the bumpy stage coach push forward. Further proving faith in the future, Vale now has a \$50,000 hotel; and a \$20,000

modern business block and an equally costly sanatorium are being constructed.

The prosperity of the Vale-Ontario section of Eastern Oregon is rooted in alfalfa, though fruit-growing and market-gardening are promising, and stock raising will always be a big industry. A story will illustrate. There was a farmer living along one of the streams who, through misfortune, had a \$1,500 mortgage hanging over his ranch. He tried to give the ranch away for the sum due on the mortgage, but could not. Then there came into the section a wealthy farmer visitor from Utah who was surprised that the ranchers were not "seeding" their alfalfa. The debt-bound farmer was one of the first to try out the new crop—and the first year he made \$3,500.

Another farmer had a small, thin, sickly-looking field of alfalfa. He was almost persuaded to turn it into a few weeks' pasture for his milch cows, but at last decided to let it go to seed. The alfalfa seed netted him \$1,300. From fifty to seventy-five, and even one hundred dollars an acre is not an uncommon profit for a crop of alfalfa seed. Regularly from three to nine tons of alfalfa hay, per acre, is grown in Eastern Oregon, though when the field is "seeded" only one of the two to four crops of hay is cut. In nearly every part of Eastern Oregon dry-land alfalfa is being successfully grown, though its possibility has been only slightly tested.

We can almost consider ourselves members of a single great family, after we leave the railway at Vale and start toward the interior of Eastern Oregon. It happened on my trip that I took a picture of a freighter driving up through a rocky canyon. In a moment more he had bargained for a dozen prints, and had made an advance payment, to a stranger whom he had never before met or heard of. Further along, in Harney County, where it is ten and twenty miles between houses, the inhabitants of a noon stopping-place for a hungry bicyclist, were not at home. The house was open and the known customs of the section impelled a search through the cupboard. And it is a "two-to-one shot" that the returned ranch people considered the silver coin left on the table a half insult. Even the poorest of the homesteaders freely and anxiously

share their homes, and many times have no thought of commercializing their hard-gained comforts.

The Eastern Oregon visitor is sometimes impressed with the great amount of apparently waste land that he must traverse between the towns and the chief settlements. It should not be denied that there is much waste land in Eastern Oregon. Comparatively, there is much waste land in Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and in the New England States, of about the same area. Also the slow-moving Eastern Oregon traveler often forgets the waste areas that he is whisked through on the train in other parts of the West. And much depends on the point of view. I met a weary, dilapidated homeseeking outfit that had come from humid Willamette Valley—a distance half as far as from New York to Chicago, who said they were "going back to the road" because they could n't find any open land with running water on it. The man from the humid section is often disappointed at first with semi-arid Eastern Oregon. This big inland area was first of all a stock country; and years ago the cattle kings and the sheep barons hunted out and gained possession of practically all the running water, that they might control the range.

Hence nearly all of the Government land in Eastern Oregon is open to entry under the 320-acre Homestead Law, a first provision of which is that the land be semi-arid and non-irrigible. It should not be forgotten, however, that much of the recently taken and the still open homestead lands in Eastern Oregon may, in the coming day of cheaper fuel, be irrigated by pumping plants. A late report from the Department of Interior classifies the open land in Crook, Klamath and Lake Counties as follows: Crook—one-tenth mountainous, two-tenths agricultural, seven-tenths grazing; Klamath—two-tenths timber, three-tenths agricultural, five-tenths grazing; Lake—three-tenths timber, one-tenth mountainous, three-tenths agricultural, three-tenths grazing. More than one-half of the total area of Harney County is still open to settlement, an estimated one-third of which is tillable, and the remainder grazing and waste land.

The Eastern Oregon homesteader must

be a man of firmness and vision, as have been the homesteaders of the past. He is often a former city resident; one woman settler along my route stating that she "had never before lived in a smaller place than Paris." Occasionally a "city" homesteader will be attracted by a fine-looking level plain, only to discover after two or three years of hardship that he is located on a shallow, alkali flat. After the worst has been said, however, it should be stated that there are still some thousands of acres of open land in Eastern Oregon. This land is all far inland, chiefly in Southern Crook, Northern Lake, Harney and Malheur Counties. Hundreds of settlers have located during the past two years along the promised east-and-west railways. About a year ago, for example, a 59,000-acre Carey Act tract in the Harney Valley was released, and today practically all of it is parcelled out among new settlers.

The counties of Eastern Oregon are so vast that the residents, even the county officials, do not know them and often have never crossed the extreme boundaries. The County Assessor of Harney County finds it easiest in his appraisal work to "rig up" a camp out-



fit and pack "grub" for a several months' trip. And before his work is finished he has covered an area as great as Massachusetts, and incidentally has always been from fifty to 150 miles from the nearest railway.

A number of new homesteads, and many sections of open land are passed in approaching Burns, the county seat of Harney County. After expressing my admiration for the splendid garden and grain field of one of these homesteaders, the settler confessed that his ground had been irrigated early in the year, and told how, that for an estimated dollar or two an acre, a storage reservoir could be constructed that would amply water perhaps a thousand acres. Another homesteader on the slopes of the great Harney Valley—which is called the largest and richest valley in the United States without modern transportation—showed me the results of three years of dry farming. Notwithstanding the extremely discouraging season, with no rain since early spring, he had twenty-bushels-an-acre grain, fine hay, including dry-land alfalfa, and a garden of the more hardy vegetables.

I asked if it ever frosted in this section, with its elevation of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, Harney Valley being 4,100 feet above sea level. "Oh, we don't think much about the frosts," said the homesteader. "They don't seem to hurt the crops; they are these little white frosts, not the black kind, you know." Amateur fruit growers—for there are no professional horticulturists in this part of Eastern Oregon—assert that the use of the smudge pot for three nights in the Harney Valley would have insured a large fruit crop for this, a bad year. Inquiring more closely, we find that the Harney Valley is no higher than the valley of the Great Salt Lake which it closely resembles, physically, and which those first apostles of irrigation in the West, the Mormons, selected and made into one of the garden spots of the arid region.

The traveler drops into the Harney Valley almost as if he were sliding down the side of a huge milk-pan. He looks out miles across a great level basin, a former lake bed, hemmed in by rocks. Neglecting the waste alkali spots, the landscape is filled with haystacks and oc-

casional gardens and grain fields. Hay is the crop of profit in Harney County, and must be until the coming of the promised railway. As one booster frankly stated, Harney County does n't want a great flood of newcomers until there is definite assurance of a railway to carry out its products, and to give it cheaper lumber and fuel. In some parts of the county lumber must now be hauled a hundred miles or more, and sagebrush is the chief firewood.

With the coming of the railway what will happen? First, the large cattle ranches—the largest in the Northwest—will be broken up and homes made for thousands of families. It is easily said that some of these cattle ranches have an area of 8,000 acres; others 40,000; and that one of them has an area of nearly 200,000 acres. Nor can we comprehend such figures as 35,000 tons of hay on a single farm. A fifty-ton haystack looks big to the average farmer, yet on these ranches a single haying crew will stack from fifty to 150 tons of hay every day, and there will be a number of crews at work, and the haying season will last several months. On one of these 134,000-acre ranches the permanent residents are fifteen cowboys and a man and his wife, which shows settlement possibilities.

Great changes may be expected when Harney County gets the chance to take off its spurs, and to trade its cowboy saddles for plows. Nearly all of the thousands of acres now growing wild hay will as readily produce, nearly every year, a crop of from fifteen to thirty bushels per acre of grain. Alfalfa is grown in a number of places in the valley, sugar beets are a possible crop, and there are many good gardens and some promising orchards. There are indications of oil in the valley, and Government officials state that conditions are favorable for flows of artesian water. All over the Harney Valley, forty miles in extreme width and sixty miles long, water is found at shallow depths, making irrigation by pumping easily possible. Several reclamation projects are planned and under way in the county. Among these are the Hanley project, south of Burns, that will drain and irrigate 40,000 acres; and the Silver Creek Carey Act project of 20,000 acres, west of Burns.

Leaving the vigorous inland town of Burns, we travel southwest across an arm of the Great American Desert reaching up from Nevada, and into the interesting lake region of Klamath and Lake counties. Since last hearing the toot of a railway engine we have traveled southwest nearly 350 miles—or as far as from New York City to Portland, Maine, or Richmond, Virginia. Having reached Lakeview, the most important population center of Lake County, we are still in a railroadless land. Lakeview is avigorous, compact, and well-located town. As the name indicates, from the hillside back of the town one may look out across the upper end of Goose Lake which extends southward forty-five miles. Indeed one can look south across the northern boundary of California and almost into the northwest corner of Nevada.

Lake County is an interesting section; and in part almost freakish in its surprises. The village of Silver Lake, in the northern part of the county, a few years ago had the reputation of being further from the railway than any other postoffice in the United States. This reputation will be completely shattered, however, by railways now building. And when the Harriman east-and-west road is built it will



"Sub-ranch" Of Large Harney County Cattle Ranch; Twenty Miles From Neighbors. Homesteaders Had Been Bought Out, and Their Dwellings Moved To This Common Point.



"Chuck-wagon" On Large Harney County Cattle Ranch.



Stock Ranch Near Lakeview. Wool Piled Back Of Barn.



Corrals and Stock Barns On a 70,000-Acre Ranch.

traverse Northern Lake County. This section has been the scene of the greatest of the homesteading rushes into Eastern Oregon during the past two years. Scores of settlers' cabins may now be counted at points where a few months before were only broad, desolate, sagebrush flats. This is one of the sections that will help Eastern Oregon to fulfill the predictions of a prominent grain authority, who said that with adequate transportation the wheat output of Oregon, and possibly of Oregon and Washington combined, will be doubled. The section is yet new, and the past season has been exceptionally unfavorable; yet new residents in general express unfaltering faith in its possibilities as a producer of grain; and of alfalfa, sugar beets and other crops when cheap fuel will make possible irrigation pumping plants on the 320-acre homesteads.

The garden spot of Lake County is along the chain of lakes, which it is thought will within a few years be reached by a branch north-and-south railway from the now-building roads up the Deschutes River. One of these lakes was named Summer Lake by "Pathfinder" John C. Fremont, in the winter of 1843. It did, indeed, seem like summer when he looked down into the fertile little valley that, because of the hot springs and the favorable location, seldom has snow or freezing weather. Though the elevation of the agricultural land is 4,000, and even 6,500 feet, yet the climate is tempered and there are a number of natural fruit sections. Even years ago the residents of the less favored parts of Eastern Oregon were in the habit of driving, often a hundred or two hundred miles, to gather the wild plums that grow on the hillsides.

Plants must become accustomed to the altitude and the short growing season. Bring beans from sea level and plant them at an altitude of 6,000 feet and the crop must be boiled for three or four hours. The next year, however, the product of the same bean-mother will cook in an hour. Incidentally, the beans may have been bitten back by frost, a time or two, and will still mature with a large yield.

Lakeview is sixty miles from the terminus of a narrow-gauge railway to the south, and will soon be only forty-five

miles. But to reach Portland by this route one must go via Reno, Nevada, and Sacramento, California. More direct railway connections north may be had by taking a stage trip west a hundred miles to Klamath Falls. About twenty years ago the Government investigated the possibility of draining Goose Lake. Experts stated that a canal, twenty feet deep and five miles in length, costing about \$100,000, would drain this lake bed, which is forty-five miles long and from ten to fifteen miles wide. It is estimated that between 100,000 and 150,000 acres of land would be reclaimed for agricultural use. The project was abandoned in the nineties because of local opposition. A 100,000-acre Carey Act project is under way in the Warner Valley section, east; and a storage reservoir to irrigate 35,000 acres near Lakeview is being completed.

We are back to the railway again when we reach Klamath Falls, in the extreme southwestern corner of Eastern Oregon. Ten years ago Klamath Falls had just 447 people, according to census report; today the estimated population of the place is between 3,000 and 4,000. The exceptional growth is due to two things: the location of a Government Reclamation project and the coming of the railway. When the railways, now being built, are completed, Klamath Falls will be one of the chief towns on main lines between the Northwest and the Southwest, and about half-way between Portland and San Francisco. The Government has already reclaimed 30,000 acres of land, at a cost of \$2,000,000, and will ultimately reclaim between 150,000 and 180,000 acres by the expenditure of an additional \$3,000,000.

Some of the drained lands near Klamath Falls are valuable for market gardening, and for the growth of celery and plants of the cabbage family. The production of hay, dairying, and stockraising are profitable industries, and fruit growing is promising in the more protected spots. There is a beautiful summer-resort region about Klamath Falls, including the world wonder, Crater Lake, and Pelican Bay, the summer home of the late Mr. Harriman. There is abundant nearby water power, and large bodies of timber, which insure a number of manufactories for Klamath Falls.

Changes, transformations, railway mir-

acles, greet us as we turn at Klamath Falls and travel north through the center of Oregon, parallel with the Cascade Mountains and down the Deschutes River. One of the railway novelties of the West is before us—that of two great transcontinental systems, the Hill and the Harriman, paralleling each other for 300 miles, never more than a few miles apart, sometimes not over 300 yards, and

hundreds are being taken into Eastern Oregon on stage automobiles.

New towns are jumping up ahead of the southward-pushing Hill and Harriman railways, and others are yet to be thought out. As I passed, one of these towns was heralding itself from a pine tree, in the form of a neat little sign-board telling the names of itself and two of its chief streets to-be.



Irrigated Ranch Near Lower Bridge, Crook County.

several times jointly using the same tracks.

We are met by a procession of home-seekers, speculators, investors, capitalists. They are traveling in covered wagons, sometimes rickety and worn; some are leading pack horses; and I met one wooden-legged man with a great load on his back. The stages are crowded and loaded down with baggage and express. At Shaniko, the present railway terminus for all this part of Eastern Oregon, men were begging to ride through the cold night on the top of the swaying, four- and six-horse stage coaches; and three times the number of freighters and stages could not have emptied the bulging and overflowing warehouses. Also

One of the most hopeful of the new towns is Crescent, on the surveys of both south-bound roads, and at their supposed junction point with the east-and-west Harriman road. A twenty-five-acre clearing in the pine forest, marked street corners running up to the "heights," and forty or fifty tent-buildings and several new wooden structures, tell the story of a few-months-old ambitious town. Besides its promises as a railway center, there is a large body of merchantable timber adjacent to Crescent, and several near-by water power and hence lumbering-mill and manufacturing sites. The high altitude and nearness to the mountains is not favorable for grain growing, but it is a splendid dairying country.

And beautiful rivers, lakes and mountains will make it a popular summer resort.

La Pine, further north down the Deschutes River, is famed as the town that moved itself a mile in order to be on the railway surveys. La Pine is soon to have 30,000 acres of adjoining irrigated land, and also has surrounding dairying, timber, and summer-resort resources.

Having passed Lava Butte crater and one of the most recent lava flows in the United States, we are in the Deschutes River Valley country, a rich and most promising section with an altitude of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet. At the upper end of the Deschutes River Valley, which in the pre-irrigation days was called "the desert," is the town of Bend, already described.

Among the other established towns in the Upper Deschutes country are Redmond and Prineville. Redmond is one of the novelty towns of the Northwest. Five years ago there were only five families within a radius of fifteen miles, and not a single human habitation nearer than five miles. Even four years ago one must travel from three to five hundred miles across the desert from the site of the present Redmond to the nearest drop of drinking water. The transformation came with the construction of a large Carey Act reclamation project which, when completed, will reclaim a twenty-five-mile square area that formerly grew only sagebrush and junipers and whose chief life was jack rabbits, coyotes and wild horses.

The Redmond section illustrates the class of people that is settling many of the newly-reclaimed districts of the West. The pioneer and wife, the Redmonds, were former school teachers in North Dakota, who left good positions to "come West." The section was soon the reputed home of worn-down school-teachers and professional men. The old pioneers called them theoretical and bookish and said they got all of their "farming" from Department-of-Agriculture reports. Two years after the coming of the first settler Redmond held an agricultural fair, and the assembled products were marvels to the curious ones who came for miles. And the products of the Deschutes desert country

have been surprising the State ever since.

Interestingly, the most profitable present product of the Redmond section is plain hay. Hay is so valuable that it does not pay to thresh, some of the farmers realizing from fifty to sixty dollars an acre from their best land. With the completion of the railway, other crops will be as profitable. In the irrigated sections nearer Bend and Prineville market gardening and the production of berries and small fruits and potatoes have been good money makers. There are also large districts most promising for the production of the more hardy varieties of fruit.

Prineville, the oldest and the largest of the interior Eastern Oregon towns, is located eighteen miles east and up the rich Crooked River Valley, from the north-and-south railways. In an earlier day the whole of Eastern Oregon was known as the Prineville country, and the town was the supply point for a great area. Prineville is a substantial, conservative town with splendid schools and some of the finest buildings in Eastern Oregon. Immediately surrounding are from 75,000 to 100,000 acres of agricultural land, the greater part of which may be irrigated by the construction of storage reservoirs to collect the waters of the Crooked River and smaller creeks. The hope of Prineville is an east-and-west railway, and such a road has been promised, following the 600,000-acre Wagon Road land grant up the Crooked River Valley past Prineville and east to the Idaho line. This road grant has lain dormant for years, a hindrance to development, but its colonization is one of the promises for the emancipation of Eastern Oregon.

Lumber and grain will afford the first railway traffic from Eastern Oregon. The lumbering industry will center about the towns of Klamath Falls, Lakeview, Crescent and Bend—and there is a large timber belt east of Prineville. In the center of the developed grain-producing area is Madras, the first joint railway station on the Hill and the Harriman lines after they leave the Deschutes River Canyon. Madras is also a new town. A few years ago the townsite was a popular "round-up" grounds for the "buckaroo" outfits that rode the surrounding range for cattle and horses.

Today the land is producing from seventeen to thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre and combined harvesters have replaced the former cook-wagons. Many of the farmers in this section haul water, but the "well on wheels" is only temporary, since water may be had at depths of from a hundred to two hundred feet.

The one big topic in the new Eastern Oregon is railways, *railways*, RAILWAYS. Every town has big railway dreams—

even those that would n't at present be a before-breakfast appetizer for a census enumerator. Every one of the present towns on the north-and-south line hopes and believes that it is to be the junction point for the new lines east-and-west across the State. Several of them openly talk of themselves as "the Spokane of Eastern Oregon." Some of them believe that they will be cities within a few years. And some of them will be.



Cowboy Driving Auto On Big Cattle Ranch In Harney County.

Playing the Part

By Charles Keeler

Come, make a bluff of courage, timid one!
 Assume the part of valor, play the part,
 Till acting it with usage oft renewed
 So breeds it in thy being and thy brain
 Thou growest to the stature of a man.
 Not the swashbuckler or Quixotic knight
 Swaggering before stuffed effigies of straw,
 Tilting with windmills—fake knight errantry!
 But real, deep-hearted acting, till in sooth
 The marionettes with life are animate;
 The actors attitudinize no more
 But, willy-nilly, now assume the role,
 Live the heroic part and laugh at fear,
 Throw dice with fate, and, be it gain or loss,
 Cry, "Such is life, come, try another toss!"

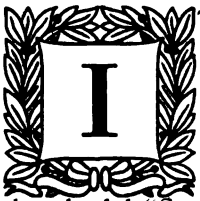
The Elbow Canyon Mystery

By Francis Lynde

Summary of First Instalment

Breckenridge Ballard, a young civil engineer in Boston, suddenly accepts a telegraphed offer of the position of chief of construction on the Arcadia Irrigation Project in Colorado. President Pelham, of the irrigation company, wants a "fighting man" for the job. As Ballard is about to take the train for the West, he receives a mysterious despatch signed "Lassley," a friend whose guest is Miss Elsa Craigmiles. The telegram warns him that the irrigation project has cost in succession the lives of three previous chiefs of construction, and begs him not to undertake it. Ballard pays no attention to the warning but proceeds to Denver, where he interviews President Pelham. The latter describes the violent deaths of the three former chiefs of construction, without any suggestion, however, of foul play; but he warns Ballard that the irrigation work is bitterly opposed by the Cattle King of Arcadia, a portion of whose lands will be damaged by the project, and who absolutely refuses to sell to the company, or grant it any rights to the land.

Arriving at the construction camp, on the site of the dam at Elbow Canyon, in the picturesque heart of the Rockies, Ballard finds his old friend Bromley in charge as his subordinate. Bromley gives him more details of the tragedies and alleged "hoodoo" on the work, and describes the fire-eating cattle king, who proves to be Colonel Craigmiles, none other than the father of Elsa Craigmiles, the girl whom Ballard loves, and whom he last saw at Boston, about to start for Europe for the summer with her friends, the Lassleys. As Ballard and Bromley are chatting in their construction-camp quarters, a series of explosions is heard from the neighboring rock quarry, and a large stone suddenly crashes through the ceiling, narrowly missing the chief engineer. A few days later, while on a tour of inspection, Ballard comes upon a gang of Colonel Craigmiles's cowboys, with their foreman Manuel, gaily playing a sort of polo game with his company's survey-stakes. He protests vigorously, and orders them to replace the stakes, which brings on an encounter with Manuel, a treacherous bully, known to the West as a "killer," and the situation rapidly becomes acute.



It was at this climaxing moment, while Ballard was tightening his eye-hold upon the one dangerous antagonist, and foiling with his free hand the attempts of the playful "Scotty" at his right to disarm him, that the diversion came. A cloud of dust on the near-by stage trail resolved itself into a fiery-red, purring motor-car with a single occupant; and a moment later the car had left the road and was heading across the grassy interspace.

Manuel's left hand was hovering above his pistol-butt; and Ballard took his eyes from the menace long enough to glance aside at the approaching motorist. He was a kingly figure of a man well on in years, white-haired, ruddy of face, with huge military mustaches and a goatee.

He brought the car with a skilful turn into the midst of things; and Ballard, confident now that the Mexican foreman no longer needed watching, saw a singular happening.

While one might count two, the old man in the motor-car stared hard at him, rose in his place behind the steering-wheel, staggered, groped with his hands as the blind grope, and then fell back into the driving-seat with a groan.

Ballard was off his horse instantly, tendering his pocket-flask. But the old man's indisposition seemed to pass as suddenly as it had come.

"Thank you, suh," he said in a voice that boomed for its very depth and sweetness; "I reckon I've been driving a little too fast. Youh—youh name is Ballard—Breckenridge Ballard, is n't it?" he inquired courteously, completely ignoring the dissolving ring of practical jokers.

"It is. And you are Colonel Craigmiles?"

"At youh service, suh; entiahly at youh service. I should have known you anywhere for a Ballard. Youh mother was a Hardaway, but you dont take after that side. No, suh"—with calm deliberation—"you are youh father's son, Mistah Ballard." Then, as one coming at a bound from the remote past to the present: "Was thah any—ah—little discussion going on between you and—ah—Manuel, Mistuh Ballard?"

Five minutes earlier the engineer had been angry enough to prefer spiteful charges against the polo players all and singular. But the booming of the deep voice had a curiously mollifying effect.

"It is hardly worth mentioning," he found himself replying. "I was protesting to your foreman because the boys were having a little game of polo at our expense—knocking our location stakes out of the ground."

The kingly old man in the motor-car drew himself up, and there was a mild explosion directed at the Mexican foreman.

"Manuel, I'm suhprised—right much suhprised and humiliated, suh! I thought it was—ah—distinctly undehtood that all this schoolboy triflin' was to be stopped. Let me heah no more of it. And see that these heah stakes are replaced; carefully replaced, if you please, suh." And then to the complainant: "I'm right sorry, I assure you, Mistuh Ballard. Let me prove it by carrying you off to dinneh with us at Castle 'Cadia. Grigsby, heah, will lead youh horse to camp, and fetch any little necessities you might care to send for. Indulge me, suh, and let me make amends. My daughter speaks of you so often that I feel we ought to be mo' friendly."

"Your daughter?—Miss Craigmiles is in Europe now, is she not?"

"No, she thought betteh of that and come home to her fatheh the other day with a house party—a regulah suhprise party, in fact."

Ballard, at this astounding information, was stricken dumb for the moment and his mind, in a turmoil, ranged hurriedly over the situation. What could have induced Elsa to abandon the European trip so abruptly? Could it be

possible that he figured even remotely as a cause? That telegram! How absurd! The house-party, of course. Some tardily learned of arrangement that compelled her return to entertain the guests.

Under much less favorable conditions it is conceivable that the Kentuckian would have overridden many barriers for the sake of finding the open door at Castle 'Cadia. And, the tour of inspection being completed, there was no special duty call to sound a warning.

"I shall be delighted, I'm sure," he said, recovering speech; and when the cowboy messenger was charged with the errand to the headquarters camp, Ballard took his place beside the company's enemy, and the car was sent purring across to the hill-skirting stage road, an odd accompaniment to the song his heart was singing, the refrain of which was: "My daughter speaks of you so often."

Chapter VII.

CASTLE 'CADIA

IT was a ten-mile run to the bowl-shaped valley behind the foothills; and Colonel Craigmiles, mindful, perhaps, of his late seizure, did not speed the motor-car.

Recalling it afterward, Ballard remembered that the talk was not once suffered to approach the conflict in which he and his host were the principal antagonists. Miss Elsa's house-party, the matchless climate of Arcadia, the scenery, Ballard's own recollections of his Kentucky boyhood—all these were made to do duty; and the Colonel's smile was so winning, his deep voice so sympathetic, and his attitude so affectionately paternal, that Ballard found his mental picture of a fierce old frontiersman fighting for his squatter rights fading to the vanishing point.

"Diplomacy," Mr. Pelham had suggested, and Ballard smiled inwardly. If it came to a crossing of diplomatic weapons with this keen-eyed, gentle-voiced patriarch, who seemed bent on regarding him as an honored guest, the company's cause was as good as lost.

The road over which the motor-car was silently trundling avoided the headquarters camp at the dam by several miles, losing itself among the hog-back

foothills well to the southward, and approaching the inner valley at right angles to the course of the river and the railway.

The sun had sunk behind the Western mountain barrier, and the dusk was gathering, when the Colonel quickened the pace, and the car topped the last of the hills in a staccato rush. Ballard heard the low thunder of the Boiling Water in its upper canyon, and had glimpses of weird shapes of eroded sandstone looming in huge pillars and fantastic mushroom figures in the growing darkness.

Then the lights of Castle 'Cadia twinkled in their tree-setting at the top of the little knoll; the drought-hardened road became a gravelled carriage-drive under the pneumatic tires; and a final burst of speed sent the car rocketing to the summit of the knoll through a maple-shadowed avenue.

The great tree-trunk-pillared portico of the country house was deserted when the colonel cut out the motor-battery switch at the carriage step. But a moment later a white-gowned figure appeared in the open doorway, and the colonel's daughter came to the step, to laugh gayly, and to say:

"Why, Mr. Ballard, I'm astounded! Have you really decided that it is quite safe to trust yourself in the camp of the enemy?"

"Would n't I brave any danger?" he began, laughing. "But did I merely dream you were going to Europe with the Lassleys, or—"

She made a charming little face at him. "Do you never change your plans suddenly, Mr. Ballard? Never mind, I know you do. Well, so do I. At the last I had word from Cousin Janet Van Bryck and I suddenly decided upon the party she proposed for Arcadia. Mrs. Lassley was justly aroused. She gave me a merited scolding—went so far as to accuse me of not knowing my own mind for two minutes at a time."

Ballard had seen Castle 'Cadia at field-glass range; and he had Bromley's enthusiastic description of the house of marvels to push anticipation some little distance along the way to meet the artistic reality. None the less, the reality came with the shock of the unexpected.

In the softened light of the shaded

electric pendants, the massive pillars of the portico appeared as single trees standing as they had grown in the mountain forest. Underfoot the floor was of hewn tree-trunks; but the house walls, like the pillars, were of logs in the rough, cunningly matched and fitted to conceal the carpentry.

A man had come to take the automobile, and the Colonel paused to call attention to a needed adjustment of the motor. Ballard made use of the isolated moment.

"I have accounted for you at last," he said, prolonging the greeting hand-clasp to the ultimate limit, "I know now what has made you what you are."

"Really? And all these years I have been vainly imagining that I had acquired the manner of the civilized East! Enter the house of the enemy, Mr. Ballard," she repeated. "A cow-punching princess bids you welcome."

She was looking him fairly in the eyes when she said it, and he acquitted her doubtfully of the charge of intention. But her repetition, accidental or incidental, of his own phrase was sufficiently disconcerting to make him awkwardly silent while she led the way into the spacious reception-hall.

Here the spell of the enchantments laid fresh hold on him. The rustic exterior of the great house was only the artistically designed contrast—within were richness, refinement, and luxury unbounded. The floors were of polished wood, and the rugs were costly Daghestans. Beyond portieres of curious Indian bead-work, there were vistas of harmonious interiors; carved furnishings, beamed and panelled ceilings, book-lined walls. The light everywhere came from the softly-tinted electric globes. There was a great stone fireplace in the hall, but radiators flanked the openings, giving an added touch of modernity.

Ballard pulled himself together and strove to recall the fifty-mile, sky-reaching mountain barrier lying between all this twentieth-century country-house luxury and the nearest outpost of urban civilization. Miss Craigmiles summoned a Japanese servant and gave him in charge.

"Show Mr. Ballard to the red room, Tagawi," she directed. And then to the guest: "We dine at seven—as inform-

ally as you please. You will find your bag in your room, and Tagawi will serve you."

The Kentuckian followed his guide up the broad stair and through a second-floor corridor which abated no jot of the down-stair magnificence. Neither did his room, for that matter. Hangings of Pompeian red gave it its name; and it was spacious and high-studded, and critically up-to-date in its appointments.

After the departure of his smiling little servitor, Ballard's feelings found vent in speech. "By Jove! but this place is a poem! I don't wonder that the Colonel is fighting Berserk to save it alive. And Mr. Pelham and his millionaires come calmly up to the counter and offer to buy it—with mere money!"

He filled the porcelain bath with a crystal-clear flood that, measured by its icy temperature, might have been newly distilled glacier drip; and the cold plunge did something toward establishing the reality of things. He went down a little in advance of the house-party guests, and met Elsa, and was presented to a low-voiced lady with silvery hair and the face of a chastened saint, named to him as Miss Cauffrey, but addressed by Elsa as "Aunt June."

"I hope you find yourself somewhat refreshed, Mr. Ballard," said the sweet-voiced chatelaine. "Elsa tells me you have been in the tropics, and our high altitudes must be almost distressing at first; I know I found them so."

"Really, I had n't noticed the change," returned Ballard rather vaguely. Then he bestirred himself, and tried to live up to the singularly out-of-place social requirements. "I'm not altogether new to the altitudes, though I have n't been in the West for the past year or two."

Miss Cauffrey smiled, and the king's daughter laughed softly.

"You are come to take poor Mr. Macpherson's place?" queried Miss Cauffrey; which was Ballard's first intimation that the Arcadian promotion scheme was not taboo by the entire household of Castle Cadia.

"That is what I supposed I was doing, up to this evening. It seems that I have stumbled into fairyland instead."

"No," said the house-daughter, laughing at him again—"only into the least

Arcadian part of Arcadia. And after dinner you will be free to go where you are impatient to be at this very moment."

"I don't know about that," was Ballard's rejoinder. "I was just now wondering if I could be heroic enough to go contentedly from all this to my adobe shack in the construction camp."

Miss Craigmiles mocked him again.

"My window in the Alta Vista sleeper chanced to be open that night while the train was standing in the Denver station. Did n't I hear Mr. Pelham say that the watchword—your watchword—was to be 'drive,' for every man, minute, and dollar there was in it?"

Ballard said, "Oh, good Lord!" under his breath, and a hot flush rose to humiliate him, in spite of his efforts to keep it down. Now it was quite certain that her word of welcome was not a mere coincidence. She had actually been on the same train! She had overheard that brutal and uncalled-for boast of his about making love to "the cow-punching princesses;" and this was his punishment.

It was a moment for free speech of the explanatory sort, but Miss Cauffrey's presence forbade it. So he could only say, in a voice that might have melted a heart of stone: "I am wholly at your mercy—and I am your guest. And by the way, do I know any of your other guests?"

"I don't know; I'll list them for you," she offered. "There are Major Blacklock, United States Engineers, retired, who always says, 'H'm—ha!' before he contradicts you; the major's nieces, Madge and Margery Cantrell—the idea of splitting one name for two girls in the same family!—and the major's son, Jerry, most hopeful when he is pitted against other young savages on the football field. All strangers, so far?"

Ballard nodded, and she went on.

"Then there are Cousin Janet Van Bryck and Dosia—I am sure you have met them; and Hetty Bigelow, their cousin, twice removed, whom you have never met, if Cousin Janet could help it; and Hetty's brother, Lucius, who is something or other in the Forestry Service. Let me see; how many is that?"

"Eight," said Ballard, "counting the negligible Miss Bigelow and her tree-nursing brother."

"Good. I merely wanted to make sure you were paying attention. Last, but by no means least, there is Mr. Wingfield—the Lester Wingfield, who writes plays."

Without ever having been suffered to declare himself Miss Elsa's lover, Ballard resented the saving of the playwright for the climax; also, he resented the respectful awe, real or assumed, with which his name was paraded.

"Cousin Janet is chaperon," continued Miss Craigmiles. "And—oh, yes, I forgot; Professor Gardiner is to join us later. I knew there must be one more somewhere. But he was an afterthought. I—Cousin Janet, I mean—got his acceptance by wire at Omaha."

"Gardiner is not going to join you," said Ballard, with effrontery. "He is going to join me."

"Where?"

"In Elbow Canyon."

He was well used to her swiftly changing moods. Yet he was quite unprepared for her grave and frankly reproachful question:

"Why did n't you go to Cuba? Did n't Mr. Lassley telegraph you not to go to Arcadia?"

"He did, indeed. But what do you know about it?—if I may ask?"

For the first time in their two years' acquaintance he saw her visibly embarrassed. And her explanation scarcely explained.

"I—I was with the Lassleys in New York, you know; I went to the steamer to see them off. Mr. Lassley showed me his telegram to you after he had written it."

Whether he might have learned more was left indeterminate, since the members of the house-party were coming down by twos and threes, introductions came in quick succession and shortly afterward dinner was announced.

By this time Ballard was growing a little hardened to the surprises; and the exquisitely appointed dining-room evoked only a left-over thrill. And at dinner, in the intervals allowed him by Miss Dosia Van Bryck, who was his table companion, there were other things to think of. For example, he was curious to observe Wingfield, of whom he had a good front view. The playwright wore a

beard closely trimmed and pointed in the French manner; this, the quick-moving eyes and a certain vulpine showing of white teeth when he laughed, were his noticeable characteristics.

In the seating Ballard had Major Blacklock and one of the Cantrell girls for his opposites; and Lucius Bigelow and the other sharer of the common Cantrell Christian name widened the gap. But the centrepiece in the middle of the great mahogany was low; and Ballard could see over it only too well.

Wingfield and Elsa were discussing playmaking and the playmaker's art; or, rather, Wingfield was talking shop with cheerful dogmatism, and Miss Craigmiles was listening, with a rapt expression, Ballard thought.

"I should think your profession would be perfectly grand, Mr. Ballard. Dont you find it so?" Thus Miss Dosia, who, being quite void of subjective enthusiasm, felt constrained to try to evoke it in others.

"Very," said Ballard, hearing nothing save the upward inflection which demanded a reply.

Miss Van Bryck seemed mildly surprised; but after a time she tried again.

"Has any one told you that Mr. Wingfield is making the studies for a new play?" she asked.

Again Ballard marked the rising inflection; said "Yes," at a venture; and was straightway humiliated, as he deserved to be.

"It seems so odd that he should come out here for his material," Miss Van Bryck went on evenly. "I dont begin to understand how there can be any dramatic possibilities in a wilderness house-party, with positively no other social setting whatever."

"Ah, no; of course not," stammered Ballard, realizing now that he was fairly at sea. And then, to make matters worse: "You were speaking of Mr. Wingfield?"

Miss Van Bryck's large blue eyes mirrored reproachful astonishment; but she was too placid and too good-natured to be genuinely piqued.

"I fear you must have had a hard day, Mr. Ballard. All this is very wearisome to you, is n't it?" she said, letting him have a glimpse of the real kindness underlying the inanities.

"My day has been rather strenuous," he confessed. "But you make me ashamed. Wont you be merciful and try me again?" And this time he knew what he was saying, and meant it.

"It is hardly worth repeating," she qualified—nevertheless, she did repeat it.

Ballard, listening now, found the little note of distress in the protest against play-building in the wilderness; and his heart warmed to Miss Dosia. In the sentimental field, disappointment for one commonly implies disappointment for two; and he became suddenly conscious of a fellow-feeling for the heiress of the Van Bryck millions.

"There is plenty of dramatic material in Arcadia for Mr. Wingfield, if he knows where to look for it," he submitted. "For example, our camp at the dam furnishes a 'situation' every now and then." And here he told the story of the catapulted stone, adding the little dash of mystery to give it the dramatic flavor.

Miss Dosia's interest was as eager as her limitations would permit. "May I tell Mr. Wingfield?" she asked, with such innocent craft that Ballard could scarcely restrain a smile.

"Certainly. And if Mr. Wingfield is open to suggestion on that side, you may bring him down, and I'll put him on the trail of a lot more of the mysteries."

"Thank you so much. And may I call it my discovery?"

Again her obviousness touched the secret spring of laughter in him. It was very evident that Miss Van Bryck would do anything in reason to bring about a solution of continuity in the sympathetic intimacy growing up between the pair on the opposite side of the table.

Chapter VIII.

THE BRINK OF HAZARD.

THE summer night was perfect and the after-dinner gathering under the great portico became rather a dispersal. The company fell apart into couples and groups when the coffee was served; and while Miss Craigmiles and the playwright were still fraying the worn threads of the dramatic unities, Ballard consoled himself with the older of the Cantrell girls, talking commonplaces until his heart ached.

Later on, when young Bigelow had re-

lieved him, and he had given up all hope of breaking into the dramatic duet, he rose to go and make his parting acknowledgements to Miss Cauffrey and the Colonel. It was at that moment that Miss Elsa confronted him.

"You are not leaving?" she said. "The evening is still young—even for country folk."

"Measuring by the hours I've been neglected, the evening is old, very old," he retorted reproachfully.

"Which is another way of saying that we have bored you until you are sleepy?" she countered. "But you mustn't go yet—I want to talk to you." And she wheeled a great wicker lounging-chair into a quiet corner, and beat up the pillows in a near-by hammock, and bade him smoke his pipe if he preferred it to the Castle 'Cadia cigars.

"I don't care to smoke if you will talk to me," he said.

"For this one time, do have both—your pipe and me. Are you obliged to go back to your camp tonight?"

"Yes, indeed. I ran away, as it was. Bromley will have it in for me for dodging him this way."

"Is Mr. Bromley your boss?"

"He is something much better—he is my friend."

Her hammock was swung diagonally across the quiet corner, and she arranged her pillows so that the shadow of a spreading potted palm came between her eyes and the nearest electric globe.

"Am I not your friend, too?" she asked.

Jerry Blacklock and the younger Miss Cantrell were pacing a slow sentry march up and down the open space in front of the lounging-chairs; and Ballard waited until they had made the turn and were safely out of ear-shot before he said: "There are times when I have to admit it, reluctantly."

"How ridiculous!" she scoffed. "What is finer than true friendship?"

"Love," he said simply.

"Cousin Janet will hear you," she warned. Then she mocked him, as was her custom. "Does that mean that you would like to have me tell you about Mr. Wingfield?"

He played trumps again.

"Yes. When is it to be?"

"How crudely elemental you are to-

night! Suppose you ask him?"

"He has n't given me the right."

"Oh. And I have?"

"You are trying to give it to me, aren't you?"

She was swinging gently in the hammock, one daintily booted foot touching the floor.

"You are so painfully direct at times," she complained. "It's like a cold shower-bath; invigorating, but shivery. Mr. Wingfield, I think, regards me merely as so much literary material. He lives from moment to moment in the hope of discovering 'situations.'"

"Well, I am sure he has chosen a most promising subject—and surroundings. The kingdom of Arcadia reeks with dramatic possibilities, I should say."

Her face was still in the shadow of the branching palm, but the changed tone betrayed her changed mood.

"I have often accused you of having no insight—no intuition," she said musingly. "Yet you have a way of groping blindly to the very heart of things. How could you know that it has come to be the chief object of my life to keep Mr. Wingfield from becoming interested in what you flippantly call 'the dramatic possibilities'?"

"I did n't know it," he returned.

"Of course you did n't. Yet it is true. It is one of the reasons why I gave up going with the Herbert Lassleys after my passage was actually booked on the *Carania*. Cousin Janet's party was made up. Dosia and Jerry Blacklock came down to the steamer to see us off. Dosia told me that Mr. Wingfield was included. You have often said that I have the courage of a man—I had n't, then. I was horribly afraid."

"Of what?" he queried.

"Of many things. You would not understand if I should try to explain them."

"I do understand," he hastened to say. "But you have nothing to fear. Castle 'Cadia will merely gain an ally when Wingfield hears the story of the little war. Besides, I was not including your father's controversy with the Arcadia Company in the dramatic material; I was thinking more particularly of the curious and unaccountable happenings that

are continually occurring on the work—the accidents."

"There is no connection between the two—in your mind?" she asked. She was looking away from him, and he could not see her face. But the question was eager, almost pathetically eager.

"Assuredly not," he denied promptly. "Otherwise——"

"Otherwise you would n't be here to-night as my father's guest, you would say. But others are not so charitable. Mr. Macpherson was one of them. He charged all the trouble to us, though he could prove nothing. He said that if all the circumstances were made public——" She faced him quickly, and he saw that the beautiful eyes were full of trouble. "Can't you see what would happen—what is likely to happen if Mr. Wingfield sees fit to make literary material out of all these mysteries?"

The Kentuckian nodded. "The unthinking, newspaper-reading public would probably make one morsel of the accidents and your father's known antagonism to the company. But Wingfield would be something less than a man and a lover if he could bring himself to the point of making literary capital out of anything that might remotely involve you or your father."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"You don't understand the artistic temperament. It's a passion. I once heard Mr. Wingfield say that a true artist would make copy out of his grandmother."

Ballard scowled. It was quite credible that the Lester Wingfields were lost to all sense of the common decencies, but that Elsa Craigmiles should be in love with the sheik of the caddish tribe was quite beyond belief.

"I'll choke him off for you," he said; and his tone took its colour from the contemptuous underthought. "But I'm afraid I've already made a mess of it. To tell the truth, I suggested to Miss Van Bryck at dinner that our camp might be a good hunting-ground for Wingfield."

"You said that to Dosia?" There was something like suppressed horror in the low-spoken query.

"Not knowing any better, I did. She

was speaking of Wingfield, and of the literary barrenness of house-parties in general. I mentioned the camp as an alternative—told her to bring him down, and I'd— Good heavens! what have I done!"

Even in the softened light of the electric globes he saw that her face had become a pallid mask of terror; that she was swaying in the hammock. He was beside her instantly; and when she hid her face in her hands, his arm went about her for her comforting—this, though Wingfield was chatting amiably with Mrs. Van Bryck no more than three chairs away.

"Don't!" he begged. "I'll get out of it some way—lie out of it, fight out of it, if needful. I did n't know it meant anything to you. If I had—Elsa, dear, I love you; you've known it from the first. You can make believe with other men as you please, but in the end I shall claim you. Now tell me what it is that you want me to do."

Impulsively she caught at the caressing hand on her shoulder, held it, then pushed him away with resolute strength.

"We are forgetting ourselves," she said steadily. "And you must help me as you can. There is trouble—deeper trouble than you know or suspect. I tried to keep you out of it—away from it; and now you are here in Arcadia, to make it worse, infinitely worse. You have seen me laugh and talk with the others, playing the part of the woman you know. Yet there is never a waking moment when the burden of anxiety is lifted."

He mistook her meaning.

"You need n't be anxious about Wingfield's material hunt," he interposed. "If Miss Dosia takes him to the camp, I'll see to it that he does n't hear any of the ghost stories."

"That is only one of the anxieties," she went on hurriedly. "The greatest of them is—for you."

"For me? Because——"

"Because your way to Arcadia lay over three graves. That means nothing to you—does it also mean nothing that your life was imperilled within an hour of your arrival at your camp?"

He drew the big chair nearer to the hammock and sat down again.

"Now you are letting Bromley's im-

agination run away with yours. That rock came from our quarry. There was a night gang getting out stone for the dam."

She laid her hand softly on his arm.

"Do you want to know how much I trust you? That stone was thrown by a man who was standing upon the high bluff back of your headquarters. He thought you were alone in the office, and he meant to kill you. Don't ask me who it was, or how I know—I *do* know."

Ballard started involuntarily. It was not in human nature to take such an announcement calmly.

"Do you mean to say that I was coolly ambushed before I could——"

She silenced him with a quick little gesture. Blacklock and Miss Cantrell were still pacing their sentry beat, and Major Blacklock's "H'm—ha!" rose in irascible contradiction above the hum of voices.

"I have said all that I dare to say; more than I should have said if you were not so rashly determined to make light of things you do not understand," she rejoined openly.

"They are things which I should understand—which I must understand if I am to deal intelligently with them," he insisted. "I have been calling them one part accident and three parts superstition or imagination. But if there is design——"

Again she stopped him with the imperative little gesture.

"I did not say there was design," she denied.

It was an *impasse*, and the silence which followed emphasized it. When he rose to take his leave, he said impulsively:

"I cannot help believing that you are mistaken, but I respect your anxiety so much that I would willingly share it if I could. What do you want me to do?"

She turned to look away down the maple-shadowed avenue and her answer had tears in it.

"I want you to be watchful—always watchful. I wish you to believe that your life is in peril, and to act accordingly. And, lastly, I beg you to help me keep Mr. Wingfield away from Elbow Canyon."

"I shall be heedful," he promised. "And if Mr. Wingfield comes material-

hunting, I shall be as inhospitable as possible. May I come again to Castle 'Cadia?"

The invitation was given instantly, almost eagerly.

"Yes; come as often as you can spare the time. Must you go now? Shall I have Otto bring the car and drive you around to your camp?"

Ballard promptly refused to put the chauffeur to the trouble. It was only a little more than a mile in the direct line from the house on the knoll to the point where the river broke through the foothill hogback, and the night was fine and starlit. After the day of hard riding he should enjoy the walk.

Elsa did not go with him when he went to say good-night to Miss Cauffrey and to his host. He left her sitting in the hammock, and found her still there a few minutes later when he came back to say that he must make his acknowledgments to her father through her. "I can't find him, and no one seems to know where he is," he explained.

She rose quickly and went to the end of the portico to look down a second tree-shadowed avenue skirting the mountainward slope of the knoll.

"He must have gone to the laboratory; the lights are on," she said; and then with a smile that thrilled him ecstatically: "You see what your footing is to be at Castle 'Cadia. Father will not make company of you; he expects you to come and go as one of us."

With this heart-warming word for his leave-taking Ballard sought out the path to which she directed him and swung off down the hill to find the trail, half bridle-path and half wagon-road, which led by way of the river's windings to the outlet canyon and the camp on the outer mesa.

When he was but a little distance from the house he heard the *pad pad* of soft footfalls behind him, and presently a great dog of the St. Bernard breed overtook him and walked sedately at his side. Ballard loved a good dog only less than he loved a good horse, and he stopped to pat the St. Bernard, talking to it as he might have talked to a human being.

Afterward, when he went on, the dog kept even pace with him, and would not go back, though Ballard tried to send

him, coaxing first and then commanding. To the blandishments the big retriever made his return in kind, wagging his tail and thrusting his huge head between Ballard's knees in token of affection and loyal fealty. To the commands he was entirely deaf, and when Ballard desisted, the dog took his place at one side and one step in advance, as if half impatient at his temporary master's waste of time.

At the foot-bridge crossing the river, the dog ran ahead and came back again, and at Ballard's "Good dog! Fine old fellow!" he padded along with still graver dignity, once more catching the step in advance and looking neither to right nor left.

At another time Ballard might have wondered why the great St. Bernard, most sagacious of his tribe, should thus attach himself to a stranger and refuse to be shaken off. But at the moment the young man had a heartfelt of other and more insistent queryings. Gained ground with the loved one is always the lover's most heady cup of intoxication; but the lees at the bottom of the present cup were sharply tonic, if not bitter.

What was the mystery so evidently enshrouding the tragedies at Elbow Canyon? That they were tragedies rather than accidents there seemed no longer any reasonable doubt. But with the doubt removed, the mystery cloud grew instantly thicker and more impenetrable. If the tragedies were growing out of the fight for the possession of Arcadia Park, what manner of man could Colonel Craigmiles be to play the kindly, courteous host at one moment and the backer and instigator of murderers at the next? And if the charge against the Colonel be allowed to stand, it immediately dragged in a sequent which was clearly inadmissible: the unavoidable inference being that Elsa Craigmiles was in no uncertain sense her father's accessory.

Ballard was a man and a lover; and his first definition of love was unquestioning loyalty. He was prepared to doubt the evidence of his senses, if need be, but not the perfections of the ideal he had set up in the inner chamber of his heart, naming it Elsa Craigmiles.

These communings and queryings, leading always into the same metaphysical labyrinth, brought the young engi-

neer far on the down-river trail; were still with him when the trail narrowed to a steep one-man path and began to climb the hogback, with one side buttressed by a low cliff and the other falling sheer into the Boiling Water on the left. On this narrow ledge the dog went soberly ahead; and at one of the turns in the path Ballard came upon him standing solidly across the way and effectually blocking it.

"What is it, old boy?" was the man's query; and the dog's answer was a wag of the tail and a low whine. "Go on, old fellow," said Ballard; but the big St. Bernard merely braced himself and whined again. It was quite dark on the high ledge, a fringe of scrub pines on the upper side of the cutting blotting out a fair half of the starlight. Ballard struck a match and looked beyond the dog; looked and drew back with a startled exclamation. *Where the continuation of the path should have been there was a gaping chasm pitching steeply down into the Boiling Water.*

More lighted matches served to show the extent of the hazard and the trap-like peril of it. A considerable section of the path had slid away in a land- or rock-slide, and Ballard saw how he might easily have walked into the gulf if the dog had not stopped on the brink of it.

"I owe you one, good old boy," he said, stooping to pat the words out on the St. Bernard's head. "I'll pay it when I can; to you, to your mistress, or possibly even to your master. Come on, old fellow, and we'll find another way with less risk in it," and he turned back to climb over the mesa hill under the stone quarries, approaching the headquarters camp from the rear.

When the hill was surmounted and the electric mast lights of the camp lay below, the great dog stopped, sniffing the air suspiciously.

"Dont like the looks of it, do you?" said Ballard. "Well, I guess you'd better go back home. It is n't a very comfortable place down there for little dogs—or big ones. Good-night, old fellow." And, quite as if he understood, the St. Bernard faced about and trotted away toward Castle 'Cadia.

There was a light in the adobe shack when Ballard descended the hill, and he

found Bromley sitting up for him. The first assistant engineer was killing time by working on the current estimate for the quarry sub-contractor, and he looked up quizzically when his chief came in.

"Been bearding the lion in his den, have you?" he said, cheerfully. "That's right; there's nothing like being neighborly, even with our friend the enemy. Did n't you find him all the things I said he was—and then some?"

"Yes," returned Ballard, gravely. Then, abruptly: "Loudon, who uses the path that goes up on our side of the canyon and over into the Castle 'Cadia valley?"

"Who?—why, anybody having occasion to. It's the easiest way to reach the wing dam that Sanderson built at the canyon inlet to turn the current against the right bank. Fitzpatrick sends a man over now and then to clear the driftwood from the dam."

"Anybody been over today?"

"No."

"How about the cow-puncher—Grigsby—who brought my horse over and got my bag?"

"He was riding, and he came and went by way of our bridge below the dam. You could n't ride a horse over that hill path."

"You certainly could not," said Ballard grimly. "There is a chunk about the size of this shack gone out of it—dropped into the river, I suppose."

Bromley was frowning reflectively.

"More accidents?" he suggested.

"One more—apparently."

Bromley jumped up, sudden realization grappling him.

"Why, Breckenridge!—you've just come over that path—alone, and in the dark!"

"Part way over it, and in the dark, yes; but not alone, luckily. The Craigmiles's dog—the big St. Bernard—was with me, and he stopped on the edge of the break. Otherwise I might have walked into it—most probably should have walked into it."

Bromley began to tramp the floor with his hands in his pockets.

"I cant remember," he said; and again, "I cant remember. I was over there yesterday, or the day before. It was all right then. It was a good trail. Why,

Breckenridge"—with sudden emphasis—"it would have taken a charge of dynamite to blow it down!"

Ballard dropped lazily into a chair and locked his hands at the back of his head. "And you say that the hoodoo has n't got around to using high explosives yet, eh? By the way, have there been any more visitations since I went out on the line last Tuesday?"

Bromley was shaking his head in the negative when the door opened with a jerk and Bessinger, the telegraph operator whose wire was in the railroad-yard office, tumbled in, white faced.

"Hoskins and the Two!" he gasped. "They're piled up under a material train three miles down the track! Fitzpatrick is turning out a wrecking crew from the bunk shanties, and he sent me up to call you!"

Bromley's quick glance aside for Ballard was acutely significant.

"I guess I'd better change that 'No' of mine to a qualified 'Yes,'" he corrected. "The visitation seems to have come." Then to Bessinger: "Get your breath, Billy, and then chase back to Fitzpatrick. Tell him we'll be with him as soon as Mr. Ballard can change his clothes."

Chapter IX.

HOSKINS' GHOST.

THE wreck in the rocky hills west of the Elbow Canyon railroad yard proved to be less calamitous than Bessinger's report, handed on from the excited alarm brought in by a demoralized train flagman, had pictured it. When Ballard and Bromley, hastening to the rescue on Fitzpatrick's relief train, reached the scene of the accident, they found Hoskins's engine and fifteen cars in the ditch, and the second flagman with a broken arm; but Hoskins himself was unhurt, as were the remaining members of the train crew.

Turning the work of track clearing over to Bromley and the relief crew, Ballard began at once to pry irritably into causes; irritably since wrecks meant delays, and President Pelham's letters were already cracking the whip for greater expedition.

It was a singular derailment, and at first none of the trainmen seemed to be able to account for it. The point of dis-

aster was on a sharp curve where the narrow-gauge track bent like a strained bow around one of the rocky hills. As the debris lay, the train seemed to have broken in two on the knuckle of the curve, and here the singularity was emphasized. The overturned cars were not merely derailed; they were locked and crushed together, and heaped up and strewn abroad, in a fashion to indicate a collision rather than a simple jumping of the track.

Ballard used Galliford, the train conductor, for the first heel of his pry.

"I guess you and Hoskins both need about thirty days," was the way he opened upon Galliford. "How long had your train been broken in two before the two sections came in collision?"

"If we broke in two, nobody knew it. I was in the caboose 'lookout' myself, and I saw the Two's gauge-light track around the curve. Next I knew, I was smashin' the glass in the 'lookout' with my head, and the train was chasin' out on the prairie. I'll take the thirty days, all right, and I wont sue the company for the cuts on my head. But I'll be danged if I'll take the blame, Mr. Ballard." The conductor spoke as a man.

"Somebody's got to take it," snapped the chief. "If you did n't break in two, what did happen?"

"Now you've got me guessing, and I haint got any more guesses left. At first I thought Hoskins had hit something 'round on the far side o' the curve. That's what it felt like. Then, for a second or two, I could have sworn he had the Two in the reverse, backing his end of the train up against my end and out into the sagebrush."

"What does Hoskins say? Where is he?" demanded Ballard; and together they picked their way around to the other end of the wreck, looking for the engine-man.

Hoskins, however, was not to be found. Fitzpatrick had seen him groping about in the cab of his overturned engine; and Bromley, when the inquiry reached him, explained that he had sent Hoskins up to camp on a hand-car which was going back for tools.

"He was pretty badly shaken up, and I told him he'd better hunt the bunk shanty and rest his nerves awhile. We did n't

need him," said the assistant, accounting for the engineman's disappearance.

Ballard let the investigation rest for the moment, but later, when Bromley was working the contractor's gang on the track obstructions farther along, he lighted a flare torch at the fire some of the men had made out of the wreck kindling wood, and began a critical examination of the derailed and *débris*-covered locomotive.

It was a Baldwin ten-wheel type, with the boiler extending rather more than half-way through the cab, and since it had rolled over on the right-hand side, the controlling levers were under the crushed wreckage of the cab. None the less, Ballard saw what he was looking for; afterward making assurance doubly sure by prying at the engine's brake-shoes and thrusting the pinch-bar of inquiry into various mechanisms under the trucks and driving-wheels.

It was an hour past midnight when Bromley reported the track clear, and asked if the volunteer wrecking crew should go on and try to pick up the cripples.

"Not tonight," was Ballard's decision. "We'll get Williams and his track-layers in from the front tomorrow and let them tackle it. Williams used to be Upham's wrecking boss over on the D. & U. P. main line, and he'll make short work of this little pile-up, engine and all."

Accordingly, the whistle of the relief train's engine was blown to recall Fitzpatrick's men, and a little later the string of flats, men-laden, trailed away among the up-river hills, leaving the scene of the disaster with only the dull red glow of the workmen's night fire to illuminate it.

When the rumble of the receding relief train was no longer audible, the figure of a man, dimly outlined in the dusky glow of the fire, materialized out of the shadows of the nearest arroyo. First making sure that no watchman had been left to guard the point of hazard, the man groped purposefully under the fallen locomotive and drew forth a stout steel bar which had evidently been hidden for this later finding. With this bar for a lever, the lone wrecker fell fiercely at work under the broken cab, prying and heaving until the sweat started in great

drops under the visor of his workman's cap and ran down to make rivulets of gray in the grime on his face.

Whatever he was trying to do seemed difficult of accomplishment, if not impossible. Again and again he strove at his task, pausing now and then to take breath or to rub his moist hands in the dry sand for the better gripping of the smooth steel. Finally—it was when the embers of the fire on the hill slope were flickering to their extinction—the bar slipped and let him down heavily. The fall must have partly stunned him, since it was some little time before he staggered to his feet, flung the bar into the wreck with a morose oath, and limped away up the track toward the headquarters camp, turning once and again to shake his fist at the capsized locomotive in the ditch at the curve.

It was the afternoon of the day following the wreck that Ballard made the laboratory test for blame; the office room in the adobe shack serving as the "sweat-box."

First came the flagmen, one at a time, their stories agreeing well enough, and both corroborating Galliford's account. Next came Hoskins's fireman, a green boy from the Alta Vista mines, who had been making his first trip over the road. He knew nothing save that he had looked up between shovelfuls to see Hoskins fighting with his levers, and had judged the time to be ripe for the life-saving jump.

Last of all came Hoskins, hanging his head and looking as if he had been caught stealing sheep.

"Tell it straight," was Ballard's curt caution; and the engineman stumbled through a recital in which haziness and inconsistency struggled for first place. He had seen something on the track or he thought he had, and had tried to stop. Before he could bring the train under control he had heard the crashing of the wreck in the rear. He admitted that he had jumped while the engine was still in motion.

"Which way was she running when you jumped, John?—forward or backward?" asked Ballard, quietly.

Bromley, who was making pencil notes of the evidence, looked up quickly and saw the big engineman's jaw drop.

"How could she be runnin' any way but forrards?" he returned, sullenly.

Ballard was smoking, and he shifted his cigar to say: "I did n't know." Then, with sudden heat: "But I mean to know, Hoskins; I mean to go quite to the bottom of this, here and now! You've been garbling the facts; purposely, or because you are still too badly rattled to know what you are talking about. I can tell you what you did: for some reason you made an emergency stop; you *did* make it, either with the brakes or without them. Then you put your engine in the reverse motion and *backed*; you were backing when you jumped, and the engine was still backing when it left the rails."

Hoskins put his shoulders against the wall and passed from sullenness to deep dejection. "I've got a wife and two kids back in Alta Vista, and I'm all in," he said. "What is there about it that you dont know, Mr. Ballard?"

"There are two or three other things that I do know, and one that I dont. You did n't come up to the camp on the hand-car last night; and after we left the wreck, somebody dug around in the Two's cab trying to fix things so that they would look a little better for John Hoskins. So much I found out this morning. But I dont care particularly about that: what I want to know is the first cause. What made you lose your head?"

"I told you; there was something on the track."

"What was it?"

"It was—well, it was what once was a man."

Ballard bit hard on his cigar, and all the phrases presenting themselves were profane. But a glance from Bromley enabled him to say, with decent self-control: "Go on; tell us about it."

"There aint much to tell, and I reckon you wont believe a thing 'at I say," Hoskins began monotonously. "Did you or Mr. Bromley notice what bend o' the river that curve is at?"

Ballard said "No," and Bromley shook his head. The engineman went on.

"It's where *he* fell in and got drowned—Mr. Braithwaite, I mean. I reckon it sounds mighty foolish to you-all, sittin' here in the good old daylight, with nothin' happening; but I *saw* him. When

the Two's headlight jerked around the curve and picked him up, he was standing between the rails, sideways, and lookin' off toward the river. He had the same little old two-peaked cap on that he always wore, and he had his fishin'-rod over his shoulder. I did n't have three car lengths to the good when I saw him; and—and—well, I reckon I went plumb crazy." Hoskins was a large man and muscular rather than fat; but he was sweating again, and could not hold his hands still.

Ballard got up and walked to the window which looked out upon the stone-yard. When he turned again it was to ask Hoskins, quite mildly, if he believed in ghosts.

"I never allowed to, before this, Mr. Ballard."

"Yet you have often thought of Braithwaite's drowning, when you have been rounding that particular curve? I remember you pointed out the place to me."

Hoskins nodded. "I reckon I never have run by there since without thinking of it."

Ballard sat down again and tilted his chair to the reflective angle.

"One more question, John, and then you may go. You had a two-hour lay-over in Alta Vista yesterday while the D. & U. P. people were transferring your freight. How many drinks did you take in those two hours?"

"Before God, Mr. Ballard, I never touched a drop! I dont say I'm too good to do it; I aint. But any man that 'd go crookin' his elbow when he had that mountain run ahead of him would be *all* fool!"

"That's so," said Ballard. And then: "That will do. Go and turn in again and sleep the clock around. I'll tell you what is going to happen to you when you're better fit to hear it."

"Well?" queried Bromley, when Hoskins was gone.

"Say your say, and then I'll say mine," was Ballard's rejoinder.

"I should call it a pretty harsh joke on Hoskins, played by somebody with more spite than common sense. There has been some little ill blood between Fitzpatrick's men and the railroad gangs; more particularly between the stone-cut-

ters here at the dam and the train crews. It grew out of Fitzpatrick's order putting his men on the water-wagon. When the camp canteen was closed, the stone 'buckies' tried to open up a jug-line from Alta Vista. The trainmen would n't stand for it against Macpherson's promise to fire the first 'boot-legger' he caught."

"And you think one of the stone-cutters went down from the camp to give Hoskins a jolt?"

"That is my guess."

Ballard laughed.

"Mine is n't quite as practical, I'll admit; but I believe it is the right one. I've been probing Hoskins's record quietly, and his long suit is superstition. Half the 'hoodoo' talk of the camp can be traced back to him if you'll take the trouble. He confessed just now that he never passed that point in the road without thinking of Braithwaite and his taking-off. From that to seeing things is n't a very long step."

Bromley made the sign of acquiescence.

"I'd rather accept your hypothesis than mine, Breckenridge. I'd hate to believe that we have the other kind of a fool on the job; a man who would deliberately make scare medicine to add to that which is already made. What will you do with Hoskins?"

"Let him work in the repair shop for a while, till he gets the fever out of his blood. I don't want to discharge him," answered Ballard.

"Good. Now that is settled, will you take a little walk with me? I want to show you something."

Ballard found his pipe and filled it, and they went out together. It was a perfect summer afternoon, still and cloudless, and with the peculiar high-mountain resonance in the air that made the clink of the stone hammers ring like a musical chorus beaten out upon steel anvils. Peaceful, orderly industry struck the keynote, and for the moment there were no discords. Out on the great ramparts of the dam the masons were swinging block after block of the face wall into place, and the *burr-r* and cog-chatter of the huge derrick hoisting gear were incessant. Back of the masonry the concrete mixers poured their viscous charges into

the forms, and the puddlers walked back and forth on their stagings, tamping the plastic material into the network of metal bars binding the mass with the added strength of steel.

Bromley led the way through the stone-yard activities, and around the quarry hill to the path notched in the steep slope of the canyon side. The second turn brought them to the gap made by the landslide. It was a curious breach, abrupt and clean-cut; its shape and depth suggesting the effect of a mighty hammer blow scoring its groove from the path level to the river's edge. The material was a compact yellow shale, showing no signs of disintegration elsewhere.

"What's your notion, Loudon?" said Ballard, when they were standing on the edge of the newly made gash.

Bromley wagged his head doubtfully.

"I'm not so sure of it now as I thought I was when I came up here this morning. Do you see that black streak out there on the shale, just about at the path level? A few hours ago I could have sworn it was a powder burn; the streak left by a burning fuse. It does n't look so much like it now, I'll confess."

"You've got 'em' about as bad as Hoskins has," laughed Ballard. "A dynamite charge that would account for this would advertise itself pretty loudly in a live camp five hundred yards away. Besides, it would have had to be drilled before it could be shot, and the drill-holes would show up—as they don't."

"Yes," was the reply; "I grant you the drill-holes. I guess I have 'got 'em,' as you say. But the bang would n't count. Quinlan let off half a dozen blasts in the quarry at quitting time yesterday, and one jar more or less just at that time would n't have been noticed."

Ballard put his arm across the theorist's shoulders and faced him about to front the down-canyon industries.

"You must n't let this mystery-smoke get into your nostrils, Loudon, boy," he said. "Whatever happens, there must always be two cool heads and two sets of steady nerves on this job—yours and mine. Now let's go down the railroad on the push-car and see how Williams is getting along with his pick-up stunt. He ought to have the Two standing on her feet by this time."

Chapter X.
GUN PLAY.

THREE days after the wreck in the Lava Hills, Ballard was again making the round of the outpost camps in the western end of the valley, verifying grade lines, re-establishing data stakes lost, or destroyed by the Craigmiles range riders, rustling the ditch diggers, and incidentally, playing host to young Lucius Bigelow, the Forestry Service member of Miss Elsa's house-party.

Bigelow's inclusion as a guest on the inspection gallop had been planned, not by his temporary host, but by Miss Elsa herself. Mr. Bigelow's time was his own, she had explained in her note to Ballard, but he was sufficiently an enthusiast in his chosen profession to wish to combine a field study of the Arcadian watersheds with the pleasures of a summer outing. If Mr. Ballard would be so kind . . . and all the other fitting phrases in which my lady begs the boon she may strictly require at the hands of the man who has said the talismanic words, "I love you."

As he was constrained to be, Ballard was punctiliously hospitable to the quiet, self-contained young man who rode an entire day at his pace-setter's side without uttering a dozen words on his own initiative. The hospitality was purely dutiful at first; but later Bigelow earned it fairly. Making no advances on his own part, the guest responded generously when Ballard drew him out; and behind the mask of thoughtful reticence the Kentuckian discovered a man of stature, gentle of speech, simple of heart, and a past-master of the wood- and plains-craft that a constructing engineer, however broad-minded, can acquire only as his work demands it.

"You gentlemen of the tree bureau can certainly give us points on ordinary common sense, Mr. Bigelow," Ballard admitted on this, the third day out, when the student of natural conditions had called attention to the recklessness of the contractors in cutting down an entire forest of slope-protecting young pines to make trestle-bents for a gulch flume. "I am afraid I should have done precisely what Richards has done here: taken the first and most convenient timber I could lay hands on."

"That is the point of view the Forestry Service is trying to modify," rejoined Bigelow, mildly. "To the average American, educated or ignorant, wood seems the cheapest material in a world of plenty. Yet I venture to say that in this present instance your company could better have afforded almost any other material for those trestle-bents. That slope will make you pay high for its stripping before you can grow another forest to check the flood wash."

"Of course it will; that says itself, now that you have pointed it out," Ballard agreed. "Luckily, the present plans of the company dont call for much flume timber; I say 'luckily,' because I dont like to do violence to my convictions, when I'm happy enough to have any."

Bigelow's grave smile came and went like the momentary glow from some inner light of prescience.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, you are a man of very strong convictions, Mr. Ballard," he ventured to say.

"Think so? I dont know. A fair knowledge of my trade, a few opinions, and a certain pig-headed stubbornness that does n't know when it is beaten: shake these up together and you have the compound which has misled you. I'm afraid I dont often wait for conviction—of the purely philosophical brand."

They were riding together down the line of the northern lateral canal, with Bourke Fitzpatrick's new headquarters in the field for the prospective night's bivouac. The contractor's camp, a disorderly blot of shanties and well-weathered tents on the fair grass-land landscape, came in sight just as the sun was sinking below the Elks, and Ballard quickened the pace.

"You'll be ready to quit for the day when we get in, wont you?" he said to Bigelow, when the broncos came neck and neck in the scurry for the hay racks.

"Oh, I'm fit enough, by now," was the ready rejoinder. "It was only the first day that got on my nerves."

There was a rough-and-ready welcome awaiting the chief engineer and his guest when they drew rein before Fitzpatrick's commissary; and a supper of the void-filling sort was quickly set before them in the back room of the contractor's quarters. But there was trouble in the air.

Ballard saw that Fitzpatrick was cruelly hampered by the presence of Bigelow; and when the meal was finished he gave the contractor his chance in the privacy of the little cramped pay-office.

"What it is, Bourke?" he asked, when the closed door cut them off from the Forest Service man.

Fitzpatrick was shaking his head. "It's a blood feud now, Mr. Ballard. Gallagher's gang—all Irishmen—went up against four of the Colonel's men early this morning. The b'ys took shelter in the ditch, and the cow-punchers tried to run 'em out. Some of our teamsters were armed, and one of the Craigmiles men was killed or wounded—we dont know which: the others picked him up and carried him off."

Ballard's eyes narrowed under his thoughtful frown.

"I've been afraid it would come to that, sooner or later," he said slowly. Then he added: "We ought to be able to stop it. The Colonel seems to deprecate the scrapping part of it as much as we do."

Fitzpatrick's exclamation was of impatient disbelief. "Any time he'll hold up his little finger, Mr. Ballard, this monkey-business will go out like a squib fuse in a wet hole! He is n't wanting to stop it."

Ballard became reflective again, and hazarded another guess.

"Perhaps the object-lesson of this morning will have a good effect. A chance shot has figured as a peacemaker before this."

"Dont you believe it's going to work that way this time!" was the earnest protest. "If the Craigmiles outfit does n't whirl in and shoot up this camp before tomorrow morning, I'm missing my guess."

Ballard rapped the ashes from his briar, and refilled and lighted it. When the tobacco was glowing in the bowl, he said, quite decisively: "In that case, we'll try to give them what they are needing. Are you picketed?"

"No."

"See to it at once. Make a corral of the wagons and scrapers and get the stock inside of it. Then put out a line of sentries, with relays to relieve the men

every two hours. We need n't be taken by surprise, whatever happens."

Fitzpatrick jerked a thumb toward the outer room where Bigelow was smoking his after-supper pipe.

"How about your friend?" he asked.

At the query Ballard realized that the presence of the Forest Service man was rather unfortunate. Constructively his own guest, Bigelow was really the guest of Colonel Craigmiles; and the position of a neutral in any war is always a difficult one.

"Mr. Bigelow is a member of the house-party at Castle 'Cadia," he said, in reply to the contractor's doubtful question. "But I can answer for his discretion. I'll tell him what he ought to know, and he may do as he pleases."

Following out the pointing of his own suggestion, Ballard gave Bigelow a brief outline of the Arcadian conflict while Fitzpatrick was posting the sentries. The Government man made no comment, save to say that it was a most unhappy situation; but when Ballard offered to show him to his quarters for the night, he protested at once.

"No, indeed, Mr. Ballard," he said, quite heartily, for him; "you must n't leave me out that way. At the worst, you may be sure that I stand for law and order. I have heard something of this fight between your company and the Colonel, and while I cant pretend to pass upon the merits of it, I dont propose to retire and let you stand guard over me."

"All right, and thank you," laughed Ballard; and together they went out to help Fitzpatrick with his preliminaries for the camp defense.

This was between eight and nine o'clock; and by ten the stock was corralled within the line of shacks and tents, a cordon of watchers had been stretched around the camp, and the greater number of Fitzpatrick's men were asleep in the bunk tents and shanties.

The first change of sentries was made at midnight, and Ballard and Bigelow both walked the rounds with Fitzpatrick. Peace and quietness reigned supreme. The stillness of the beautiful summer night was undisturbed, and the roundsmen found a good half of the sentinels asleep at their posts.

(To be continued)



By

Charles Erskine Scott Wood

[A Monthly Record of Personal Opinion.]

The elections are over and it is now time to pause and take breath, if you have any to take. I don't know a more foolish animal than man. Here are many potent, grave and reverend seigniors, bankers, statesmen, politicians and editors saying that if the Colonel had his Saratoga he also has had his Bull Run and he is down—out—gone forever, and Reason has resumed her throne which has ceased to totter but is firmly founded on the only real, reliable foundation, like father used to make—the goodwill of capital. The storm has passed. Bugaboo Teddy is busted.

I wish instead of writing these impressions while the Devil sits howling at my door, I had time to write a comedy.

ACT. I.

Scene 1. Enter Wall Street, a shepherd, dressed in lamb skins, shouting.

Wall Street—Teddy is dead! Teddy is dead!

Progress—What of it?

W. J. Bryan—Yes, what of it? Before he was, I am—

Progress—And after you both a thousand others.

Enter a thousand elves and spirits singing and dancing.

They sing:

Teddy, Teddy,
Quite unsteady.
Ever ready—
He has gone.

A very solemn old spirit called Seventy-Six answers:

He was but one.

All the Spirits—We shall never find another.

Seventy-Six—Bother, bother.
Don't believe that progress human
Rests on any son of woman.

All the Spirits—He is gone and gone forever;

We shall find another never.
We are helpless, hopeless, cheerless;
He was our sole Leader, Peerless.

W. J. Bryan—What's that?

Seventy-Six—Scat! Avaunt you, silly sillies;
More than man the People's will is.

W. J. Bryan—Here I am, the People's Willie.

You see it is easily done with some lights and ballet skirts and a little light music, very light—and Morgan, Aldrich, John D. or one of the regular Standard scarecrows as heavy villain; it could be made instructive. In the last act seven new leaders would appear, descending on non-pullable wires from the skies, while we witnessed the apotheosis of Taft, rising to heaven, light as a balloon, amid red fire and supported by the Panama and alimentary canals.

Seriously, when will serious men learn that a man does not make a movement, that the great general movement only gives to certain men their opportunity? If they vanish, others fill their places. Did Caesar's death stop the great centralizing tendency of the empire? If there were any leaders of the French Revolution, they were Danton, Marat, Mirabeau, Robespierre. They were all suddenly removed in its very midst. Did the revolution stop when they died?

IT does not need historic illustration. A little thought, a little observation will show that Roosevelt owes his strength to the rebellion of the masses of the American people. The movement does not owe its strength to him. It is quite true that "my policies" were all more clearly formulated long before by Bryan. But Bryan, too, was only the creature and spokesman for this same revolt of the people, which in its then early phase was called Populism. Accursed are the people who cannot rebel. Their doom is sealed. What are the people rebelling against?

Stripped down to its true skeleton, only seen by a few, they are rebelling against capitalism, the power of Capital, Capital being society's surplus from the exploitation of labor, and which is gathered into the hands of a few by certain arbitrary Privileges or Monopolies. The owners of these privileges have always exploited the masses. In the past they have been called kings, nobles, aristocracy. We call them Magnates and Plutocracy. We have taken their old titles from them, but left them their old powers.

Every once and a while the pressure from above on the masses below becomes too great to bear, and after some uneasy muttering there is a partial adjustment called a revolution. We are muttering now, muttering at high prices, cost of living, tariff privileges, or graft, which one graft the people are beginning to dimly see.

While this discontent continues, and it will continue till some part of the cause is removed, it is folly to talk of Mr. Roosevelt's defeat as an incident of the slightest importance. If he were not only politically dead, but actually dead, it would not make any more difference than the lifting of a handful of dried seaweed from the front of a tidal wave. In fact, the real discontent is not with Roosevelt but with Taft. The real cause is the tariff. At least that is one of the causes.

It is perfectly true that Mr. Roosevelt's feverish personality and irritating omnipotence got on to the nerves of many people. It is perfectly true that Capital which likes to be let alone and calls it Peace, and which has always been the real power itself, hated Roosevelt as a disturber of settled conditions and a 'grasper at power, and bent every energy to give him a knockout blow in New York. It is perfectly true that Mr. Roosevelt lost much in popularity with thoughtful people when he showed his intense partisanship, justifying by the plea of party his advocacy of his friend, Cabot Lodge in Massachusetts, a standpatter of the old red-sandstone period, against Foss, a real Progressive; failing to aid La Follette and the more radical insurgents; delivering his Osawatimie speech for progress and an unrelenting onslaught on the special privileges of the protective tariff, and then in the Saratoga convention patting Taft on the back; and in his speeches contending vehemently for protection. I have no doubt of Mr. Roosevelt's perfect consistency in his own mind, but the average outsider cannot see it, and he has lost much of his popularity because the average thoughtful man never knows how much of him to believe, and cannot place him where he will stay put. He has, of course, lost the camp followers who flock to success and desert failure. But Mr. Roosevelt is a great power yet before the American people, and he will come back. It is true every man and State he fought for was defeated, but that was not because of Roosevelt, but in spite of him. They knew they were desperate when they called on him.

Does anyone believe that a candidate of James Sherman's selection, endorsed by Tim Woodruff and William Barnes, Jr., on a standpat platform would have carried New York? Did Mr. Roosevelt lose Ohio (Taft's own State) to Harmon? Was Beveridge defeated in Indiana because Roosevelt spoke for him, or because of supreme disgust with the perfidy of the Republican Party and the smiling, gelatitudinous attitude of Mr. Taft?

So it goes. Was the House of Representatives completely changed because of

Roosevelt or Taft? Roosevelt has lost some of the idolatry which was bad for him, and bad for the idolaters. He is understood better as an erratic, impulsive, inconsistent human being. He has fallen to the level of a man who puts party before the great general cause of the people—but, nevertheless, he is still a tribune of the people, and it is folly to call him dead. He is nearer today being forced into the presidential candidacy for 1912 than he ever was.

WITH England also undergoing something of a revolution on an economic issue, I am once more called on to note the superiority of the machinery of that republic over this. They have taken the referendum to the people on specific points; and having received the people's mandate, will proceed to execute it. They are being met by further obstructions or questions, and if necessary will take a referendum on these, and either the Government will be turned out and the opposition will be put in to carry out its opposing theories; or the Government will come back to continue its work. No one doubts, I suppose, that if the people of England on a referendum declared against an hereditary executive the crown would do down without a shot being fired. The right of the people to rule is there an accepted fact. With us, we go to an election not on a question of policy, but largely on a question of a personality: Shall Taft or Bryan be President, coupled with a lot of other personalities from Governor to Sheriff. Mingled with these personalities in a confused way is tariff reform, economy of administration, conservation, the Panama Canal, the creation of a Department of "Botts in Horses," and the failure to get a fair slice of pork from the National pork barrel. Usually one great question forges to the front. Last time it was the Tariff and our venerable acquaintance, the Trusts. Did the election settle the Tariff? Well, did it? Had it been in England, the House of Commons would have assembled with men specially returned, pledged to do nothing else till they had produced a tariff platform according to order. That was really the mandate to Mr. Taft and the Congress. Mr. Taft was pledged to it. The Republican Party was pledged to it. The disgraceful mock performance was rotten and could not have been possible under the English system, which would have sent back a Congress newly polished up to work harmoniously on the job.

IT is all very well to say Mr. Taft could not overstep the constitutional limitations, and as executive tyrannize over the legislative branch, but Mr. Taft did crack the slave-driver's whip of No Patronage, No Favors, No Friendship, over the backs of the Insurgents. Why not over the backs of the Standpatters? The Insurgents were trying to perform that which Mr. Taft had himself promised to do. Why lash those faithful to the party's promise?

The Constitution gives the President the so-called veto power. As I view it, Mr. Taft and Congress were both bound by the party platform and solemn pledges, as well as by campaign utterances, on the faith of which they solicited and received votes. If the legislative branch forgot those pledges, it was the duty of the executive to remind it. Had Mr. Taft returned the tariff bill with his disapproval, plainly stating it was a breach of faith and that Congress must assume the whole responsibility for it, I think the Aldrich-Cannon cabal would have been beaten into decency—and Mr. Taft would be an idol of the people today. One of two things would have been inevitable. Congress would have passed the bill over his veto and left him blameless and strong in the confidence of the common people; or there would have been no bill, and he could have kept Congress at it till there was a Congress which would obey the will of the people. This latter is what he feared. He feared that a veto would deliver the Lower House to the enemy, the Insurgents and Democrats. But this very thing has happened, and Mr. Taft has died his political death. It is all pathetic. So amiable a man. So wise a man when acting under orders. So honest a man. But without that force of which the Strenuous Colonel has too much, and which a Nation demands for its executive head. The weakest President since James Buchanan. A veto would have changed it all, and he owed it to himself and to the people. Do you remember who selected him and by every political art forced him on the Republican Party?

THE outlook on the Pacific Coast—that home of the pioneer and bold adventurer—is hopeful if you are evolutionary minded and not frightened at change, and quite discouraging if you are conservatively minded and dread the new. Many men, whose minds I respect beyond my own, are filled with foreboding at what they believe a reckless breaking away from the placid historic moorings. But I think these matters are as much a question of temperament as of reason. Just as all men are born realists or idealists, so all men are born either conservatives, clinging to tradition and reluctant to enter new fields, or progressives impatient with the imperfections of existing conditions, and willing to try a reasonable experiment in the hope of bettering conditions. I plead guilty to a certain recklessness of disposition, but I defend myself with this unanswerable truth: without change there can be no progress. Had the conservatives of the world always prevailed, conditions would never have changed, and we may take our choice between a change by trial, re-trial and experiment, the evolutionary process, or the long pent-up discontent bursting forth in bloody and usually misdirected revolution. There are three things necessary to the processes of social evolution: freedom of thought, freedom of speech and a willingness to experiment with

the new ideas in practical operation. Whoever obstructs any of these conditions of natural growth is preparing the only other possible mode of social growth—revolution—malignant in exact proportion to the obstruction.

I WOULD rather be with the radical and rash progressive, not afraid of change, than with the standpatter, who begs us to suffer the ills we have rather than fly to those we know not of. I repeat, progress of the human race is only possible by flying to those things—possibly ills—we know not of.

There is not a cherished right, privilege, or institution we enjoy today but has been warned against and dreaded by the standpatters of history, and had the world listened to them we would be a people of abject slaves, exploited by a tyrant and an hierarchy. Usually the conservative who begs you not to disturb things is personally very comfortable. The greatest spur to change is discontent. Therefore, you naturally find society arraying itself into antagonistic classes; the comfortable conservatives who are content to be let alone and honestly think they who disturb conditions are enemies of society, and those discontented ones who feel if the burden cannot be lifted it can at least be shifted a little, and, having nothing to lose, are willing to try any experiment. It is rather a deplorable historical fact that all progress has come from this discontented mass, and not from the powerful and comfortable upper members of society.

WHEN the massive moving force is discontent there is a great responsibility on any one who sets it in motion. But again history shows that this mass has a natural clinging to traditions and moves conservatively in the evolutionary process, and only moves violently in revolution. I justify my radicalism by the historical truth that the world moves only by changing conditions and institutions, and no man can say any change, which seems calculated to remedy an evil, will be a failure or a success till it is tried. Actual test has decided every theory in the past, and will forever—there is no other mode. Take the much talked-of Single Tax, for example. It is said it will break down the land monopoly; open vacant lands to those anxious to go upon them and put them to use; that it will supply all revenues from a taxable value made by society in general and not by any man, and therefore belonging to society in general and not to any man. On the other hand, it is said, it is confiscation; it is subversive of society, etc. One says it will attract capital because improvements will not be taxed; another says it will drive away capital. Now, in fact, the argument will be kept up indefinitely until it is tried. That will quickly settle which is right and which is wrong, and it is the only thing that will settle it. This is true of every institution. Only the actual

trial proves the theory. We are proving the Initiative and Referendum now, which brings me back to my text: I think the outlook for human progress on the Pacific Coast is very good, and that is more important than progress in so-called prosperity.

OREGON voted on thirty-two Initiative and Referendum measures. The conservatives doubted, even scoffed at, the ability of the general mass to intelligently rise to the occasion, but to my mind the people did rise splendidly.

In the thirty-two measures were eight creating new counties. It was felt these were local in their nature, all were defeated; three providing for normal schools in different localities, two were defeated, and one was carried by a vote of fifty thousand against forty thousand in round numbers. There was no work against these measures. Had there been a campaign of education showing the wisdom of concentrating the State's educational resources, probably all would have been defeated.

One was for a branch insane asylum east of the mountains, and had the weight of argument that unless it was built in Eastern Oregon the same expenditure would have to be made at the present asylum, and that climatic and other conditions suggested that Eastern Oregon ought to have its own asylum. This measure carried by forty-nine thousand against forty-one thousand (I give only round numbers).

Woman's Suffrage was defeated by fifty-eight thousand against thirty-six thousand. On this there was no campaign in favor of the measure, and it gave the franchise only to tax-paying women?

The Prohibition amendment to the Constitution was defeated by sixty-one thousand against forty-two thousand, and the Prohibition law was defeated by sixty-three thousand against forty-two thousand. On both these measures a red-hot educational campaign was carried on by both sides.

A bill calling a constitutional convention, which it was feared was a covert attack on the Initiative and Referendum, Direct Primary and other "People's Power" measures, was defeated by the significant majority of thirty-four thousand, and a bill to redistrict the State, also feared as a "catch" measure, was defeated by a majority of thirty thousand.

There were three measures altering the present tax provisions of the Constitution so as to permit an experiment, more or less complete, of the Single Tax. One of these measures gave the power to counties to tax as they saw fit for county taxation. This passed by a vote of forty-three thousand against forty-two thousand, round numbers, the actual majority being nearly two thousand. One of the others was defeated by a majority of two thousand and one by a majority of eight thousand. There was no campaign on these questions, though printed arguments were circulated. The close vote

shows that the people are really conservative.

The amendment allowing the State or a district thereof to issue bonds for the purpose of constructing its own railways, was defeated by a majority of twelve thousand. The amendment allowing the same thing for dirt roads was carried by eighteen thousand.

An amendment allowing a verdict by three-fourths of a jury in civil actions was carried by five thousand majority.

A measure applying the Direct Primary to the selection of Presidential electors was carried by about one thousand, and an Employers' Liability law, practically abolishing the fellow-servant doctrine and only permitting contributory negligence to be shown in mitigation of damages [not as a complete defense] was carried by twenty-two thousand, and a measure cleverly entitled a bill to create a commission to examine the question of indemnity to employes, etc., intended to head off the above liability bill, was defeated by nineteen thousand. Labor organizations conducted an active campaign on these two measures.

The remaining measures which carried were a bill providing for Home Rule, or anti-Prohibition, and one protecting salmon in Rogue River. And the remaining measures defeated were: one providing for proportional representation (by seven thousand majority); one for an official gazette or report to taxpayers (by twenty-four thousand); one for a manner of creating new counties (by five thousand), and one for increasing the salary of the Judge in Baker County, to be paid by the county (by fifty-eight thousand).

Thus it will be seen that twenty-three measures were defeated, and among them all the more radical measures: Proportional representation, official gazette, State taxation looking toward Single Tax, right to issue bonds to build railroads, Woman Suffrage.

All measures threatening the people's rights were defeated: the call for a Constitutional convention and redistricting the State.

All purely local measures, which the Legislature ought to decide as a court after hearing and deliberating, were defeated, as the effort to create new counties, and all appropriations, were defeated except for one Normal school and the branch insane asylum in Eastern Oregon. Only nine measures passed, and among these the more novel, or radical, measures barely got through: The Direct Primary applied to Presidential electors, and counties empowered to discriminate in taxation, by less than two thousand majority each, and the three-fourths-of-a-jury-verdict by about five thousand.

THIS conservatism by the people certainly ought to please those distrustful of them and reassure the timid. On the other hand, the intelligent discrimination

shown should be encouraging to every one who desires the people to be aroused to the social problems. And lastly, the close vote on the radical measures should show to the progressives that the people, though cautious, are willing to respond to educational efforts, and any one who believes he has a truth to propagate can continue his work in confidence that if it really be a truth he will win if only he be an active teacher.

To me the greatest consolation in the Initiative is that it forces the entire population to go to school on the important questions of today. They are no longer the mere indifferent and powerless marionettes who dance to the wires pulled by the politicians they themselves have created, but they are alert, and interested, discovering

the uses and the dangers of power and becoming jealous of abdicating in favor of those willing to take the governing job off their hands. To the north of us Washington has adopted Woman's Suffrage, and Vancouver, B. C., a form of Single Tax. To the south of us San Francisco has adopted a self-respecting charter, reserving to the citizens the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall. Things begin to look well for the Des Moines plan of city government, which is so elementary it ought to prevail; concentrating all power in one head—holding him responsible—with power of recall in the people.

In other words, run the city corporation as the great corporations are run. Certainly we can wish the babies of the Pacific Slope—Many Happy New Years!



Politics

By Jared Mallett

In politics, if you 'd succeed,
 Join the Elks.
 Just pick a big and powerful creed:
 Join a church.
 O, be a joiner, that 's the trade,
 And trade for politics was made.
 Be Son of This, and Knight of That;
 O, never mind the why, or what.
 Only join.

And always sit upon the fence.
 Watch the game.
 For principle, put up pretense;
 Watch the wind.
 When you are sure which way it blows,
 Then swear you always blew your nose
 That self-same way,—yet make the sound
 Agreeable to hare and hound.
 That 's the way.

Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada,
Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska,
Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD

(Note: Individuals, organizations, and the various State and Federal Departments are invited to submit, for use in this Department, items relating to the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective homeseekers or investors. Address Editor Progress Department.)

Note: Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.

GENERAL.

Nations May Join in Developing the Columbia River.

The recent meeting of a number of prominent public officials from the Northwestern States, and Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, seems to assure that the United States and Canada will eventually co-operate in the development of the upper waters of the Columbia River. Work already under way will make the Columbia continuously navigable from its mouth to the rapids several hundred miles up-stream in Washington. The new plans, however, contemplate the opening of the Columbia entirely through Eastern Washington, and north and east to the Arrow Lake and Kootenay Lake regions in Southeastern British Columbia.

The navigable length of this great river highway would then be between 800 and 900 miles, as compared with about 400 miles, the length of the Erie Canal in New York. Also, hundreds of miles of smaller tributary river and lake channels would thus be given an ocean outlet. When the Government locks now under construction at Celilo are completed the Columbia and its branches may be continuously followed by boats for more than 2,000 miles. And hundreds of miles would be added to this total length of waterway by the removal of the few obstructions through Washington and British Columbia.

Already, the Columbia is commercially the most important river west of the Mississippi. Its channels drain some 250,000 square miles of rich territory in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. This area includes a large percentage of the grain, fruit, timber and mineral land of the Pacific Northwest. Also, large wealth is tributary in Western Al-

berta. The highest estimates made of the amount necessary to open the Columbia to Nelson, British Columbia, is \$50,000,000, which amount would be distributed between the two countries benefited.

Co-operation in Marketing the Fruit of the Northwest.

A new organization which purposes to co-operatively handle the largest possible proportion of the entire fruit output of the Northwest has recently been perfected, with headquarters at Portland. One of the important works of this new fruit exchange is to assist in grading and packing fruit, and thus to establish a sectional reputation for uniformity and excellence of quality. The Northwest has proved itself especially adapted for the production of certain grades of fruit, and for this reason an immense acreage of new orchards has been planted during the past few years. These will come into full bearing shortly, and to prevent wasteful marketing and to uphold the reputation of the section is the purpose of the new organization.

It is hoped by the promoters that all of the fruit growers' associations of Oregon, Washington and Idaho will seek membership. Under the new plan the fruit grower would sell his product f. o. b. at the nearest railway station, instead of through commission men of the East. The association issues a daily bulletin giving market tips, and takes charge of the fruit as soon as it is on the cars. It is usually sold before being forwarded, and if not, is shipped to some gateway city of the Middle West, such as Chicago, Minneapolis or Omaha. While en route the wires are used to find a favorable market. Fruit is also sold directly to commission men, but in this case a repre-

sentative of the exchange is at the receiving point to examine the fruit and to prevent the age-old plea that the shipment was damaged en route. These agents will also be established in the chief European markets. Branch offices of the central organization are being established at the various important fruit-shipping centres throughout the Northwest.

Revolutionary Claims for a Current Water Motor.

The application of an entirely new principle for the construction of a current motor that will pump water for irrigation is the claim of the inventor, Norman R. Smith, a well-known civil engineer. It is well known that there are thousands of acres of barren land along the larger streams in the West that can be brought to great fertility as soon as a method is perfected for the cheap and the efficient use of the current of these streams for lifting water. In a number of places in the West electrical power is used for pumping water, but this can be done only when the land is exceptionally fertile or when electrical energy is very cheap.

The new principle for a current motor was suggested by floating ice in the Yukon River, which indicated possibilities of enormous power in stream currents if the "haul-back" loss could be minimized. Following out the suggestion, two unique power ma-

chines have been constructed, one being in operation on the Columbia River near Pasco, and the other on the Snake River near Payette. These machines are each 600 feet long, and in a current running six miles per hour they each develop 120 horse-power. The power generating capacity of the machine is limited only by its length and by the swiftness of the current. The chief feature of the machines is a long endless belt formed by parallel cables which carry, every foot or two, thin boards that are held perpendicular in the current. These blades float down stream and the power which they generate is transmitted through the cables to a revolving shaft which operates a pump. The machine, in theory, will operate with practically no expense after its first installation.

Western Products Exhibited in the East.

One of the unique exhibits of Western grains to be made from the Northern Pacific Railway exhibit car that will tour the Eastern and the Southern States is in the form of an immense trade mark of the company. The symbol is six feet square and made entirely of grain seeds, the different colors being blended ingeniously. This car will carry a full exhibit of the products of the Northwestern States, proving their varied resources and great fertility to those of the East who wish to be shown.

OREGON.

New Railways for Western Oregon.

Officials of the Hill railway lines in Oregon announce that within a year, or a year and a half at the most, two hundred miles of additional electric railways will be placed in operation in the Willamette Valley and between Portland and the Coast. These new roads will be constructed at an approximate cost of between \$7,000,000 and \$10,000,000. The two chief lines will be the extension of the Portland-Salem electric road south to Albany and Eugene, and southwest to Newberg and McMinnville; and the completion of the road under construction between Portland and Tillamook, on the Pacific Ocean.

A number of additional branch roads, beside the Newberg and McMinnville branch, will be extended from the main Hill line between Portland and Eugene. This road will reach through the heart of the rich Willamette Valley, the most populous section of Oregon, and one of the greatest agricultural valleys of the continent. Though the first settled portion of the entire Northwest, and including more large towns and cities than any other part of the State, the Willamette Valley is still in the initial stages of its possible development. A great part of its 5,000,000 tillable acres, is still held in large farms, and only one-fourth or one-fifth of the total area is under cultivation. The valley already has a large railway mileage,

operated by the Harriman system, but the new Hill roads will greatly stimulate development.

The promised Hill electric road from Portland to Eugene is expected to be later extended south through Roseburg and on to Medford, where it will connect with the announced present terminus of the Oregon Trunk road up the Deschutes River through Central Oregon and southwest across the Cascades to Southern Oregon. The length of the Hill road west from Portland to Tillamook Bay is seventy-two miles. No expense is being spared in avoiding grades and curvature, and a schedule of two hours is promised across the Coast Mountains to the seashore.

Dry-Farming Possibilities of Eastern Oregon.

That Eastern Oregon has about 12,000,000 acres of land which under dry-farming could be made to yield between twenty-five and thirty bushels of wheat per acre, is the opinion of Professor Thomas Shaw, the agricultural expert of the Great Northern Railway. Professor Shaw has charge of forty-five experimental farms in Montana, and is author of a number of college textbooks on agricultural subjects. He has just completed a tour of the interior section of Eastern Oregon, and this large acreage of possible dry-farming wheat land is based

upon his estimate that one acre in four is available for cultivation.

"In only one place that I touched," he states, "was there less than ten inches precipitation for the year. That is all our farmers need when employing the dry-farming process of cultivation. So rich is the soil that it probably would need no fertilizer for at least fifty years if alternate crops were grown."

Carrying to a conclusion his estimates of the wheat-growing possibilities of this part of Oregon, toward which both the Hill and the Harriman railways are being extended, we have the enormous total of 150,000,000 bushels, allowing for an average crop only every other year. This total is about ten times the present wheat crop of Oregon, which is produced on only about 700,000 acres of land. In addition to dry-farming possibilities, Professor Shaw estimates that there are between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 acres of land in the southeastern part of Oregon capable of irrigation. "With water this land should produce," he says, "an

average of forty bushels of wheat, seventy-five to eighty bushels of oats, fifty bushels of barley, and heavy crops of various forage required by stock." He recommends that most attention should be given to winter-sown crops, since the greater part of the precipitation for the year comes during the winter months. Thorough and scientific cultivation is necessary to success in farming in the semi-arid climates, he emphasizes.

National Wool Growers' Association to Meet in Portland.

What is expected will be the biggest meeting in the history of the National Wool Growers' Association will be held in Portland, on January 4 to 7, 1911. A mid-winter sheep show will also be held in connection with the executive meetings, a number of valuable prizes being offered for the best exhibits of wool products and blooded animals.

WASHINGTON.

Large Irrigation Project Along the Upper Columbia.

Three million dollars are to be expended in the development of a 20,000-acre irrigated fruit district along the Columbia River in Stevens County, in the northeastern corner of the State, it is announced. This project has been known to be under way for some time past, but the plans of the promoters have only recently been announced. The development work includes the building of the town of Marble which is to have electric lights and power, water works, and a sewerage system.

New York capital is behind the project, and the contracting engineering firm has successfully completed projects all over the world. One of the engineers in charge is the constructor of the noted Gunneson tunnel in Colorado; and the other, formerly chief of the agricultural departments of a number of our greatest National expositions. The town and irrigation systems are being completed by several staffs of engineers and about 400 men. The highest elevation of the lands to be irrigated is about 1,700 feet. They lie in benches along the river and the terraces extend to a width of four or five miles. Water will be taken from the Columbia River which enters Stevens County at an elevation of 1,346 feet. These lands are protected by the high surrounding mountains. There is heavy snow during

the winter, but the fall is gradual and there are no chinook winds, the ground thus being protected from winter freezing. The soil is a deep loam, of mixed volcanic ash, river silt and decomposed granite.

Erect Large Electric Power Plant Near Spokane.

Between 5,000 and 7,000 acres of land located north and west of Nine Mile on the Spokane River is reported to have been purchased during the past few months as preliminary to the erection of one of the largest electric power plants of the Northwest. The land has been purchased at an estimated cost of between \$500,000 and \$700,000, and the manager of the power corporation concerned states that the power project "will far eclipse anything in Spokane, and perhaps ultimately anything in the United States."

The land is in the vicinity of Curby and Tumtum, in Stevens and Spokane Counties, along the Spokane River and Chamokane Creek. The Spokane River is a very precipitous stream, with 400,000 estimated horsepower, only a small part of which is yet utilized. The new power will be used for manufacturing purposes in Spokane, for the development of new projects in the Coeur d'Alene mining district, for land irrigation in Washington, and for the operation of new railway lines out of Spokane.

CALIFORNIA.

Plan Great Steel Plant in California.

A representative of a wealthy group of English capitalists has confirmed rumors that relate to the establishment of a great steel-manufacturing plant on the Pacific Coast. The paid-up capitalization of the corporation goes into nine figures, is the report, and the plant will be located in Cali-

fornia, most probably at San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. The great enterprise has been under way for six years and many of the preliminary arrangements have been completed. Options have already been secured on more than 5,000,000 acres of iron-ore mines or deposits in California, and on

Where New North and Last West Meet

A Story of Opportunity in the Heart of British Columbia

By Leigh H. Irvine

He who sits idly in settled regions misses the call of opportunity; he who goes where projected railroads will bring population, invites fortune, if he will but invest his small earnings there.

WILLIAM H. MILLS.

THIS was said by the greatest land agent the Southern Pacific Railroad Company ever had—a scholarly man of wide observation and experience, famed for his keen vision in practical affairs.

It was this view of opportunity that led the wiser of the pioneers in the older communities of North America to buy land, town lots, and eligible sites in what Professor John Fiske called the path of "manifest destiny." Emerson's definition of a hero fits the case—a man with a little keener vision, a slightly longer arm, a better pair of lungs, than his neighbors.

Fifty years ago an argonaut of '49 bought a big San Francisco sand dune for a Mexican pony and a saddle. That sand dune, regarded as worthless by the man who sold it, is now worth millions of dollars. The descendants of the investor, who acquired and held a few of such spots, now spend their vacations in Europe. They are the kings of finance and the queens of the social world. Their grandfather saw the chance; his neighbors did not look beyond the passing hour.

Such chances exist to-day, only they will yield quicker harvests than in the past; but he who would pluck fortune

from the soil must go far from the madding crowd—just ahead of the crowd.

Unless experience is mockery, unless Patrick Henry, the immortal Virginian, has been misjudged by history, there is no way of judging the future but by the past. Experience is still the lamp by which we are to see our way in community development, as in statesmanship and everyday affairs.

This is the view of J. B. Daniel, president of the Northern Interior Printing Company, Limited, publishers of the (South) *Fort George Herald* and the *Cariboo Observer*. He passed through Vancouver on his way to San Francisco on November 28, fresh from South Fort George, full of stories of moose and bear, of trapping and logging, of the earnest work of the sturdy men and women who are now laying the foundations of fortune in the path of "manifest destiny"—in the heart of British Columbia.

"We have about 150 winter inhabitants at South Fort George now," said Mr. Daniel, "with every prospect that 2500 visitors will reach the town next summer. You see there's been great interest in the town ever since Premier McBride went there with Lord Dun-

more, who thought the town such an ideal site that he forthwith invested there."

Then this virile young editor told of the wonderful Fraser River, navigable by deep water steamers from the middle of April until the middle of November, and of the hum of industry in the thriving little settlement where men of foresight are waiting for the crowd.

"It's marvelous how South Fort George appeals to investors," he continued, "for those who look into the situation invariably buy. It's wonderful what's been done there since February."

He then ran off the names of half a dozen investors—men of practical instinct, who are planting themselves where the human tide is sure to come, and when it comes the old rule will still work—*proximity of population will add to the value of the land*. Here are some of those who sit in the watch towers and see fortune coming to South Fort George—men who can already hear the whistle of the unbuilt locomotives that will cross the Fraser River within two years. The Bank of British North America bought a double corner, built, and is doing business; the Traders' Bank of Canada, which owns a double corner will build in the spring—wanted to build last spring but could not get the lumber, but is renting now and doing business in temporary quarters; the Eastern Townships Bank bought a double corner and will build; the manager of the Northern Crown Bank bought a double corner; and the manager of the Bank of Toronto has bought, for he, too, can already hear the tramp of the human army that is preparing to march into the heart of British Columbia—where Newest North

and Last West meet on the Fraser River.

"Next spring five steamers will be making South Fort George," said Mr. Daniel, "where there are no steep landings, where there is always sufficient water, and where the only steamship companies plying up and down the deep Fraser River have headquarters. The Fort George Timber & Transportation Company and the Northern Lumber Company have sawmills here. At certain favored seasons, when the water is very high, smaller craft may now and then venture into the Nechaco River, though the landings are bad, the banks being perpendicular and eighty feet high."

Faith in this wonderful little town is also shown by the British Columbia Express Company, which has warehouses, offices, and landings there. In the spring, extra stages and automobiles will be run regularly from Ashcroft to Soda Creek on the Fraser River. This journey will be made in ten hours by automobiles.

President Charles Miller of the British Columbia Express Company recently said: "A man could not give me a lot for business purposes anywhere else in the neighborhood, except at South Fort George."

Mr. Miller's Company owns the *B. X.*, the finest steamer on the Fraser River.

There are already tri-weekly mails during the summer, weekly mails in winter, so it will be seen that the town is far from isolated, even before the railroad comes.

A man who hears Editor Daniel talk, might mistake him for a real estate agent, but he has nothing for sale, nor is his paper subsidized by any company having real estate for sale.

"I have no interest whatever in the Northern Development Company or any other firm that sells South Fort George realty," he said, "nor does anybody own any interest in my publication. I simply live in the country, invested in it, believe in it, and know what's coming."

Mr. Daniel went over to a wall-map, and glancing at the markings, exclaimed: "South Fort George is simply alive with individual development. Men come into the region, look it over, and buy on the spot. Everybody encourages buyers to come and see the town, just as the bankers and Lord Dunmore did. If a man should happen to want agricultural land, rather than town lots, let him see the fertile acres in the Willow River country, or the Bear River valley. The Mud River region is also a wonder, as is the Little Salmon—all a land of adventure and opportunity. The Dominion Government's Agricultural Experiment Station will soon work wonders over there. Then listen for the tramp of the human army. The back country is rich and will support a great city."

There was another part of the map that set Mr. Daniel to talking, that stretch of country—from Vancouver to South Fort George—which has already been surveyed for the Grand Trunk Railroad. He exclaimed: "Do you mean to doubt the possibilities of a vast region that attracts a great railroad! General Manager Chamberlin tells us that the trains will reach our town early in 1913. That will bring us close to

Vancouver and the great world to the South. One hundred miles have been laid on the main line from Prince Rupert towards the east, and this means egress toward the north."

Then this young editor told of the settlement itself, a vibrant centre of human hope and energy, consisting of brave and far-seeing men whose world-experience has been extensive, especially in pioneer countries. They are getting ready their spindles and distaffs, knowing that God's broad acres will provide the flax.

The wealth of Golconda lies hid and expectant in this wonderland of virgin experience. The population will come by steamer and train—and the old law will still work on: "Proximity of population adds to the value of land." But the men who invest now will not need to give all the harvest to their grandchildren, as did the pioneers of '49. Fortunes will spring from the soil and its cities, where the beautiful New North and Last West unite—at South Fort George on the Fraser River.

Do you want to wait until the human army arrives, surging and fighting for acreage and freedom, or do you want to go there now, pick out your part of mother earth, and wake up rich when the railroad comes?

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coal mines in California and Mexico. The supply of raw materials provided will last not less than 500 years, the chief promoter states. Tentative arrangements have also been made with the railways and with a number of steamship lines for the transportation of materials.

It is also stated that agreements have been reached with the United States Steel Corporation for the control of the Coast trade, west of the Rocky Mountains and the trade of the Orient and the Far East. The services of some of the most practical steel men of the United States have also been secured. According to the representative of the English capitalists, steel can be manufactured on the Pacific Coast at a saving of not less than twenty per cent, due to climatic conditions.

"In twenty years from now," this capitalist optimistically prophesies, "the Pacific Coast, supplied with the best and the cheapest steel in the world, will have become the greatest manufacturing center in the world."

IDAHO.

Develop Large Farm and Orchard in Bonner County.

To clear at least 5,000 acres of logged-off land in Bonner County, in the extreme Northern part of Idaho, and to plant a 2,000-acre orchard, is the reported plan of a large lumber company headed by a Spokane man. About a year ago the company bought a small tract of land with the purpose of engaging in the wood business only. Careful investigation of soil, water and climatic conditions proved the section suitable for fruit growing, and the production of large yields of hay. The present holdings of the company are reported to be 5,000 acres, exclusive of the large options held. This land is in the neighborhood of King's Spur, twenty miles from Sand Point, on the Northern Pacific Railway.

It is the announced plan of the company to establish the townsite of Careywood, seventeen miles west of Sand Point. A large general store, a hotel, and a sawmill with a capacity of about 20,000 feet of lumber per day are being erected. The sawmill is already completed and is expected to be placed in operation soon. The block-and-tackle method of clearing the logged-off lands is being used, it being claimed that this method is one-third cheaper than by means of the donkey engine. About five hundred acres of land have already been cleared and a force of men are kept continuously at work. The improvement planned will require several years for completion, and it is probable that few fruit trees will be planted this year. The large farm and orchard are to be operated as a single unit by the corporation and with no plans for their colonization. About \$60,000 have already been expended in the county by the company, and their work has only well begun.

(Continued on Page 113f)

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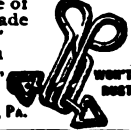
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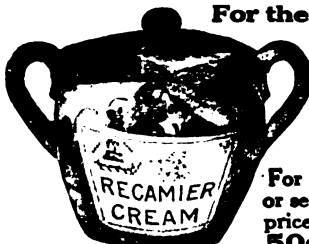
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ARIZONA.

Plan Immense Power Project Along the Colorado River.

Two California engineers have announced a scheme for the creation of a great power project along the Colorado River, just across from the California line, and near the Nevada boundary. The plan is an attempt to make practical the dream of a New York newspaper man at the time of President Taft's visit to the Pacific Coast. The metropolitan reporter saw the vision of a great dam across the Grand Canyon supplying an immense amount of power for manufacturing purposes and for irrigation.

The gorge of the Grand Canyon at the point selected is said to be only 150 feet across. A dam constructed at this point would create a drop of 700 feet for 30,000 cubic feet of water per second, and would result in a lake more than fifty miles long. The plan is said to be entirely feasible if use can be found for the power developed, and if consent can be secured from the Government. The objection of the Government authorities would relate to submerging so much of the Grand Canyon.

The enterprising promoters claim to have the financial backing of a foreign syndicate, and they think power could be furnished so cheaply in the zone of the project that great industrial enterprises would be drawn to California, Arizona and Nevada, and that towns and cities would result. Furthermore, the power could be used for pumping water to thousands of acres of land now sagebrush waste but which with irrigation would become very productive.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Fruit Growing in the Kootenay District.

The Kootenay District of Southeastern British Columbia is made particularly interesting because of the concerted action of Oregon and Washington and British Columbia chambers of commerce in the endeavor to make the Columbia River continuously navigable from the Arrow Lakes to the Pacific Ocean. The entire Eastern part of British Columbia, and the Kootenay district in particular would benefit from the success of this international movement.

The Kootenay region has in the past been noted chiefly for its mining resources. The mines are today more prosperous than ever before, but fruit growing is fast becoming the leading industry. Climatic conditions are reported especially favorable for the more hardy fruits, sunshine and cool nights insuring the best of color, flavor and shipping qualities. Rather remarkable is the fact that irrigation is made unnecessary by a rainfall of nearly thirty inches, while across an intervening range of mountains the precipitation is only about fourteen inches. Many homeseekers are coming into this region, and large tracts of land are being colonized.



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To Our Readers

The Pacific Monthly for March, 1911

"*San Francisco Swept and Garnished*," is the suggestive title of a very interesting article by HARVEY WICKHAM, which will be a prominent feature of the March number. Mr. Wickham takes a philosophical survey of the present-day ethical and material conditions in the Bay City, comments at some length upon the results of the late graft prosecutions, explains why San Francisco is as it is, and withal contributes a very interesting bit to the mass of writings about his very fascinating city.

"*Dr. Cook, Faker*," is the definite, flat-footed title of a very brief article next month, which comes as a fitting sequel to Mr. Rusk's series "On the Trail of Dr. Cook." It will state simply the results of the Parker-Browne expedition to Mt. McKinley, and will reproduce the famous photograph of the trifling rock-eminence which Dr. Cook asserted was the summit of Mt. McKinley. The Rusk party would perhaps have secured this same picture, but for fog clouds on the day of their examination of the vicinity. Nothing could more definitely set at rest forever all doubt as to the character of Dr. Cook; nothing could more effectually prove his right to the title of "The Greatest Liar of the Age." Though fuller details of the Parker-Browne expedition have recently appeared in an Eastern magazine, it is but proper that THE PACIFIC MONTHLY devote a few additional pages to this final settlement of the great "Top-of-the-Continent" fake.

John E. Lathrop's "*The West and the National Capital*," will treat somewhat particularly of the Guggenheim Smelter Trust, and the pending merger of the Guggenheim Amalgamated Copper, the Phelps-Dodge, and the W. A. Clark interests, into what will be practically an absolute copper monopoly. Other National matters of importance will also be discussed.

"*Bogoslof, 'Lightning-Change Artist'*," is an account of the remarkable volcanic island of the Aleutian group, by Captain J. H. Quinan, of the revenue cutter *Tahoma*, who visited the island last summer, and witnessed the extraordinary physical phenomena there manifested. Illustrated from recent photographs.

FICTION

The March number will have the very interesting conclusions to three features: "*The Golden Half of the Silver Moon*," by FELIX BENGUIAT, "*The Narrative of a Shanghaied Whaleman*," by HENRY A. CLOCK, and "*The Confessions of an Itinerant Phrenologist*," by "ALEXANDER CRAIG." In addition, however, will be several unusually fine stories, among which are "*The Golden Valley*," a fascinating ghost tale of the wilderness, by CAMILLA L. KENYON; "*The Miracle of Father Peter*," by SEUMAS MACMANUS, one of this famous Irish writer's jolliest and quaintest yarns.

Are you keeping up with the thrilling run of "*The Elbow Canyon Mystery*"? If not, read the synopsis and installment in the present number, for the story reaches into its most gripping features from now on.

Among the unusually fine verse contributions to the March number are "*The Westerner*," by CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.; "*The Garden of Death*," by HENRY WALKER NOYES; "*The Claim-Jumpers*," by BERTON BRALEY, and a splendid sonnet by CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

A Voice Prophetic

By O. H. Roesner

At last I slept, and then,
Methought I heard a clarion call
That echoed back from wall to wall,
Proclaiming clear, and o'er and o'er,
"Rejoice, the Poor, they are no more!"
And gone were hovels, shacks, and dens,
The sordid lanes, miasmic fens.
No more stalked Strife and Fear and Hate;
No hearts bowed down disconsolate;
No factories rolled a whirl of smoke,
Where hearts of little children broke.
But Joy and Love ruled all supreme,
Each worker's eyes with hope a-gleam;
Green fields were thronged through sunlit hours
With romping children gathering flowers.

I woke with cry "Amen."
"Give please, give please,"—the vision fled—
"The starving millions moan for bread,"
A woman urged. "Heed Famine's cry."
I saw a beggar shuffling by.



A GLIMPSE OF THE OLYMPICS, FROM SAN JUAN ISLANDS, WASHINGTON.



MOUNT ADAMS, FROM CAMAS PRAIRIE, WASHINGTON.



IN SOUTHERN OREGON.



Photograph by Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Oregon.

EVENING ON THE RESERVATION.



VOL. XXV

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 2

Diaz, Statesman?

By John Kenneth Turner

THE revolutionary disturbances which began in Mexico during the last days of November have caused a good many staid Americans to doubt their former belief in the righteousness of the rule of President Diaz.

The peculiar spectacle is presented of a man, Francisco I. Madero, a millionaire many times over, a member of one of the leading families of the country, a man with a liberal education gained in foreign countries, one noted for his philanthropic works; a man who might easily have been Governor of his State had he solicited the honor, but who never accepted any post under the Government and held himself strictly aloof from political affairs, a man apparently with no political ambitions, a man of mature age, mind you—such a man suddenly turning outlaw, taking a step that he knew would result in the confiscation of his property, estrangement from life-long friends, persecution of the members of his family;

and for himself, if he failed, banishment or imprisonment, perhaps execution.

Why, of all Mexicans, should Francisco I. Madero turn revolutionist? The propertyless, by their very nature, are prone to sedition the world over; but a rich man usually thinks twice before he takes up arms against a Government that has protected him in the enjoyment of his riches. Therefore, with the type of American which inclines to the belief in general that revolution is out of place in the Twentieth Century, the merits of a revolt headed by a man like Madero seem unusually worthy of consideration.

And it must be remembered that Madero is by no means the only Mexican of wealth and distinction to identify himself with this most recent uprising against the Diaz Government. Probably more Mexicans of this class have been hunted for political reasons during the past twelve months than during all the rest of the Diaz epoch besides—an epoch which has extended over a period of thirty-four years. Have these men suddenly gone crazy? What is there about

the system of Diaz that would cause hundreds of men of intelligence and standing to risk life, family, property—their all—in order to take up arms against a ruler so firmly seated in power that it would seem folly to oppose him?

Until the past year or two the American people generally have been inclined to accept the estimate of current writings upon the statesmanship of Diaz without inquiring as to the motive of the writers. More recently, because the unanimity of writers has been broken, and because of the frequent reports of political disturbances, the people have come to question both the estimate and the motive of those whom previously they had accepted as authoritative.

For their blind concurrence of former days the American people cannot be blamed, for the men whose opinions they accepted as correct numbered among them many of the most distinguished personages of our country—and all agreed that Porfirio Diaz was a statesman of the highest order.

The Republican had the assertion of Theodore Roosevelt that "Among contemporary statesman there is none greater than Porfirio Diaz;" of President Taft that to Diaz "more than to any other one person is due the greatness of the Mexican Republic;" of Senator Root that "I look upon Porfirio Diaz as one of the greatest of men to be held up for the hero-worship of mankind;" and of many other almost, if not quite, as prominent leaders of his party.

The Democrat had the opinion of William Jennings Bryan, who, during a trip to Mexico in 1908, spoke in the most

eulogistic terms of Diaz's "great work;" of Judge Alton B. Parker that "He has rendered to the people of Mexico a greater service than it has been permitted any other statesman in the world to contribute to his country during the same period;" of that stalwart, Champ Clark, that "I regard him as one of the greatest men now living or who has ever lived in the last hundred years." Although Champ Clark, by the way, during the refugee

hearing held in Washington last June, told me: "I have read all of your articles and I agree with all that you say." Perhaps this Democratic leader is among those who have changed their minds!

The academic man had for his authorities such men as David Starr Jordan, who said: "I regard President Diaz as one of the ablest and most efficient rulers in any country within the last century"; of Benjamin Ide Wheeler that "I regard President Diaz as a great man"; of Arthur

T. Hadley that "The work of President Diaz has been so great, and the existing position and prosperity of Mexico is such a monument to his ability, that any words of commendation which I might attempt to offer would seem commonplace and superfluous."

Persons prone to take the word of philanthropists could quote Andrew Carnegie, who estimated Diaz as "One of the greatest rulers of the world, perhaps the greatest of all, taking into consideration the transformation he has made in Mexico, for he is at once the Moses and the Joshua of his people."

Such quotations might be extended almost indefinitely. It is sufficient to say



GENERAL DIAZ.

that probably no man of any nationality has ever been so extravagantly and so nearly unanimously praised in the United States as the present ruler of Mexico, Porfirio Diaz. "Hero of the Americas," "The Maker of Modern Mexico," "Greatest of Living Statesmen," are terms that have been publicly applied to him countless times. Some have even admitted the absolute character of his rule and yet have applauded him. He has been compared to a father guiding his children with a strong, firm hand. He has been called a "benevolent despot," a "beneficent dictator," even a "good tyrant."

Certainly the American people cannot be blamed for having looked upon Diaz as statesman of surpassing eminence! Is it possible that so many foremost Americans could be mistaken in such a matter? If so, by what strange means could they have arrived at so vast a blunder?

Let us cast aside authority for a time and consider the facts themselves—and only the facts that cannot be denied.

Probably two of the most definite, as well as the most popular allegations that are made in favor of President Diaz are that he "made modern Mexico" and that he "brought peace" to Mexico.

To say that a man "made modern Mexico" or that he "made" any modern



country, at first blush would seem high praise indeed. For the very term "modern" carries with it the notion of peace

CUAUHTEMOC STATUE, MEXICO
CITY.

MIGUEL HIDALGO STATUE

FOUNTAIN IN THE ALAMEDA,
GUADALUPE.

and prosperity, of education widely diffused, of a fair approximation to equality before the law, of guarantees making for the security of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, of governmental protection of the public health, of freedom of the individual to express his opinions within moderate bounds, of freedom of the individual to move about at will, of Government in general not by whim, but by constitution, by-laws, and laws formally concurred in by a considerable fraction of the people. It cannot be denied that if it be within the power of any one man to make a country, then Porfirio Diaz has made Mexico as we find it today. The questions follow: Has the work been well done? Is Mexico modern? What sort of a place for a human being is Mexico, anyhow?

In Mexico there are chattel slaves, at least three-quarters of a million of them—five per cent of the population. That Mexican slavery is wide-spread is admitted by the warmest defenders of the Diaz system. In my book "Barbarous Mexico," I have gathered into one chapter the writings of men who have sought either to deny or to justify the slavery of Mexico, but who, in the course of their denials or justifications, have acknowledged the existence of all the essential features of the system. The lives of these slaves are frightful beyond de-

scription. Our negro slavery before the Civil War was paradise compared with their lot. In this slavery the Government is an active partner. Without the active partnership of the Government the slavery could not be maintained for a single day. Diaz is the Mexican Government. Is a nation modern which maintains slavery? Can any ruler who deals in slaves properly be termed a statesman?

In Mexico there are at least five or six millions of peons—one-third of the population. These peons are only slightly removed from chattel slavery. They are bound to their employers by debt, and under such terms that there is no hope of their ever paying their debt. Hundreds of thousands of them never owned a piece of money in their lives. Where wages are paid, they range from nine to twenty-five cents a day in our money, without board, clothing or provisions. The peons live and die in rags and seldom taste any food except corn and beans, the prices of which are usually higher than the same articles cost in the United States. The peons have absolutely no opportunities to learn to read or to advance in any way. If they run away from their employers they are hunted down and brought back by the duly appointed constabulary of the State. The system of peonage has expanded during the regime of Diaz and the condi-

tions of the peons have become very much worse. Can a nation which supports a system of personal service for debt be called modern? Can a ruler who has never attempted to abolish or mitigate such a system properly be called a statesman?

I do not believe that there is a country in the world where the general poverty is more acute than it is in Mexico. I have never visited China or India, but if the masses are any worse off in those countries they are starving to death by the millions. The soil of Mexico, acre for acre, is as rich as that of the United States. The population per square mile is about the same. Is it not a little peculiar that the masses are starving?

On the other hand, there are rich men in Mexico. The extremes of wealth are far greater than they are in the United States. In this country the farmer is of the middle class. In Mexico the typical farm is the million-acre farm, the farmer—the man who owns the slaves and the peons—the king of money kings. The Mexican *haciendado* often spends as much for a suit of clothes as he pays to a peon for a lifetime of toil. The sort of farms and farmers one runs across in Mexico may be guessed from a press dispatch, printed in the American newspapers during the month of December, which stated that a certain *haciendado* of Oaxaca had offered the services of fifty thousand peons from his estate, fully

armed, to Diaz to aid in crushing the revolution. This is Sixteenth Century feudalism transplanted in the Twentieth Century. The *haciendado* can send his peons to war without asking their consent. If he wish, he may have the "*right of the first night*." He can starve his peons, kill them; the Government does not protect them. Is it not pretty generally conceded that the first duty of a statesman is to protect the weak against the aggressions of the strong?

Certainly the care of the public health and the education of the masses are two issues which, if the Government fail, it cannot be called a modern Government, and the man who IS the Government cannot be termed a great statesman.

If in all Mexico there exists a city with a really modern sewer system I am ignorant of its name. In Mexico City, the metropolis of the country, not more than one-fifth of the houses within the city limits are regularly supplied with water with which to flush the sewers, while there are many densely-populated blocks which have no public water whatsoever, either for sewer-flushing or for drinking. As a result epidemics of typhoid sweep away thousands every year and the death-rate ranges always between five and six per cent—double that of well-regulated cities of South America and nearly three times that of the most unhealthy city of the United States. Which means that from one-



VENDER OF OLLAS.

CORN HUSKS FOR TOMALES.

A SELLER OF HATS AND BASKETS.

half to two-thirds the people who die in Diaz's metropolis die of causes which modern cities have abolished.

Mexican schools are mostly on paper. There is practically no such thing as country schools, while towns of many hundreds of inhabitants often have no public schools whatsoever. According to the Mexican census of 1900 but sixteen per cent of the population were able to read and write. Compare this with Japan, an over-populated country where the people are very poor and where the opportunities for education seemingly ought not to be so good. Ninety-eight per cent of Japanese men and ninety-three per cent of Japanese women are able to read and write.

For the masses of Mexico the ordinary constitutional guarantees, without which life in organized society is intolerable, are without force and effect. If justice is meted out in any case, it is justice that is given in charity—that is, at the option of the giver—and not justice that is guaranteed by the State. Diaz has abolished trial by jury everywhere except in the City of Mexico. In many States trial

before a judge is the exception, not the rule. The rule is that the functions of judge, jury, prosecutor, arresting officer and executing officer are all embodied in one man—the *jefe politico*—an executive official appointed by the President or the Governor of the State. This man lines his own pockets by selling the poor into slavery, by overtaxing the weak, by bounding the enemies of the strong. Men who gather together a little money he drafts into the army, then lets them buy themselves off for a hundred *pesos* or so. His grafts are multitudinous. He is a terror to the community. His word

is law and there is no appeal to a higher court. Dictatorships within a dictatorship—such is the “modern” political system of Porfirio Diaz.

In Mexico free speech and free press are unknown. To breathe a word against the Government spells ruin. For more than thirty-four years there has not been a real election in all Mexico. In 1857 the people of Mexico adopted a modern constitution resembling in many details that of the United States. When Diaz came into power in 1876 that constitution was in operation. Diaz abolished the constitution and for thirty-four years—except

for four years, from 1880 to 1884, when he turned the Government nominally over to a friend—he has ruled Mexico by fiat. Is Mexico modern in the matter of government, in education or in the general condition of the people?

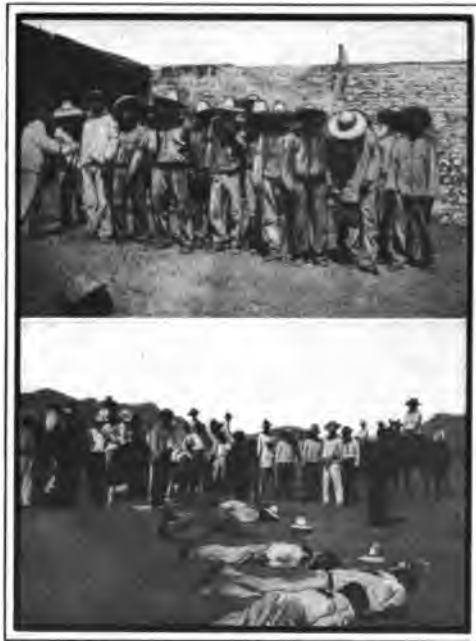
Is Mexico modern in any way? Has Mexico advanced in any way during the past thirty-four years?

Yes, in one way—in just one: Mexico has advanced industrially. That is to say, railroads have been built, also some fine harbors, a

few modern factories and smelters. The output of the mines has increased; foreign trade has expanded greatly.

Thirty-four years have actually shown a difference industrially. Despite the fact that not twenty per cent of the people have profited in any way by Mexico's industrial advancement it must be conceded that industrial advancement has been made and that industrial advancement is a step toward the modernization of a country, in the generally accepted meaning of that term.

If Mexico can be classed as a modern



A TYPICAL OFFICIAL EXECUTION IN MEXICO.



TYPICAL GIRL OF CENTRAL MEXICO.

A TEHUANTEPEC GIRL.

MIDDLE-CLASS MEXICAN GIRL.

country, then, it will be purely by reason of such industrial development as she has seen. And if Diaz can be styled the maker of modern Mexico it will be entirely because his influence for industrial advancement has been peculiarly great.

But has Diaz's influence for industrial advancement been peculiarly great?

Consider the United States thirty-four years ago and then today; and then consider Mexico. Consider that the world has been built over, industrially, in the past thirty-four years. Disregard the

United States and European countries and compare the progress of Mexico with that of other Latin-American countries. Among persons who have traveled extensively in Argentine, Chili, Brazil, even Cuba, and Mexico, there is a pretty fair agreement that Mexico is the most backward of the five—in the matter of government, in the matter of public health and education, even industrially. Who made Argentine? Who made Chili? Who made Brazil? Why don't we find a "maker" of these countries? Who made



MEXICAN OF THE RIVER COUNTRY.

IN OAXACA.

BOY PORTER.

the United States? Who made the world?

Whatever modernization Mexico has had during the past thirty-four years must be attributed to evolution, not to Diaz—unless it can be shown that Mexico has advanced in that period faster than other countries. The truth is that nearly all other countries of Mexico's size or larger have advanced much more rapidly than has Mexico. The logical conclusion is that Diaz, instead of having been a propelling force, has been a retarding force.

Supposing that the United States had been in peaceable possession of Mexico for the past ten years? And in making this supposition I do not wish to be construed as advocating annexation. Does

Why has Diaz been so extravagantly praised by Americans?

President Diaz is an honorary member of the World's Sunday School Association. He is also an honorary vice-president of the American Peace Society. These distinctions were conferred upon him because of his reputation as a peacemaker. An American politician recently spoke of him as the greatest peacemaker alive, as a greater peacemaker than Roosevelt. The theory seems to be that since the history of Mexico, before Diaz, was full of wars and violent changes in the Government, and the history of Mexico under Diaz fails to record an upheaval of sufficient violence to overthrow him, that Diaz must have built his rule upon sound and peaceful lines.



MEXICAN COUNTRY JAIL.

any legitimate investor doubt that his holdings would be worth twice, three times, perhaps five times more than they are worth today? Why? Not merely because the country would be under the American flag, but because his property would be far more secure, because Mexico would be a better land in a hundred ways in which to live and work, because the assurances of peace for the future would be a hundred times greater, because everybody would know that the Government was, comparatively, on a sound foundation. I do not consider my own country perfect—not by any means. But the step from this side of the Rio Grande to the other is a very, very long one.

Which theory could not be farther from the truth. The truth is that Diaz broke the peace of Mexico in the first place in order to seize the Governmental power for himself, and that he has been breaking the peace of Mexico ever since, by making war upon the self-respecting, peace-seeking elements among his people. Mexico has never been entirely quiescent under Diaz. Rebellion after rebellion has followed, one after another, not because the Mexicans have revolution in their blood, but because no self-respecting people will submit peaceably to despotism. Diaz has not built for peace. Constitutional rights are the only safety-valves against sedition, and Diaz has shorn the Mexican people of the con-

stitutional rights that they once had. By abolishing the rights of speech, press and assembly, by making a farce of elections and of court procedure, he has built inevitably for revolution. The blood shed in the Madero revolution is not blood upon the hands of Madero and his friends, but blood upon the hands of Diaz. All that these men have asked for were those common rights that Americans accept and enjoy as a matter of course. The grievances of our men of Seventy-six are not to be thought of in comparison with theirs.

For more than twenty years before arriving at the supreme power, Diaz was a professional soldier and almost continually in the field. Through the friendship of Benito Juarez, father of the constitution, he gradually rose to the rank of major-general. Following the overthrow of Maximilian, peace reigned in Mexico. Juarez was President. The constitution was in operation. There threatened neither foreign foe nor internal revolt. Never since Cortez scuttled his ships in Vera Cruz harbor did Mexico face such rosy prospects of peace and prosperity. But despite these facts, General Porfirio Diaz stirred up revolution after revolution for the purpose of seizing the supreme power for himself.

For eight years Diaz was a common rebel before he was successful. That the majority of the people were against him is attested by the fact that during those eight years he was a candidate at the polls three times and each time he was overwhelmingly defeated. Finally, after four separate revolutionary attempts, three of which failed, Diaz succeeded in gaining a decisive victory over the Government troops. He led his army into the capital, proclaimed himself President, installed his military subordinates as Governors of the various States, and put into operation a military dictatorship whose character has not changed to this day.

Peace? The sort of peace under Diaz has been kept by the killing off of his opponents as fast as their heads appeared above the horizon. At various times men have sought to oppose him for the Presidency. All of these, without exception, have either been assassinated, banished or imprisoned. Political

killing has been going on all the time—continually by single executions and assassinations, periodically by wholesale massacres. Peace? This is the sort of peace the Mexican writer DeZayas calls "mechanical peace." It has no virtue, because the fruits of legitimate peace fail to ripen under it. It neither brings happiness to a Nation, nor prepares the Nation for happiness. It prepares it only for violent revolution. It makes revolution inevitable; for revolution is the legitimate fruit of despotism.

And yet the American Peace Society proudly numbers Porfirio Diaz among its members!

Diaz has been praised because of his personal cleanliness and family virtues. These are all good, but it must be remembered that they do not in the least determine the standing a man deserves as a statesman. Some of the world's greatest criminals have been models of virtue in their family affairs. Certainly no one will argue that, since a man keeps clean physically, he has a right to misgovern a people.

When one lays generalities aside and gets down to facts, is it found that Diaz has ever done anything remarkable for Mexico that justifies the adjectives "great," "patriotic," etc.? To my mind, *the one remarkable thing that Porfirio Diaz has done has been to keep his grip on the reins of power for thirty-four years.*

In order to do this, it has not been necessary that he be a statesman, but it has been necessary that he be a genius—of a sort. To do this it has been necessary that he bend every faculty toward the one end, that he lay aside every other consideration, that he eat, drink and sleep with the one idea always in his mind, that the test for his every act in all these thirty-four years be the one question: "How will this move affect the security of my position?" It has been necessary that every consideration of humanity and posterity be forgotten in the one problem: "How can I stay here? How can I stay here?"

Doubtless in the first place Diaz meant well. Doubtless he imagined that he could order the welfare of the country better than could any other man or set of men. Doubtless he felt justified, for

this reason, in plunging Mexico into civil war and destroying the constitution in order to secure the power and maintain himself in it at the start. But he was only a rough soldier. The only science of government he knew was the science of military discipline, which becomes a curse when applied to civil affairs. He was a man of poor education. Sons of well-to-do Mexicans are usually educated abroad. Most of what little education Diaz secured he got at an obscure religious school. He knew nothing of democracy. He wanted to rule for life, and *he moved along the line of least resistance.*

Which means that, not knowing how to govern a free people, he applied the rules of military discipline to civil affairs.

Which means that, when men organized clubs to further the ends of democracy, instead of winning the people by giving them a part of his Government, he proceeded against the members of the clubs as traitors and criminals; they were sent to prison, or hounded out of the country, or put to death.

Which means that, when he found that he could not maintain his rule by constitutional and legal means, he abolished the constitution and ruled by fiat, enforcing his decrees with the musket and bayonet.

Which means that, when he wanted to dispose of certain men against whom he had no legal cause, he abolished the jury system, made the courts his creatures, and in many cases abolished the courts themselves, turning their powers over to an executive officer who was given to understand that he had but one consideration to keep in mind, viz: loyalty to his master.

Which means that, knowing that he could not rule by himself alone, knowing that the loyalty of the strong must be bought and paid for, he proceeded to purchase that loyalty with the bodies of the weak—creating a system of chattel slavery, establishing a more cruel system of peonage than had ever existed under the worst of the Spanish viceroys, confiscating the lands of the humble farmers and concentrating them into vast *haciendas*, putting his generals into the public offices so that they might be in the best position to exploit the people on the one

hand and keep them in subjection on the other; creating a financial camarilla and handing out concessions, subsidies, contracts and grafts with a lavish hand.

Which means that he resorted to a thousand hypocrisies to help him keep his grip on the reins. Assuming all the powers of a Czar, he yet retained the terminology and the form of Republicanism. He always maintained what he called a Congress. Periodically he sent out news that there had been "elections." Instead of calling himself a king and wearing a crown, he retained the title of President. When he was asked to grant a privilege that he did not wish to grant, he gravely informed the petitioner that he was sorry, but that it was "unconstitutional." When the crimes of any of his underlings became the subject of so much scandal as to call for a pronouncement on his part, he excused himself from punishing them by saying that the matter was beyond his powers; that it was a matter for review by the courts of the given State. Instead of grappling with the problem of the Catholic Church he straddled it. On the one hand, he put himself at the head of the Masonic Order in Mexico and held aloof from the church personally; on the other hand, he made his marriage a means of influence with the church, favored the church secretly, permitted the violation of the laws of reform, nominated all new bishops and refused to enact a divorce law; so that today there is no such thing as divorce and re-marriage within the life of either party in Mexico. His marriage is known to have been dictated by political considerations. By secretly aiding in the publication of a book which attempted to prove that Benito Juarez, instead of being a great statesman, was a great blunderer, he attempted to undermine the popular idolatry of the father of the Mexican constitution. But, when he discovered that he could not turn the tide, he fell in with it, until today we find him every year, on the birthday of Juarez, delivering a eulogy over the tomb of the man against whom he rebelled! More than this, during the speech, he sheds tears—rains tears—and is wont to speak of Juarez as "my great teacher!"

Which means, furthermore, that he made a play to the foreigner. He agreed

to pay the foreign debt, then borrowed more money on the confidence thus engendered. He let the foreigner in on the "good things" in his country. He gave away concessions to build railroads and threw in big subsidies besides, even in cases where subsidy was not asked for. He gave away huge tracts of land. Foreign visitors to his country he treated like civilized beings and a little better. American writers and publishers he enriched. Having created the warm feeling on the part of the foreigner, he played it from both sides against itself. His own people he warned against the foreigner, saying that the foreigner was only waiting to take the country; that a revolution against himself would mean intervention and annexation; that he was the only one who could be trusted to keep the rapacious foreigner at bay. The foreigner he warned against his people, telling him that they were unfit to govern themselves; that a successful rebellion would mean repudiation of the foreign debt and confiscation of the property of foreigners in the country.

Which means, finally, that he made no provision for the future of the country after he is gone; that he neither trained the people to take his place nor trained any individual to take his place; that his country was brought to the verge of ruin, that revolution at the end of his reign was made an inevitability, where political chaos is the natural outcome and a modern state can be built only after a period of strain and stress and perturbation and national calamity.

Why have Americans hailed Diaz as the greatest statesman of the age, as the

hero of the Americas, as the master-builder of a great commonwealth, as the maker of modern Mexico, as the creator of a nation, as the greatest of peacemakers, as the Moses and the Joshua of his people, as a thousand other things that are great and good and beneficent?

I am now ready to answer that question. *It is because he has made it pleasant for Americans who happen to be in a position to influence public opinion.*

Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that Diaz has bought with money or with favors the good words of all, or one-half, or one-tenth of the prominent Americans who have spoken so enthusiastically of his great work.

There are Americans who have known full well the character of Diaz and his system, and who, because they were interested in investments in Mexico which depended for their immediate success largely on a confidence among Americans in the righteousness and stability of the Diaz Government, considered it necessary that they misrepresent the conditions.

But I believe that the vast majority of those who have spoken well of Diaz thought well of him in their hearts—because they did not know. When a man goes into a new country and is received with the greatest consideration by the representatives of the Government, when the President and some of the Governors wine and dine him, when he is given a large tract of land for comparatively nothing, or a railroad with a subsidy attached, or any other concession which promises quick riches for himself, he is extremely likely to regard the particular beneficence conferred upon him-



CAPTAIN PORFIRIO DIAZ, JR., SON OF MEXICO'S PRESIDENT.

self as merely a sample of the general beneficence of a ruler who can hardly be anything but great and good.

There are some \$900,000,000 of American capital invested in Mexico; or those are the figures recently given by our Consul-General there, Mr. Shanklin. While this is divided among thousands of Americans, most of it is centered in Wall Street. The Morgan group of financiers, the Standard Oil group, the Harriman group, the Guggenheims, and other such "big" Wall Street people—if there are any others—are heavily interested in Mexico. The opinion of a few of these men goes a long way with the press and the politicians, and through them, with the public. Besides that, nearly every individual investor is a booster for Diaz. These boosters, big and small, together with the directly influenced writers, or writers and publishers deceived by a mere glance at the surface of things, have simply fooled university professors, politicians, and editors, who have fooled the public.

The American investors in Mexico are usually boosters for Diaz because they know that their special privileges came from him and depend upon his whim. If they are interested in a stock-selling scheme, or a land-promotion scheme, their sales depend largely upon the confidence of the prospective buyer in the stability of the existing regime. Therefore they are strongly inclined to feel that it is up to them to deny the reports of barbarous conditions in the country and to praise Diaz to the skies.

This is natural. It is natural for "business" to dread a change of any sort. In "defending Mexico," as they call it, they are, doubtless, acting in accordance with the immediate interests of their pocket-books. But they are not acting in accordance with their ultimate interests. They should know that no one man, however strong, can rule forever. They should know that despotism cannot last and that when it falls it falls with a crash. They know that, while they may sell their stock now, tomorrow their property and their lives may be in jeopardy, for there can be no despotism that is not clouded with the threat of revolution.

I have said that nearly every individual investor is a booster for Diaz. This statement is not nearly as true today as it was a year ago. I know this from letters that have come to me; from personal interviews; from information that I have received in many different ways. The American investor is coming to see that the only stable Government is one in which there is at least a degree of popular sovereignty. From eulogizing Diaz the American investor is turning to the wish that the Diaz regime may soon end and give place to a new and modern one.

Diaz a statesman? When I am able to turn my memory away from the terrible sights that I have seen on the slave plantations, in the prisons, and in the slums and the streets of the cities; when I am able to banish from my mind the political executions, massacres, imprisonments and torture; when I am able to see Diaz alone, then—I see him as an old power-blind man from under whose feet the world at last is slipping, slipping, slipping.

Porfirio Diaz is eighty years old. And now, despite all his vigilance, despite the wonderful repressive machine that he has built up to keep the people down, he is losing out at last against the inexorable determination of human kind not to be governed from above, but to govern itself. Abroad his Minister of Finance, Limantour, has been for months prostrating himself before the bankers of Europe, but so far he has been unable to raise the Government loan for which he was sent. Poor Diaz! With all his millions spent for printers' ink, with all his press suppressions at home, with all his powerful alliances abroad, here, at the end of the road, the financiers of the world are coming to know him for what he is. They are coming to know how, after all, he has failed to build on solid ground; how he is tottering to his end, unable longer to put down revolutions in a day; unable longer to hide the opposition to him on the part of the best people of his country!

Porfirio Diaz is reaping the whirlwind. He is not a statesman, but a soldier who lived three centuries too late!

How to Read the Gospels and in What is Their Essence?

By Count Leo Tolstoy

Translated for The Pacific Monthly by Irwin M. Grodin

Editor's Note: This is one of the later pamphlets suppressed in Russia.



IN that, which is taught as the doctrine of Christ, is so much that is dreadful, incredible, incomprehensible, even contradictory, that one does not know how it must be understood.

Moreover, the doctrine is not understood by all alike. Some say that the whole affair is in redemption; others, that the whole affair is in the blessing obtained through sacrament; others, that the whole affair is in submission to the Church. Now the various churches again understood the doctrine differently. The Catholic Church recognizes the proceeding of the Holy Spirit from Father and Son, and the infallibility of the Pope and thinks that salvation is chiefly to be found through works; the Lutheran Church does not recognize this and thinks that salvation is to be found through faith; the Orthodox (Russian) Church recognizes the proceeding of the Holy Spirit only from the Father, and as to salvation, it considers necessary both faith and works. The English-Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, not to mention a hundred other different churches, all of them understand the Christian doctrine, each in its own way.

Young men and common people who doubt the truth of the doctrine of the church in which they were raised, used to apply, and do now apply frequently to me, asking me in what consists *my* teaching and how do I understand the Christian doctrine? Such questions always grieve me and even seem to me an insult.

Christ-God, according to the doctrine of the Church, came down upon earth in order to reveal to the people the divine truth for their guidance in life. A com-

mon, ordinary man, even a foolish or stupid man—if he wished to tell people something that is important for them, is always able to express it so that people will understand him. And suddenly God came down on earth for the sole purpose of saving people, and God Himself was not able to state what He had to say clearly enough to prevent people from misinterpreting His words and differing in their understanding of it.

This could not be if Christ were God.

This cannot be. And what then, if Christ were not God, but a great teacher? He was a great teacher and for that very reason was He able to express truth so that it is as clear as the sun, and it is impossible either to suppress it, or to obscure it.

And, therefore, in either case, in the Gospels that hand on to us the doctrine of Christ must be the truth. And indeed the truth is there in the Gospels for all those who will read them with sincere desire to know the truth, and without prejudice, and above all, free from the notion that there is in them a kind of wisdom which is beyond the grasp of the human mind.

So I read the Gospels and found in them truth that is within the comprehension of a child, as the Gospels themselves say. And therefore, when I am asked: in what consists *my* teaching, and how do I understand the Christian doctrine, I answer: I have not any teaching, but I understand the Christian doctrine as it is stated in the Gospels. If I have written books about Christian doctrine, it is in order to prove the falsity of those explanations which undertook to "interpret" the Gospels.

In order to understand the Christian doctrine itself, it is necessary principally not to interpret the Gospels, but to take them just as they are written. And,

therefore, to the question: How must we understand the doctrine of Christ, I answer: If you wish to understand the doctrine of Christ, read the Gospels; read, freed from any preconceived theory, with the one desire to understand that which is set down in the Gospels. But for the very reason that the Gospels are a sacred book, one has to read them thoughtfully, with close attention and with discrimination, and not carelessly and indiscriminately ascribing an equal importance to each word that is found in the book.

In order to understand any book, it is necessary to separate all of it that is fully understood from the part that is incomprehensible and confused, and out of this clearly comprehended portion form for one's self an idea of the meaning and the spirit of the whole book, and then on the basis of what is fully understood—clear up the puzzling and not fully understood places. In this way we read any kind of a book. All the more is it necessary so to read the Gospels, a book that passed through complicated compilings, translating, and transcribing, a book that was composed eighteen centuries ago, by people superstitious and ill educated.

(As it is known to all who have learned the origin of these books, the Gospels are by no means an infallible expression of the divine truth, but one of the productions of unaccountable human hands and minds, full of mistakes in its exegesis, and therefore not by any means can it be accepted as the productions of the Holy Spirit, as the church men say. If this were so, then God himself would reveal it, as it is said that He gave the Commandments on the Mount Sinai, or through some kind of a miracle. He would have handed the completed Book to the people as the Mormons affirm in the case of their Holy Scripture. Now, however, we know how these books were written and collected, how they were corrected, translated, and therefore, not only we cannot accept them as the infallible revelation, but we are obliged, if we respect truth to correct in them the errors that occur in them.*)

Therefore, in order to understand the Gospels it is necessary first of all to separate in them that which is altogether simple and well understood from that which is puzzling and incomprehensible, and separated out of this simple and understood portion from that which is con-

fused and incomprehensible, read this clear and understood portion several times, one after the other, endeavoring to master the meaning of this simple, clear doctrine, and then on its basis, try to clear up to one's self the meaning also of those places which seemed to be complicated and obscured. So did I in my reading of the Gospels and the meaning of the doctrine of Christ opened itself to me with a clearness nowise open to doubt. And, therefore, I advise every person who is willing to understand the real meaning of the doctrine of Christ: do the same.

Let everyone reading the Gospels underline with a blue pencil all that which seems to him entirely simple, clear and understood, underscoring, besides this, with a red pencil that portion of what has already been underscored with a blue, the words of Christ Himself, in distinction from the words of the evangelists, and let him read over those places marked with red, a few times. And only after that, when he understands these places well, let him read over again the remaining parts which were not clear to him before, and which therefore were not underlined, and let him underline in red these passages which have become clear to him. The parts then that contain words ascribed to Christ which remain not entirely clear, and also the doubtful words of the authors of the Gospels, let him leave entirely unmarked. The underlined parts, therefore, will give to the reader the substance of the doctrine of Christ; they will give to the reader that which is necessary to all and which therefore Christ said so that all could understand. The parts that are marked only with blue will give what the writers of the Gospels spoke themselves and what they understood.

It is quite possible that in marking what is fully, and what is not fully, understood, different people will mark different passages, so that which is understood by one will seem obscure to another; but in the essential points, certainly all will agree, all fully understand the same thing.

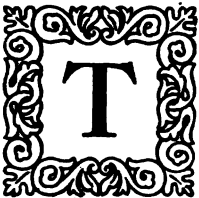
So this which is fully understood by all alike, constitutes the teaching of Christ.

*Note inserted by Count Leo Tolstoy's Publisher, Vladimir Tchertkoff.

The Newspaper and the Theater

By William Winter

Part II.

HE right and duty of the press to publish true criticism relative to all theatrical proceedings is the main point. But it is against publication of adverse criticism, exposing plays offensive to morality and decency for what they are, that managers make, perhaps, the most violent opposition—and for these reasons: that is the kind of criticism which most affects the better part of the community in determining attendance at theatres, and it is the kind of criticism that directly affects the social recognition and position of the responsible parties, especially the managers. Anybody, while acting in perfect good faith, can produce a bad play and have it badly acted—and every manager that ever had extended experience has done so; no play of a demoralizing character can be produced without knowledge of that character and, when such plays are produced it is generally because they are so. In dealing with vile plays the matter of paid advertisement impinges on and discredits dramatic criticism in another way. What is the practical result of publishing editorially, logical, judicious analysis and just condemnation of what you know to be an iniquity,—criticism that is, of a vile play, criticism carefully framed for the purpose of turning the minds of readers against such plays,—if, on the opposite page, you publish, in consideration of payment, a specious, laudatory, attractive advertisement of that same play? And when, in addition to the commendatory advertisement, you also publish, every day, in the “news” columns, paragraphs relative to the indecency, calculated to excite and interest public curiosity; pictures of principal scenes in the offensive play; “interviews” with its author, its “producer,” and the players who perform in it,—thus giving

it the most helpful publicity,—what practical effect can be expected to follow from the adverse review?

I once suggested to a City Editor of *The Tribune*,—Mr. Arthur F. Bowers, a proficient journalist, now dead,—that the advertisement of a certain obnoxious play, which had been announced as in preparation at one of the local theatres, ought to be declined. The effect of that suggestion was remarkable. My astounded colleague almost collapsed, from shock. As soon as he could recover he managed to respond, saying: “Mr. Winter, the time has not come, and I trust and believe that it never will come, when *The Tribune* will reject an advertisement!” I made the same suggestion to the present Managing Editor, Mr. Roscoe C. E. Brown, advising that the advertisement of “Mrs. Warren’s Profession” should be excluded. That demonstration of “impracticable eccentricity” on my part was not considered worthy of reply; at least, no reply was made to it. The advertisement, however, was duly accepted and published.

It has recently come to be, more than ever, the custom to declare that the best way in which to deal with offensive plays, with a view to the extirpation of them, is to maintain absolute silence about them. That policy would have left every evil that has been destroyed by publicity and by awakened, stimulated public opinion to flourish unopposed. If all the newspapers in the country would adopt that practice, and rigidly adhere to it, refusing all advertisement of such plays, there is a possibility that it might prove temporarily effective. But they do not adopt that practice, and they never will. Every vile play that is produced can, and does, obtain not only all the advertising space desired, but, because of that advertising space purchased, ample publicity, of the most valuable kind, in the

reading columns of most of the newspapers,—the matter so published being, very often, of the most specious character and written in the offices of the producing manager. In the interest of public decency and morality every reputable newspaper ought to denounce and oppose the production of such plays. It is, of course, possible that a journalist who is inexperienced, or one who is mischievously adroit, can so frame an adverse criticism,—the one because he knows no better, the other because he wishes to do so,—that it can be made to serve as an advantageous advertisement of a vile play; but it is a very inefficient journalist who cannot, or a corrupt one who does not, prevent his writings from having that effect; furthermore, a writer must believe that he is addressing a singularly depraved class of readers, when he thinks that a careful, judicial, rational, condemnatory review of a rank, vile play, will send his readers to see that play, for the reason that he has made known its rankness and vileness!

A convenient agency for the control of the newspaper press is a Club called "The Friars." That Club was formed in 1907, ostensibly for the promotion of comradeship and the obtainment of innocent pleasure. It has, officially, described itself as "*an organization of theatrical press-agents, managers, and newspaper men.*" It maintains its headquarters in New York, its membership is large, and it extends its influence into many other cities. "Theatrical press-agents" are, of course, persons employed by theatrical managers to attend to the business of advertising and to "work" the press. Many of those agents are persons who have been associated with newspapers. All of them are more or less intimately acquainted with "newspaper-men." They are empowered to place advertisements and to distribute free theatre tickets, and thus they possess effectual means of obtaining the favor of the Press. Those means they industriously employ. Their vocation, when it is honorably pursued, is reputable and it is advantageous to the public and the press, as well as to the theatres. Those agents can, and sometimes they do, fulfill a legitimate function, furnishing desirable and necessary information to the press, and thus

expediting the dissemination of it. But often their vocation is not honorably pursued. Some of them have been known to represent bad causes and to resort to ignominious devices, even those of the blackguard and swindler, in order to promote those causes and justify themselves, and in order to prevent or to vitiate honest critical opinion, adverse to their purposes. The customary lack of truth and of good taste in "press-agent stories" has made that phrase a byword for chicanery or falsehood. The phrase "newspapermen," although comprehensive, means, in this case, not the editors and not the dramatic critics of newspapers (who would not, however, be excluded, if they wished to join "The Friars"), but the reporters, the persons who are sent to gather "theatrical news." It is not difficult to conjecture the probable effect upon theatrical "news" and upon its dissemination, of this fraternal fellowship of "theatrical press-agents, managers, and newspaper men." An instructive illustration can properly here be specified. On one occasion the official representative of a prominent and powerful theatrical firm, being displeased by printed comment of mine on a play that had been produced by his employers, accosted a theatrical reporter, at that time responsible to me, saying: "I saw what the old man did to me this morning. If you people aren't careful, I'll go down to the Friars and get Charlie Cook and some others, and we'll cut you down to five lines."

It is sometimes difficult to obtain positive evidence of the insidious measures that are taken by certain theatrical managers with a view to controlling dramatic criticism, for the reason that not all dramatic critics are willing to speak freely on this subject, at risk of embroilment with the newspapers they serve, and on which they are dependent for the opportunity of earning a subsistence. The dissatisfied manager often "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," but those wonders are performed and, "if imputation and strong circumstances which lead directly to the door of truth, will give you satisfaction, you may have it."

During many years the New York Theatrical Syndicate has been an object of censure, as an organization injurious

to the higher and better interests of the Theatre, and that censure has frequently been deserved.. It has been charged, and not without reason, that the Syndicate, or one or other of the firms of theatrical managers composing it, has used a large and lucrative advertising patronage in such a way as to bias the tone, direct the influence, and control the publication of newspaper theatrical criticism.

It would, however, be unfair, to give the impression that efforts, successful or otherwise, to affect criticism by the use of advertising patronage are, in any degree, more peculiar to the managers of the old Syndicate than to those who are members of the new one. A student of the relations between theatrical advertising patronage and independent theatrical criticism, if, having an agate-line measure within convenient reach, he takes the trouble to examine newspaper files, can glean instructive and interesting information. Thus, on December 30, 1908, the Messrs. Sam S. and Lee Shubert, Inc., opened their new "Maxine Elliott's Theatre", in New York. On the preceding Sunday the Shubert advertising in *The New York World* was 360 agate lines. On December 31, *The World* published an adverse, though perfectly just criticism of the play then produced at that new theatre,—a play called "The Chaperone",—and also it published an accurate and fair description of the new house and of its opening, declaring the theatre to be "a welcome addition" to New York's remarkable list of play-houses, yet far from being the most sumptuous." It added, by way of comment on the impression created by the new theatre, that its interior "suggested a woman's boudoir", and then it committed the heinous offence of telling the plain truth, obvious to everybody who attended the opening, that "its odor was not that of perfume, but of paint". On the following Sunday the Shubert advertising in the *The World*, instead of being 360 lines, was exactly *thirty-seven*; nor did that advertising even approach its customary bulk for many weeks; on May 30 it had only crept back to 200 lines. These figures and these facts, to the mind of the journalist who is aware of the large circulation of *The World*, carry immediate conviction that the Shubert

advertising was deliberately used in an attempt to "discipline" and coerce that newspaper. *The World*, however, is an exceptionally independent journal, and an examination of its dramatic criticism published throughout the entire period of that "discipline" affords proof that the effort to restrain its freedom of speech was a complete failure.

Few such instances of independence, however, are revealed. Mr. W. P. Eaton was for some time employed by *The New York Sun* to discuss theatrical matters in that journal. On January 29, 1908, *The Sun* published an adverse article by that writer, relative to a piece called "The Soul Kiss", brought out by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, and in which that firm had an interest. On the previous Sunday the Klaw & Erlanger advertisements in *The Sun* amounted to 212 agate lines. Immediately on the publication of that article, which severely condemned the play, the advertisements of *all* the theatres in the city conducted by that firm were withdrawn from that newspaper's columns. On October 18, 1908, the advertisements in *The Sun* of "Charles Frohman's New York's Leading Theatres",—all of them "Syndicate houses" and therefore measurably allied to those of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger—was 230 agate lines. On October 20 *The Sun* published an article by Mr. W. P. Eaton, adverse to Mr. Charles Frohman's production, at the Criterion Theatre, of Mr. Bernstein's vulgar, repulsive play of "Samson". On Sunday, October 25, *The Sun* carried *ninety lines* of advertisements of "Charles Frohman's New York's Leading Theatres", and on the next Sunday, November 1, *only forty-seven lines*. During the last week of October Mr. W. P. Eaton, it is understood, was notified that his services were no longer required by *The Sun*, and his association with that journal terminated with the week of November 1. On the next Sunday, November 8, 1908, *The Sun* published advertisements of theatres and plays of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger's to the amount of *308 agate lines*,—being the first advertisement of that firm's that had been printed in that journal since January 29 of that year. On the same date the advertisements of "Charles Frohman's New York's Leading The-

atres" increased from the forty-seven lines of the preceding Sunday to 190 lines, and on the next Sunday, November 15, it amounted to 230.

For many years this firm of Klaw & Erlanger has been dominant in the Theatrical Syndicate. Mr. Marc Klaw, the senior member of that firm, published, last March, the subjoined statement:

" . . . This might be a good time to disperse some false impressions which have gone out for many years about Klaw & Erlanger's attitude on this much-discussed question" (their attitude, that is, toward critics and criticism). "*We have never yet had a serious difference with any newspaper or newspaper writer because of an unfavorable review of any of our stage productions.* . . . A recent case is that of Mr. William Winter, late of *The New York Tribune*. We never in our lives objected or expressed disapprobation, directly or indirectly, of anything Mr. Winter said, did, or wrote, and did not know that he had left *The Tribune* until our attention was called to it by another paper; nor did either of us, directly or indirectly, ever have any communication with him."

It is certainly essential that the public should entertain no "false impressions", regarding the attitude and conduct of theatrical managers, allied to syndicates or independent, in matters affecting the public welfare. The effrontery of Mr. Klaw's falsehoods would be amazing, had they proceeded from almost any other source. To illustrate: Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger brought a libel suit against *Life*, of New York. That suit was tried before a jury, in the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of New York, Mr. Justice Wallace presiding, and it was decided against the plaintiffs, on January 6, 1905. Immediately after the verdict had been rendered, Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, in the corridor of the Federal Building, almost at the door of the Court Room, *in the presence of his partner, Mr. Klaw* (who also tried to speak, but whose remarks were not audible in the confusion), accosted Mr. James S. Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, saying: "*We have stood the things you have written long enough!* . . . If you ever mention my name

in your paper again, *I'll beat your face into a pulp!*" Of course, opinions may vary as to what constitutes "a serious difference".

It is within my knowledge that one of the ablest writers connected with the New York press today, when he had ventured to comment on the fact that the firm of Klaw & Erlanger were concerned in the production of the dirty "play" of "*The Queen of the Moulin Rouge*",—which he had reviewed adversely,—received, from that firm, a letter of gross vilification, signed with their firm signature; and, at another time, a representative of that firm asked the newspaper which employed that writer *to dismiss him*,—in consequence of the adverse nature of some of his reviews. The paper is one of the most independent in the world, and the request was treated with the contempt it deserved.

Mr. Wilbur F. Bates, the general representative of that firm, addressed to me (, 1908), an impudent letter, concerning an article that I had written and published, and apprised me that the paper which I then served would, in consequence of that publication, receive no further "news" from the offices of his employers.

At one time the play-bills dispensed in the New York Theatres controlled by that firm, contained a statement that those theatres were not advertised in certain city newspapers, alleging that those newspapers were "unfair".

Mr. Acton Davies, of *The New York Evening Sun*, was barred from their theatres for a long time; he was admitted to the Manhattan Theatre, when Klaw & Erlanger "booked" Mr. Wilton Lackaye there in "*The Law and the Man*" (December 20, 1906), only because Mr. Lackaye, with a courageous independence as admirable as it is unusual in the present day, declared: "No critic: no performance."

It is not said or intimated, and never has been said or intimated, by any persons having authority to speak on the subject, that my resignation from the staff of *The New York Tribune* was due to direct threat, or direct action of any kind, by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger. That resignation became necessary, and unavoidable, because of a pusillanimous

and contemptible editorial fear, practically expressed, that the advertising of *any* theatrical managers, including Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, would be lost because of the publication of theatrical criticism written by me, especially of condemnatory satire of tyrannical and injurious mismanagement of the Theatre, and of "*articles framed for the purpose of doing all the harm possible to the business of producers of indecent and therefore reprehensible plays*",—a class of managers in which, as producers or booking agents, the firm of Klaw & Erlanger had been, and has been since then, several times conspicuous. The personal element in the matter of that resignation, and in every other aspect of the subject discussed in this article, is not the main point. It is of little if any importance to the public what persons are employed or discharged by newspapers, or forced to resign from them,—even though those persons happen to have labored during the whole of a long lifetime in a good cause. The important thing to the public is the answer to the inquiry, which cannot be too urgently brought to public attention: Are the newspapers (all of them, instead of a few, here and there), to give not only the news, but *all the news* that is important to the public, and are they to discuss and comment on that news in the most explicit, rigorous, fearless manner, for the public good; or are the newspapers to be conducted in the interests of their paying advertising patrons and their owners, without regard for justice and right principle?

The following quotation from an editorial article in one of the comparatively few independent newspapers in America,—*The New York Press*,—is significant, as glancing at the broad aspect of the question:

"We do not wish to deny that advertisers *do* try very hard to control the *news* and editorial columns of the daily newspapers throughout the country, and we are bound to confess that, *so far as New York is concerned, they succeed better than is good for a community whose government depends so largely on public opinion.*"

The newspapers which defer to the

behests of advertisers not only are false to their public duty, but they have been, and are, constructing a juggernaut which, eventually, will crush and extinguish not only their independence and self-respect but much of their power. Nothing is more essential, in the public interest, than absolute independence of the press toward every public matter. The laws of the land provide ample protection against libelous publications. Every true statement, that is made without malice, for the good and justifiable purpose of disseminating information reforming abuse and extirpating wrong, should be made, and it should be reiterated until wrong and abuse have ceased. There is urgent need of a law, throughout this country, which will recognize the true position and influence of the Theatre,—that, namely, of a quasi-public institution, subject to regulation commensurate to its effect on the public mind, and not merely a private enterprise for gain,—and will make the exclusion from it of any orderly and decent person impossible,—for not until such a law exists is it practicable, in many places, and especially in New York, to follow the vocation of theatrical criticism, without danger of finding it suddenly inhibited by the hostile action of speculative janitors in control of the theatres. A potent weapon of final resort, in the suppression of honest criticism in many places, but especially in the capital, now is the power of exclusion, a power which, for various periods, under various circumstances, has been used by managers to debar from the theatres many critical writers,—Mr. James S. Metcalfe; Mr. Acton Davies; Mr. Alan Dale; Mr. W. P. Eaton; Mr. Norman Hapgood; Mr. Charles Darnton; Mr. J. C. Garrison, and other representatives of "*The New York Press*"; Mr. Percy Hammond, of *The Chicago Post*; Mr. Burns Mantle of *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*; Miss Amy Leslie of *The Chicago News*; Mr. Charles M. Bregg of the *Pittsburg Times-Gazette*, and many others. Dishonest dealing, in this matter of theatrical criticism and theatrical advertising, is more frequent all over the country today than it ever was before,—notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, and it ought

to be ended. As these words are written, we are at the beginning of a new, and, according to promise, an uncommonly important theatrical season.

The need of free and ample theatrical criticism, in every publication, is therefore, especially important, not only to the public but to the actor; and every theatrical advertiser should understand, —that, when he buys space in a news-

paper, he does not buy control of the news and editorial columns and of the opinions and influence of the newspaper. The first duty of the press is duty to the public,—the duty of telling the truth and of advocating, with fidelity and with all possible force, the predominance, in all the affairs of life, of those principles which, manifestly and indubitably, are auspicious to the welfare of society.

Day-Dreamin'

By J. Edward Hungerford

Oh, a Round-up's work and a heap uh grief;
And yuh kaint make plans when yore herdin' beef;
Fer the dog-gone things are a loco breed;
Let a ki-o-te yap and they'll all stampede,
And its shore some tough if a bunch gits freed,
Old Hoss!

Holy Smoke, it's hot in this darn old draw!
And we've swallered sand 'till our throats are raw;
Oh, our muscles ache and our tongues are dry,
And our lungs are full uh this alkali,
But we'll git to a spring now, bye'n bye,
Old Hoss!

Never mind, old Pard, when the Round-up's done,
Then we'll ride to town fer some shore 'nough fun;
Know a blue-eyed gal with a droopin' lash,
Who has knocked my heart clean, plumb to smash,
And she says she's fond of a red moustache,
Old Hoss!

Oh, I'll stroke her hand, while she strokes yore hide,
And I'll say real soft, "Wont yuh be my bride?"
And if she says "Yes," like I hope she'll do,
Then you'll hike fer the Preacher's, totin' two,
And I bet my spurs that we'll go some, too,
Old Hoss!

But I'm dreamin', Pard, fer it's this-away,
Sweet gals dont thrive on a cowboy's pay;
And a gent like me with his forty per,
Dont make much noise and he kaint git fer,
With a sweet young thing uh the like uh her,
Old Hoss!

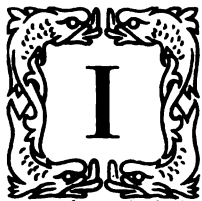
Come alive, old Pard; hit a swifter gait;
Fer we've loafed a heap and it's gettin' late;
Got a ways to go, and some hills to climb,
And to day-dream now is a low-down crime,
Fer there's heaps uh work durin' Round-up time,
Old Hoss!



A BIT OF THE CAVERNED COAST OF THE WILD-PIG COUNTRY.

Hunting the Wild Boar

By Stewart Edward White



IN a certain isolated southern country is a range of mountains running parallel to the sea. These mountains are not very high, nor very precipitous. They are threaded by several large flat-bottomed cañons which extend well inland. From the cañons are various tributary ravines or *barrancas*, of varying depths and precipitateness. The slopes are either bare, or grown impartially with prickly pear (*cholla*) or greasewood. To seaward is a narrow mesa, which breaks off abruptly to cliffs. Against them the sea pounds continually. On ledges and in caves, the seals bark. An occasional cove or a stretch of beach alone affords a precarious opportunity to "surf" a boat. The water of this land is strongly alkali; and the wind blows three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

As for inhabitants, there are none.

Wild cattle and horses wander on the rounded tops of the hills. At long intervals, cowboys for many miles across the ranges ride over to cut out the animals desired. The rest of the time, save for these, the gulls and pelicans and bosn's birds, the lizards and snakes, the seals and the wild boar, the country is void of life. It was because of the last-named that I came.

Many years ago, how many nobody knows clearly, the early Spanish settlers turned loose a few hogs. They exhibit now few traces of the domestic animal. A true reversion to the old, wild type seems to have taken place. The head is large, the shoulders strong, the flanks small. A stiff, sparse, bristly hair covers the beast. He has close-set ears, and long, keen tusks. I have a pair of tusks more than nine inches long, and as sharp as knives. Their owner was quick on his feet, strong, and wary.

Most of the time, these creatures live

on roots; but, in the calving and foaling season, they do great damage to the new born. As they have increased vastly in numbers, they have become a pest. The cattlemen can do little to get rid of them. To kill as many as possible is a virtue.

At a certain time, then, Wes and I were landed through the pounding surf. We had with us our rifles, knives, camp equipage and two dogs. After a bit of difficulty, the boat made its way through the breakers. The power-boat in which we had come then waved us a farewell and putted away. She was to call for us again in two weeks.

We began toilsomely to pack our effects up the steep cliff to the mesa where we intended camping. The dogs solemnly accompanied our every step. Pepper was an Airedale, and frivolous in the extreme. Tuxana was a bull-terrier and filled with a sense of life's responsibilities.

On the third and last trip we happened to glance across the ravine to the broad slope of the hill at least four hundred yards away. From the *chollas*, one after the other, seven black spots seemed imperceptibly to detach themselves and to drift down hill.

"There's pigs," said Wes, "and I'm going to scare 'em."

He sat down, resting his elbows on his knees, and squinted a long time through the sights of old "Meat-in-the-pot," his battered .30-40. The dogs sat close to his elbow, looking intently in the direction toward which the rifle pointed. They knew guns and what they meant. Pepper cocked her fuzzy head to one side, and her yellow eyes were as round and unblinking as an owl's. Tuxana's most expressive ears pointed as accurately as a mule's. Both were trembling as though from a chill.

Wes is a most excellent shot, but I believe even he was more or less surprised when he knocked over that pig. The six scattered, recovered, and rushed to shelter. After an instant the wounded animal followed. The two dogs had already disappeared down the ravine. In a moment they reappeared, scrambling up the opposite side, growing smaller and more toy-like across the clear air of the Southwest. Pepper was yapping excitedly; but Tuxana ran silent.

We followed as fast as we were able. By the time we had reached the slope of the hill the dogs had disappeared over it. We toiled to its summit, and at once became aware of the most unholy row going on in a patch of greasewood below us.

The wounded pig was at bay against a little outcropping ledge. It was a sow, fortunately, so the dogs had not been hurt. They had received some pretty severe nips, however, from the animal's blunt teeth; and had already learned that this was no mere dog-fight. A red rage flickered in Tuxana's little eyes. Pepper was yapping excitedly, and dashing in and out. We breathed in gasps after our hard run, and while recovering watched the show.

How do dogs learn the best way to tackle a new proposition of this sort? Neither had ever been set on a wild pig before; and yet in the few minutes' practice on this blunt-toothed old sow they appeared to acquire a complete philosophy of pig-hunting, to learn wherein lay the danger of this particular sport, and to evolve individual methods by which ever after they at once avoided injury and accomplished their object. No further experience was necessary. The old boars rip savagely with their needle-like tusks, yet only once did one of them land—as will later appear. When Wes had recovered his breath he shot the sow through the head; but by that time the two dogs knew what they were after, and how to go about it.

We pitched camp in a ramshackle old shelter made of state-room doors. Over the edge of the cliff were the remains of the wreck from which those doors had come. She lay broken-backed across a rocky ledge, the surf burst over her like shells, and the water surged and drained through the gaps between her poor old bones. Her name was the *Golden Horn*, and it was pleasant to think of her as in the Eastern Trade, laden with sweet-smelling spices and precious things. Some of the debris we gathered was faintly aromatic, like sandalwood; and the state-room doors had bronze gratings by which one could see the broad brown mesa and the turn of the coast, and through which, alas, whistled the Trades! As a matter of fact the sweet-smelling wood was probably part of a cedar chest, and quite

likely the *Golden Horn* carried either coal or codfish. I would never inquire; I like to keep some of my illusions.

Here we unpacked our duffle, hung up our pots, and settled down. Every morning we and the eager dogs started out early. Over the brows of the hills, up the flat-bottomed cañons, along the ridges, climbing higher and higher toward the cliffs of the ranges. The dogs were far afield, nosing through every cover. They attended to the quarry that might be skulking: we watched for the wary old solitaires that required careful stalking. The clean big Trade Winds whistled by us; the semi-tropic sun shone; distant seabirds flashed; the little people of the brush and of the grasses hurried secretly away. It was very pleasant.

Then all at once Pepper or Tuxana would yap. In a moment a number of scurrying black forms would break out from the brush, followed, after another moment, by Pepper's long loping figure. Then Tuxana scrambled out, tearing along as fast as her short legs could carry her in the bull-terrier's quick piston-like strokes. In this order the procession would, in all probability, disappear.

The Wisdom of the Dogs.

Pepper could always outrun Tuxana two to one. When she had caught up with the pig, she contented herself with leaping about the animal, barking, occasionally running in for a nip, confusing it, and turning it to bay until her partner could catch up. The instant Tuxana arrived, without pause to watch for an opening, as though by prearrangement and signal, the two dogs separated on either side, and hurled themselves at the bewildered pig like thunderbolts. I do not know how they learned it; but, almost at the beginning, they seemed to know that they could hold best by the pig's ears; and after a day at it, they rarely tried for any other hold. After gaining this grip they never let go, unless momentarily shaken off.

Immediately, of course, the boar began to rip right and left, trying to slash one or other of the tormentors so near its tusks. It was most interesting to see how each dog, according to her nature, managed to avoid these lunges. Pepper

relied on her quickness in dodging. Firmly attached to the boar's ear, she nevertheless kept one wary yellow eye on all of its movements. When the animal lunged she skipped nimbly to one side or the other. In the excitement, the hurry and the uneven footing, it seemed that the law of chances, at least, would sooner or later, bring Pepper to grief. Nevertheless, she was never even scratched. Tuxana, on the other hand, being a stockily built and muscular person, used to crouch low and pull backward until she was fairly under the boar's belly. An enraged flip of the animal's head would hale her forth unceremoniously, but at once, her hind quarters low, she began inch by inch to regain her strategic position. Her brown eyes looked out from their pink rims with the utmost satisfaction. Sometimes, as I would dance in, trying for an opening to use my knife, she would roll those eyes up at me and blink as though to say: "Pretty good fun, old fellow!"

The dogs seemed to know the difference also between the sows and the boars. The former, even the largest, were treated with scant ceremony. Pepper acquired the knack of tripping them up, though she weighed not the sixth of most. Then all three would roll and plunge down the hills, over and under, in a cloud of dust, the sow squealing, the dogs uttering muffled dog-sounds of satisfaction and joy. They preferred an ear-hold as handiest, but any would do,—leg, back or neck:—there were no tusks to look out for. We always killed the sows as well as the boars. They are as much of a pest as their consorts or a little more; and in any case it would have been difficult to call off the dogs once their fighting blood was aroused.

No obstacle stood in their way, then. Time and again they crashed and rolled, or deliberately leaped, into tangles of the *chollas* each of whose million spines was as sharp and penetrating as a fine needle. In fact, a regular evening job, was the plucking of these irritating little barbs. Pepper was tough and close-haired. She enjoyed it, lying back in a luxurious swoon, all four legs apart, her yellow eyes half-closed, while we pulled out the spines one by one. Poor old Tuxana, however, with her short coat and



THE CHALLENGE.

pink skin was not so happy. It was an ordeal for both of us; but each day she faced the cactus as eagerly as ever.

At Close Quarters With a Boar.

We personally could participate in any one of three ways; by knife, revolver, or long-range rifle practice.

The first big boar the dogs brought to bay looked very formidable to me. He was a black, red-eyed brute, his jaws were a-slaver and he was very angry. The dogs had him by the ears and he was lunging savagely at them with some long and wicked-looking white tusks.

"You wait for a good chance," Wes instructed me, "then you grab his hind leg farthest from you and give it a heave. That upsets him. Then you knife him back of the foreleg while he's down."

"Wont he get up again?" I asked.

"You've got to be quick," said Wes.

It was worse than jumping off the dock into very cold water. I fooled around there some time before I really got near enough to catch hold. Every time I screwed my resolution up where it belonged, that confounded boar would upset all calculations by lunging in an unexpected direction. He did not play the game at all according to my notions. In the meantime Wes was saying things; Pepper was dodging that tusk by inches; and Tuxana was having the time of her life. Finally I managed to get the required heave. I was surprised to find

how easily and emphatically that boar upset. The nine-inch blade went home.

"Jump!" cried Wes.

I jumped.

The boar shook himself loose and charged blindly. The dogs, whining with eagerness, nailed him again. For perhaps thirty seconds the beast fought on, the blood pulsing from the long deep slash of the nine-inch knife. Then slowly he sank—still fighting.

The dogs let go, sniffed once or twice inquiringly, then sat on their haunches and looked at us. Tuxana's face was wide open, like a catfish, with inches of curled dripping pink tongue hanging down. She was grinning broadly. Every moment or so she did a rather slobbery job of getting in all that tongue and gulping. Then she panted harder than ever. Pepper's expressionless yellow eyes in the fuzzy brown face were as imbecile as

usual; a little curl of very pink tongue, like a shaving, showed between daintily opened jaws; her small black cross-grain nose sniffed daintily. She looked as though she should have had wheels beneath her paws and a string to tow her by.

When we moved on, Tuxana evinced her satisfaction by unreeling a couple more inches of tongue and further splitting her catfish face. Pepper cavorted madly, turning complete circles in mid-air.

That is the sporty way to kill your



THE CHARGE.



VICTORY.



THE DOGS QUICKLY LEARNED HOW TO WORK TOGETHER IN FIGHTING THE DANGEROUS BOARS.

boar. If you remember a few basic principles you are as safe as a cow tied to a brick wall. The dogs prevent absolutely the animal's paying any amount of attention to you; when your knife strikes home, jump out of the way in case the animal shakes itself free momentarily; if by any remote chance it should charge in your direction, remember that a pig cannot run up-hill. Just make your escape up the slope, and you are all right.

We found these animals remarkably tenacious of life. Knife thrusts through the body had little immediate effect—except to make them fight harder. Even a stab of the right sort,—that is, a ripping slash between two ribs from the vertebrae to the breast bone, never seems to kill outright. There is still a good half-minute of fight left, although certainly the boar could not take another breath. They can also carry away a good deal of lead. The soft nose .30-40 had to be well placed even to knock them down.

Variety in the Hunt.

Occasionally we varied this performance. Certain sections of the country lent themselves to stalking. Keeping the dogs rigorously to heel we approached cautiously certain ravines wherein fed the game. Once within easy range we loosed the dogs. As the pigs broke cover, we opened fire on them with our heavy revolvers. This was good practice, as the

dry ground showed where each bullet hit.

By the third method we were accustomed to place ourselves on an eminence overlooking the head of one of the larger cañons. Then we sent the dogs in. The pigs would shortly break from the cañon head, and begin slowly, in single file, to surmount the hill. As has before been mentioned, these animals cannot run up hill. Consequently we, across the cañon, at a range of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, had plenty of time to shoot. We spread the cartridges in front of us, got the range, and shot as well as we were able. The dry ground showed us where each shot struck. The small, moving objects, at the unknown long range, afforded most excellent practice.

A half-day at this was generally enough for both man and dog. The climbing was stiff. About half the time we were running at top speed to catch up with the row. The dogs worked hard.

In the afternoon then, or the morning, we occupied ourselves in various ways.

The Ways of the Seals.

A coast is always fascinating; this one particularly so. The cliffs ran down to rock-ledges in most places. Again a beach of shingle or of sand interposed. On the ledges seals barked and fought and flippered. I used to lie belly down

by the hour watching them through glasses. Thus I acquired an interest in seals. Each old bull had under him a drove of the women and children and the younger bulls learning discipline under his autocratic sway. He was feared and respected, but occasionally some youngster, grown great in his conceit, would invite a trouncing. It was bestowed thoroughly. And then from somewhere out to sea a lone bull would swim in barking a challenge. Always the challenge was accepted. They seemed, to judge by the splashing and the gashes of the victor, to pull off a very competent fight out there among the tumbling waves. If the newcomer won he took charge of the rookery, only he had furthermore and at once to whip every other male member of any size. In the meantime the vanquished chief swam disconsolately away and was no more seen. If, however, as seemed to be generally the case, the old bull managed to beat off the newcomer, he returned very full of snorts and grunts and explosions of satisfaction to receive the congratulations of his family. Seals are very human folk. They appear to kiss each other in affection, and to weep tears when grieved.

They are also very curious. As we walked along the beach, always a row of sleek shining black heads contemplated us from just beyond the breakers. Occasionally one would disappear, drop back from sight, leaving scarcely a ripple. In a moment it reappeared as mysteriously

and with as little fuss, a trifle farther along. They accompanied us thus for miles, watching, unblinking, inoffensive, curious as so many children. These, and the numberless crying, swirling seabirds, and the wind blowing the sands, and the crabs scuttling away, and the white and gray sandpipers twinkling in ranks after the receding wash and twinkling as rapidly back again away from the advancing spume,—these made up the animate constituents of our beach. It was pleasant merely to walk up against the breeze, and back before it, the dogs patting soberly at our heels.

At extreme low tide we sometimes gathered abalones and mussels. These shellfish clamped themselves to the rocks just at the limit of low water. We had to dash madly down the slippery ledges between waves. The rocks were black and pitted and hairy with the long green sea-grasses, and monstrous with strange mushy organisms that spouted water at our touch. Armored crabs rattled into hiding. We slipped into little pools. The water drained away before us with a trickling and sucking. At the lowermost point we tore away an armful of the mussels, or pried loose an abalone with a quick twist of a bar. Then we fled madly, the roar of the sea behind us, the booming of the surf in our ears, the swift upward hissing rush of the wash at our heels. Around us blew the spray. And occasionally one of us got caught, to the other's huge delight.



VENTING THEIR SPITE ON THE FALLEN FOE.

In the long evenings we pulled thorns out of the dogs, and oiled our firearms, and scraped away at our trophies happily.

Twice only did our daily hunting yield us any excitement out of the ordinary thrill of good sport thoroughly enjoyed.

On Sunday we went for a walk in what we supposed was a pigless land. We turned inland because we wanted to get out of the wind. The dogs followed us soberly and in a Sabbath spirit. Suddenly, almost immediately below us in the flat bed of a water-course with precipitous sides, we all caught sight of a huge boar. The dogs rushed to the fray. We tried in vain to call them back.

This particular boar was one of those fierce and sullen beasts we had dubbed "hermits." He ran with no herd; and in the present instance declined absolutely to give ground. As the dogs attacked with their customary resolution, we became agonized witnesses of a fight to a finish.

Now we knew perfectly that neither dog could really injure that boar. They were supposed to hold him until we could administer the fatal thrust. But today our most formidable weapon was one ordinary pocket-knife.

"We got to call them off or he'll kill them," said Wes.

We called, in every tone of entreaty and command. Undoubtedly our authority was good; but as undoubtedly neither dog heard a syllable we uttered. They were entirely absorbed in their rage. For over a half-hour the three fought backward and forward in the bed of that *barranca*. The boar had not the slightest notion of getting away. He had the easy end of it, for he stood always on the defense. The dogs were tiring slightly, but they attacked as valiantly as ever.

"He'll tire them 'til they cant dodge;

and then he'll nail one of them," said Wes anxiously. "And the — fools will stay with him, too!"

Long since we had tried the pocket-knife. We got as far as the bed of the *barranca*. There the boar had charged us so fiercely, dragging both the dogs, that we were glad to scramble back the way we had come.

Finally Tuxana's vigilance relaxed for a brief instant. The boar ripped, and a long red slash appeared on Tuxana's shoulder. In a moment it began to drip.

With one accord we dropped back into the *barranca*. Wes had his pocket-knife and I picked up a big stone, with some vague idea of rapping the boar on the head. This was abject imbecility, of course. The boar's flickering red eyes fell on me. He shook off both dogs, lowered his

head and charged. We changed our minds. Unfortunately for me the clay soil proved slippery and I fell flat on my face.

At this point, Pepper made up for past sins;—and they were many. She seemed to realize the situation, and immediately exploded in a wild celebration of barks, nips and dances fairly in the boar's face. The performance bewildered him long enough to permit me to scramble to my feet.

The incident had this value: for a moment it distracted the dogs' attention long enough so we were able to impress on them a very vehement command. Reluctantly they drew off. We got hold of their collars and breathed a sigh of relief.

The old boar shook his head and looked up at us in two minds whether to scale the steep bank and have it out. Then he moved off slowly up the *barranca*. Every few steps he would turn square around and look back. The dogs in our arms bristled and growled.

We were angry all through with the



A FAIR-SIZED SPECIMEN.

anger that indicates relief. It was not at all to our taste thus to abandon the field; and Tuxana's slashed shoulder showed very ugly.

"You keep track of him," said I to Wes, "and I'll go back to camp for a rifle."

I walked the two miles. On my return I followed Wes's trail for some distance. I found him beneath a bush tying up Tuxana's wounds.

"He's up that cañon," said Wes briefly.

Opposite us was a hill. A shallow steep ravine gashed it, and ran out into a cliff below the summit. It was filled with a growth of flat-leaved spring *chollas* through which the water had cleared a narrow and winding passage in its bed.

Wes, towing the dogs in leash, climbed the side of the hill above the ravine. We agreed the animals had had about enough; and from that point Wes might be able to overlook the game sufficiently to give me information as to our quarry's whereabouts. I followed the winding water-course, keeping my eye on the boar's trail. As long as I could see the tracks for ten or twelve feet ahead of me, I considered myself safe. That was where I was mistaken. It seems that the boar had marched ostentatiously up the bed of the ravine, then doubled back through the cactus, and was lying in wait for me behind a thick clump.

I was wandering along, my eyes fixed on the plain trail ahead, when right behind me I heard a loud *Woof!* There was no necessity of looking back. I made a quick start and sprinted up that ravine. The cactus hemmed me in from the side hills, and the boar could go about as fast I could on this nearly level ground. Wes said he was about one jump behind all the way up that *barranca*. Certainly he was so close that I could not get time to turn and shoot. At the end of a hundred feet or so a tiny edge offered to my right. I made a flying leap for it, whirled, and shot that

boar three times, from the hip, as fast as I could work the lever. That little adventure was over.

Wes and the dogs came down. Ordinarily they paid no attention whatever to dead boars, but this one they worried and worried again. Even while we were taking his head as a trophy, every once in a while one or the other would stalk up, stiff-legged and hair bristling, to pull and shake at her enemy.

The other incident out of the ordinary occurred just as we were leaving. The power-boat had arrived after a choppy fifty-mile journey down the coast. We had made two trips in the small boat loading our outfit and trophies. I was waiting on the beach alone with Pepper for the last trip. As we waited, a big black boar emerged from the *barranca* to northward and wandered along the beach, probably in search of cast-up fish. Pepper saw him first and was off like the wind before I could stop her.

Now Tuxana, nursing her wounds, was aboard, and our knives were aboard, and our rifles and revolvers were aboard. I had strong suspicions that Pepper would manage to bay that boar somewhere, would close with him, and get most awfully mauled. Boar hunting needs team-work.

Lying on my duffle bag was encased a little .25-35 rifle we had brought along to try. It had so happened that we had no occasion to use it, so the ammunition was somewhere in the baggage. I looked down, and there at my feet was a brass cartridge. I picked it up, and it proved to be a .25-35! How it got there, or whence it came, I

am unable to guess. Pepper's guardian angel must have arranged the matter.

I ripped the little rifle out of its case, jammed home the cartridge, and started in pursuit. The chase had turned up the *barranca*, and as soon as I had gone beyond the roar of the surf, I could hear Pepper's distant and excited yapping. I ran fully a half mile before I came up



THE RIGHT SOW BY THE EAR.

with them:—luckily I was in good training. Then I dashed around a bush square into trouble.

The boar was backed up against a little cliff. Pepper was dancing about in front of him. The moment I appeared, the beast charged in the most determined manner.

The ground was quite flat and there

was little room to dodge. As I had but the one cartridge to expend, I realized that it must do the work. Therefore I waited until the boar was within a few feet, and then planted the bullet square between the eyes. The boar rolled over dead. This experience was unique in that the animal deliberately charged home, refusing to be turned by the dog.

From a California Garden

Two Sonnets

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

God's Garden Book

This Book of God, how simple yet sublime!

What kindly, gracious thoughts, what perfect way

Of saying those fair things He has to say!

Each petal of that rose to each doth chime

Alike, and yet unlike, as rhyme to rhyme.

What rhythm in the wind-stirred wild-oat spray,

What cadence in successive floral sway,

For day and night and seasons mark the time.

And ah! the lofty and well-ordered plan

That He, in His own way, reveals to man:

The circle, Life-in-Death, that rights all wrongs

When earth gives back to Life what Death devours

The fruitful loves of passing, fragile flowers:

Here Law and Gospel and The Song of Songs!

The Garden Shrine

Clear sang at dawn bird choristers in bands;

Our Lady's lilies did the temple scent;

Their wind-swung censers back and forward went;

Pale violets that knelt along the sands,

Frail buds of iris, white as prayer-clasped hands

Of virgins, callas, gold with silver blent

As chalice for the Blessed Sacrament;

All worshipped Him who made and understands.

So knelt we there and joined the antiphone,

And your voice answered, echoing my own,

"I love you, Love. I love you." Crimson wine

You gave me when you gave your lips to kiss,

Your purity the chalice! Love, in this

The consecration of our Garden Shrine!



HE WAS ONE OF THE ANCIENTS OF THE WORLD. SELIM SALAAMMED BEFORE HIM.



The Golden Half of the Silver Moon

By Felix Benguiat

Part II.



IN the name of Allah the Compassionate. As the lady stood in silence, the old man slipped away, leaving Selim alone with her. She drew aside her veil and instead of the beauty of the morning, which Bakr had extolled, Selim saw a withered, toothless hag, with but one eye. She laughed, showing two yellow tusks.

"You do not find the promised beauty, Selim Ibn Bakr," she said mockingly. "Was it not you who said but just now? Beauty is only the bloom on the plum. Touch it and it is destroyed? or, the rose of the morning which opens its lovely bosom to the dew, to be scattered by the evening breeze. Why, then, why do you care for beauty? These withered lips can utter wisdom. Can you not kiss them for Wisdom's sake?" and she laughed again in mockery. Selim shuddered. "What sayeth the poet?" continued she. "'All things fade and pass away, save only the stars and the words of the wise.' Or this:

*"Ah, beauty, flush of morning's sky,
Sweet grape for but a moment's taste,
O, rose which only blooms to die;
A cloud above the desert waste.
Thou livest but to be enjoyed,
A fragrant moment near to Pain,
Seize, eat the dainty, unalloyed,
In truth it cannot come again.
So let the blossom Beauty fall,*

*As every fragile blossom ought,
But if thou seek beyond recall
The joy of joys, seek Thought and
Thought."*

The voice was exquisite music, like the tinkling of water-drops, or the murmur of a stony brook, and it did not seem to belong to the hideous hag. Selim continued to stare and again she laughed musically and mockingly. Her laughter was like many birds singing together in sweet discord in a cedar-tree.

"Art thou a mute, Selim Ibn Bakr?"

"I fear," muttered Selim.

"Fear! That is the trait of a wise man. Only the fool knows not fear. A wise fear is worth many swords. What fearest thou?"

"I know not."

"Shall I tell thee, Ibn Bakr? Answer me this: If I were the young houri Bakr promised thee, with cheeks sweet as the rose-leaf and in my mouth pearls indeed, but not pearls of wisdom, and if my lips were red like the pomegranate-flower, wouldst thou fear? Answer me, Ibn Bakr."

Her one eye glittered like a serpent's. He was compelled by her and answered, in a low voice:

"If thou wert beautiful, I would fly to thee, for thou art wise and thy voice is sweet music."

She laughed so tauntingly that Selim hung his head. At last she spoke:

"Ah, thou despiser of Beauty. It is



THEN A GREAT HAND REACHED OUT AND CAUGHT HIM.

thy beauty which hath drawn me to thee; assuredly not thy wisdom, and my wisdom draweth thee not; yet would beauty draw thee, though I had not the wisdom of a bird. But, O, Selim, accursed be that mating which is not free. Go. And yet, ere thou goest, give me thy ring, the iron ring which thou hast in thy pouch. Give it me in exchange for this," and she drew from her thumb a silver ring, carved with mystic symbols and in which was set a great ruby of wonderful beauty. Selim handed her the iron ring, much wondering how she knew of it, and took from her hand the ruby.

"Fool," quoth she, "still thou preferest the outward show. The jewel I have given thee is truly of great price, but the iron ring which you have given in exchange is beyond all price and worth more than all the rubies of the world. It is the ring of the Prophet and mighty monarch, Suleiman, the Wise, and before it all *ifrits* and jinn bow. All powers of man and of earth and the air are obedient to its wearer, the *Rijal al Ghayb*. Obey him. It is the ring of Wisdom. Thrice this day thou hast preferred Beauty to Wisdom. See that thou part not so easily with the ring I have given thee, for while thou possessest it, thou mayest hope. Remember, with rulers be gentle in word and bold in heart. With women, be bold in words and gentle in heart."

As she ceased speaking, she clapped her hands and the aged man appeared and led Selim away. He heard in the distance the musical mocking laugh which almost made him forget the ugliness. They passed through a maze of gardens to steps which ran into the river. At the foot of the steps was a skiff. Bakr pointed to it, unlocked the gate, pushed Selim through and left him alone, without a word. First he tried on his ring, but it flashed and glowed so that he was afraid to wear it. Then he placed it in his waist-sash and picking up the oars set out for the city.

Misfortune came to dwell with him in spite of the ring. Nothing he did prospered. No business came to him, but Adversity sat by his hearth. His cheeks thinned with hunger, but nevertheless he would not part with his great ruby. Many times he tried in vain to find the

house, the gardens and the river-gate. One day when all the gardens were pink with almond-blossoms and the buds of the fig-trees were swelling green, and the love-nets of springtime were afloat on every breeze, Selim sat pondering whether he would sell the ruby, for surely no great good had come with its possession. But the thought that if he should part with it surely trouble would overwhelm him, prevented him. Then, too, he thought, "Who will believe how I came by it? I shall again be arrested, and this time I will have no ring of Suleiman to save me. Ass! Why did I give away so precious a talisman?" As he thought this, a note of laughter came to his ears. He jumped to his feet. "Allah save me! Surely that is her voice and no other." He ran about, but no one was to be seen except some old men and some children. "Bismillah!" muttered Selim, and he turned to go back to his place. As he did so, an old woman, bearing a chest upon her head, staggered out of a narrow court entrance and with a groan sank almost at his feet.

"In the name of the Prophet, Mother, what is it?" said Selim, bending over her.

"Allah bless you and all your tribe, my son. It is only my weakness and the weight of my burden."

"I will carry it for you," said Selim. "I am a porter."

"I have nothing for a fee. I am poor, save only the contents of this chest, which is my daughter's, and she lies bedridden."

But Selim answered, "Does not the Prophet say, he who oppresses the poor, the children and the dumb animals, shall surely shriek a thousand years in the place of torment; but who does good, without hope of payment, shall be with the blessed as one of the sons of God."

"Ah, thou art a true believer, my son. Take my burden, and may Allah bless thee. Remember that though the river asks naught from the desert, yet cities and groves arise about it and bless its name."

She led the way to an humble house in the outskirts of the city. A wall was about the small garden and under this, through a grating, flowed a water-ditch. A splendid fig-tree spread its arms above the garden. Selim entered the house and

placed the chest, which was indeed most heavy, where the old woman motioned him. The house was very poor; not even the commonest mats were upon the stone floor. The old woman disappeared and presently returned, saying: "My daughter will thank you. She will uncover her face to you, for you are my son and she is afflicted. This is thy house."

Selim put off his slippers and walked into the room, where on a couch lay a young woman, shrouded in the white cloth of Muslim. Her face was veiled and turned toward a lattice, through which she looked upon the garden, and through which came now the warm earthy smell of spring and the twittering of a thousand birds.

"Allah be merciful to thee," said Selim.

"Allah be merciful to thee and all thy tribe," answered the woman, and her voice was sweeter than the singing of the birds. She put forth a hand and arm beautiful as ivory or alabaster, and slowly she drew the veil from her face. Then, indeed, Selim knew that he looked upon a very houri of Paradise. His breath left him and his heart rose in his throat. So fiercely was he seized by her beauty, as if it had been a great serpent, that his knees became weak. Her cheeks were not the cheeks of one who is sick, but with the flush of morning upon them. Her brow was like the sky before dawn, and her eyes were like the morning stars, and the silken lashes of them like the edge of night. Her neck was a lily, and her hair enfolded her like the midnight about the moon. The sweetness of her mouth was like roses. One foot showed itself from out her drapery and it was like a lily afloat upon a silver pool. She spoke not, but turned upon him her eyes of heaven, so that slowly he sank to his knees and twisted his hands together. After a time she said, "What ails thee, Selim?"

"O, thou art beautiful beyond all women," he answered. "I am sick for love of thee."

"Beauty is a pale flower," she said. "Think not of me, nor of beauty."

"By the eternal Allah and the sword of the Prophet, I will think of thee and of thy beauty and of naught else, and I will worship thee, for thou art all I desire of this life."

As he said these words, Selim thought of his ruby, and feeling for it in his girdle he drew it forth. "Here," said he, "Is the wealth of a king. If it is strength thou needest, mine is thine. If it is love, I am thine. I will make thee well, though I go to the halls of Iblis for thee." She gazed long upon him as if she were feeding upon him, for he, too, was beautiful. Then she spoke:

"Keep thy ring, Selim. My cure will indeed be found almost at the gates of Laza. Place thy hand upon my foot."

Selim did as he was bid and started back. It was stone.

"See," said she, "I am only part a woman. By evil sorcery I am turning into stone, and unless you bring me help I shall sleep a stony image."

He looked at her face, so beautiful that it paled the beauty of the heavens, and he said,

"Tell me what is to be done, that I may do it for thee, though it be to search the very dungeons of Iblis."

Then she answered him. "The moon as it comes from the fountain, at the end of the world, is silver on one side and golden on the other. Fetch me the golden half of the silver moon. A year to this day; no more."

"I will bring it to thee," said Selim.

She clapped her hands and the old woman entered and beckoning to Selim she motioned to him to bring in the chest which he had carried. Then the girl upon the couch gave him a key, bidding him open it. When he did so he found in it a magnificent scimitar, the handle set with jewels; a water-bottle, such as pilgrims use, of leather, with wide mouth-piece and stopper of exquisitely carved silver, set with pale sapphires; a helmet and shield, inlaid with gold, and a leathern pouch.

"Question not this wealth and this poverty," she said, pointing from the chest to the room. "Take thy needs. If thou wilt balance the scimitar upon thy finger, it will always point thy path. Follow it, whether it be over land or sea."

The Beautiful One turned upon her couch and drew the veil over her face.

Selim took the sword, the shield, the helmet and the bottle. He looked at the shrouded beauty as one looks on the face of the dead, and strode from the room.

At the gateway a page held a mare of perfect shape, ready saddled. He placed the bridle in Selim's hand and said, "Selim, she is thine."

No more would he speak, but disappeared. When clear of the city, Selim balanced the scimitar upon his finger and it turning toward the East he set out upon his journey.

Just here a camel screamed and all rushed out to see what was the trouble; but it proved only a fight between two he-camels. They were beaten and well-scolled and all hastened back to the canopy to listen to Muhamed:

"How true it is," said Lame Yusuf, "that we forget all our dreams in a moment if but a money-bag cries out. So ready are we to descend quickly from the heavens when the earth calls. Well, go on, Muhamed. Truly thou art a pleasant companion and shall be rewarded."

"Go on," said they all.

It is not necessary (continued Muhamed) to follow every footstep of Selim. It is enough to know that he was deceived by men and women. He fell among thieves and pirates.—He was wounded, sick and poor; he found also good men and women,—for Allah scatters his seeds abundantly and some bear sweet fruit. His scimitar, helmet and shield were of magic, for he remained always the victor, and thus ever following the pointing of the scimitar he came one evening to the mountains which border the nether edge of the world. Here, among the bare and gloomy crags, the scimitar persistently pointed to a great cave, out of which rushed one of the rivers of the world. Selim stopped and his heart chilled with fear. He shrank from entering the cold dark maw of earth. But remembering his ruby ring and thinking in agony of the beloved one who was hardening into stone, he set loose his mare, commended himself many times to Allah and entered the cave.

What saith the poet:

*It is the commencement which is hard.
To him who is brave to begin, Allah
sends helpers.*

Or this:

*Ah! fed feared to attempt the mountain-
peak, where cold snows lie.*

*Better, he thought, than I should be so
weak, that I should die.*

*He found bright flowers along the path-
way bleak*

And won the sky.

Through the cave was no pathway, except the river, but Selim, remembering that he who will not reach for the bough shall never eat the fruit, plunged in. After a struggle, in which he was often forced back by the rush of water, he saw a shining star in front of him and pressing forward he at last came out upon a vast plain, without end. As he stood resting himself, a great bird flew over and dropped a stone from its talons, which, falling, struck Selim on the head and felled him. Had it not been for his helmet assuredly it would have killed him.

When he came to himself his first thought was of his scimitar, which had fallen from his hand and was not to be found. In reaching for it he came upon the stone which had smitten him and behold it was a diamond of the bigness of an ostrich egg. The light of it shone like a star. This he put into his pouch with great joy and continuing his search for the scimitar he discovered it imbedded in the wall of rock, only half of the blade and the handle being visible. Marveling at this, he laid hold to pull it out, but could not. Then he perceived upon the rock the seal of King Suleiman, the Mighty, and as he looked behold the rock opened and an old man came forth. He was one of the Ancients of the World. He was old before the days of the Prophets. His silvery beard fell nearly to his feet. His eyes were sunken and dim. Selim salaamed before him.

"In the name of Allah the Compassionate, what wouldst thou with me, that thou hast summoned me?" said the Venerable One.

Selim was so confounded that he could only say in a low voice:

"I would have the Golden Half of the Silver Moon,—and my scimitar."

"Ah, my son," said the Ancient. "Never canst thou now draw forth the scimitar of Suleiman from the rock until thou hast first the Golden Half of the

Silver Moon, and never canst thou win that until thou hast dared the death which has come to all who have sought it."

"That will I do," said Selim.

"Go, then, into this waste place a league until thou comest to a great needle of stone. There await what shall befall thee. Do not eat or drink or be beguiled by aught. Allah be merciful unto thee." The Ancient One retired within the rock and it closed after him.

Selim went to the pillar of stone and there the desert was filled with the skulls of men, and he sat himself down in solitude by the edge of a dark pool. So he passed the first day and night and was consumed with a great hunger and thirst. The next day he beheld a small caravan approaching. It encamped by the pool and the cooks began cooking a savory supper. Carpets were spread and tents pitched. A beardless young man came to Selim and making a profound salaam said,

"O, most auspicious master, my mistress, the perfect Fatima, would speak with you."

"In the name of God and the Prophet, I will not speak with any one," answered Selim, and the young man went away. Presently slaves bearing a canopied litter approached and having set down the litter they retired to a distance and the curtains were parted and a girl of exceeding beauty stepped forth.

"Sir," she began, "Will you not even speak with me?" She was of that surpassing beauty of the almond-blossoms, new-budding on the bough, and her voice was honeyed. "See," she continued, "here are my attendants. I am traveling through this place of solitude alone. I am the Princess Fatima. Will you not have a melon, far sweeter than the melons of Nusrabad, or a pomegranate to quench your thirst?" And she beckoned to a slave who brought a silver salver, on which were delicious melons, pomegranates and figs.

"In the name of Allah, no," muttered the thirsting and starving Selim.

"And why not?" said the Princess. "Here is a supper prepared for us, and afterward we may take our ease in my tent, while my slaves guard us." She put her arms about his neck so that he

was blinded by the softness of it, but as if struggling with a serpent he pushed her from him and cried out thrice, "Allah! Allah! Allah!"—and, behold, he was alone.

Selim sank down upon the sand, trembling. Night fell, and all through the night he fought with the evil spirits. They pinched him and wrenched his limbs, so that he cried out with the torture. Houris appeared and invited him into luxurious baths. At last, seeing that he was fixed in the courage which comes from Allah alone, the evil *ifrits* rushed upon him with such shrieks as split the sky, and they lifted him from the earth and carried him into the far heavens among the stars.

"Yield," they cried. "Say cursed be Allah."

"Blessed be Allah! There is no might, there is no majesty save in Allah, the Glorious and Great. Allah preserve her I love," called Selim.

At this, with one great shriek, the *ifrits* left him in mid-air. He fell long, long, dizzily. He saw the earth approaching and knew he would be dashed to pieces.

"Blessed be Allah," he gasped. Then a great hand reached out and caught him and placed him gently upon the earth. "Blessed be Allah and his name!"

As Selim felt his feet upon the earth, he saw in the pool a light. It was the Golden Half of the Silver Moon. Slowly he stepped down into the water and holding his leather bottle below it the moon slipped into it and he closed the bottle, murmuring, "In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful, and Mohammed, his prophet!" Then he went to the foot of the rock pillar and sank down among the bones of those who had died and fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke Selim seized the water-bottle in which was the Golden Half of the Moon and still fearing to drink of the pool, he hurried back to the rock of Suleiman. Here he found bread, dates and figs laid out for him, and a spring of water near by of great sweetness, and having surfeited himself and put some of the food into his pouch, he laid hold of the hilt of his scimitar and behold it came out easily. Much marveling at all these things, but glad in heart,

and anxious for his beloved, Selim hastened toward Bagdad. More than if it were the key into Paradise, he watched the precious bottle.

Having passed the river of the cave and recovered his mare, he set out toward Bagdad with wings upon his desires. One day as he journeyed, a call of distress reached his ear and he perceived a man, lying in the shade of some half-dead bushes, and upon going to him the unknown said:

"Allah be merciful to you and vouchsafe to you and all your tribe length of days and your heart's desire in full abundance. Behold, I am a poor man, and dying. As I journeyed toward Bagdad thieves fell upon me two days ago and took from me the savings of twenty years and beat me and left me for dead. Allah destroy them and may their souls howl in Laza. Give me to drink. I die of thirst."

Now Selim knew the voice and as he stooped over the man it came to him that this was Abdul Ibn Wasit, who had betrayed him, and he thought, "If I leave him, he will die,—which will be the will of God." But, nevertheless, he was dissatisfied and remembered the words, "*If thine enemy come to thy house at night-fall, refuse him not food and drink and shelter, for even the tree refuses not its shade to the axman at its root.*"

"Give me to drink or I die," said Abdul. But Selim had no water, save only in the bottle where was the Golden Half of the Silver Moon. After much hesitation he bethought him that from good, evil cannot come, and a good act will be rewarded, so he unfastened the bottle from his waist and held it to the lips of the man, saying:

"Drink, Abdul Ibn Wasit."

"In the name of Allah, who art thou?" said Abdul, not drinking, but grasping the wrist of Selim with his left hand in a strong grip.

"I am that Selim thou falsely accused of the murder of the Eunuch Mustafa."

"Bismillah!" cried Abdul, thrusting his right hand into his bosom and drawing forth a dagger, with which he struck at Selim with a strength very unlike a dying man's, crying, "Die, thou fool, who cannot learn by experience." But Selim, by reason of his great strength, threw off

Abdul and by a stroke of the invincible scimitar severed Abdul's fingers from his right hand so that his dagger fell upon the ground.

"Kill me, thou dog of Fate," said Abdul, bitterly, "for it is to be."

"Thou art between the hands of Allah," said Selim. "Why didst thou attack me?"

"I feared," said Abdul, "that thou wert about to slay me for my betrayal of thee."

"What!" said Selim, "When I was about to give thee drink?"

"Truly," said Abdul. "Remember what the poet says: We act not upon reason, but upon impulse. Or this: In great fear we become animals. Not reason, but instinct, guides us. Calmly we reason in the market-place, but our base sudden act derides us." And Abdul held up his bleeding hand, showing the stumps of his fingers, saying, "Thou hast done it. It is I who have suffered."

"Stay as thou art," said Selim, and he tossed with his toe the dagger to some distance, where with his eyes always on Abdul he picked it up and thrust it into his girdle.

"Rise," said he to Abdul. "Thou shalt go with me to Bagdad."

"To be beheaded?" asked Ibn Wasit.

"Fool," said Selim, "if I desired thy injury, could I not now myself behead thee? I desire that thou, since I have maimed thee, shalt be put into a way of honest living."

Selim made Abdul mount the mare and then he mounted behind him and with his dagger at Abdul's back thus they proceeded. When night came they continued until Selim, being himself tired, and Abdul wearying the ear with complaints of his wound, they camped by a well under the face of the great cliffs, called the Wall of the Desert. Selim did not sleep, save as the hawk sleepeth. He thought upon his love:

"She is as the moon: Her path is luminous. Her hair fills the sky with radiance. She makes beautiful the earth. She fills the earth with softness and mystery. All things are dimmed within the trailing of her robes. The stars hide themselves before her. Without her the earth would be dull and vacant. In the moonlit silences the nightingale awakes

and pours out his heart and the rose in the fullness of joy lets fall her fragrant petals. O, Love of my soul, thou art the fragrance of the Garden of Life. I am the nightingale, singing sadly because I am sick of love for thee, and thou art the rose of the garden. My love strips from me my thoughts and casts them to the earth, like the rose-petals, to make sweet thy path."

So communing with himself he lay as if asleep. In the darkness, before dawn, he saw a dark shape near him. He lay upon his arm and watched, nursing his scimitar. Slowly, and pausing often to listen, it approached. It was Abdul. When close to Selim, he raised himself upon his knees and uplifted against the sky he bore a great rock. Like the drop of a falcon Selim's scimitar fell upon the arm of Abdul, severing the hand from the wrist, and now the wholly maimed wretch sent forth a scream that frightened the jackals.

"In the name of Allah—to whom be all praise,"—said Selim, "Canst thou not remember, dog, it is said that of all the vile the meanest is the ingrate? The earth is grateful to the rain and the lion to him who has freed him from pain."

"Cursed be you and all your tribe," said Abdul. "May they suffer my sufferings a thousand-fold, forever. Cease your preachings and let me go into the desert and die like a wounded jackal."

But Selim made a fire and seared the stump of Abdul's arm and said, "Son of a wolf, I will bring thee to Bagdad, if I have to load thy filthy corpse upon my mare."

Then Abdul said, "I yield to thee and will be true to thee, by the Curtain of the Kaaba. Allah has thee in his keeping. Kismet."

Here the master of the caravan inter-

rupted, saying: "Now is the time for ablutions and prayers and the evening meal. At dawn we will halt at the Well of Omar, and during the heat of the day we will hear what further befell Selim,—for by the soul of my father, my heart sits in my ears, awaiting this tale."

"Yes, and by the Beard of the Prophet," said Lame Yusuf, "if we wait till our halt at the Well of Omar the fair lady will be turned to stone. I am now in a fever lest Selim come too late, with all his delays for such carrion as Abdul. Curse the dog. Why could he not kill him and be rid of him? The son of a jackal! I must go to my camels; only assure me, Ibn Ali, that Selim will arrive in time to save that dream of loveliness, the lady of marble."

But Muhamed Ibn Ali answered nothing. He leaned upon his elbow and, smiling, traced letters in the sand.

When they had come to the Well of Omar and slept,—for truly weariness is the killer of all desires,—Hosein came to Muhamed and said:

"Brother, Allah send thee thy heart's desires. We await thee under those willows which sway their tresses as proud warriors their plumes."

"Here is thy place for thee, Ibn Ali," said the master of the caravan. "Here in the shade of the willows which hold their arms above thee and screen thee as would a woman with her hair."

"And here," said Lame Yusuf, "is a bottle of sweetened water, flavored with rose."

"And figs," said Hosein.

"And pistachio nuts," said Omar.

"And a talisman to preserve thee from *ifrits* and from terror," said Yemek.

"But in the name of Allah—whose name be forever worshipped," said Yusuf, "hasten, Selim, on to the houri of Paradise who is turning into stone."

(Concluded in the next number)

William Shakespeare's Second Best Bed

By Elliot Kays Stone



I WAS gazing at the sovereign of 1606 which formed part of the massive fob adorning the corpulent form of the wealthy soap manufacturer, to whom I had been introduced at the Club. After a bit I summoned courage to ask him how he obtained it.

He laughed.

"That coin," he began, "Oh, yes, rather odd. It explains two important historical events separated by several hundred years; namely, how William Shakespeare, Gent., came to leave his second-best bed to his devoted wife, and how I became suddenly and magnificently rich. The first event may interest others; the second does interest me, and as the time when it can hurt either William or me has now passed into history, I might as well let you have the story.

"I may not look it, but I've always had a liking for Shakespeare and his works, and read everything on the subject I could lay my hands on. That will of Shakespeare's always struck me as a very singular document. I know Shakespeare had no great affection for his wife, but I could n't see that Shakespeare wasted any great amount on the rest of the folks he scattered his crowns among. I've read that document a thousand times, I guess—well, yes, maybe five hundred; and the more I read it the more I wondered why that particular second-best bed came to be the only thing falling to the old lady's lot. 'There's something shady, William,' I used to say to his bust what stared at me from his pedestal. 'What were you up to anyhow?' But William never answered.

"But one day when I was asking William questions similar to the aforesaid, it ran across my mind whatever became

of that bed anyhow. I wrote to the guardians of William Shakespeare, deceased, at Stratford-on-the-Avon, and they told me it was safely stowed away in the very room it had been in while William bossed the ranch. Now, somehow, I wanted awful bad to see that bed—cant say why—but it seemed like I must see it before I died—got struck with a Mecca-like fever to make a pilgrimage to William's bedside, and I knew I'd have no peace till I fetched up there. But as I was n't head of the coal trust and simoleons grew on none of the bushes in my backyard, leastwise no more 'n what it took to support the seven little Williamsons and the old lady—I did n't see how I was going to get there.

"Well, it was just at this point that Mr. Charles Augustus Brown butted into the game. His advent was welcome. He was a capitalist with ideas. His idea was to send me to England—that coincided with mine, so it did n't take long to hit up with a bargain. I was to sell some new-fangled churn that he'd invented. He was to pay my passage over and one hundred dollars—twenty-five pounds—per—with ten per cent on the side for all machines sold. I knew I was up against it good and hard when it came to delivering the goods, but as the contract was iron-clad for a year and Charles Augustus was good I did n't see where I stood to lose, and I'd have one good look at that second-best bed anyhow. I had my doubts about those conservative Britons falling over themselves to buy our machine, especially when it only saved the labor of their wives, but naturally I kept those doubts away in the background, and did n't let 'em peep out so that Charles Augustus could see 'em. 'And anyhow,' says I to myself, 'Jake, you're a Yankee, and a son of a Yankee, and if there's anything on earth you cant

sell you 'd better go to Hades, and try your luck there.'

"'And so it come to pass'—which the same is a saying oft-written in Talmud—'it come to pass' that a certain May morning found me seated on a steamer chair, my feet wrapped up in a blanket, for me and Neptune had been having a row, and I was feeling kinder shaky from his strenuous attacks, with a choice consignment of churns in the hold. That last dont sound right, somehow; but I guess you can tangle it out easier than I can. Anyhow, I guess you know what I mean.

"But say—those Britishers! I felt sorry for them, honest. It was easy money. It was like passing the hat at a great, big, swell missionary meeting for the poor heathen, and me the heathen! They surprised me. I dont know whether it was my line of talk, and I dont care—anyhow it seemed that every farmer had been waiting and pining for the appearance of yours truly with the Twentieth Century Yankee-Doodle-Dotakeit-easy Churn—patents pending; and the way I raked in the coin sure discounted the efforts of the man with the muck-rake, we've heard so much about lately.

"Well, some time during the third month I pulled into Stratford-on-the-Avon, and, leaving my horse at the inn and taking a bumper at the bar, casually inquired of the pretty bar-maid 'Whereabouts, my dear, is the palatial residence of William Shakespeare, deceased?' She looked kinder feazed—seems like it was the first time the information was demanded in just those terms, but finally she pulled herself together, and pointed out the way.

"And sure enough there stood the house, just as I had seen it in the pictures. I forked out a few shekels to the attendants just to make 'em step lively, and then I asked to be taken to view Shakespeare's bed. It was n't much to look at, except for size. It could have held William all right, and a wife or two on the side. It was square-rigged and had a great, whopping canopy reaching over it. It would make a man feel lonesome to sleep in it, I thought. However, I sized it up good and thought the trip had paid me, counting sights and crowns. I could rest easy now.

"Well, sir, for about three years I

drove up and down all England. I did n't miss a county—shires they call 'em over there—no nor a hamlet; you could n't rake the map with a fine-tooth comb, and miss a place that I did n't stop at. Then suddenly I went out of the churn-business for good and all. It was n't because it had played out—not much—the business had just begun to come in,—but, well, I did n't need it.

"And the way of it was this. I put up for the night at the inn in—I forget the name of the little village—the keeper was a jolly red-faced Britisher—regular John Bull stepped out of the cartoons. He gave me a room on the second floor, and a dandy, too. Now, I had n't more 'n poked my head in the door when something peculiar struck me about the great four-poster bed that was standing in the corner. Seemed as if I'd met it before somewhere. I puzzled over it all the evening, but finally pulled down the covers, and had a wrestling match with Morpheus. He won.

"Next morning Inn Keeper wanted to know how I slept.

"'Tight's a drum,' I answered.

"'Vell, you orter,' says he, between puffs on his church warden, 'that's the second-best bed what Shakespeare villed t' his wife.'

"My answer was an explosive ha, ha, also 'Get out—that bed is reposing over at Stratford-on-the-Avon—I saw it there myself.'

"Old Landlord chuckled. 'No doubt,' he said, 'no doubt. That's the gammon they talk—maybe they think it's so—but anyhow, Shakespeare's bed is the one you slept in.'

"'You interest me,' I says, 'Your story is amusing and likewise edifying, and if you'll explain how that bed at Avon aint Shakespeare's bed, and how your'n is, while I drain a pot of ale, I'll be much obliged to you—you can wet your whistle on me.'

"He did.

"It seems from what he said that the old inn was a family affair—run in the family for several centuries of generations. One of his great grand-daddies had a little bill against Shakespeare's widow, and in settlement—beds being kinder valuable in them days—took the second-best bed of William. And there

she was in the inn, as sound as a bank, after all these years of Britons snoring on her.

"'But how about the Stratford bed?' I inquired.

"'Vell,' he says, 'I dont know that story—at least not the straight of it. During the Shakespeare craze somebody probably palmed it off on 'em. Anyhow this bed here is Shakespeare's bed, and here's the bill of sale.'

"He had been fumbling about behind the bar, and now handed me a mouldy parchment, that sure enough confirmed what John Bull had been saying.

"'Pork and porcupine,' I muttered, 'Well, I'll be vumswaggled.'

"'Besides,' says he, 'I want to show you something.'

"And he took me back up to my room.

"'You said you'd seen the bed at Stratford, did n't you?' he inquired.

"'I have,' I says, 'I have.'

"'And you know how it looks?'

"'I could identify it.'

"'Well,' says he, 'was there anything like that on the bed at Stratford?' and he pointed to a coat of arms on the top-most panel of the head-board. I immediately recognized it as Shakespeare's hard-bought coat of arms; and I knew the bed at Stratford did n't have it.

"'I cave in,' I says, 'It's William's bed.'

"There was also some letterings carved under the coat of arms.

"'What's them?' I asked, pointing to the letters.

"'Just a lot of gibberish,' says he, 'Crazy kinder jingle. If Shakespeare wrote it, he had bats in his belfry.'

"'Bug house?' I demanded.

"'Kinder,' he answered.

"I threw my optics up against them letters (they was in old English and kinder hard t' read), and murmured out loud as follows:

I am Sovereign Balm for Bodie and Minde,
But no Sleeper in Mee a Sovereigne shalle
Finde;

And though Goode Queene Bess is ye Sov-
ereigne now,

I am a Greater Sovereigne thanne She, I
trow.

"'Daffy,' I says, 'Rotton!'

"'That's what they all says, sir.'

"'Well,' says I, looking at my watch, 'business before pleasure; cant I sell you

a Twentieth Century Yankee Doodle Dotakeiteasy Churn?'

"'Old Landlord scratched his head. 'Dunno,' says he. 'What new instrument o' torture is that?'

"'It's death to torture,' I says. 'It's what the Reformation was to the Inquisition; it's what the lightning rod is to lightning; it's what Rough on Rats is to kids; it exterminates 'em. It's as easy to make butter as to make a speech, and a derved sight easier to some people. All you have to do is to attach it to the rocking chair, and rock the baby to sleep. If you have n't a baby, get one. (A little joke that always seemed to amuse the Britishers—their sense o' humor is mighty crude.) It's the greatest invention of the age; the triumph of Twentieth Century mechanism; a boon to tired women! O! woman, lovely woman! it is a great inventor's offerin' to thee!'

"Say, I had the Landlord going. Honest, I was sorry for him. He looked wilted, and tried every now and then to smuggle a word in, but I backed him up in the corner, and went right on with my soliloquy, till the appearance of Mrs. Landlord at the door, when I burst forth with, 'Woman, lovely woman!'

"'What is?' she inquires.

"'The Twentieth Century Yankee Doodle Dotakeiteasy Churn, Patented,' I replies with a bow. 'It works while you sleep—in the rocking chair. It takes away the drudgery of churning, making it a delightful pleasure—you should have one, Madam.'

"'What's they wuth?' says she. 'I'd like to take a look hat one hany'ow.'

"'Five pounds,' I says, 'and cheap at that. 'Look at it, Madam,' says I, extractin' it from it's case. 'You fasten it to a rockin' chair just like this, and then you rock yourself and the churning is done.'

"'Well,' says she, 'I think we'd better get one, George,' and she looked firmly at Mr. Landlord.

"'Wasteful extravagance,' he managed to gasp.

"'Wasteful fiddlesticks,' she snapped. 'Will you carry it to the buttery, please?'

"'With pleasure, Madam.'

"Well, down in the creamery the old lady pulled five pounds from one of her gray woolen stockings, and I started out to do the community. They were easily

done, and when I came back to the inn for supper, I'd sold fifteen churns. Thoughts of William S., and his second best bed had flown completely, but they was resuscitated when I entered my room that night, and found Shakespeare's bed starin' me in the face. I went right up to it, and read that poetry again.

"Sounds foolish," I says, 'but I never took William for a fool, and I aint going to change my opinion now. William wrote that for a purpose, and if a Connecticut Yankee what's been in every state in his own land, and sold hundreds of churns in conservative England cant puzzle out that riddle, then a Yankee's a bigger fool than an English poet, and that cant be.'

"Well, sir, all the time I was undressing I was thinking, and it did n't seem to me that I would experience any difficulty in coming at the smothered idee in William's head. I'd read a good deal of them Shakespeareans and Baconites, and their keys and picture puzzles, and hidden meanings in William's plays, and it looked easy for me to go and do likewise.

"First, I tried it as an anagram, but if Ibia makes a word, it's been pushed in the dictionary since I quit school. Then I took and wrote down every fourth letter beginning from the first one (because the thing had four lines to it, and four was evidently the key note to the mystery), but there didn't any gold shine out in the pan. 'Stumped again,' I muttered, and then I tried every seventh letter, seven always being a kind of magical number, but this one particular glowing time all the magic had somehow fizzled out of it. Well, I tried a few other stunts like I'd seen them Shakespeareans and Baconites amuse themselves with, and after these aforesaid stunts had petered out, I came to the conclusion that me and Shakespeare would try it out for a throw-down all by our lonesome with no backers in the ring, and the gas turned low. Then, when I turned myself loose, and quit my foolishness, and used the common sense of a Yankee, it was n't long till I had Shakespeare down on his back and gasping for breath, as it were, speaking figuratively, you know. I had his meaning sucked hard and dry, and this is how I done it:

"I took that classic poem and copied it down verbatim, and when I looked at it with my own eyes, and not with the pre-conceived misconceptions conveyed to me through the green goggles of them Shakespeareans et al., I had Shakespeare skinned. Say, it was a cinch. It was like dropping a button in the nickel-in-the-slot machine, and drawing a box of cigars on it. You see, it was n't long till I'd tumbled to the fact that this here poem was n't a picture puzzle, nor anagram, nor cipher, nor anything like that. It was just a pun—that's what it was. It was just a collection of words gambling and cavorting about that one word, 'Sovereigne.' Firstly, the bed offered 'Sovereigne Balme for Bodie and Minde'—cinchy. Second spasm: a man that wastes any time with this 'sovereigne balme' wont get any sheckels. Sure. Third cataclasm: 'Queene Bess' was 'sovereigne' all right, all right, and fourth fortissimo, what 'sovereigne' is greater than a 'sovereign,' but just one—old King Gold—who in one of his phases is called a sovereign, a coin the wuth of about \$5.00 in the United States. Eureka! the mystery was solved. Somewheres in its massive depths, that second-best bed was harboring the sovereign of sovereigns—Gold. Where that was, was what I was going to find out, if I had to buy the bed and chop it to pieces. I thought, maybe, I would find a clue from the poetry, but Shakespeare seemed to think that he'd said enough on the subject already, and a man that could n't find it, now that he'd had his eyes opened, was n't wuth his weight in corn fodder, and that's what I thought, too. So I got my umbrella and began thumping it against various portions of Mr. Bed's anatomy, hoping to detect a hollow note in him somewhere, but he seemed to ring true. Then I got to thinking it over, and come to the conclusion that any holes that were stuffed with simoleons would n't sound hollow, anyhow, and that a hole with nothing in it was n't any good whatsoever. So I took a good, deliberate look at that old bed, and did some mighty tall Sherlock Holmes deductin': 'I deduce,' says I, 'I deduce, that the portion of this bed's anatomy that's got gold in it, is them legs—they look just like they was built for it, nine feet

high, and six inches through, at the least. 'Allow me,' says I, with a bow to the bed, 'Allow me to examine your feet—I fear there's something in them.'

"Say, did you ever wrestle with a ten-ton bed in the dead of night, when you knew that the least sound would bring the landlord running to your door, wanting to know what in the name of tarnation you were up to, anyhow? Well, if you have n't, dont abuse your imagination—it is far too infinitesimal to convey the slightest vista of what I was up against. Every once in a while that old bed would give a groan, or throw himself at me with a bang that shook the house, and there I'd stand gasping, waiting to hear Old Landlord's remarks come purling through the keyhole. But bye an' bye I had the bed dissected and the headboard laying on the floor, so I could look at it. Just like I thought, the legs was plugged—both of them. 'Eureka,' I says, under my breath, not wishing Landlord to think I was sick or somethin'. 'Eureka,' I says, also, '*Hic jacet*,' which, being interpreted, meaneth 'I have it.' Then I got my bit and augur, and it—

"What's that? No, I aint no burglar, but I always carry a kit of tools along with me—no tellin' when they'll come in handy, and sometimes I had to patch one of those Yankee Doodle Do contraptions.

"Well, as I was saying, I got out my bit and augur, and it was n't long till I struck the biggest pocket I'd ever seed or heard of. I wadded my clothes up on the floor, so that there would n't be any noise about it, and hoisted up the leg of the bed. No, it did n't rain; it poured. Friend, there was a shower of auriferous metal for about five minutes. That blooming leg was hollow from top to bottom, and the hole, just the size of a sovereign, was just packed with 'em.

"Now for the other one,' says I.

"My forehead was pounding like a trip hammer, but I did n't allow my feelings to interfere with business: I never do. Well, that other leg yielded a shower of about the same dimensions.

"There's no use overlookin' anything, nor neglecting one's opportunities,' says I, so I tackled the two front legs (I mean the legs of the footboard—

they're the front legs, are n't they?). and well, what do you reckon, I got a gold mine out of one, and a hatful of sovereigns out of the other. Shakespeare had made more room than he needed.

"Howsomever,' says I, 'that dont matter. Old Shakespeare left a pretty good thing to his wife, after all, did n't he?'

"Now you'd have thought most folks would have been satisfied, but I was n't. I was disappointed in that last leg not yielding more, and so I lays the foot-board down, and takes a squint up the cavity. Lucky I did, too, for what did I see but something shining up there? 'Diamonds?' I asks myself, and gives the leg a shake. Well, sir, about a handful of the scintilatinest diamonds I ever saw come pouring out. That's one of them there; yes, sir, that stud.

"Now that I had the sheckels and the diamonds, what was I to do with them? They'd make a pretty nifty load, and how I was to get them out of the house without Landlord knowing it, I was n't mathematician enough to figger out—not right on the jump, that is. The sample churn was in the room, and so I dumped the gold in it, padding it first with some clothes so as to keep quiet about it. The next thing on the program was to cover my tracks, for Mrs. Landlord might want to know, the next morning, where them little piles of sawdust came from. But I'm a genius after my kind, and I soon hit on a plan to get rid of that trouble. So I scooped the sawdust all into one of the empty legs of the bed, and then I had another titantic—no, I dont mean a gigantic; gigantic is a word in the thirty-cent class when it comes to describing some things. Yes, I had another titantic struggle with old four-poster, got him on his feet again, threw the bedding in place, and crawling aboard, slept the sleep of the just.

"In the morning I went out and bought a good-sized hand-grip, and sneaked it into my room. Then I transferred the glittering coin and jewels from the churn to the grip, and say, when I tried to heft it, I was glad that is was n't anything meaner than gold; otherwise I never would have had the strength to pick it up, much less carry it. It strained some, but I had to do it, and, well, I've been enjoying myself ever since.

"That \$25,000 in sovereigns of the coinage from 1600 to 1606 caused a slump in the market for old coins, but netted me \$35,000. Reporters follered me around, asking where I'd uncovered so much ancient buried treasure, and they always laughed fit to kill when I told them: 'Out of W. Shakespeare's second-best bed,' but I did n't care. The money

was just what I needed to butt into the soap business, and say, I've got the most titanic soap factory in the United States, and if you've got any notion of writing up this story, you might say that the Golden Sovereign Soap's name and fame are today truly Shakespearean. The jewels? I'll get Mrs. Williamson to show 'em to you."

The Guardhouse

By William Patterson White

O I'm lyin' in the mill with my feet agin' the sill;
 I'm as thirsty as the Arizona sand.
 Both my eyes are turnin' black, an' my shirt's torn up the back,
 An' my head is achin' me to beat the band.
 I was workin' up a rep. so that I could get my step,
 Now—I'll call upon the Colonel in the mornin'.
 O it's "Prisoners! Turn out!" you can hear the Sergeant shout
 When it's time to see the Colonel in the mornin'.

Though I'm feelin' badly bent, I aint sorry that I went,
 For the soldier he must have his little fun;
 But it does n't do to fight when the guard has got you right,
 An' you'd better take that tip from me, my son.
 O I tried to lick the guard, but I found the job too hard,
 So I'll call upon the Colonel in the mornin'.
 An' it's "Prisoners! Turn out!" . . .

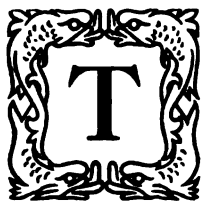
It was only yesterday that I drew my monthly pay,
 An' tonight my name is written in the Book.
 An' instead of mounted drill, I'll be cleanin' up the mill,
 Or else peelin' Molly Hogans for the cook.
 So, you rookies, mend your ways, or you'll get your thirty days
 When you call upon the Colonel in the mornin'.
 For it's "Prisoners! Turn out!" . . .

'Twas a cold an' dreary day that the Gov'ment took away
 All the canteens where we used to get our beer;
 But it ordered them shut down, so we have to go to town,
 An' *that's* just the very reason I am here!
 O it's all the Gov'ment's fault just as sure as "Hump!" means "Halt!"
 An' I'll tell *that* to the Colonel in the mornin'!
 O it's "Prisoners! Turn out!" you can hear the Sergeant shout
 When it's time to see the Colonel in the mornin'.

The
West



and the
National
Capital
by
John E. Lathrop



THE progressives marched triumphant through the halls of Congress this winter, and National affairs were vibrant with interest to the people of the West. The Republican reactionaries had sought to stem the tide, but the waves of insurgency rolled over and engulfed them. The Democrats had won a decided victory in the November elections and immediately the bribe of promised offices and political power was offered to them. The political Satan took the Democratic Party up on a high hill, showed it the political kingdoms of the United States, and said: "All this will I give you, if you will fall down and worship me."

This bribe had all but won when, behold! insurgency arose among the Democrats. During the last session of Congress Champ Clark, clean, able Congressman from Missouri, stood with the Western progressives in favor of breaking the Czar-like rule of the Speaker of the House. But, when Mr. Clark had been assured the election to the Speakership in the next Congress, he seemed to hesitate in carrying out the program of House reform. Having declared in the last session in favor of a Committee on Committees or the election of the committees by

the House, he hesitated, and refused to declare himself again.

Whereupon arose Congressman Hay, of Virginia, and Congressman Sins, of Tennessee, and other Democratic insurgents, and the discussion waxed warm during many days. The Democratic insurgency, like the Republican insurgency, overwhelmed the regulars, and House reform became a certainty. This result was achieved largely because the Republican insurgents, immediately upon their arrival in Washington, declared that they would continue the fight for House reform as vigorously as they had waged it in the past.

Congressman Miles Poindexter, of Spokane, Senator-elect from Washington, was a potent influence in winning this victory. Upon his arrival in Washington, he said:

"The fight will be carried on with unabated vigor. The mere fact that the Democrats will control the next House alters no condition and nullifies no argument which we advanced in previous sessions in favor of reform in the procedure."

And so the Western insurgents in both parties this winter have been invested with larger powers in consequence of the November elections. La Follette, Cummins, Bourne, Borah, Beveridge, Bristow, and Clapp, in the Senate, and

Murdock, Poindexter, Cooper, Norris, and other Republican progressives in the House, emerged, in part at least, from the cloud of administration displeasure into which they had passed because, forsooth, as Dolliver phrased it, they "merely wanted to read a bill before they voted for it;" while Newlands, Owen, Chamberlain, and other Democratic Senators, and the progressive Democrats in the House, advanced to the same relative position of increased power and influence.

Do not mistake. The battle of the progressives is not yet won. Both groups, apart politically, but working together in genuine progressive reforms, are fighting against the power of special privilege.

These progressive Democrats, I believe, are looking with high hopes on Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, New Jersey, as their leading candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1912. At this writing the Democratic fight is lining up with Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, as the candidate of the reactionaries, and Doctor Wilson, the choice of the progressives, if present indications prove to be what they seem to be. The financial powers of Wall Street, headed by John Pierpont Morgan, backed Judson Harmon in Ohio. A month ago I asserted in *THE PACIFIC MONTHLY* that the same interests desired Woodrow Wilson elected Governor of New Jersey. I still believe this to be true, but I also believe, from personal investigation in New Jersey, that the Wall Street people incorrectly appraised the qualities of Woodrow Wilson. They, in common with many others, thought him to be, as all admit, a clean, high-minded gentleman of wonderful intellect; but they looked upon him as a tyro in politics, a conservative by nature, and a pedantic reformer.

There is little doubt that Woodrow Wilson, while he was running for Governor, did not fully grasp the meaning of the present fight against the powers of predatory wealth. But Doctor Wilson, by reason of his contact with some of these Representatives of Big Business in politics, has had his eyes opened to the real meaning of things. In the New

Jersey election James Martine received the party primary nomination for United States Senator. The manager of Democratic politics in New Jersey, former United States Senator James Smith, Jr., proposed that the triumphant New Jersey Democrats ignore the people's choice and elect him, Mr. Smith, to the United States Senate. Doctor Wilson was amazed. The people of Oregon will appreciate the situation. An act of perfidy was proposed. And Doctor Wilson arose in the night of a good man and denounced the proposal.

Senator Chamberlain of Oregon is by no means an improbable nominee for Vice-President on the ticket with a progressive Democrat, Woodrow Wilson. There is certainly talk of "Wilson and Chamberlain" for 1912.

Will not this operate to induce the Republican Party to name a progressive for President in 1912? Will he be Roosevelt, or La Follette, or ———?

On the President's Very Important Appointments.

President Taft had the naming of three new Justices of the Supreme Court, five Judges of the Court of Commerce, and two members of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He elevated Associate Justice Edward Douglass White, of Louisiana, to the Chief Justiceship, and named Judge Willis Van Devanter, of Wyoming, and Judge Joseph Rucker Lamar, of Georgia, as Associate Justices. He named Martin A. Knapp, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to the new Court of Commerce, and as other Judges, Judge Robert W. Archbald, of Pennsylvania; Judge William H. Hunt, of Montana, who tried land-fraud cases in Oregon; Judge John Emmet Carland, of South Dakota; and Judge Julian W. Mack, of Illinois. Hunt, Carland, and Mack are progressives.

President Taft appointed Professor B. H. Meyer, of Wisconsin, and C. C. McChord, of Kentucky, to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Professor Meyer was appointed by Senator (then Governor) La Follette to head the Commission which, with La Follette, worked out Wisconsin's scheme of regulation of public

utilities. This gives the people Commissioners Lane, Prouty, Clements, Meyer, and McChord, five progressives in favor of genuine regulation of common carriers, out of seven Commissioners who constitute the Commission.

President Taft had decided to appoint Commissioner Lane, of California, and Commissioner Prouty, of Vermont, to the new Court of Commerce. They were disposed to accept, whereupon their friends, and that means the progressives of the country, descended on them with vigorous protests. "It is a plan to bury you," they said. "The Court of Commerce will be a mere conduit on the way from the Interstate Commerce Commission to the Supreme Court. The Interstate Commerce Commission, under the law, has the last word on questions of fact in transportation causes, unless your decisions are outrageously and obviously bad. The Court of Commerce will not be a court of review, but its function will be only to pass on questions of law and such questions in practically every instance will be carried to the Supreme Court. You can give the American people better service by remaining where you are."

In refusing the proffered Judgeships, Commissioners Prouty and Lane chose the part of hard and very trying work in place of a life-berth with little work.

The people of Oregon do not know how near they came to losing their new Governor. Oswald West was on the list for appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission. He refused to consider the matter, saying that his duty was to serve the people of Oregon for four years as Governor. However, his achievements as State Land Agent and State Railroad Commissioner had attracted attention the country over, and, inasmuch as Commissioner Cockrell, of Missouri, a Democrat, was not to be reappointed, Mr. West could have had the position, had he consented to accept it.

The retirement of Chairman Knapp from the Interstate Commerce Commission gave joy to the shippers and consumers of the Nation. During November, in the middle of the week, when Louis D. Brandeis and other attorneys

and eminent engineers were presenting the shipper's and consumer's protest against proposed increases in freight rates, Chairman Knapp spoke at the annual dinner in New York, given by business men who sell supplies to the railroads. Chairman Knapp was, at the time, sitting in a judicial capacity, as Chairman of the Commission, to pass on the increases in rates; and yet he declared his mind already made up, and stamped himself as an undesirable member of the Commission, in the opinion of the shippers. They are saying that in his new position on the Court of Commerce he will be immersed in an atmosphere of "innocuous desuetude."

President Taft's concessions to the progressiveness is generally recognized as absolutely forced on him by their power demonstrated in the November election. It is believed that he is not more cordial toward them than he was before the elections and that his change of front was due to the necessities of the campaign for renomination in 1912.

A Water-Power Monopoly?

The process of centralization of water-power interests will inevitably coalesce the power companies of the West, and John Pierpont Morgan will dominate the power industry. The publicist who predicted a like control of power sites has been hooted at as a visionary and one who was "seein' things." There are in this country 15,000,000 horse-power in its water-power sites, mostly in the West, and, unless there be vigorous support of the conservation movement, this inconceivably great National asset will pass under the control of New York capitalists, without provision for proper regulation.

The National Conservation Association has worked out a plan to bring together the opposing forces in the water-power controversy. Two distinct schools of thought have been developed during the past two or three years, one favoring exclusive Federal control of the power site, the other exclusive State control. Gifford Pinchot, President of the Association, has caused Philip P. Wells, the Association's Counsel, to work out a plan

which has been submitted to competent engineers of wide experience in water-power development, and officers and managers of hydro-electric power companies, who have criticised and approved it. It involves development without delay, waste, or the sacrifice of other and higher uses of flowing water. In a statement outlining the meaning of the plan, Mr. Wells says:

Private capital must be aided by the State or Nation through corporate franchises, condemnation of private property and licenses to use public lands and obstruct public waters, etc. Under the plan, the power companies are to have certainty of tenure for a reasonable time, and a chance for generous profits upon their actual investment. For the public, the plan promises good service, fair prices, full publicity as to cost, honest capitalization and fair rentals for public property used by the companies.

It is conceded in the plan that the Federal Government has no jurisdiction unless its land is to be occupied, or navigable rivers affected. Even in such cases the regulation of service and prices is to be the function of the State, leaving to the National Government the duty of securing prompt, full and orderly development, a reasonable time limit for the leases, publicity as to financing and fair rentals for Federal property used, perhaps paying a part of the proceeds to the State.

All information gathered by the Federal Government should be available to the State Government, which might, through its public service commission, or otherwise, require efficient service, equality of service and fair prices to consumers. The orderly development of the stream and the checking of over-capitalization might require action by both governments, preferably in co-operation. Violation of the States' requirements should afford ground for the cancellation of the Federal lease.

Power developments which are not on lands owned by the United States and do not affect navigation are wholly in State jurisdiction, and as to them the State governments should secure all the public objects set forth above. They should also favor development (not speculation) and public storage reservoirs constructed by the State at the expense of the power-site owners on the streams below, as proposed by the New York State Water Supply Commission. There are very great opportunities here for conservation work by the States.

The advocates of so-called State conservation, in opposition to a rational jointure of State and Federal conservation of the kind set forth by Mr. Wells,

apparently have not given evidence that they would use their influence for the protection of the public. Spokane has, tributary to it, water power of enormous potentiality. Four power sites have been located on the Spokane River: one in Spokane, one twelve miles above that city, one nine miles below, and one twenty miles below. Three of these sites are controlled by the General Electric interests of New York. The State of Washington receives a negligible revenue in taxes, there is no public control of rates, and the people claim they are subjected to exorbitant charges. These power sites were acquired for practically nothing and admittedly are worth potentially enormous sums.

Power sites of great potentiality have been located at Kettle Falls, in the Columbia River; at Chelan Falls, leading out from Chelan Lake; and the Albany Power Site, on the Pend d'Oreille. They were acquired years ago by private persons, and have not been developed. The Great Northern Railway controls the Chelan and Kettle Fall sites, and one at Wenatchee, partly developed, and others.

Those who control these sites, mostly undeveloped, are the very persons who have fought the Roosevelt water-power conservation policy on the ground that it locks up natural resources from the use of the people.

In Chelalis County, Washington, forty-five per cent of the entire area of the county is owned by the Weyerhaeuser timber syndicate, and thirty per cent by other lumber companies, so that three-quarters of the entire area of the county is owned by these interests. No settler can buy it, no man make a home on it, yet many of these men fight the Roosevelt-Pinchot National-Forest conservation policy on the ground that it would lock up natural resources from the uses of the people!

Those objectors to the Roosevelt-Pinchot forest policy who belong to the railroad coterie, by surreptitious means a few years ago, procured passage of the "lieu-land scrip" law, by which the railroads were authorized to turn back to the Government worthless lava beds, glaciers and burnt-over areas, and take

in lieu thereof "scrip" which they could use in locating any unappropriated timber lands in any State in which they operated their railroads. As a result, although the Northern Pacific had only about forty miles of road in Oregon, it located with this scrip more than 100,000 acres of the finest timber land in the State.

The supporters of the rational plan of the National Conservation Association, herein set forth, are saying:

"Let the extreme supporters of State conservation, in opposition to joint State-and-Federal conservation, give evidence of the sincerity of their solicitude for the poor settler and the mass of the people, before they decry our policies as tending to 'lock up natural resources.'"

That Rate Question

A cloud of dust has been thrown into the air over the question of freight rates from the East to the West Coast, from the East to Western interior points, and from the West Coast to Western interior points. The great discrimination in rates has not been from the East to the interior, but from the Pacific Coast to the interior. Eastern manufacturers can ship as far West as the Pacific Coast, but Pacific Coast manufacturers have been confined to a narrow strip of territory, and thus the manufacturing industries of the Pacific Coast have been restrained by this system of rate-making.

One notes, in going over the records and petitions in cases affecting the Pacific Coast, that this discrimination is greatest on trust-made articles, such as syrups, steel products, soap, furniture and the

like. A manufacturer of furniture in Grand Rapids, Michigan, can ship his products to Boise, Idaho, in competition with the furniture manufacturers of Portland, notwithstanding the Grand Rapids man sends his goods nearly four times as far as the haul of the Portland manufacturer, who gets into Boise territory. The influence of the Eastern manufacturers has been sufficient to maintain this system of rate discrimination in order to develop business in the East and to

deliver it to points in the West more or less without the radius of water competition. How can manufacturing industries develop on the Pacific Coast if, by freight rates, their activities are limited to a narrow strip of territory, while their competitors in the East can go 1500 to 2000 miles for the same rate that our Western manufacturers have to pay to go 400 to 500 miles?

Why, under substantially similar conditions and circumstances, is a Pacific Coast dollar not just as good as an Eastern dollar in buying freights to the same section of country?



INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER
CHARLES A. PROUTY, OF VERMONT.

The Committee's Reports on Secretary Ballinger.

The report of the majority of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee, made public December 12, attempted to exonerate Secretary Ballinger from the charges preferred against him by Gifford Pinchot. The report is signed by Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, Chairman; Senators Flint, of California; Sutherland, of Utah; and Root, of New York; and Representatives McCall, of Massachu-

setts; Olmstead, of Pennsylvania; and Denby, of Michigan.

Previously, two minority reports had been filed, one by the Democratic members, Senators Purcell, of North Dakota, and Fletcher, of Florida; and Representatives James, of Kentucky, and Graham, of Illinois; and one by Representative Madison, Republican, of Kansas. Both minority reports censured Mr. Ballinger.

The impression is quite general that the majority report ignored important testimony; for instance, it said in speaking of necessary field examinations of the Cunningham coal claims in Alaska:

Glavis, himself, had been in Alaska during that summer. If the demand for that testimony was made in good faith, examination ought to have been made in that summer.

An examination of the record discloses that Glavis, the Portland man who was in charge of the office in Seattle as Chief of the Field Division, was not a coal expert, and that special agents, who are not coal experts, are never expected to make field examinations. This was brought out clearly and was not at the time questioned. The majority report also says:

The testimony indicates that Mr. Ballinger was not eager to hasten these enterprises to patent.

And yet the record shows that Mr. Ballinger three times caused the clear-listing of the Cunningham claims while investigations were being made and evidences of fraud had been disclosed. The report in its essence is an attack on the conservation policy of Roosevelt, Garfield and Pinchot, and charges that these public servants withdrew from

public entry, too, vast areas of lands in the public domain; the hint is plain that this was carelessly done, and yet the evidence disclosed that the withdrawals were necessarily made in large areas without the possession of data to indicate the exact lands which should be withdrawn and those which should remain in the public domain. The policy of Roosevelt and Garfield and Pinchot was to withdraw a large area, then institute careful examination and restore to public entry those lands which were not needed to protect water-power sites from the rapidly-growing combinations which, all indications showed, were trending towards a water-power trust. The same policy was pursued in withdrawing lands for National forests. It was impossible at the time of the withdrawal to determine exactly the lands best suited for forest purposes, but careful examinations were to be made later to ascertain what lands should be reserved and what restored to the public domain. In another respect the report attacks the Roosevelt policy, saying:

When Mr. Ballinger entered upon the duties of the office of Secretary, he was confronted with these great withdrawals, excessive in character and recently made. To him, a trained lawyer and a believer in the doctrine that a public officer in the performance of his official duties should keep within the letter and the spirit of the law, these withdrawals, especially on account of their excessive character, appeared unwarranted and without any legal basis. Many good men, lawyers and prominent men in public life and others, whose character and integrity no one questions, agreed with him in this, and like him they could find no warrant in the law for such withdrawals. Secretary Ballinger, taking the view of the law that he did, and not because he was an enemy of



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MARTIN A. KNAPP.

Who retires from the chairmanship of the Interstate Commerce Commission to become a member of the new Court of Commerce.



GOVERNOR-ELECT WEST, OF OREGON.

Who would have been appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission but for his desire to serve his State as Governor.



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INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONER JUDSON C. CLEMENTS, OF GEORGIA.

conservation, proceeded to revoke these withdrawals at different dates between March 20 and April 16, 1909.

In this country, the declaration of a doctrine by the Supreme Court of the United States is usually accepted by "trained lawyers" and "good men" whose "character and integrity no one questions." From the foundation of the Republic the Supreme Court has upheld the supervisory power of the Chief Executive. The Senate Public Lands Committee, of which Senator Nelson is Chairman, refused to a year ago to endorse Secretary Ballinger's proposition that the executive withdrawals had been illegal. Mr. Ballinger, with the consent of President Taft, had sent a bill to the Congress to be enacted into law and which insidiously proclaimed that the executive withdrawals had been illegal. Although the majority of this Committee were hostile to President Roosevelt, this proposition of Mr. Ballinger was going a little too far, and they refused to report the Ballinger bill, substituting therefor another one which merely declared af-

firmatively the Roosevelt doctrine, but did not purport to be enacting a new legal principle. So it would seem that the majority of the Ballinger-Pinchot Committee, some of whom are members of the Senate Public Lands Committee, are not only seeking to overturn the Roosevelt legal policy, but are going in the face of the unbroken line of decisions of the Supreme Court.

Waterway Improvement and the Railroads.

The National Rivers and Harbors Congress, held in Washington, December 7, 8, and 9, took an important step forward in adopting officially a plan of financing waterway improvements. It declared first in favor of an annual River and Harbor bill of not less than \$50,000,000, and recommended that, if necessary, bonds be issued from time to time to procure the money. This proposition was originally advocated by Mr. J. N. Teal, who insistently presented it to the River and Harbor Congress, and finally

won his point. His argument in substance was:

We find the railroads establishing and maintaining steamboat lines on our rivers to crush out lines owned by private citizens. This is using the taxing power invested in the common carrier to prevent the people from procuring the benefits which would flow naturally from river competition in freight rates.

Out of the discussion in the River and Harbor Congress and elsewhere, it is believed will come eventually a law which will inhibit a railroad from owning or operating a steamer line which could compete against that road.

Another important topic of discussion is the monopolization of waterway terminals by the railroads. The country has waked up to the knowledge that the railroads have bought

up the terminals on most of the rivers and docks at ocean terminals. It is now understood that this Nation, in expending \$500,000,000 in the next ten years to improve rivers and harbors, may only be handing over to the railroads the whole system of waterways so improved.



GIFFORD PINCHOT,

President of the National Conservation Association, who has initiated a plan to settle the water-power controversy.

The solution? Public ownership of docks. New York is planning the expenditure of \$100,000,000 for public docks; \$30,000,000 already provided. Portland, Ore., has just voted a big sum for public docks. San Francisco has public docks and so have other cities. In Europe, the movement for public docks has been taken up in practically every country. Waterway experts consider public docks the *sine qua non* of freedom from absolute domination of the waterways by the railroad interests.

Desert

By Charlotte Kellogg

The sun usurps the measureless domain
Of oceans gone. In voiceless mimicry
Ghost waves of sand pass rock and naked tree,
To wash some unreverberate far chain
Of porphyry and jasper's flaming stain.
Grim cinder islands dot the air's hot sea,
And lava streams in mock fluidity
Still run their searing course along the plain.

Estrays of earth inhabit here: a wan
Distorted plant, an outcast fox; while high
Across a mesa floor an Indian rides,
Or sadder derelict, a hunted man
Seeks out his cave and miserably hides
In realms of death, because he fears to die.



A MALAMUTE OF BERING STRAIT.

The Narrative of a Shanghaied Whaleman

By Henry A. Clock

Part IV.



IN June, as the ice still held in Bering Strait, we left the Diomedes and sailed back along the Alaskan coast toward home, and it was on this cruise eastward that one of the most thrilling events of the voyage befell us.

We had sighted a whale one morning and lowered away after it and, as we put away from the ship, we again sighted the spout, perhaps a mile away; the whale seemed to be moving slowly toward an immense field of broken ice. We knew that if the whale once got into the ice we should not be able to approach

close enough to harpoon it, for the bumping of the boat along in the ice would "gally" (frighten) the whale. So we spread our biggest sail to the stiff breeze and skimmed away toward the field at express-train speed. Even then we were not fast enough, for as we drew near, we saw the whale not two hundred yards away from the ice, and, before we could come up to it, the quarry disappeared. Taking a long chance, we sailed right up to the edge of the field and waited for another raise. Softly fending off the ice cakes with our paddles, and with the sail swinging idly in the wind, we waited fifteen minutes.—the feeding whale scarcely ever remains under the surface

longer,—and as the minutes dragged by we feared that our game had passed on and raised somewhere in among the broken ice.

We were watching sharply, although we had just about given up all hope of sighting the whale again, when, not a hundred feet from our bow, there came the betraying ripple, followed immediately by the immense black hump, breaking water, and then the stream of vapor shot skyward followed by a sound like the exhaust of a huge engine. In the boat there was a tensely whispered "*ah blow!*" and the crew took a tighter grip on the gunwale and strained their bodies forward as if by so doing they might urge the boat to a faster pace.

At the first ripple of the water the stroke oar, handling the sheet, had begun to haul in, and by the time the whale had fully risen to the surface, we had covered fifty feet of the hundred that lay between us and our prey. But it was touch and go at that, for there was no time to fend off the floating ice and we were constantly striking small cakes and making what seemed to us a fearful noise; and to further complicate matters, when we were within fifteen feet of the whale, there loomed beneath our forefoot another black bulk, not breaking water, but floating easily about three feet from the surface.

"Another right under us, Mr. Mate," cried the boatsteerer excitedly.

"Strike then!"

He raised the heavy harpoon above his head for the "dart." But he did not strike, for just as he strained his body forward to put all his force into the throw he caught himself and shouted, "It's a calf, keep on," and so swiftly were we moving that he had only time to recover himself for another throw when we were upon the old cow. She had heard us, though, and was slowly sinking from sight when the boatsteerer cast his iron. We heard the "chug" as it struck the water and immediately the muffled explosion of the gun as it fired the deadly bomb into the whale's body and we knew that we were "fast," for the gun is not fired unless the harpoon strikes fairly into the whale.

In open water, when a whale is struck, the men handling the boat immediately sheer off, out of danger, as soon as the

cast is made, but unfortunately we were not in open water and the ice pressed so closely that the Mate could not get the boat away from the pain-crazed whale. While he was shouting hoarsely for us to paddle out of danger and before any of us could grasp a paddle, the great flukes of the cow swung up beneath us and with a splintering crash we shot into the air, a tangled mess of ropes, oars, paddles, men and broken boards.

Afterward some of the crew tried to define their feeling as they were flung into space and several of them, from their own stories, experienced some wonderful emotions. My only thought—I believe I uttered it aloud—was: "This is the end."

But it was n't the end, as I fully realized when I "landed" back into the ice water. As I gaspingly endeavored to collect my senses there came to me a great fear that I should become entangled in the whale line. And I knew that meant death, for the fleeing whale would quickly draw the life from one as he rushed away under the ice field. But, we all had the great good luck to fall clear of the hissing line as it snaked out of the wildly-gyrating tub, and fearfully we swam away from it and to a large ice cake nearby—a chunk of ice perhaps a hundred feet square—and thankfully we clambered out upon the snow-covered ice, for our skin clothes were becoming like lead as they soaked up the water. As we were huddled on the ice, the keen wind rapidly chilling us through and through, the second mate, "Swunky" Smith, carved an epigram that has since become famous in the Arctic.

When our boat went in on the whale the other boats were held off, just outside the outer edge of the ice, waiting for us to kill the whale. Seeing our upset, and seeing also that the whale had turned and was again making for open water, they put away after it, the second mate only passing near us. A hundred yards away he was, all set and drawing, his only thought to capture the whale, when he happened to glance in our direction.

"Anybody hurt," he shouted.

"Nobody hurt," the boatsteerer shouted back, "but we are almighty cold."

"Oh, that's all right," said Swunky, "there's lots more men in 'Frisco." And he blithely sailed away.



THE GREAT FLUKES OF THE COW SWUNG UP BENEATH US.

During the three hours that we remained on the floe, running in circles to keep the deadly cold from our bones, our only joy and consolation lay in the fact that the Mate was just as wet and just as cold as we. We were very miserable, but we yet could smile as we saw the tears the cold was forcing from the Mate's eyes, and glanced at the cold blue tip of his nose, or watched him run sog-gily around the circle, shivering all the time as a man with the ague. We remembered his treatment of Norton and gloried in his suffering and, in doing so, partly forgot our own.

Finally, after killing the whale and taking the head aboard, the most important thing, of course, the others came for us and took us aboard. As we climbed stiffly over the side the waiting Captain humanely told us to go to the engine-room and thaw out. Delaying only long enough to secure dry clothing from the fore-castle we dropped into the boiler-room to solid comfort.

The Captain outdid himself that day, for as we gathered near the boilerhead to shed our water-soaked clothing, the steward appeared with a tray with five big tumblers on it, in one hand, and in the other, a big pitcher of hot toddy. We were astonished beyond words and could scarcely believe that it was meant for us. Such weakness on the part of a whaling officer was unheard of, but as each man downed a steaming glassful, our idea of the Captain underwent a radical change. Instead of the harsh slave-driver we had thought of him, he appeared, through the steam of the toddy, as a benevolent friend. And it was something of a shock to me as I stood at the wheel in the next watch to have him thrust his rage-distorted face in at the window and ask me with many profane interpolations, where the so-and-so I was going and why the blank-and-blank I did n't keep on the course. But his fierceness could never impose on us after that toddy. We knew that, no matter how carefully he might shield it, he had a heart with some capacity to pity suffering humanity.

A Glimpse of Nome.

Cruising slowly eastward we came at last to Nome, and for a day we lay at anchor and watched disinterestedly the

madness of the gold-seekers. Some were seeking gold in the sands of the beach, while others outfitted for the inland trip. The beach was stacked high with supplies hastily thrown from the lighters—black with a swarm of men, each of whom sought eagerly his own particular pile, and intermingling with the continuous murmur of voices, sounded the barks and snarls and howls of countless dogs of countless breeds. Every breed of dog that had strength to pull was there—from the lean-shanked pointer to the screw-tailed bull-dog; and like their masters, they quarreled incessantly. Wild-eyed prospectors who had fallen short on their supplies, pulled eagerly out to the whaler and sought to buy stores. But the *Alexander* was not selling to white men; a greater profit could be made by trading with the natives, although the Captain did sell a few kegs of butter to pleading buyers. Butter packed in brine, thirty pounds to the keg, went at thirty dollars a keg, but it was butter, and in Nome!

As evening fell we left that seething camp and headed away toward St. Michael, which is situated near the mouth of the mighty Yukon River and is the transferring point for those who travel by water to interior Alaska and the Klondike district.

St. Michael, or as it is known to the oldtimers, Fort Get There, is on a little island and besides two companies of infantry and their barracks, a landing stage where the river-boats land, and the old Alaska Commercial Company's buildings, there is n't much to it. But it was a joyful place to us, for we loafed outrageously during the two weeks we spent there.

We were waiting for a supply ship and nothing for us to do while waiting, but to fish and loaf. No ice was about and the snow was nearly gone from the land, and the lack of these cold-suggesting elements made us think that the air was warm. At midday it really was so warm that we shed our fur coats, and one day some of the hardier spirits went swimming over-side, although truth compels me to say that the swim was brief. There would be a flash of white as the man dived from a rail, a splash, a gasping yell and another flash of white as he climbed back up the rope-ladder and scrambled into his warm clothes.

Sport At St. Michael.

As a pleasure stunt, bathing in the Bering was a failure. We celebrated the glorious Fourth at St. Michael and, while there was nothing wildly hilarious about the celebration, we, as a crew, were well pleased with the day. In the morning watch we amused ourselves by firing bombs from the shoulder guns taken from the whaleboats. At noon, just as the watches were being changed, we heard the Mate's voice boom out from the quarter-deck:

"All hands aft to splice the main brace," and word was passed by the boat-steerers for us to bring our tin cups.

Aft, the two watches lined up, each on its own side of the ship, the officers standing by, looking on, as the steward went down each line with a huge demijohn and filled each man's cup with grog. No matter what liquor one gets aboard a ship it's always grog. Then after a few words of kindly advice against drinking to excess, from the whiskey-bloated Mate, we went forward and drank to the successful voyage. Those who did not care for the grog, which as Jack Tyre of 'Frisco, for obvious reasons, called "sand-paper whiskey," traded it off for many times its value in tobacco, to those whose natures were calling for stimulant.

For recreation a fishing tournament was arranged, the five whaleboats to compete. At two bells we were off, amply supplied with hooks and lines and salt pork for bait. It was agreed that we were to fish until a gun was fired from the ship, then to return and count up; the boat catching most fish—all fish counting equal—to receive the prize. We hoped that we would win, for the prize, divided among the whaleboat's crew, would amount to six pounds of tobacco each, so we pulled eagerly inshore and, off a rocky point of the little island, we anchored and began fishing. After an hour or so we had no doubt that we should be awarded the prize, for our catch was tremendous and we began to think that we should have to return before the signal was fired, for our boat was filling up rapidly. The bulk of our catch was tomcod, although we got a few rock-cod and a sprinkling of salmon. At eight bells, when the signal was fired, we

were glad to pull anchor and return to the ship. Our boat was sunk nearly to the gunwales with its load of men and fish. We congratulated ourselves happily, on the way back, for we regarded that tobacco as surely ours as if we had had it in our lockers, and some of us even looked so far ahead as to see ourselves in a new pair of boots that we had traded our share of the tobacco for.

Naturally, after such thoughts, the blow fell doubly hard when the count was made and the fourth mate's boat overtopped us by two hundred and ten tomcod, and to this day those of us in the Mate's boat doubt the fairness of that count. The Mate, too, proved himself a poor loser and demanded another count, but he learned what many a defeated candidate has learned, that he who wins on the first count generally stays winner. For the Captain refused to make another count, so we set about cleaning the immense heap of fish that had been thrown on the deck. But the Mate was not satisfied that we had been fairly treated and that evening, during our watch on deck, he passed each of us a pound of tobacco and said he knew that we had, to repeat his words, "got a rotten deal." With us a half-loaf was surely better than none, and the bitterness of our defeat soon passed away. Had it not been for the fact that we were eating fish three times a day, we might have forgotten the fishing tournament.

A week later the supply ship steamed in and we busied ourselves transferring coal and supplies to the *Alexander*. Four days we slaved in the hot, musty holds of those ships and we were distinctly glad when we took the breeze again and sailed away from St. Michael to try again for the passage through Bering Strait. And we made it this time and were the first ship of that season to pass into the Arctic Sea. We had passed Kings Island en route, where the natives have built their village up against the side of a huge cliff. It looks like a village on stilts and suggests the Cliff Dwellers of other days, except for the immense racks these natives have built for fish-drying. It was squally the day we put in there and only one native tried to make the trip aboard. He put out from shore in a kayak, the covered canoe, and while we thought sev-

eral times that he had swamped, he at last drove under our lee. It was as skillful a bit of canoeing as ever happened, and at that he did it only for pleasure, for he had nothing to trade. The weather continuing stormy, we did not wait to do any trading with these picturesque people but sailed on toward the Strait.

Our one and only mess of eggs we secured shortly after we had passed Kings Island, at Faraway Rock. Faraway Rock is just what it is named, for as one begins to sight it in the distance, it appears only a speck on the water and as one draws nearer it looms up a huge butte of granite, the precipitous peak of some under-sea mountain range that rises several hundred feet above the surface of the water.

The Rock is a favorite place for nesting of the sea birds. At all hours there is a cloud of gulls circling around the Rock, and their screaming can be heard for miles, on a still day. We lowered away a whaleboat and landed on a shelf of the rock with instructions to get as many eggs as we could. Apparently our task was easy, for there seemed to be millions of nests, but we had overlooked the fact that the surface of the Rock had not been made for easy climbing. For hours we crept carefully over the face of the cliff, gathering eggs in the bags we had brought and lowering them to the boats, with ropes. But it was a man's work surely, clinging to the bare face of the Rock with the fingers of one hand in a crevice and the toes in another, while with the other hand, fighting off indignant gulls and robbing their nest at the same time. A cloud of screaming gulls swished round our heads as we clung that way. But we at last escaped without any serious falls, and with the boat full of eggs we returned to the ship, happy in the thought of "ham an'" for break-

fast. We had secured a great sufficiency of eggs, but unfortunately had not discriminated between age and youth. Though fully half our spoils were good it was a great sorrow to the cook that he must search out the good and reject the bad, and his lament rose loudly on the evening as we left Faraway Rock far behind us.

Into the Arctic Sea.

Technically the *Alexander* was a steam-whaler, but up to the time we entered the Bering Strait we had not used the steam power. However, among the thick floating ice in the Strait we found that our auxiliary power was extremely handy, and had we not used it we would have had a hard time pushing our way through, as the wind was not always favorable. As it was, our stout oak sides were badly scarred before we gained the northern end of the passage. Once through we found the Arctic to be as clear of ice as the Bering, and shutting off the steam, which was consuming precious coal, we took the wind as motive power and sailed for Point Hope. At that dismal Arctic port we took on a half-dozen dog teams and a pair of natives to care for them. The dogs were secured by the Captain for use later on, in hunting trips after bear and muskox, and we wondered then that he did not take on a driver for each team. Our wonderment did not last long, however, for at every stop after that, we of the Mate's boat-crew were sent out to learn dog-driving, from the native drivers. Learning to drive an unresponsive team of dogs is one of the least amusing things I encountered while in the Arctic, but under the Mate's efficient teaching we soon learned the wild cries by which the Eskimos guide their teams and could handle a whip with some skill.

(Concluded in the next number)





"I WOULD LAY MY HANDS ON THE SUMMIT OF THE GRINNING GRAY THING, AND BEGIN TO SPEAK TO AN EMAGINARY AUDIENCE."

The Confessions of an Itinerant Phrenologist

By "Alexander Craig"

I AM not the seventh son of a seventh son. Nor was I born under a special star and with a veil over my face. Nevertheless, I can boast of somewhat of a career in the profession of telling men what they are, whence they come and whither they are going—at so much per tell. I have lived the life of the "profesh," a life concerning which the itch of public curiosity is never satisfied. I have seen from the inside the world of mental fakery and mental freakdom—if it merits so harsh a term. I know the tricks of the trade of the "professor" of occultism and can tell what that mysterious gentleman

thinks of himself as well as of the world at large.

I always was interested in things unseen and stubbornly considered by a certain fraction of the public as unseeable. An anecdote of my infancy illustrating the point would seem in order, but I will forbear. Suffice it to say that in my school days, when it was written that I should be cramming algebra and chemistry and dead languages, I was filching phrenological wisdom from the leaves of little green-backed booklets and craning my neck to look into the faces of my fellow students to discover, half-hidden, the physiognomy of the pig, the goose, the lion, the bear, the cow, the rabbit, the wolf, the hawk, the fish, the toad and

other creatures of field, air, forest and stream. After I left school I looked consciously for an opportunity to become a phrenologist and one fine day in my early twenties I found it.

It was in the old San Francisco that I wandered, that day, into the office of Professor Bland on lower Market Street. All phrenologists, be it known—all except the very best, perhaps—adopt the title of “professor,” and when their hair becomes decently gray, they become “doctors.” When I met him “Professor” Bland had already graduated into his doctorhood. “Doctor Bland” he was known to his patrons and “Doctor Bland” I shall hereafter call him—though of course Bland itself is a fictitious name.

Why should n't I call him “doctor?” He was as much a doctor as a professor—even more so. In all my travels with him I never knew him to profess anything in particular except religion, while he doctored everybody he got a chance to doctor. Kerosene oil was his one remedy for all ills. He sold it in bottles unlabeled. Now and then he confessed its name from the public platform and on such occasions—when he recounted the times in which he had driven off smallpox, cancer and other frightful maladies by its prompt application—I shared with him the enthusiasm of a great medical discovery. I was young in those days. Finally I even became one of Doctor Bland's patients myself and I remember a night on which I took a little kerosene for my own stomach's sake. Before the night was half gone, however, I decided that I had been a little hasty and that the remedy would do very well when applied to the other fellow only, thank you kindly.

Dr. Bland's office was on the street floor, in a narrow, deep room, built to accommodate a saloon. At the door hung charts, huge, distorted heads, and faces painted on oil-cloth in red and black and green, illustrating various phrenological enormities. These constituted the outer web. Within the hall hung more charts, the more simple and glaring near the door, the more complicated farther in. At the extreme rear there was a hole in the gaudy array, a hole leading to the den of the spider. There the spider lurked, watching through the cracks in his pictured wall, waiting to dart out, seize the

unsuspecting fly and drag him back to—to—well, an examination in phrenology. Did you ever have one?

I entered the web with an ulterior motive. I wanted to be a spider, too. And strange to say, though I wandered in like a fly, though I wore the same clothing as other flies, the spider within did not mistake me for a fly. He darted out of his den, truly enough, he took me by the hand, he held my hand in that warm, lingering grasp which meant thousands a year to him, but he never asked me to have an examination. “Wont you come in and have an examination? We give you—etc., etc., etc.” How many times since have I heard that call! My spider was always hungry. In after months I often wondered why he did not ask that inevitable question of me that day. But he did not. Instead he gave me the job I was looking for. He made me a spider like himself!

Before that first day was gone I had snatched fourteen unsuspecting flies from the outer web and dragged them into the den of Dr. Bland. The next day I dragged in some more flies, and the next and the next and the next. Pretty soon I was making impromptu speeches—or spiels, rather—to little flocks of flies who passed by twos and threes within the outer web. In a month, after we had moved to more commodious quarters in another city, I was delivering platform addresses. In three months I was making examinations myself; I was competing with The Doctor in his own hall.

From San Francisco we moved to Los Angeles. Here we rented a larger, broader store on a street where we could catch the night crowds, and here my activities expanded. The days were much the same as before, only the sun was warmer, the people more light-hearted and talkative. But the nights! It was at night that I really felt the enchantment of the life. At night it was my duty to call the crowds. Our office—as always—was in the form of a hall with a little platform at the rear and The Doctor's den partitioned off still farther back. Our chairs numbered not more than a dozen, but we wanted no more; these were set against the walls well toward the platform, leaving the main space bare for the pack of human bodies.

After supper The Doctor would hide in his office and I would mount the platform, taking in my hands a human skull, a plaster cast of a famous or notorious head, or a long pointer. Perhaps there would not be another soul but us two in the place. The people would be passing, some hurrying, some strolling, now and then one, attracted by our display, hesitating for a moment to peer in and simpler foolishly. Did I hold a skull I would lay one hand on the summit of the grinning gray thing and begin to speak to an imaginary audience. Perhaps I would speak to an empty hall a full ten minutes.

What cringing cowards men are! I would see them stop, one after another, and peer in curiously. Now and then one would take a cautious step forward, only to be frightened at his own temerity and turn and hurry away. Others would square away and stand gaping and straining their ears from the edge of the sidewalk. Our signs told them that admission was free, that visitors were welcome. There was nothing to indicate that certain death awaited them just inside our doors, yet there they stood, huddled together like frightened sheep, itching with curiosity to hear what I was saying, yet trembling at the mere thought of crossing our threshold. And there they continued to stand. The minutes dragged by until at last there happened along a man who did not fear. Then all would change in a twinkling. The newcomer would step unhesitatingly inside, the sheep would follow and within five or ten minutes more our hall would be jammed with eager listeners.

Enthusiastically, then, I would tell the collection of upturned faces what phrenology could do for them. I would tell them what a wonderful exponent of phrenology was waiting there just behind the curtains. Finally, I would introduce The Doctor, make way for him and listen with the others while he explained how phrenology could make a new man out of each and every one of them, how it would turn failure into success, make the poor rich, the sick well, the miserable happy—and all for a dollar.

In appearance Dr. Bland was one of the most striking men I ever saw. His hair was white, long, luxuriant, abso-

lutely unmixed with gray. His head was massive, his forehead broad and white, his face meltingly amiable. His smile was a beacon of good cheer, his voice as soft as a woman's. He made money. Upon catching sight of Dr. Bland nearly all men and women told themselves: "Aha! here's a man that *knows* something. If there's anything at all in this thing *he* is the man to tell it." And so Dr. Bland made money.

Before his spider days Dr. Bland had been an evangelist in the Christian church. As a phrenologist, he was still an evangelist, except that, instead of calling upon the sinner to come to the foot of the cross, he adjured him to lead a cleaner life physically, to improve himself mentally—and to patronize Dr. Bland. Instead of saving men from the lake of burning brimstone, he prided himself on saving them from the insane asylum. "I believe, gentlemen, that we keep at least forty out of the insane asylum every year," he was fond of saying. His religion was the religion of beauty and it was summed up by him in the epigram: "A beautiful mind makes a beautiful face, a homely mind a homely face." Here and there among his wall charts hung Biblical mottoes, which he interpreted in a way to support his philosophy. A painting of Jesus of Nazareth hung in a most prominent place and The Doctor loved to call attention to its points of beauty. He invariably spoke of Jesus as The Saviour and he had but one criticism to make of The Saviour, that he did not marry and raise a family of beautiful children. The Doctor was fond of pointing to himself as an example of right living. He had never had a sick day in his life, he said. Moreover, he never intended to be sick. He expected to live to be one hundred years of age and his highest ambition was "to grow beautifully old."

Thus it will be seen that Dr. Bland's speeches were quite effective in inspiring the confidence of the public. Moreover, twenty years of hand-shaking at old-fashioned revivals had given him a whole-souled, heart-full manner. Many a time I have seen him close one of his phrenological sermons with a selection from his own poetic writings and then leave the platform and go among the

audience shaking hands right and left. All of which was calculated to lead the people to dig down in their jeans for the thing that Dr. Bland most needed.

At the end of The Doctor's address there would always be victims, and while The Doctor dealt with them there in his own sweet way behind the curtains I engaged in the arduous task of holding the crowd. This I accomplished by various means. A favorite one was to entice some unsuspecting fellow upon the platform and then make remarks about the shape of his head, and cast insinuations upon his character for the edification of the crowd. Unlike the majority of phrenologists, my tendency was to lay stress upon the weak points of my subject rather than upon the strong points. This tickled the crowd, and as long as the victim did not boil over into physical violence it mattered little to me how he took it. By practice I learned just how far I could rub each man the wrong way in public without stirring his soul to the point of battle.

I even learned to use the passions of my subjects to prove my allegations. For example, when a quick-tempered fellow came under my hands I would blandly inform him of the fact that he was quick-tempered, then I would blandly inform my audience of the fact, then I would inform them both all over again. I would enlarge upon the way in which my subject was in the habit of getting up on his hind legs and tearing around when things went wrong about the house. I would continue to "rub it in" before the half-doubting, half-believing crowd until finally my subject's wrath rose high and fell upon me. Then I would blandly say to the crowd: "You see, gentlemen, how this man himself confirms my estimate of him; you have seen him suddenly become angry over nothing at all. Thus is phrenology proved a science!"

Then there was the combative man, the argumentative man, the man who can be counted upon to contradict about a certain per cent of the statements he hears regardless of what relation they bear to the truth. Such men are the readiest to offer themselves for exhibition. "I'll bet that fellow can't read *me*," one would whisper, then jump upon the platform. I would usually "spot" his leading charac-

teristic before I got my fingers on his cranium and would promptly catch him in the trap he had set to catch me. "Here's a man who can always be counted upon to take the other side in an argument," I would tell my audience. My subject would glance belligerently at me. "Talk with him ten minutes and you'll find that he'll contradict about seven out of every ten statements that you make." "It's no such thing" my subject would shout. "Thank you," I would reply, "You have proved the reading." The crowd would roar its approval and I would call for another subject.

Sometimes I halted just in time to prevent the unloosing of a demon. For example, I remember reading an absurdly fat man whose body reminded me of a toad inflated with a bicycle pump. I remember that I was comparing him to a jelly-fish and was explaining how a man's body does not just happen to grow fat, that it does so only because his mind runs that way. I was explaining how the subject's ideal was not found in pictures or music, but in an ideal dinner. I was telling what the man ate and how he ate it, what he ought to eat, instead, and how he ought to eat it, when I noticed that a strange tenseness had fallen upon my audience. Just then my subject screamed:

"I'm not any of those things! I'm an inventor!"

I turned to him then and saw that his little yellow pig eyes were darting at me out of a purple face. I noted, too, that his head was as broad at the ears as a bulldog's. No, he was not entirely a jellyfish. I discovered it just in time—as he jerked a knife from the inside pocket of his coat. At that point my lecture was interrupted. The speaker went away for awhile.

I remember another subject, as different from the fat inventor as a sand-hill crane is different from a mud-turtle. He was six feet and a half tall and as bony as a scarecrow, but the item which interested me most was the fact that his back-head looked as if a section of it had been sawed off. In other words, the back of his head was on a line with the back of his neck. I explained that the man was a constitutional recluse, that he did not know the meaning of the term affection and that he cared for no one—man,

woman or child, brother or sister, parents, friend or offspring. As I was enlarging upon his lack of filial feeling he turned to me wonderingly and nodded without the slightest emotion.

"Yes," he drawled, "when I was a chunk of a lad the neighbors chased me out of the country because I beat my old grandfather once too often. Huh! Huh! Huh!"

I varied my program by talking about our paintings, plaster casts or skulls, by reading character while blindfolded—by

conviction," or "on the anxious seat," as The Doctor used to say. The instant I found such a man I would stop—in the middle of a sentence, perhaps—and beckon him.

"You go. You're just the man," I would say. And he would generally go. I have known this scheme to work time after time in one evening when every other appeal failed. My unexpected appearance upon the scene of the individual's mental struggle would decide him in favor of taking the plunge and our phre-



"I BEAT MY OLD GRANDFATHER ONCE TOO OFTEN. HUH! HUH! HUH!"

feeling of the cranium, by taking hold of the hands, or by judging the sounds of the voice. As long as The Doctor was busy I held the crowd, in order that those waiting might not go away, and when The Doctor came to his door and stood waiting, unsatisfied, it was up to me to make an appeal strong enough to overcome the doubt of at least one member of the audience. Gradually I learned to apply what The Doctor later dubbed "the psychological method." My eyes would search the crowd for some one "under

nogolical mill would merrily grind another peck of grist.

It may be a point against my ability as a practical phrenologist at that time to admit that, when I became associated with Dr. Bland, I believed him to be a "scientific" phrenologist. I judged him, first, by his display, which was certainly a fine one. I did not know that nearly all of his pictures had been copied outright from a brilliant publication born in Chicago only a few months previously. Second, I judged The Doctor by his

diploma, which recorded that on such and such a date of such and such a year he had graduated from a certain New York institute of phrenology, an institute which has ranked as the leading phrenological school in America ever since the "science" was introduced into this country several generations ago. Besides, phrenologically The Doctor was no fool. Still I have always felt a little bit ashamed that I was taken in.

Yes, I was taken in. I joined Dr. Bland in good faith. I believed in "honest phrenology," and "scientific phrenology," and I rather preferred to be an honest and scientific phrenologist than a fakir. For several days after our meeting I worked away in the belief that Dr. Bland "had the real goods." Then I asked him to solve a knotty problem that had been bothering me. He dodged the question and from that point I began to wonder. A little later I saw him pointing out the location of "Self-esteem" on a faculty chart to a customer, and I gasped with surprise, for he put his finger on "Approbativeness!" He was not only not educated, but he did n't know his a, b, c's! Finally, when I had heard The Doctor deliver himself of a few character delineations in the privacy of his office, and came to realize that he handed practically the same rigamarole to all of his subjects my disillusionment was complete.

Dr. Bland's delineations were not all exactly alike. He would not tell an old man all the same things that he would tell a young man. Nor would his set speech in the case of a man be used in toto in the case of a woman. I must be fair to him. I must admit that there was perhaps one case out of twenty in which the subject's nose was so long that The Doctor found it absurd to get off his rigamarole about short noses and how to lengthen them. Just as he saw in me at our first meeting something which made it seem a waste of words to ask me to have an examination, so he was able to discriminate a little between different people and vary his stereotyped lines a shade to come nearer suiting them.

Nevertheless, his examinations were the same in the main, word for word. I heard that examination time after time, hundreds of times, thousands of times, droned through the thin walls of the

Doctor's den. I remember that for a number of weeks a German painter worked at making charts in the hall space back of our partition. Often when I got a subject "on the string" when The Doctor was at work, in the daytime, or after I had "knocked off" talking in the evening, I would go behind the partition to learn from the painter about how near done The Doctor was. And the painter could always tell me. "Just commenced," he would say, "he's just telling the 'ginnie' what a beautiful young man he is." Or: "He's nearly done; he's telling him about the three special points." Or: "He's about half done; he's telling the fellow he's going to live to be eighty-three." Or: "He's just finished telling what the Irishman said." Or: "He's just passed the 'form and the size and the weight of objects' part."

There was a time when I could repeat The Doctor's examination word for word, could almost repeat it backwards, I knew it so well. But some of it escapes me now, and for the life of me I cannot recall it. As I remember it it ran about as follows:

"Mr. Blank, you have strong social qualities; you would make a kind husband, an indulgent father and a faithful friend. You love your home and do not care to wander from your own fireside. You are sweet-tempered, considerate, kind-hearted and obliging. Really, Mr. Blank, you're a beautiful young man and it's—it's—really a pleasure to know you—yes.

"You are modest of your own abilities. Indeed, you place too low an estimate upon yourself. That, Mr. Blank, is your greatest fault. As the Irishman says, you want to consider yourself just as good as the next one, faith, and a great deal better.

"You are too frank and open-hearted; you are not cautious enough for your own good, not secretive enough. You are inclined to let your friends take advantage of your good nature and I advise you strongly against it.

"You enjoy the sights of nature; you like poetry; you love to soar to Pisgah's top (always to Pisgah's top) but you don't pray enough. Prayer is an earnest, anxious desire for something better, something higher, something nobler than

what you already have. I've found it to be a law of nature, Mr. Blank, that whatever you strongly demand you get—yes, you get. If you want success, demand success, and it will come; if you want health, demand health; if you want money, demand money. Pray strongly for whatever you want and you will get it.

"You are capable of judging of the form and the size and the weight of objects by the eye, but your memory of faces is better than your memory of names. You have strong intuition and you will find that your first impressions are the safest to follow. Always follow your first impressions.

"Your eyes denote language; your chin virility; your mouth, affection. But you do not keep your mouth closed as you should. Mr. Blank, I will tell you a secret which may be worth a great deal of money to you. In doing business with a man watch his mouth. If you are urging him to make a purchase and he says 'no,' at the same time shutting his mouth tight, you may as well stop right there. But if he says 'no' and he keeps his mouth open, you go right on and you will get him after awhile. Do you see this ring? It was presented to me by a jeweler of Seattle to whom I told that secret. The next day after I gave him the reading he came back and said: 'That secret has earned fifteen dollars for me already.' So he made this ring and gave it to me—yes.

"Mr. Blank, your ears are a little small; they denote timidity. And your nose is a little short, indicating that you are slow in taking advantage of circumstances, to strike, as the blacksmith would say, when the iron is hot. Mr. Blank, it is a very good plan to pull your nose every night before going to bed, so as to lengthen it. Take hold of your nose and at the same time center your mind on the qualities represented by the nose. Pull your nose and at the same time think of cultivating decision. Now look at my nose. One time it was as short as yours. Now it's just right.

"Let me see your hand. This is your Life Line. It indicates that you will live to be about—about—let's see—about eighty-three years old. At that time you will die unless you are very careful of

your health. This is your Head Line. It indicates that you are not making the best possible use of your opportunities for improvement. This is your Heart Line. It indicates strong passion, which I advise you to restrain.

"Now, Mr. Blank, there are three things which I wish specially to emphasize in your case. First, always follow your first impressions. If you are strongly impressed to do this or that, do it. If you are strongly impressed not to do this or not to do that, don't do it. Always follow your leading impressions and you can't go far astray. Second, never lend a dollar or back a note except upon good security. Don't make any exceptions to this rule and it will save you a good deal of money before you are very much older. Third, take better care of your health."

At the end of the reading The Doctor would introduce a book or pamphlet which he would specially recommend to the subject. The book would either tell how to improve certain weak faculties of character, how to correct some lack of development of the face, or it would contain some general or special advice about the health. Finally, as a means of gracefully getting rid of the subject, The Doctor always cordially invited him to come back and ask any question, telling him that it would cost him nothing. If the subject did return the Doctor would sell him another book and invite him to come a third time. About one-third of our income was from books.

Such was a phrenological examination as given by Dr. Bland. You see that he made no statements that could readily be denied, and he said a few things that were very well calculated to mystify an unsuspecting person. This examination, with slight variations, he handed out to every customer. When I was with him Dr. Bland made not fewer than thirty examinations a day. He worked every day in the year except when traveling, which means that he made something like 12,000 examinations a year. When I quit his company he had been in the business continuously, so he claimed, seventeen years, so that, figuring on the same average, he must have examined more than 200,000 people in different parts of the United States. At the very lowest estimate he averaged \$1.25 out

of each subject, so that it will be seen that my ex-evangelist took no less than a quarter of a million of dollars out of the American people on one little rigamarole that could hardly be called clever.

Although on paper Dr. Bland's rigamarole does not look clever, as a rule his subjects seemed well satisfied that they had received their money's worth. Dr. Bland always guaranteed satisfaction, yet I never knew of an instance in which a subject objected to paying on the ground that The Doctor had not "delivered the goods." Certainly only an exceedingly small minority felt that they had been duped, while a very large number looked upon The Doctor as the most wonderful man they had ever met.

"He's certainly got the thing down pat," I remember one of these saying to me. "Ten years ago I had an examination from him in Montreal. Today I thought I'd go in and just see if he'd tell me the same thing. I went, and would you believe it? he did—he told me the same thing, word for word!"

Yes, I believed it, and I was hard put to keep from laughing in the very face of the twice-mulcted victim. If I had informed him that Dr. Bland had used that same old Montreal examination some 100,000 times since, I can imagine how he would have opened his eyes—and his

mouth, too. Well, I am telling him now. And there are others. I can't imagine these lines being widely published without a considerable portion of that 200,000 reading them and recognizing who and when and where and how!

One time I held in great veneration that New York phrenological school which graduated Dr. Bland, but when I listened to the readings of the graduate that diploma shrank in my estimation. Dr. Bland confessed to me that it was the diploma he had paid for, not the lectures that went with it. He had not found it convenient to attend the lectures and, since he was such a very estimable gentleman—being a well known evangelist—the "institute" had accepted his word that he was qualified for practice and had given him his diploma. Indeed, because he was such a very estimable gentleman the institute had made him the valedictorian of his class.

So much for our leading phrenological school and so much for one of our leading phrenologists. Not so much, however, for phrenology and its allied subjects. My first three months in the business were in many senses a disillusionment, yet at the end of that period the disillusionment had just begun. When we left Los Angeles for a tour of the East my eye-teeth were only half-cut.

(Continued in the next number)



Mrs. Brutus

By Maryel Vance Abbott



BUT mother, I cant understand such an insane decision. The Berrians are the people of the city, and Charlotte, the finest kind of a girl, and you even refuse to see her, much less consent to my marriage! It's rank unreasonableness!"

"I suppose leaving college, dropping your legal career for an inferior business and immediate salary, in order to marry a girl of poor stock and poorer bringing up is the height of reasonableness!" sarcastically retorted Mrs. McClellan.

"But you know the law was your hobby and I always hated it, and I do like this business, and it's an honest, paying one; and now, as to marrying, your chief objection, so far as I can make out, is because Mrs. Berrian was divorced from her first husband. But he was a miserable drunkard, and it was long after her divorce and his death she married Mr. Berrian. And what has that got to do with Charlotte Berrian, anyway?"

"It was only a year and a half, and she'd have married Joseph Berrian the very day of it, if she could have got him!" said his mother stooping to shrewishness in her excitement, "and as for her first husband taking to drink—that was her fault, too! It's always a woman's fault when her husband goes wrong. She can make or mar him. He's simply putty in her hands," and Mrs. McClellan looked with grim approval at her own specimen of handiwork, and poor Mr. McClellan squirmed feebly.

"But," hastily interposed old-fashioned Aunt Jane. "Frederick is n't a-going to marry Lottie, and he says Charlotte aint like her—or dont look like her—and probably Lottie's changed considerable, now, too. They're both Episcopal Church members, Freddie says."

"Yes," acidly, "That means church on

Sundays and bridge whist the rest of the week!"

"Oh! Come now, Martha," interposed Mr. McClellan dubiously, "divisions in families is a terrible thing. I think, Martha, maybe we'd better be a little careful, since things are settled."

"They are not settled! When the Berrians find out that Frederick cannot obtain his parents' consent—he wont be such a desirable match," said Mrs. McClellan, meaningly, who always spoke for all. "And the property—"

"Hush, mother! The property go hang! I tell you if you dont come to my wedding and treat Charlotte with the consideration she deserves, I'll cut this blooming old ranch forever! And here goes!" and the son and heir seized his hat and stalked furiously out of the doorway.

"Never mention this subject in my hearing again. It is closed!" and Mrs. Frederick McGraw McClellan, President of the Union Suffrage Club, Travelling Orator of the Interstate Grange, and Grand Worthy Matron of the Order of Western Women, rose up with commanding dignity, and grimly withdrew.

Aunt Jane looked after her and sighed:

If it only had n't been Lottie Berrian's daughter! Lottie, who had been a thorn in her sister's side, since mischievous young school-days; Lottie, who had whisked Albert Leonard away from under her sister's aristocratic Roman nose, and married him, and then left him; yes, that was the real cause of the bitter feeling, though Martha always contended it was the insulting nickname of "Mrs. Brutus" that Lottie had maliciously fastened upon her. Aunt Jane's thoughts flew back to that memorable Shakespearean afternoon, over twenty years ago. She saw the long drawing-room; the admiring feminine audience listening to the sonorous utterances of Mrs. McClellan, arrayed as Brutus in an

unimpeachable rented helmet, scarlet soldier's cape, black velvet trunks, and slightly wrinkled flesh-colored tights; and Lottie Leonard peeping through the curtains, dressed as Ophelia, giggling and confiding to acquiescent Hamlet that everyone knew "Mrs. Brutus" wore the trousers, but 'twas too bad she'd left them home today as she was far from being a classical artist's model. Alas! Brutus appearing just then, triumphant with applause, grasped the tenor of Lottie's remark and giggle, and transfixed her with the scathing utterance that Lottie did not need disordered hair and Ophelian garments to play a fool's part, as Nature had fully equipped for that role in the beginning. The two women had never spoken to one another since that day, and it was plainly evident that Mrs. McClellan intended they never should.

No one was brave enough to approach the subject again, until the evening before the wedding, Aunt Jane sent secretly for Frederick.

"Just try her again," said the little peacemaker as she met him in the hallway. "The Church paper came today and has a long article about her excellent leadership against the liquor evil, and that's pleased her. Just go in now, and tell her you want us all to the wedding. Your father is terrible concerned about not going—and she's making a great mistake, but don't tell her that! Just be a good boy to her, Freddie, and maybe she'll soften."

"Soften nothing!" said Frederick grimly, ten minutes later to nervous little Aunt Jane. "It's no use," bitterly—"she says she never makes a mistake or changes her mind, and just think! She's hurrying poor father off on his business trip early tomorrow morning, and has planned for you to go with her to Mr. Dunning's funeral, at six o'clock, just when I'm to be married!"

"Why," cried Aunt Jane, aghast, "we don't even know the Dunnings, and they're Science people, besides, and she'd never go near any of them or their doings before!"

"Well," said Frederick, grimly, "she says on account of father's business relations she thinks it her duty to represent him, and that to go to a funeral, will be a very appropriate way to spend

the day. Imagine my feelings, with all Charlotte's people there, and mine a stone's throw away at a stranger's funeral! But I hate it worse on Charlotte's account. I've told her mother's peculiarities, but that she is fond of me and will surely turn up at the wedding, and now it's all off!"

"Don't tell her any different," said Aunt Jane comfortingly. "Your father and I have taken this to every prayer meeting, and maybe she'll relent at the 'eleventh hour' after all."

Her nephew looked sceptical. "The 'eleventh hour' will be five hours too late. You better see she sets that relenting in by the sixth hour tomorrow—that's when this wedding's pulled off."

"I'll do my best," assured his aunt, "and here," timidly, "is a little something I've worked for Charlotte. Please give it to her with my very best love," and a little parcel was tucked in his big strong hand.

"You're all right, Aunt Jane. You're a brick," he said, kissing her heartily. "If mother only had half the stuff in her you've got, I might be married tomorrow like other fellows, with my folks around me."

Aunt Jane watched his manly figure out of sight. "Surely Martha'll melt at the last minute, and not let that fine boy slip out of her life as he threatens." And her faith was so strong that it impelled her to put all the white gloves through gasoline, and new ruchings in her own and sister's dresses.

But next morning when Mr. McClellan bade them a solemn good-bye and left on his business trip, faith wavered; and when her sister appeared in funereal black in the afternoon, her heart sank and faith utterly deserted her.

"The Dunnings live a long distance on the West Side, and as I am unacquainted with the locality, it is advisable to start in ample time," she announced in Brutus-like tones.

"She's very unhappy and making a great mistake—but no use ever telling Martha that—and maybe it's all for the best. Science people do have an uncommon sort of sense, and maybe she'll get the lesson she needs at this funeral," soliloquized faithful Aunt Jane as they stood awaiting their car.

"Don't look across the street," admon-

ished Mrs. McClellan, "the Griggs are waiting over there, and they are strong Scientists. I'm positive they are going to this funeral. I hardly know which is more insufferable, Mr. Grigg's silly stories, or his wife's New Thought platitudes."

Her sister turned obediently away after one swift glance. "Is n't Mrs. Griggs over-dressed for a funeral?" she asked doubtfully.

"Not for a New Thought person. Do not expect anything of a funereal aspect today. I'm told gay flowers and clothes are the rule; and there will be no sermon, only a man and woman called First and Second Readers conduct it,—but here's our car coming."

At their next transfer corner, the Griggs stood awaiting them, to Mrs. McClellan's extreme annoyance.

"Mother's just saying you're bound for the same place we are. That's good! That's good!"

"Yes," icily responded the lady, "I just told Jane we were all going the same place, but is n't six o'clock a very unwarranted hour for the ceremony? It is nearly dark already."

"Well, it suits us business men. We can all hustle and make it," said Mr. Griggs cheerfully. "Speaking of hustling reminds me of a funny story, the last time Mother and I were out was to the Barnes' funeral, and in changing to my blacks, forgot my purse, and—"

"There's our car," interrupted Mrs. McClellan, hurriedly, and entering, that lady prudently seated herself and sister at a generous distance from the loquacious couple, and gave herself up to her own reflections. She was outwardly calm, but inwardly the unrest that comes to a positive nature from baffled plans, wounded pride and persistent jealousy, held full sway. So absorbing were these unpleasant thoughts the funeral was forgotten, until reminded by an admonitory nod from Mr. Griggs as their car stopped.

"We'll have to hurry," he said. "The car made so many stops." So hurry they did, around a corner and up the steps of a pretentious city home.

They followed others who were being ushered upstairs into a front room; Mrs. McClellan ascended majestically, but Aunt Jane's eyes were darting in every direction.

"Everybody's taking off their bonnets and wraps," she said, excitedly. "Had n't we better, too?"

Her sister looked scornfully at the bestrewn bed, and then at a number of hatless women, pulling their hair and dresses into shape before numerous mirrors.

"You see it's not much like a funeral!" she reminded Aunt Jane, who responded:

"Well, I believe when in Rome, doing as the Romans do," and with eagerness began by pulling off her bonnet.

"Where are the mourners?" Mrs. McClellan demanded severely of a little old lady in lavender, near them.

"Guess there aint any—guess everybody's satisfied," said the old lady with an unholy chuckle.

"Did you ever hear such cold-bloodedness?" snorted Mrs. McClellan. "What are you doing Jane?" for the little woman was fussing with her majestic sister's dress.

"There!" she said triumphantly. "I've unfastened your black front; the white chiffon underneath looks better, and everybody's more or less fixed up—and here's some white gloves, all the rest have on white ones, too. Lucky they were in my bag."

Her stern sister's protest was in vain, for Aunt Jane had flown away with her black bonnet and gloves, and was across the room pinning white flowers from a vase on her own plain little black silk.

"Jane is always so weakly acquiescent," she thought in disgust, but it was now time to go, and her own private tragedy and the white gloves kept her attention until they found themselves seated amongst a silent assembly in a back drawing-room.

"What miserable taste for a funeral!" she whispered, indicating the masses of flowers everywhere, shading from a pale pink at the drawing-door to deepest red at the end of the room. "And see the women's dresses! It's an outrage! If it was n't for the solemn looks on their faces, it would be like a party. How is it in the other room? Can you see the coffin?"

For a wonder Jane had taken the seat of vantage.

"The front parlor is all in white," she answered nervously, "and there's a kind or a—a—bank of flowers in the bay

window—it might be a kind of a coffin, that is,” truthfully, “if Mr. Dunning’s a small man.”

“I’ll be bound he was a large one, and—”

But a young man in evening clothes, interrupted her grim remark.

“They are just going to begin,” he announced importantly, “and the family want you in the front drawing-room. Please come at once.”

Meek little Aunt Jane demurred, but Mrs. McClellan was used to public consideration and rose immediately. With ponderous dignity she stalked into the adjoining room—her eyes grimly scrutinizing the perplexing mass of flowers in the bay window. A broad white ribbon instantly fastened them both among a number of well-dressed people, under a bower of palms; slow solemn music sounded, and down the stairs came a fair girl in pink, a mass of white blooms on her arm; and out of the back drawing-room came a tall young man in black to meet her.

“Those First and Second Primers, maybe,” whispered Aunt June, whose teeth were chattering audibly as she grasped her sister’s arm.

“Primers! Readers, you mean,” corrected her sister, “but primers hits the mark better,” she sniffed, as she eyed their youthful faces with scorn.

But further speech was frozen. The music swelled louder, down the stairs floated a white-veiled vision of girlish loveliness, and out of the adjoining room strode a tall, pale, commanding young man to meet her—her son Frederick!

Mrs. McClellan choked, gasped, and arose frantically, snatching with futile hands at the broad white ribbon, but a minister in snowy robes had stepped forward, and every one else arose at the same time so she was unnoticed. The ribbon held fast, and for a moment a vision of her own and Aunt Jane’s black skirts, white petticoats, and high button shoes doing a mad hurdle over the white ribbon and up the stairs for their bonnets, possessed her. Then partial poise returned. No, she must not do anything ridiculous in Lottie Berrian’s house. Never! But how did she get here, and how could she escape? Had that wretched man Griggs made an imbecile mistake

and brought them all to the wrong house? She glared at his rubicund, beaming face—but no, even if he had made a blunder, the frightful man would only beam the brighter.

Her anxious eyes sought his wife’s face,—and then suddenly came an illumination! The years and Mrs. Griggs’ adipose tissue rolled away; she saw the slim outlines of a pale, high-nosed girl, arrayed in black velvet, playing Hamlet to Lottie Berrian’s Ophelia. Yes, they had been friends years ago, and doubtless bridge whist and New Thought were highly compatible, she thought bitterly. Then it was *she*,—she, who never made mistakes—who had forgotten all this, and blunderingly followed the couple into the ‘wrong house!’

Helplessly she looked around; the ceremony had begun—the guests from the back parlor had crowded in up close to the bridal party and fortunately the white ribbon had been dropped.

Mrs. McClellan breathed a little easier. She was used to threading her way through crowded conventions, and her eyes instinctively sought and found the weakest part of the crowd in front of her, and her rather ponderous brain went to work on the problem of how to make the most dignified exit.

She would *have* to remain for the ceremony, and it would be a hold on Frederick to do so, but that over, Lottie Berrian’s world should receive no recognition. They would push through the crowd, instantly, get their wraps, and once fortified with her black bonnet and massive umbrella, no hostess on earth, and not even Frederick, could stay her majestic progress to the front door and freedom. Confidence returned, and Mrs. McClellan was mistress of the situation. She looked with natural curiosity toward the little bride whose head just reached her tall son’s shoulder, but could only see the outlines of a mass of curling golden hair under the enshrouding veil.

Then the final words were spoken, the blessing pronounced—and then came the hush before every one began to move. Mrs. McClellan gave Aunt Jane an admonitory pinch to escape, and started the retreat, when suddenly a detaining hand grasped hers—she turned haughtily,

and gazed in transfixed wonder into the foolish, tearful, brimming eyes of meek, biddable Mr. McClellan.

"Why! You were to go South!" she gasped, amazed at the appearance of her hitherto obedient spouse.

"I could n't, Martha,—I just could n't! Our only son to be married,—I had to come, and thank the Lord, Martha, you had to come, too."

Mrs. McClellan choked in agonizing perplexity.

"Mother!" cried Frederick's triumphant voice, as his arm fell around her other shoulder. "Mother! This is good,—this is great! You have come to Charlotte, and here she is—*my wife!*"

With husband and son grasping her on either side, and Aunt Jane's nervous re-enforcing clutch on her straight, black skirt in the rear, hopelessly she looked down on the little bride, as some great, helpless embogged mammoth of long ago might on the pigmy hunter who was to do him to death.

It was the psychological moment, and the young bride seized it instinctively, as all innocent creatures naturally do. Two small hands were laid confidently on Mrs. McClellan's ample hips; two large trusting eyes were raised to that lady's haggard ones.

"It was truly *noble* of you to come to us, as you have done today on Frederick's account, and I love you dearly for it, mother dear!"

"Noble!" It was a word to conjure with. Pride, prejudice, pettiness had to vanish before it. Long had Mrs. McClellan aspired to that word. She had been known as able, talented, admirable,—but it remained for this wonderful little child-wife to select out of the whole dictionary of words, the "open-sesame" to the lady's granite heart.

"*Noble*. And on Frederick's account, too!" Ah, that was the proper keynote to strike! It put everything in the most acceptable light.

She breathed freely once more. The enchaining, sentimental hold of her family ceased to gall her. Proudly she raised her restored head, and her eyes swept over the curious assemblage until they included the tearful, changed matronly face of Lottie Berrian.

Noble! Ah, surely it was possible for a *noble* woman to ignore, to overlook certain things,—to afford charity for much that was lacking in that frivolous, common, ordinary worldling, she carefully and gravely considered.

Then, and not till then, completely restored faith, peace and joy descended on anxious, on-looking Aunt Jane—for the *noble* lady slowly and ponderously stooped her proud head.

"I am very glad to be here on your account, too, my dear"—she said simply, and kissed the blooming cheek of her little daughter-in-law, with true, natural, motherly tenderness.

"Bravo"

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

An old, decrepit, time-worn hound, am I,

On three legs limping—I, who ran so fleet.

My muzzle grey, and dim and bleared the eye

Which saw so keen and led my flying feet.

My jaws with broken teeth now harmless, quite;

I, who was once the leader of the pack;

Those polished fangs terrific in the fight,

Tearing the grey wolf's throat—he on his back.

My springing limbs which swept me on before,

Like a swift wind, across the boundless plain,

Smashing the quarry, shall do so no more,

But now all shrunken are and rent with pain.

I'll taste no more the hot and furious fray.

Eyes dim, legs stiff, teeth gone—I've had my day.



A CORNER OF THE INLET.

Land-Looking in British Columbia

By William Davenport Hulbert



WE sailed from Vancouver on the *Floating Jamboree*, which steamer makes a specialty of carrying lumberjacks to and from the logging camps, and has a bar on her lower deck, where bad whiskey and other joy-inducers are sold in large quantities. Twice during the first night our stateroom was entered by fuddled shanty-boys looking for a place to sleep off a cargo of fire-water, and it seemed to us that she fully lived up to her name and reputation, though we were assured that things were really very mild and peaceable compared with what they used to be in the good old days before the panic. We survived, anyhow, and at two o'clock of the second morning we disembarked at Bronson's Landing.

Bronson's is one of the places where the shanties all stand on rafts, because there is no room for them between the water and the steep, rocky bluff. Boomsticks serve as sidewalks, and if you do not want to slide off into the salt chuck it is advisable to follow the prevailing fashion and wear long, sharp spikes in your shoes. There are perhaps a dozen houses, all told, and when the proprietor has finished his lumbering operations in that immediate vicinity he will hitch a tug to them and tow them away, and Bronson's Landing will be somewhere else.

The launch was there to meet us, and the civil engineer, who had been running around in her for several weeks, was inquiring very anxiously whether the *Floating Jamboree* had brought him any cylinder oil. The *Floating Jamboree* had not. She put off a small

mountain of evaporated cream, but of cylinder oil there was none. If he had not been a man of resources, we might have been in difficulties.

In the launch's cabin we held a smokefest for an hour or two, and the engineer told us of his adventures since he left Vancouver, and how it had rained every single day. Then we stretched out on the cushions and slept as best we could until daylight. We had breakfast with Chinaman Jim, who holds forth in the cook camp on the raft—beefsteak, potatoes, pancakes and coffee—and as we sat at table a shanty-boy came begging.

"Have you got a gasoline empty can?" he asked.

The civil engineer gave him a square five-gallon can, and he went away happy. What hay-wire is to a farmer, or a hairpin to a woman, that the "gasoline empty can" is to the logger of the British Columbia coast. There is hardly an emergency imaginable in which he cannot make use of it. I have seen it turned into a fresh-water cask,

a wash basin, a dishpan, a tin roof, and a mysterious thing which we picked up on the beach and which looked as if it might have been part of a moon-shiner's still.

After breakfast we went out and looked at the weather, and the Senior Partner sang:

There's a land that is hotter than this;

It's a place where they dont shovel snow;
If you dont like the style of this country,

You can pack up your turkey and go.

The rain was falling—not heavily, but persistently. The wind was cold and raw, with the damp salt touch of the ocean, and the chill of snowy mountaintops. The chuck was gray, a dull, monotonous gray, streaked with small whitecaps. The woods were dark and gloomy, and along the crest of the great, rocky hill that soars skyward behind the landing, the clouds were wandering about at their own sweet will, and seemed trying to make up their minds to come downstairs and spread a thick layer of fog all over



ALONG THE COAST.



LOOKING DOWN THE GORGE.

Greenway Sound. To tell the truth, we didn't entirely like the style of the country. But we had come to look land, and we were going to look it.

We went aboard the launch, and the civil engineer filled the oilcups from a big bottle of seal-oil that he had bought from a Siwash a few days before. Then he started the engine, and presently the cabin was full of the odor of fried fish. No matter. She ran, and she kept on running.

Half an hour later we entered what seemed to be a small bay, whose shores kept drawing closer and closer together till it became a narrow, rocky gorge, down which the tide was rushing like rapids in a trout stream. The air was full of its dashing and roaring, and little piles of white foam came dancing along with the current and went whirl-

ing round and round till the wind caught them up and tossed them on the shore. It was far too swift to be stemmed, and we turned into a big eddy and dropped anchor to wait for the slack.

Somebody said, "Let's go fishing," and we put on our slickers and oilskins, got into the skiff, and pulled out into the current. Far over our heads towered the giant trees—great, splendid cedars, and balsams, and hemlocks, with tall ferns in their shadows, and bright green mosses carpeting the rocks between. We seemed in the very heart of the woods. But the water beneath us was salt, and instead of casting a fly for speckled trout, we dropped a big hook over the gunwale and jigged for cod, very much as they do on the Grand Banks. Half an hour brought

us many bites, and at last one single fish big enough to make a meal for seven hungry men. We wound up our lines and went back to the launch.

The tide was running more slowly and there seemed a chance that we could buck it, so we weighed anchor again and headed up stream. At the critical point, where the water raced like mad through a narrow sluice between the sharp, jagged rocks, the boat ran slower and slower till she stood almost motionless, with the engine pounding away at full speed. But she never quite stopped. Soon her pace quickened a little, and before we knew it we had left the pass behind and had shot out into a broad lagoon, three or four miles long, reaching right into the heart of a great island.

All round us stood the rugged hills—some low, some eight hundred or a thousand feet high, and all clothed to their summits with dark forests of cedar and spruce and hemlock and balsam. Right astern, fifteen or twenty

miles away, a snow-capped mountain loomed up as if close at hand. A bald eagle was sailing about, gulls were calling noisily, a pair of wild ducks went whizzing by, and a hair seal poked his round black head up out of the water, stared at us for a moment in stupid curiosity, and sank back out of sight. The rain had ceased, and there were fitful gleams of sunshine. The Senior Partner was singing:

Give my regards to Broadway,

Remember me to Herald Square—

but I don't believe he would really have exchanged that inlet, just then, for all Manhattan.

Two miles from the gorge we turned to the left and swung round a point into a small bay, where a deserted shack, made all of red cedar shakes, stood on the rocks just out of reach of high tide. In front of it, far enough off to be sure of deep water, we dropped anchor and set to work to take the provisions and the camp outfit ashore. Most of the



A TWIST OF THE CHANNEL.

day was spent in making things comfortable, patching up a broken cook-stove that some hand-loggers had left behind, exploring the nearer portions of the lagoon, and doing a little unsuccessful fishing. We had the big cod for supper, and in the early evening we turned in—four of us aboard the launch, and the rest in the shack.

"There's them little pock-marks again all over the chuck," the civil engineer said disconsolately, as he looked out of the cabin windows the next morning and saw the heavy raindrops splashing in the lagoon.

"A weather partner would have a snap up here," growled the Junior Partner.

But the Senior Partner got his tin pants out of his turkey, and the rest of us followed suit. As we dressed we discussed the best costume for the work before us. The tin pants, which were quite popular with everybody, were made of heavy, dark brown duck, thoroughly soaked with a waxy substance, probably paraffine, which ren-

dered them absolutely waterproof and as stiff as stovepipe. Yellow oilskins were also worn, though one or two members of the party were inclined to think that wool, if thick and closely woven, kept out the rain almost as well and was warmer and more comfortable. As to headgear, an old narrow-brimmed hat of soft felt, of the very best make and quality obtainable, was considered the proper thing. It was very light and easy, it kept the water off the top of your head, if nothing more, and it wasn't always catching on the brush, as anything larger was sure to do. Then there was the question of footwear. In traveling through this sort of country one must always have spikes in one's shoes—or hob-nails, at the very least. Otherwise one would be forever slipping and sliding and falling down. And, whatever you wear, it must fit. That was very important.

"Well, sir," said the Senior Partner, as he tied his laces in a double bow-knot and then tied the bows together, "there's nothing that'll tire a man out,



LOGGERS' RAFTS.



THE HAND-LOGGER'S SHACK.

in the woods, quicker than having his feet slide around inside his shoes. I felt sorry for X—— on that last trip of ours. He had a pair of brand new cruisers, made to order, and they were as good cruisers as I ever saw, only they were too big. And at the same time the ankles were just a little small, so that he couldn't get enough socks into them to fill them up. He had a devil of a time. His feet got so sore he could hardly walk."

Presently we went out on the after deck and washed in fresh water from an empty gasoline can, and just as we had finished, the cook appeared in the door of the shack.

"Come and get it," he called, and we went and got it—bananas, rice, ham and eggs, fried potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee. The days have passed when woodsmen were content to live on salt horse and beans. Breakfast over, the lunches were put up—fried-

egg sandwiches being the principal staple, with sweet chocolate or dried figs for dessert—and then we took to the bush.

Not very long before, the partners had bought the timber around the inlet without knowing exactly how much there was of it. A hasty examination had convinced them that it was worth the purchase price and that there was a chance of making a profit on it, and they had gone ahead and completed the deal. Now that it was theirs, they wanted to know a little more definitely what the profit was likely to be, and the only way to find out was to make a closer estimate of the timber and its probable value.

The government surveyors had already laid out the land in claims or "sections," each containing approximately one square mile—some square, some oblong, and some very irregular on account of the curves and indentations in the



TAKING THE GRUB ASHORE.

shore line. On their "plats," or maps, the partners had divided each claim into "quarter-quarter-sections," each of which contained about forty acres, and now each partner took as his first day's work several of these "forties." It was noticeable, however, that they did not try to cover much more than half the territory that they would have in Michigan, where they had first learned the business. Land-looking on the British Columbia coast is hard, hard work, by reason of the nature of the country and the cussedness of the undergrowth. The hills are high and difficult, the valleys and gullies are deep and precipitous, and the rocks are most annoyingly in the way. The fallen trees make hurdles everywhere, and the moss that covers the ground is very, very treacherous. You may find good footing beneath it, and you may step into a hole and break your leg. And the underbrush—the salal—the devil's club—the bushes—the tree branches—make a jungle that is almost tropical in its density

and impenetrability. One forty-acre tract here means as much labor as two in an eastern forest of pine or hardwood.

Each land-looker took with him a "line-runner," who acted as pilot, steering by compass, and keeping track of the distances by counting his paces. It is a difficult art, especially where the ground is as rough and broken as it is on that island, and yet it is marvelous how accurately a skillful and experienced line-runner can follow a given course, up hill and down, and through the thickest woods. The land-looker himself followed behind and gave his entire attention to the "estimate," counting the trees within a certain distance on each side of his path, and noting carefully their average size and quality, and the different species in sight. On this particular trip the partners did not attempt to view every foot of every forty, but went over each one with sufficient care to get a good idea of what it contained.

In the evening we gathered in the cabin of the launch to compare notes.

"It's *cultus*—all that," the Senior Partner said, waving his hand over a part of the tract that he had visited, and meaning thereby that there was no merchantable timber on it, or else that it was inaccessible. Accessibility is a point to be carefully considered in estimating the value of British Columbia timber.

"It's up there," the Junior Partner said one evening, referring to a fine large body of yellow cedar that he had found that day on the flat top of a very high, steep, rocky hill—"it's up there, but it would take a fleet of airships to get it out."

That was a pity, for the yellow cedar, with its smooth, satiny, bright-colored wood, is much more valuable than its red cousin, which usually grows on lower levels and is easier to get at.

But the reports were not all discouraging. Most of the land proved well timbered, and its situation, around the big lagoon, was very favorable, for when it was lumbered none of the logs

would have to be hauled very far to reach the water. On the first forty there were so many thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of board feet of red cedar; so many of yellow; so many of balsam; so many of spruce; so many of hemlock; perhaps a little pine. On the next one, so many more. Of fir there was none—we were just a little too far north.

The second day brought still better returns. On the third we did not go out to work. It was raining harder than ever, and a *skookum* wind was howling through the tree-tops and beating the lagoon with savage gusts that turned the water fairly black. It was too wet for even tin pants and oilskin coats, and, besides, the dead branches were falling everywhere, and one never knew when a whole tree might come down on his head. So we stayed at home, and the Senior Partner sang:

We'll live on our debts,
And smoke cigarettes,
And wait till the clouds roll by.

But the fourth was quieter, and the work went on again. Night after



THE CIVIL ENGINEER AT WORK.

night, as the estimates came in, the count rose higher and higher—forty after forty, and claim after claim, adding its quota to the soaring total. Soon we were far up in the millions, and before long it took nine figures to tell what we had found.

The day came at last when the census was complete—and, moreover, it was satisfactory. The purchase had been well worth while. But how little they knew—those splendid trees—that they had been numbered for death, and that the men who had gone about among them in such apparently harmless and friendly fashion, looking at them, counting them, getting acquainted with them, and then going away again

without so much as felling a balsam, were the forerunners of destruction!

The dusk was falling as we neared the gorge once more, but the tide was running in with tremendous force, and there was nothing to do but tie up to the rocks, as we had done before, and wait for the slack. It came in an hour or two, and in the bright starlight, under the giant cedars that loomed up between us and the spangled sky, we fought our way out into Greenway Sound. Half an hour later we were moored to the raft at the landing, and there, in the early morning, a long, loud blast from the whistle of the *Floating Jamboree* roused us to a hurried embarkation.



A BOAT WE MET.

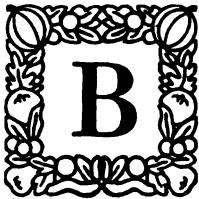
The Elbow Canyon Mystery

By Francis Lynde

Summary of Preceding Chapters

Elbow Canyon in the Colorado Rockies is the scene of the Arcadia Irrigation Company's irrigation project. Three of its successive chiefs of construction have met violent deaths under peculiar circumstances before the completion of the company's big dam. Finally, Breckenridge Ballard, a young civil engineer of Boston, undertakes the work for President Pelham, of the company, who wants a "fighting man." Arriving at the construction camp in Elbow Canyon, Ballard meets his old friend, Bromley, who remains his subordinate on the work. Ballard learns that Colonel Craigmiles, father of Elsa Craigmiles (with whom Ballard is in love), is a great cattle king whose holdings will be damaged by the irrigation company's project and who has in consequence bitterly opposed the progress of the work. He is said to be a fire-eater and his cowboys, led by a desperado named Manuel, exercise their ingenuity in harrassing the irrigation company. A large stone is thrown through the roof of the office that same night, narrowly missing Ballard. A general feeling of uneasiness prevails throughout the work—a feeling that a "hoodoo" is upon it.

Some days after his arrival Ballard has an exciting encounter with Manuel and his cowboys, in which Colonel Craigmiles intervenes at a critical moment. Invited to the cattle king's home, "Castle Cadia," Ballard again meets the daughter, whom he first saw in the East, and who now is entertaining a large house party at the Castle. In the party are Lester Wingfield, a playwright in search of material and who excites Ballard's jealousy; also Lucius Bigelow, of the Forestry Service; Major Blacklock, a retired army officer; his son, Jerry, and several young ladies. Ballard discovers that Miss Craigmiles is secretly worried about the feud between her father and the irrigation company. She warns the young engineer of danger and parries his love making. On his return to the construction camp that night, Ballard has another narrow escape from death, some one having dynamited the trail along the precipice. Next follows a wreck on the company's railroad, followed by gun play between a construction gang and some of the cowboys. Contractor Fitzpatrick fears a night attack from the cowboys, and Ballard, with Bigelow, the Forestry man (visiting the irrigation work), remain at this outpost for the night, in anticipation of trouble.



ALLARD was disposed to make light of Fitzpatrick's fears, and the contractor took it rather hard.

"I know 'tis all hear-say with you, yet, Mr. Ballard; you have n't been up against it," he protested, when the three of them were back at the camp-fire which was burning in front of the commissary. "But if you had been scrapping with these devils for the better part of two years, as we have—"

The interruption was a sudden quaking tremor of earth and atmosphere followed by a succession of shocks like the quick-firing of a battleship squadron. A sucking draught of wind swept through the camp, and the fire leaped up as from the blast of an underground bellows. Instantly the open spaces of the headquarters were alive with men tumbling from their bunks; and into the thick of the

confusion rushed the lately-posted sentries.

For a few minutes the turmoil threatened to become a panic, but Fitzpatrick and a handful of the cooler-headed gang bosses got it under, the more easily since there was no attack to follow the explosions. Then came a cautious reconnaissance in force down the line of the canal in the direction of the earthquake, and a short quarter of a mile below the camp the scouting detachment reached the scene of destruction.

The raiders had chosen their ground carefully. At a point where the canal cutting passed through the shoulder of a hill they had planted charges of dynamite deep in the clay of the upper hillside. The explosions had started a landslide, and the patient digging work of weeks had been obliterated in a moment.

Ballard said little. Fitzpatrick was on the ground to do the swearing, and the money loss was his, if Mr. Pelham's

company chose to make him stand it. What Celtic rage could compass in the matter of cursings was not lacking; and at the finish of the outburst there was an appeal, vigorous and forceful.

"You're the boss, Mr. Ballard, and 'tis for you to say whether we throw up this job and quit, or give these blank, blank imps iv hell what's comin' to 'em!" was the form the appeal took; and the new chief accepted the challenge promptly.

"What are your means of communication with the towns in the Gunnison Valley?" he asked abruptly.

Fitzpatrick pulled himself down from the rage heights and made shift to answer as a man.

"There's a bridle trail down the cañon to Jack's Cabin; and from that on you hit the railroad."

"And the distance to Jack's Cabin?"

"Twenty-five miles, good and strong, by the cañon crookings, but only about half of it is bad going."

"Is there anybody in your camp who knows the trail?"

"Yes. Dick Carson, the water-boy."

"Good. We'll go back with you, and you'll let me have the boy and two of your freshest horses."

"You'll not be riding that trail in the dark, Mr. Ballard! It's a fright, even in daylight."

"That's my affair," said the engineer, curtly. "If your boy can find the trail, I'll ride it."

That settled it for the moment, and the scouting party made its way up to the headquarters to carry the news of the landslide. Bigelow walked in silence beside his temporary host, saying nothing until after they had reached camp, and Fitzpatrick had gone to assemble the horses and the guide. Then he said, quite as if it were a matter of course:

"I'm going with you, Mr. Ballard, if you dont object."

Ballard did object, pointedly and emphatically, making the most of the night ride and the hazardous trail. When these failed to discourage the young man from Washington, the greater objection came out baldly.

"You owe it to your earlier host to ride back to Castle 'Cadia from here, Mr. Bigelow. I'm going to declare war, and you cant afford to identify yourself

with me," was the way Ballard put it; but Bigelow only smiled and shook his head.

"I'm not to be shunted quite so easily," he said. "Unless you'll say outright that I'll be a butt-in, I'm going with you."

"All right; if it's the thing you want to do," Ballard yielded. "Of course, I shall be delighted to have you along." And when Fitzpatrick came with two horses he sent him back to the corral for a third.

The preparations for the night ride were soon made, and it was not until Ballard and Bigelow were making ready to mount at the door of the commissary that Fitzpatrick reappeared with the guide, a grave-faced lad who looked as if he might be years older than any guess his diminutive stature warranted. Ballard's glance was an eye-sweep of shrewd appraisal.

"You're not much bigger than a pint of cider, Dickie boy," he commented. "Why dont you take a start and grow some?"

"I'm layin' off to; when I get time. Pap allows I got to 'r he wont own to me," said the boy soberly.

"Who is your fater?" The query was a mere fill-in, bridging the momentary pause while Ballard was inspecting the saddle cinchings of the horse he was to ride; and evidently the boy so regarded it.

"He's a man," he answered briefly, adding nothing to the supposable fact.

Bigelow was up, and Ballard was putting a leg over his wiry little mount when Fitzpatrick emerged from the dimly-lighted interior of the commissary bearing arms—a pair of short-barrelled repeating rifles in saddle-holsters.

"Better be slingin' these under the stirrup-leathers—you and your friend, Mr. Ballard," he suggested. "All sorts of things are liable to get up in the tall hills when a man has n't got a gun."

This was so patently said for the benefit of the little circle of onlooking workmen that Ballard bent to the saddle-horn while Fitzpatrick was buckling the rifle-holster in place.

"What is it, Bourke?" he asked quietly.

"More of the same," returned the contractor, matching the low tone of the

inquiry. "Craigmiles has got his spies in every camp, and you're probably spotted, same as old man Macpherson used to be when he rode the work. If that cussed Mexican foreman does be getting wind of this, and shy a guess at why you're heading for Jack's Cabin and the railroad in the dead o' night—"

Ballard's exclamation was impatient.

"This thing has got on your digestion, Bourke," he said, rallying the big contractor. "Up at the Elbow Canyon camp it's a hoodoo bogey, and down here it's the Craigmiles cowboys. Keep your shirt on, and we'll stop it—stop it short." Then, lowering his voice again: "Is the boy trustworthy?"

Fitzpatrick's shrug was more French than Irish.

"He can show you the trail; and he hates the Craigmiles outfit as the devil hates holy water. His father was a 'rustler,' and the Colonel got him sent over the road for cattle-stealing. Dick comes of pretty tough stock, but I guess he'll do you right."

Ballard nodded, found his seat in the saddle, and gave the word.

"Pitch out, Dick," he commanded; and the small cavalcade of three skirted the circle of tents and shacks to take the westward trail in single file, the water-boy riding in advance and the Forestry man bringing up the rear.

In this order the three passed the scene of the assisted landslide, where the acrid fumes of the dynamite were still hanging in the air, and came upon ground new to Bigelow and practically so to Ballard. For a mile or more the canal line hugged the shoulders of the foothills, doubling and reversing until only the steadily rising sky-line of the Elks gave evidence of its progress westward.

As in its earlier half, the night was still and cloudless, and the stars burned with the white lustre of the high altitudes, swinging slowly to the winding course in their huge inverted bowl of velvety blackness. From camp to camp on the canal grade there was desertion absolute; and even Bigelow, with ears attuned to the alarm sounds of the wilds, had heard nothing when the cavalcade came abruptly upon Riley's camp, the outpost of the ditch-diggers.

At Riley's they found only the horse-watchers awake. From these they learned that the distant booming of the explosions had aroused only a few of the lightest sleepers. Ballard made inquiry pointing to the Craigmiles riders. Had any of them been seen in the vicinity of the outpost camp?

"Not since sundown," was the horse-watcher's answer. "About an hour before candle-lightin', two of 'em went ridin' along up-river, drivin' a little bunch o' cattle."

The engineer gathered rein and was about to pull his horse once more into the westward trail, when the boy guide put in his word.

"Somebody's taggin' us, all right, if that's what you're aimin' to find out," he said, quite coolly.

Ballard started. "What's that?" he demanded. "How do you know?"

"Been listenin'—when you-all did n't make so much noise that I could n't," was the calm rejoinder. "There's two of 'em, and they struck in just after we passed the dynamite heave-down."

Ballard bent his head and listened. "I dont hear anything," he objected.

"Nachelly," said the boy. "They-all aint sech tenderfoots as to keep on comin' when we've stopped. Want to dodge 'em?"

"There's no question about that," was the mandatory reply.

The sober-faced lad took a leaf out of the book of the past—his own or his cattle-stealing father's.

"We got to stampede your stock a few lines, Pete," he said, shortly, to the horse-watcher who had answered Ballard's inquiry. "Get up and pull your picket-pins."

"Is that right, Mr. Ballard?" asked the man.

"It is if Dick says so. I'll back his orders."

The boy gave the orders tersely after the horse-guard had risen and kicked his two companions awake. The night herds-men were to pick and saddle their own mounts, and to pull the picket-pins for the grazing mule drove. While this was doing, the small plotter vouchsafed the necessary word of explanation to Ballard and Bigelow.

"We ride into the bunch and stampede

it, headin' it along the trail the way we're goin'. After we've done made noise enough and tracks enough and gone far enough to make them fellers lose the sound of us that they've been follerin', we cut out of the crowd and make our little *pasear* down canyon, and the herd-riders can chase out and round up their stock again: see?"

Ballard made the sign of acquiescence; and presently the thing was done substantially as the boy had planned. The grazing mules, startled by the sudden dash of the three mounted broncos among them, and helped along by a few judicious quirt blows, broke and ran in frightened panic, carrying the three riders in the thick of the rout.

Young Carson, skillful as the son of the convict stock-lifter had been trained to be, deftly herded the thundering stampede in the desired direction; and at the end of a galloping mile abruptly gave the shrill yell of command to the two men who he was piloting. There was a swerve aside out of the pounding *melée*, a dash for an opening between the swelling foothills, and the ruck of snorting mules swept on in a broad circle that would later make recapture by the night herders a simple matter of gathering up the trailing picket-ropes.

The three riders drew rein in the shelter of the arroyo gulch to breathe their horses, and Ballard gave the boy due credit.

"That was very neatly done, Dick," he said, when the thunder of the pounding hoofs had died away in the up-river distances. "Is it going to bump those fellows off of our trail?"

The water-boy was humped over the horn of his saddle as if he had found a stomach-ache in the breathless gallop. But he was merely listening.

"I aint reskin' any money on it," he qualified. "If them cow-punch's 've caught on to where you're goin', and what you're goin' *fer*—"

Out of the stillness filling the hill-gorge like a black sea of silence came a measured thudding of hoofs and an unmistakable squeaking of saddle leather. Like a flash the boy was afoot and reaching under his bronco's belly for a tripping hold on the horse's forefoot. "Down! and pitch the cayuses!" he

quavered stridently; and as the three horses rolled in the dry sand of the arroyo bed with their late riders flattened upon their heads, the inner darkness of the gorge spat fire and there was a fine singing whine of bullets overhead.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RUSTLERS

IN defiance of all the laws of precedence, it was the guest who first rose to the demands of the spiteful occasion. While Ballard was still struggling with the holster strappings of his rifle, Bigelow had disengaged his weapon and was industriously pumping a rapid-fire volley into the flame-spitting darkness of the gorge.

The effect of the prompt reply in kind was quickly made manifest. The firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun, a riderless horse dashed snorting down the bed of the dry arroyo, narrowly missing a stumbling collision with the living obstructions lying in his way, and other gallopings were heard withdrawing into the hill-shadowed obscurities.

It was Ballard who took the water-boy to task when they had waited long enough to be measurably certain that the attackers had left the field.

"You were mistaken, Dick," he said, breaking the strained silence. "There were more than two of them."

Young Carson was getting his horse up, and he appeared to be curiously at fault.

"You're plumb right, Cap'n Ballard," he admitted. "But that aint what's pinchin' me: there's always enough of 'em night-herdin' this end of the range so 'at they could have picked up another hand 'r two. What I cayn't tumble to is how they-all out-rid us."

"To get ahead of us, you mean?"

"That's it. We're in the neck of a little hogback draw that goes on down to the big canyon. The only other trail into the draw is along by the river and up this-a-way—'bout a mile and a half furdur 'n the road we come, I reckon."

It was the persistent element of mystery once more thrusting itself into the prosaic field of the industries; but before Ballard could grapple with it, the fighting guest cut in quietly.

"One of their bullets seems to have nipped me in the arm," he said, admitting the fact half reluctantly and as if it were something to be ashamed of. "Will you help me tie it up?"

Ballard came out of the speculative fog with a bound.

"Good heavens, Bigelow! are you hit? Why did n't you say something?" he exclaimed, diving into the pockets of his duck coat for matches and a candle-end.

"It wasn't worth while; it's only a scratch, I guess."

But the lighted candle-end proved it to be something more; a ragged furrow plowed diagonally across the forearm. Ballard dressed it as well as he could, the water-boy holding the candle, and when the rough job of surgery was done, was for sending the Forestry man back to the valley head and Castle 'Cadia with the wound for a sufficient reason. But Bigelow developed a sudden vein of stubbornness. He would neither go back alone, nor would he consent to be escorted.

"A little thing like this is all in the day's work," he protested. "We'll go on, when you're ready; or, rather, we'll go and hunt for the owner of that horse whose saddle I suppose I must have emptied. I'm just vindictive enough to hope that its rider was the fellow who pinked me."

As it happened, the hope was to be neither confirmed nor positively denied. A little farther up the dry arroyo the candle-end, sputtering to its extinction, showed them a confusion of hoof trappings in the yielding sand, but nothing more. Dead or wounded, the horse-losing rider had evidently been carried off by his companions.

"There must have been more than two," was Ballard's deduction, when they were again pushing cautiously down the inner valley toward its junction with the great canyon. "But why should two, or a dozen of them, fire on us in the dark? How could they know whether we were friends or enemies?"

Bigelow's quiet laugh had a touch of grimness in it.

"Your Elbow Canyon mysteries have broken bounds," he suggested. "Your staff should include an expert psychologist, Mr. Ballard."

Ballard's reply was belligerent. "If we had one, I'd swap him for a section of mounted police," he declared; and beyond that the narrow trail in the cliff-walled gorge of the Boiling Water forbade conversation.

Three hours farther down the river trail, when the summer dawn was paling the stars in the narrow strip of sky overhead, the perpendicular walls of the great canyon gave back a little, and looking past the water-boy guide, Ballard saw an opening marking the entrance of a small tributary stream from the north; a little green oasis in the vast desert of frowning cliffs and tumbled boulders, with a log cabin and a tiny corral nestling under the portal rock of the smaller stream.

"Hello!" said Bigelow, breaking the silence in which they had been riding for the greater part of the three hours, "what's this we are coming to?"

Ballard was about to pass the query on to the boy when an armed man in the flapped hat and overalls of a range rider stepped from behind a boulder and barred the way. There was a halt, an exchange of words between young Carson and the flap-hatted trail-watcher in tones so low as to be inaudible to the others, and the armed one faced about, rather reluctantly, it seemed, to lead the way to the cabin under the cliff.

At the dismounting before the cabin door, the boy cleared away a little of the mystery.

"This yere is whar I live when I'm at home," he drawled, lapsing by the influence of the propinquity into the Tennessee idiom which was his birthright. "Pap'll get ye your breakfas' while I'm feedin' the broncs."

Ballard glanced quickly at his guest and met the return glance of complete intelligence in the steady gray eyes of the Forestry man. The cabin and the corral in the secluded canyon were sufficiently accounted for. But one use could be made of a stock enclosure in such an inaccessible mountain fastness. The trail station in the heart of the Boiling Water wilderness was doubtless the headquarters of the "rustlers" who lived by preying upon the King of Arcadia's flocks and herds.

"Your allies in the little war against

Colonel Craigmiles," said Bigelow, and there was something like a touch of mild reproach in his low tone when he added: "Misery is n't the only thing that 'acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.'"

"Apparently not," said Ballard; and they went together into the kitchen half of the cabin which was built, in true Tennessee fashion, as "two pens and a passage."

The welcome accorded them by the sullen-faced man who was already frying rashers of bacon over the open fire on the hearth was not especially cordial. "Mek' ye an arm and re'ch for yer-selves," was his sole phase of hospitality, when the bacon and pan-bread were smoking on the huge hewn slab which served for a table; and he neither ate with his guests nor waited upon them, save to refill the tin coffee cups as they were emptied.

Neither of the two young men stayed longer than they were obliged to in the dirty, leather-smelling kitchen. There was freedom outside, with the morning world of fresh, zestful immensities for a smoking-room; and when they had eaten, they went to sit on a flat rock by the side of the little stream to fill and light their pipes, Ballard crumbling the cut-plug and stoppering the pipe for his crippled companion.

"How is the bullet-gouge by this time?" he questioned, when the tobacco was alight.

"It's pretty sore, and no mistake," Bigelow acknowledged frankly. Whereupon Ballard insisted upon taking the bandages off and re-dressing the wound, with the crystal-clear, icy water of the mountain stream for its cleansing.

"It was a sheer piece of idiocy on my part—letting you come on with me after you got this," was his verdict, when he had a daylight sight of the bullet score. "But I dont mean to be idiotic twice in the same day," he went on. "You're going to stay right here and keep quiet until we come along back and pick you up, late this afternoon."

Bigelow made a wry face.

"Nice, cheerful prospect," he commented. "The elder cattle thief is n't precisely one's ideal of the jovial host. By the way, what was the matter with him while we were eating breakfast? He looked

and acted as if there were a sick child in some of the dark corners which he was afraid we might disturb."

Ballard nodded. "I was wondering if you remarked it. Did you hear the sick baby?"

"I heard noises—besides those that Carson was so carefully making with the skillet and the tin plates. The room across the passage from us was n't empty."

"That was my guess," rejoined Ballard, pulling thoughtfully at his short pipe. "I heard voices and tramlings, and, once in a while, something that sounded remarkably like a groan—or an oath."

Bigelow nodded in his turn. "More of the mysteries, you'd say; but this time they dont especially concern us. Have you fully made up your mind to leave me here while you go down to the railroad? Because if you have, you and the boy will have to compel my welcome from the old robber: I'd never have the face to ask him for a whole day's hospitality."

"I'll fix that," said Ballard, and when the boy came from the corral with the saddled horses, he went to do it, leaving Bigelow to finish his pipe on the flat rock of conference.

The "fixing" was not accomplished without some difficulty, as it appeared to the young man sitting on the flat stone at the stream side. Dick brought his father to the door, and Ballard did the talking—considerably more of it than might have been deemed necessary for the simple request to be proffered. At the end of the talk, Ballard came back to the flat stone.

"You stay," he said briefly to Bigelow. "Carson will give you your dinner. But he says he has a sick man on his hands in the cabin, and you'll have to excuse him."

"He was willing?" queried Bigelow.

"No; he was n't at all willing. He acted as if he were a loaded camel, and your staying was going to be the final back-breaking straw. But he's a Tennessean, and we've been kind to his boy. The ranch is yours for the day, only if I were you, I should n't make too free use of it."

Bigelow smiled.

"I'll be 'meachum' and keep fair in the

middle of the road. I dont know anything that a prosecuting attorney could make use of against the man who has given me my breakfast, and who promises to give me my dinner, and I dont want to know anything. Please dont waste any more daylight on me: Dick has the horses ready, and he is evidently growing anxious."

Ballard left the Forestry man smoking and sunning himself on the flat boulder when he took the down-canyon trail with the sober-faced boy for his file leader, and more than once during the rather strenuous day to which the pocket-gulch incident was the introduction, his thoughts went back to Bigelow, marooned in the depths of the great canyon with the saturnine cattle thief, the sick man, and doubtless other members of the band of "rustlers."

It was therefore with no uncertain feeling of relief that he returned in the late afternoon at the head of a file of as hard-looking miscreants as ever were gathered in a sheriff's posse, and found Bigelow sitting on the step of the Carson cabin, still nursing the bandaged arm, and still smoking the pipe of patience.

"I'm left to do the honors, gentlemen," said the Forestry man, rising and smiling quaintly. "The owner of the ranch regrets to say that he has been unavoidably called away; but the feed in the corral and the provisions in the kitchen are yours for the taking and the cooking."

The sheriff, a burly giant whose face, figure, garmenting and graceful saddle-seat proclaimed the ex-cattleman, laughed appreciatively.

"Bat Carson knows a healthy climate as far as he can see the sun a-shinin'," he chuckled; and then to his deputies: "Light down, boys, and we'll see what sort o' chuck he's left for us."

In the dismounting Ballard drew Bigelow aside. "What has happened?" he asked.

"You can prove nothing by me," returned Bigelow, half quizzically. "I've been asleep most of the day. When I woke up, an hour or so ago, the doors were open and the cabin was empty. Also, there was a misspelled note charcoaled on a box-cover in the kitchen, making us free of the horse-bait and the

provisions. Also, again, a small bunch of cattle that I had seen grazing in a little park up the creek had disappeared."

"Um," said Ballard, discontentedly. "All of which makes us accessories after the fact in another raid on Colonel Craig-miles's range herd. I dont like that."

"Nor do I," Bigelow agreed. "But you cant eat a man's bread, and then stay awake to see which way he escapes. I'm rather glad I was sleepy enough not to be tempted. Which reminds me: you must be about all in on that score yourself, Mr. Ballard."

"I? Oh, no; I got in five or six hours on the railroad train, going and coming between Jack's Cabin and the county seat."

The posse members were tramping into the kitchen to ransack it for food and drink, and Bigelow stood still farther aside.

"You managed to gather up a beautiful lot of cutthroats in the short time at your disposal," he remarked.

"Did n't I? And now you come against one of my weaknesses, Bigelow: I cant stay mad. Last night I thought I'd be glad to see a bunch of the Colonel's cowboys well hanged. Today I'm sick and ashamed to be seen tagging this crew of hired sure-shots into the Colonel's domain."

"Just keep on calling it the Arcadia Company's domain, and perhaps the feeling will wear off," suggested the Forestry man.

"It's no joke," said Ballard, crustily; and then he went in to take his chance of supper with the sheriff and his "sure-shots."

There was still sufficient daylight for the upper canyon passage when the rough-riders had eaten Carson out of house and home, and were mounted again for the ascent to the Kingdom of Arcadia. In the up-canyon climb, the sheriff kept the boy, Dick, within easy bridle clutch, remembering a certain other canyon faring in which the cattle thief's son had narrowly missed putting his father's captors, men and horses, into the torrent of the Boiling Water. Ballard and Bigelow rode ahead; and when the thunderous diapason of the river permitted, they talked.

"How did they manage to move the

sick man?" asked Ballard, when the trail and the stream gave him leave.

"That is another of the things that I dont know; I'm a leather-bound edition of an encyclopedia when it comes to matters of real information," was the ironical answer. "But your guess of this morning was right; there was a sick man—sick or hurt some way. I took the liberty of investigating a little when I awoke and found the ranch deserted. The other room of the cabin was a perfect shambles."

"Blood?" queried the engineer; and Bigelow nodded.

"Blood everywhere."

"A falling-out among thieves, I suppose," said Ballard, half-absently; and again Bigelow said: "I dont know."

"The boy knows," was Ballard's comment. "He knew before he left the ranch this morning. I haven't been able to get a dozen words out of him all day."

Just here both stream-noise and trail-narrowing cut in to forbid further talk, and Bigelow drew back to let Ballard lead in the single-file progress along the edge of the torrent.

It was in this order that they came finally into the Arcadian grass-lands, through a portal as abrupt as a gigantic doorway. It was the hour of sunset for the high peaks of the Elk range, and the purple shadows were already gathering among the rounded hills of the hogback. Off to the left the two advanced riders of the posse cavalcade saw the evening kitchen-smoke of Riley's ditch-camp. On the hills to the right a few cattle were grazing unherded.

But two things in the prospect conspired to make Ballard draw rein so suddenly as to bring him awkwardly into collision with his follower. One was a glimpse of the Castle 'Cadia touring car trundling swiftly away to the eastward on the river road; and the other was a slight barrier of tree branches piled across the trail fairly under his horse's nose. Stuck upon a broken twig of the barrier was a sheet of paper; and there was still sufficient light to enable the chief engineer to read the type-written lines upon it when he dropped from the saddle.

"Mr. Ballard:" it ran. "You are about to commit an act of the crudest injustice. Take the advice of an anxious

friend, and quench the fire of enmity before its gets beyond control."

There was no signature; and Ballard was still staring after the disappearing automobile when he mechanically passed the sheet of paper up to Bigelow. The Forestry man read the typewritten note and glanced back at the sheriff's posse just emerging from the cañon portal.

"What will you do?" he asked; and Ballard came alive with a start and shook his head.

"I dont know: if we could manage to overtake that auto. . . . But it's too late now to do anything, Bigelow. I've made my complaint and sworn out the warrants. Beckwith will serve them—he's obliged to serve them."

"Of course," said Bigelow; and together they waited for the sheriff's posse to close up.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

IT touched a little spring of wonderment in the Forestry man when Ballard made the waiting halt merely an excuse for a word of leave-taking with Sheriff Beckwith; a brittle exchange of formalities in which no mention was made of the incident of the brush barrier and the typewritten note.

"You have your warrants, and you know your way around in the valley; you wont need me," was the manner in which the young engineer drew out of the impending unpleasantness. "When you have taken your prisoners to the county seat, the company's attorneys will do the rest."

Beckwith, being an ex-cattleman, was grimly sarcastic.

"This is my job, and I'll do it up man-size and b'ligerent, Mr. Ballard. But between us three and the gate-post, you aint goin' to make anything by it—barrin' a lot o' bad blood. The old Colonel 'll give a bond and bail his men, and there you are again, right where you started from."

"That's all right; I believe in the law, and I'm giving it a chance," snapped Ballard; and the two parties separated, the sheriff's posse taking the river road, and Ballard leading the way across country in the direction of Fitzpatrick's field headquarters.

Rather more than half of the distance

from the cañon head to the camp had been covered before the boy, Carson, had lagged far enough behind to give Bigelow a chance for free speech with Ballard, but the Forestry man improved the opportunity as soon as it was given him.

"You still believe there is no hope of a compromise?" he began. "What the sheriff said a few minutes ago is quite true, you know. The cowboys will be back in a day or two, and it will make bad blood."

"Excuse me," said Ballard, irritably; "you are an onlooker. Mr. Bigelow, and you can afford to pose as a peacemaker. But I've had all I can stand. If Colonel Craigmiles can't control his flap-hatted bullies, we'll try to help him. There is a week's work for half a hundred men and teams lying in that ditch over yonder," pointing with his quirt toward the dynamited cutting. "Do you think I'm going to lie down and let these cattle-punchers ride rough-shod over me and the company I represent? Not today, or any other day, I assure you."

"Then you entirely disregard the little typewritten note?"

"In justice to my employers, I am bound to call Colonel Craigmiles's bluff, whatever form it takes."

Bigelow rode in silence for the next hundred yards. Then he began again.

"It doesn't seem like the Colonel: to go at you indirectly that way."

"He was in that automobile: I saw him. The notice could scarcely have been posted without his knowledge."

"No," Bigelow agreed, slowly. But immediately afterward he added: "There were others in the car."

"I know it—four or five of them. But that does n't let the Colonel out."

Again Bigelow relapsed into silence, and the camp-fires of Fitzpatrick's headquarters were in sight when he said:

"You confessed to me a few hours ago that one of your weaknesses was the inability to stay angry. Will you pardon me if I say that it seems to have its compensation in the law of recurrences?"

Ballard's laugh was frankly apologetic. "You may go farther and say that I am ill mannered enough to quarrel with a good friend who cheerfully gets himself shot up in my behalf. Overlook it, Mr. Bigelow; and I'll try to remem-

ber that I am a partisan, while you are only a good-natured non-combatant. This little affair is a fact accomplished, as far as we are concerned. The Colonel's cowmen dynamited our ditch; Sheriff Beckwith will do his duty; and the company's attorney will see to it that somebody pays the penalty. Let's drop it—as between us two."

Being thus estopped, Bigelow held his peace; and a little later they were dismounting before the door of Fitzpatrick's commissary. When the contractor had welcomed and fed them, Ballard rolled into the nearest bunk and went to sleep to make up the arrearages, leaving his guest to smoke alone. Bigelow took his desertion good-naturedly, and sat for an hour or more on a bench in front of the store-room, puffing quietly at his pipe, and taking an onlooker's part in the ditch-diggers' games of dice-throwing and card-playing going on around the great fire in the plaza.

When the pipe went out after its second filling, he got up and strolled a little way beyond the camp limits. The night was fine and mild for the altitudes, and he had walked a circling mile before he found himself again at the camp confines. It was here, at the back of the mule drove, that he became once more an onlooker; this time a thoroughly mystified one.

The little drama, at which the Forestry expert was the single spectator, was chiefly pantomimic, but it lacked nothing in eloquent action. Flat upon the ground, and almost among the legs of the grazing mules, lay a diminutive figure, face down, digging fingers and toes into the hoof-cut earth, and sobbing out a strange jargon of oaths and childish ragings. Before Bigelow could speak, the figure rose to its knees, its face disfigured with passion, and its small fists clenching themselves at the invisible. It was Dick Carson; and the words which Bigelow heard seemed to be shaken by some unseen force out of the thin, stoop-shouldered little body: "Oh, my Lordy! ef it could on'y be somebody else! But ther' aint nobody else; an' I'll go to hell if I dont do it!"

Now, at all events, Bigelow would have cut in, but the action of the drama was too quick for him. Like a flash the

water-boy disappeared among the legs of the grazing animals; and a few minutes afterward the night gave back the sound of galloping hoofs racing away to the eastward.

Bigelow marked the direction of the water-boy's flight. Since it was toward the valley head and Castle 'Cadia, he guessed that young Carson's errand concerned itself in some way with the sheriff's raid upon the Craigmiles ranch outfit. Here, however, conjecture tripped itself and fell down. Both parties in whatever conflict the sheriff's visit might provoke were the boy's natural enemies.

Bigelow was wrestling with this fresh bit of mystery when he went to find his bunk in the commissary; it got into his dreams and was still present when the early morning call of the camp was sounded. But neither at the candle-light breakfast, nor later, when Ballard asked him if he were fit for a leisurely ride to the southern watershed for the day's outwearing, did he speak of young Carson's desertion.

Fitzpatrick spoke of it, though, when the chief and his companion were mounting for the watershed ride.

"You brought my water-boy back with you last night, did n't you, Mr. Ballard?" he asked.

"Certainly; he came in with us. Why? Have you lost him?"

"Him and one of the saddle broncos. And I don't much like the look of it."

"Oh, I guess he'll turn up all right," said Ballard easily.

It was Bigelow's time to speak, but something restrained him, and the contractor's inquiry died a natural death when Ballard gathered the reins and pointed the way to the southward hills.

By nine o'clock the two riders were among the foothills of the southern Elks, and the chief engineer of the Arcadia Company was making a very practical use of his guest. Bigelow was an authority on watersheds, stream-basins, the conservation of moisture by forested slopes, and kindred subjects of vital importance to the construction chief of an irrigation scheme; and the talk held steadily to the technical problems, with the Forestry expert as the lecturer.

Only once was there a break and a lapse into the humanities. It was when

the horses had climbed one of the bald hills from the summit of which the great valley, with its dottings of camps and its streaking of canal gradings, was spread out map-like beneath them. On the distant river road, progressing by perspective inches toward the lower end of the valley, trotted a mixed mob of horsemen, something more than doubling in numbers the sheriff's posse that had ridden over the same road in the opposite direction the previous evening.

"Beckwith with his game-bag?" queried Bigelow, gravely; and Ballard said: "I guess so," and immediately switched the talk back to the watershed technicalities.

It was within an hour of the grading-camp supper-time when the two investigators of moisture-beds and auxiliary reservoirs rode into Fitzpatrick's headquarters and found a surprise awaiting them. The Castle 'Cadia runabout was drawn up before the commissary; and young Blacklock, in cap and gloves and dust-coat, was tinkering with the motor.

"The same to you, gentlemen," he said, jocosely, when he took his head out of the bonnet. "I was just getting ready to go and chase you some more. We've been waiting a solid hour, I should say."

"'We'?" questioned Ballard.

"Yes; Miss Elsa and I. We've been hunting you in every place a set of rubber tires wouldn't balk at, all afternoon. Say; you don't happen to have an extra spark-plug about your clothes, either of you, do you? One of these is cracked in the porcelain, and she skips like a dog on three legs."

Ballard ignored the motor disability completely.

"You brought Miss Craigmiles here? Where is she now?" he demanded.

The collegian laughed.

"She's in the grand *salon*, and Fitzpatrick the gallant is making her a cup of commissary tea. Would n't that jar you?"

Ballard swung out of his saddle and vanished through the open door of the commissary, leaving Bigelow and the motor-maniac to their own devices. In the littered storeroom he found Miss Craigmiles, sitting upon a coil of rope and calmly drinking her tea from a new tin can.

"At last!" she sighed, smiling up at him; and then: "Mercy me! how savage you look! We are trespassers; I admit it. But you'll be lenient with us, wont you? Jerry says there is a broken spark plug, or something; but I am sure we can move on if we're told to. You have come to tell us to move on, Mr. Ballard?"

His frown was only the outward and visible sign of the inward attempt to grapple with the possibilities; but it made his words sound something less than solicitous.

"This is no place for you," he began; but she would not let him go on.

"I have been finding it quite a pleasant place, I assure you. Mr. Fitzpatrick is an Irish gentleman. No one could have been kinder. You've no idea of the horrible things he promised to do to the cook if this tea was n't just right."

If she were trying to make him smile, she succeeded. Fitzpatrick's picturesque language to his men was the one spectacular feature of the headquarters camp.

"That proves what I said—that this is no place for you," he rejoined, still deprecating the camp crudities. "And you've been here an hour, Blacklock says."

"An hour and twelve minutes, to be exact," she admitted, tilting the tiny watch pinned upon the lapel of her driving-coat. "But you left us no alternative. We have driven uncounted miles this afternoon, looking for you and Mr. Bigelow."

Ballard flushed uncomfortably under the tan and sunburn. Miss Craigmiles could have but one object in seeking him, he decided; and he would have given worlds to be able to set the business affair and the sentimental on opposite sides of an impassable chasm. Since it was not to be, he said what he was constrained to say with characteristic abruptness.

"It is too late. The matter is out of my hands, now. The provocation was very great; and in common loyalty to my employers I was obliged to strike back. Your father——"

She stopped him with a gesture that brought the blood to his face again.

"I know there has been provocation," she qualified. "But it has not been all

on one side. Your men have told you how our range-riders have annoyed them; probably they have not told you how they have given blow for blow, killing cattle on the railroad, supplying themselves with fresh meat from our herd, filling up or draining the water-holes. And two days ago, at this very camp. . . . I don't know the merits of the case; but I do know that one of our men was shot through the shoulder, and is lying critically near to death."

He nodded gloomily. "That was bad," he admitted, adding: "And it promptly brought on more violence. On the night of the same day your cowmen returned and dynamited the canal."

Again she stopped him with the imperative little gesture.

"Did you see them do it?"

"Naturally, no one saw them do it. But it was done, nevertheless."

She rose and faced him fairly.

"You found my note last evening—when you were returning with Sheriff Beckwith?"

"I found an unsigned note on a little barrier of tree-branches on the trail; yes."

"I wrote it and put it there," she declared. "I told you you were about to commit an act of injustice, and you have committed it—a very great one, indeed, Mr. Ballard."

"I am open to conviction," he conceded, almost morosely. She was confronting him like an angry goddess, and mixed up with the thought that he had never seen her so beautiful and so altogether desirable was another thought that he should like to run away and hide.

"Yes; you are open to conviction—after the fact!" she retorted, bitterly. "Do you know what you have done? You have fallen like a hot-headed boy into a trap set for you by my father's enemies. You have carefully stripped Arcadia of every man who could defend our cattle—just as it was planned for you to do."

"But, good heavens!" he began, "I—"

"Hear me out," she commanded, looking more than ever the princess of her father's kingdom. "Down in the canyon of the Boiling Water there is a band of outlaws that has harried this valley for years. Assuming that you would do precisely what you have done, some of these

men came up and dynamited your canal, timing the raid to fit your inspection tour. Am I making it sufficiently plain?"

"O my sainted ancestors!" he groaned. And then: "Please go on; you cant make it any worse."

"They confidently expected that you would procure a wholesale arrest of the Arcadia ranch force; but they did not expect you to act as promptly as you did. That is why they turned and fired upon you in Dry Valley Gulch: they thought they were suspected and pursued, not by you or any of your men, but by our cowboys. Your appearance at the cabin at the mouth of Deer Creek yesterday morning explained things, and they let you go on without taking vengeance for the man Mr. Bigelow had shot in the Dry Valley affray. They were willing to let the greater matter outweigh the smaller."

Ballard said "Good heavens!" again, and leaned weakly against the commissary counter. Then, suddenly, it came over him like a cool blast of wind on a hot day that this clear-eyed, sweet-faced young woman's intimate knowledge of the labyrinthine tangle was almost superhuman enough to be uncanny. Would the nerve-shattering mysteries never be cleared away?

"You know all this—almost as an eyewitness," he stammered. "How, in the name of all that is wonderful——"

"We are not without friends—even in your camps," she admitted. "Word came to Castle 'Cadia of your night ride and its purpose. For the later details there was little Dick. My father once had his father sent to the penitentiary for cattle-stealing. In pity for the boy, I persuaded some of our Denver friends to start a petition for a pardon. Dick has not forgotten it; and last night he rode to Castle 'Cadia to tell me what I have told you—the poor little lad being more loyal to me than he is to his irreclaimable wretch of a father. Also, he told me another thing: tonight, while the range cattle are entirely unguarded, there will be another raid from Deer Creek. I thought you might like to know how hard a blow you have struck us, this time. That is why I have made Jerry drive me a hundred miles or so up and down the valley this afternoon."

The situation was well beyond speech, any exculpatory speech of Ballard's, but there was still an opportunity for deeds. Going to the door, he called to Bigelow, and when the Forestry man came in, his part in what was to be done was assigned abruptly.

"Mr. Bigelow, you can handle the runabout with one good arm, I'm sure; drive Miss Craigmiles home, if you please, and let me have Blacklock."

"Certainly, if Miss Elsa is willing to exchange a good chauffeur for a poor one," was the good-natured reply. And then to his hostess: "Are you willing, Miss Craigmiles?"

"Mr. Ballard is the present tyrant of Arcadia. If he shows us the door——"

Bigelow was already at the car step, waiting to help her in. There was time only for a single sentence of caution, and Ballard got it in a swift aside.

"Dont be rash again," she warned him. "You have plenty of men here. If Carson can be made to understand that you will not let him take advantage of the plot in which he has made you his innocent accessory——"

"Set your mind entirely at rest," he cut in, with a curtness which was born altogether of his determination, and not at all of his attitude toward the woman he loved. "There will be no cattle-lifting in this valley tonight—or at any other time until your own caretakers have returned."

"Thank you," she said simply; and a minute later Ballard and young Blacklock stood aside to let Bigelow remove himself, his companion, and the smart little car swiftly from the scene.

"Say, Mr. Ballard, this is no end good of you—to let me in for a little breather of sport," said the collegian, when the fast runabout was fading to a dusty blur in the sunset purplings. "Bigelow gave me a hint; said there was a scrap of some sort on. Make me your side partner, and I'll do you proud."

"You are all right," laughed Ballard, with a sudden access of light-heartedness. "But the first thing to do is to get a little hay out of the rack. Come in and let us see what you can make of a camp supper. Fitzpatrick bets high on his cook—which is more than I'd do if he were mine."

(Continued in the next number)

A Third-Floor Eden

By Ernestine Winchell



FROM her place at the foot of the breakfast-table the sleek-haired woman looked over the top of her newspaper at the fluffy-haired woman behind the shining coffee-pot, and after a moment of serious contemplation of the delicate, abstracted face, she smiled a slow, flickering illumination of scarlet and pearl.

"This is behaving quite like a man, is n't it, dear—reading my paper at the table?" she deprecated with the inconsistent mid-speech halt that was one of her unexpected attractions. "But you use—"

"Yes, I know," finished Imogen patiently, "breakfast is late and you'll not have time to read at the store. I don't mind, dear, in the least." But she kept her eyes down that Ada might not perceive that she decidedly did mind, and began hurriedly to assemble the dishes for removal.

During a second of poignant silence Ada watched the slender, nervous hands in their deft movements; then she laid the paper on the table, rolled her napkin into its ring, and rose briskly to her feet, a slim, erect figure in perfectly pressed cloth skirt and well-made, exquisitely laundered linen waist, every detail fastidiously exact from the top of her glossy black head to the tip of her gleaming gun-metal toe.

"Did you remember, dear, that this was pay-day?" She was moving toward the mantel as she spoke and did not appear to notice the listlessness of Imogen's reply:

"Yes. The bills are all there, ready."

Gathering the slips in her fingers, Ada returned to the table and glanced them over. "Is this the total . . . in the corner of the rent statement? Why, you superlative little housekeeper, we'll become capitalists . . . at this rate! I believe you grow more thrifty day by

day!" Smiling, she jotted the items in her memorandum-book and glanced up with pencil poised. "How much shall I bring home of your share—or shall I deposit it all for you?"

Imogen turned slowly back from the china-closet looking more pale and pinched than she knew. "Oh, none, I think, unless"—her tired eyes brightened at the inspiration—"unless you should have time to get tickets at the Van Ness for tomorrow evening?"

Ada met the eager eyes with a little, troubled frown between her beautiful brows. "I'm so sorry, dear!" she apologized uneasily. "I did n't think of your wishing to go somewhere then. I've an engagement for tomorrow evening." Her cheek flushed and she lowered her lids, but lifted them directly as a thought occurred to her. "That need not deprive you, though, dear, for I will gladly get the tickets and you can ask Mrs. Wynne to go with you. She'll be delighted."

Imogen took her hands full of dishes and started for the kitchen, answering lightly over her shoulder as she contended with the swing-door: "Oh, never mind, then. Some other time will do. Good-bye, and a good, easy day to you, dear!"

There was a perceptible pause before Ada's responsive—"Well, good-bye, Imogen; don't work too hard, little girl!"—came to her cheerfully, soon followed by the click of the dining-room door, and presently Imogen peered from the window to see Ada's trim-coated form stepping buoyantly down the street; then she sank down on the floor, crossed her arms on the window-sill and cried as women do when confidence falls and hope totters. And though her lament was for today, she knew her grief was for the lost yesterday and doomed tomorrow.

"Don't work too hard!" she repeated in bitter derision, "when this is ironing day with five of those terrible linen waists to do up so Miss Dufere can be

the most immaculately dressed woman-manager in the store! 'Did n't think I would wish to go anywhere!' I suppose I should be content to live and die in these four rooms—be thankful I did n't have to go out and 'work'! . . . Oh, *I* can go with fat old Mrs. Wynne, while *she*—!" There could be but one explanation of that embarrassed hesitation and that almost girlish blush!

The racking sobs diminished as Imogen's mind began to marshal proofs of Ada's defection—incidents of themselves unimportant, but in mass, welded by those many impressions that cannot be given color, a bulk most definite. The flowers, and boxes of chocolates to which she had objected as extravagances, but which Ada had justified with brilliant eyes and smiling lips. Letters that she opened in private and never mentioned. Dinners down town of which she did not speak. And just the other day that telephone call in a man's deeply melodious voice; Imogen had wondered a little even then at Ada's air of subdued excitement as she hurried from the room to respond when notified.

That up to this minute Imogen had failed of the one perfectly logical conclusion was not at all strange, for during the two years they had kept house together masculine subjects had been discussed between them merely as matters of business or of jest. There had been a tacit understanding that men and marriage were quite out of the sphere of women of thirty-seven. And they were certainly not needed, for never were companions more congenial and reciprocally devoted than these two, so alone in the world, so dependent upon each other! Imogen bit her lip and forced back the sobs that threatened again, while she began mechanically to set the room in order.

Her eye fell on the rent-statement lying in the scattered sheaf of slips and she studied curiously the few penned words that had compelled her attention before with their big, scrambling blackness. Strange how they brought to her mental vision the brown, level eyes of the writer and the softly, persistently appealing glances which, in her blind loyalty to Ada, she had invariably ignored. She hastily turned the paper face down, and felt herself grow strangely hot at an

impulse that flamed into being. Once again she stopped in the round of the room, but now it was to stare questioningly into the mirror.

Ada never came home to lunch, for their inexpensive little flat was too far out, but Imogen was seldom idle. Beside the dainty, economical cooking for the two, and the care of the rooms, and the sewing, repairing and pressing, and the washing and ironing, there was always a bit of needlework for the store ready for moments when there was nothing else to do. Today she had scarcely settled herself with her embroidery-hoops when the telephone rang:

"Hello, Imogen: It's Ada." . . . "Why—you wont mind, will you, dear—I called you to say that I wont be home to dinner." . . . "Yes, a matter of business!" . . . "You're sure you dont mind?" . . . "Well it'll save you that much trouble, anyway. Now, *please* dont be lonely, dear. I'll try not to be late. Good-bye!"

Imogen went slowly back to her chair and sat down as if pushed. "I will not cry! I will not cry!" she protested stubbornly, but big drops spattered on her clasped hands and her lips quivered. "I was just beginning to think myself mistaken and morbid and suspicious! . . . And I made a chocolate pudding for dinner because Ada is so fond of it. . . . Who can he be? . . . She was happy and excited and embarrassed all at once—her voice told that!"

Resentful thoughts and rebellious tears alike were stemmed by a rattling knock at the door, followed by the tumultuous entrance of their privileged lower-flat neighbor, who had come up the back way, as was her unceremonious custom.

"My!" panted the visitor on her course to a chair, waving down Imogen's hospitable movement as she passed, "My, oh my!" she gasped again as she crashed into a seat. "My sakes, Miss Blair, honey, I do believe those stairs get steeper every day! I wonder, now, if we could n't coax Mr. Evarts to put in an elevator for us?" She laughed in pleasant billows and winked humorously at Imogen as she continued: "Perhaps, now, if a slim, little, yellow-haired—"her voice and manner changed to instant solicitude as she looked again—"why if you have n't been crying, honey! What is it?

Are you dull, all by yourself in this empty flat—or has your pretty 'husbin' gone trapesing off with another woman!" Mrs. Wynne giggled again at her jest, but ceased at once when she saw Imogen's tears falling afresh. "There, there!" she comforted, laying a plump hand sympathetically over the little twisted ones. "Now, tell Aunty all about it!"

"She's gone with a *man*—to dinner!" cried Imogen, sliding into a heap at Mrs. Wynne's knee. "And she's going with him to the play tomorrow—and she has been deceiving me right along while I have been cooped up here in the house doing everything I could think of to make her happy and comfortable!"

If the listener's billows of flesh did shake now and then at Imogen's recital, the speaker was indifferent to every sensation but sorrow and despair.

"My! isn't that just like a man?" chuckled the older woman, patting the fluffy head consolingly. "'Detained on business!' 'Hope you wont be lonely!' 'Engagement.' Ha, ha! Why, my dear, you might just as well be married!—only, since you are both girls you can both play that little game!"

"I dont want to play it!" retorted Imogen fiercely. "I only want my Ada to stay with me and love only me. Oh, we were so happy, Mrs. Wynne! You cant imagine how perfect has been our life together. And now—!"

"I know, I know." Mrs. Wynne comforted with understanding, and then went on vehemently: "What in Creation possesses Ada Dufere to jump out of safety and comfort into all sorts of dangers and trouble is beyond me! Now you two, the way you are, have all the advantages of a married couple with none of the trials and burdens, and here it is like to be sacrificed for some silly infatuation or other, I'm surprised at her—I really am!"

"But dont you think, Mrs. Wynne, dear, that I might be mistaken after all?" shifted Imogen wistfully. "Oh,"—the tears welled up again—"it does n't seem possible that Ada could fail me so. Perhaps it *is* business?"

"What business has she except her position at the store?" Mrs. Wynne questioned doubtfully. "Do you know of anything? No, you poor child"—as Imogen

shook her head despondently—"it all looks very plain to me. But cheer up, honey; think how much harder it would be if you were a married couple."

"I dont see how it could have been worse." Imogen sighed pathetically. "She was all I had—my whole future was staked on her and her faithfulness. I love her, Mrs. Wynne; dont you see?" She battled a moment with a sob, and went on bravely: "So I shall not be any weaker than I must. If she has a chance for greater happiness than I can give her, I shall let her go. I am hurt, and jealous, and desolate—but I shall not be ugly." Inexplicably a vivid red flowed over her face. For a reactionary instant she looked full at Mrs. Wynne, and to that lady's utter mystification slowly asserted in distinct denial: "*Yes, I will, too!*"

When Ada came into their common bed-room at midnight, Imogen, distrustful of her active powers of deception, pretended to be sleeping soundly, but long after Ada had been warned to even-breathed repose by her devoted flesh Imogen lay wide awake striving, after the way of conscientious and introspective woman, to decide what part of her temptation was of retaliation and what of self-defense.

Wonderfully enough, the morning gave no hint of new conditions in the little household, but immediately following Ada's departure Imogen deliberately changed her morning dress for a pretty delft-blue percale hitherto reserved for afternoon wear, and over it tied a big white apron, embroidered and high-bibbed. With her soft blonde hair rearranged in even fluffier and more graceful fashion she made a charming picture in which the question of thirty-seven years had no part. But as she viewed herself in the mirror the pale cheeks were suddenly stained with shame.

"This time, if he looks at me at all, he will simply think what a foolish, flighty old maid it is," she jeered, but she carefully repinned a curl in more becoming position.

There was really, however, too little difference from her every-morning daintiness to impress the vision of a man, and, anyway, when she received the land'lord in the hall he had, as usual, no place for

his eyes but her softly-tinted, fair-featured, sweet, womanly face.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Evarts! This is rent morning, is n't it? Well, I have it ready. But—Mr. Evarts! Will you please step into the kitchen and see about this leaking faucet? Possibly you could fix it yourself?" Imogen glanced from his particularly capable-looking hands up to his direct, serious, eloquent eyes—then away with a blush so unexpected and bewildering that she almost gasped.

"I'll inspect it, certainly," he replied in a curiously even tone, and followed her to where the water dribbled noisily on snowy porcelain. A second of skillful manipulation stopped the drip, and as the man dried his hands on the crisp towel Imogen gave him, his gaze traveled over the walls.

"Dont you think, Miss Blair," he suggested a little hurriedly, but with a determined settling at the corners of his clear-cut mouth, "that this kitchen would be the better for fresh tinting? And how about the other rooms—would n't you like it all done over?"

Imogen was startled by the calm proposition, for the undeniable fact was that the little flat showed perfect condition from corner to corner, and she felt herself coloring again in unerring feminine comprehension of the man's expedient. It was along the lines of her over-night decision, however, so she faced the guns bravely.

"Why, yes," she agreed mendaciously. "We had not intended to trouble you about it at present, but—it ought not to be allowed to run down."

"Then—if you will show me through the flat?" He deferred to her with a quiet courtesy that gave her time to regain control of the situation, she thought, but somehow they were presently seated in the little reception-room together and talking of anything and everything but renovations. But if Stephen Evarts rather forced the advantage he had gained, Imogen Blair could find no reasonable fault with his method, and when the street door had crashed to after him, she stood behind the curtains of the front window and watched his broad shoulders go swinging down the sidewalk, with something more than curiosity shining in her soft eyes. A few doors past, he

openly turned to look up at that third-floor casement and she shrank behind the hangings, though she well knew he could not see her; and she continued to watch till she saw him board a passing car with all the agility of a happy boy.

"I think," she mused, while tender, brooding smiles called a shy dimple to her cheek, "that he told me all his past history, and all his hopes and plans." On pink finger-tips she touched them off, half in amusement, half for reconsideration. "He is forty years old; has been eight years a widower—poor lad! This is one of five houses that he owns. He'd have an automobile if he had some one to enjoy it with him." She laughed a soft little note, nodding her head indulgently, but in a flash had straightened in self-condemnation.

"Why, why, *why* did I do it? I did n't *think* it would be like this!" Flaming hot with guilt, chilling cold with dismay, the realization stormed over her that this man who loved her patiently and silently so long as he saw no hope had accepted in ardent sincerity the mocking, self-comforting glimmer she had allowed him. A blind impulse born of jealousy and loneliness had loosed a force that appalled her and now, prompted by long-cultivated maidenly austerity, she turned in a panic of retreat, while the wholesome natural woman of her flung bewildering tangles of joy in the way.

From out her emotional chaos she finally dragged a reluctant resolution—"Should he presume to call, I will find a way unquestionably to put him in his place,"—and squaring her shoulders to strengthen it she shoved cold, belligerent fists into the convenient apron-pockets—to withdraw one hand, flexed and shaking, and stare, astounded, at its contents. Some gold pieces and the unreceipted rent bill! That man had been there for *hours* and she had let him go without his money. Her knees felt weak and staggering, and groping to a chair she sat down and spread the alarming things on her lap. What would he think? . . . Would the creature *dare* imagine it intentional? . . . Perhaps he would return for it—possibly today. . . . The room seemed suddenly warm. But presently she wrapped the coins within the paper, and with grim tightening of lips made for

coos and kisses, rammed the hard little wad in a corner of the hall-rack.

Next morning the gas-man, and later the milk-man, were first dazzled by the delft-blue gown and big white apron, then dazed by a surprisingly crisp severity from gentle Miss Blair; but he for whom both dress and manner had been prepared, and for whom the hard little wad had been transferred from hall-rack to apron pocket, still remained safely away.

It was early afternoon when Stephen Evarts came, and though he smiled a little at the precipitation with which a corner-weighted small envelope was tendered, he finished the matter without a word.

"Now," he proposed, the smile deepening as his lowered eyes guided the pen back to place, "I should like very much to consult with you further about these repairs, if you will favor me. I think we came to no definite conclusions yesterday. Can you spare a few minutes?" His face was grave as he concluded, and his gallant brown eyes were holding hers with the look a woman obeys.

Five sentences they exchanged regarding decorations, and when, at the end of an overflowing hour, he stood up to go, she dared not meet his glance as he asked simply and confidently: "May I come tomorrow?"

In the days that followed, dear dreams, long smothered, breathed, and stirred to life. Joy ran in Imogen's veins like ripened wine. Dried petals cracked and her heart bloomed gloriously into full flower. A wide sweet wonder flooded her whole being, and every task that fell to her untiring hands was performed as an act of worship to Love.

But for all the happy new meaning that existence read for her, Imogen still yearned consumingly for the old beautiful communion with Ada, and very soon she was beating her love-quickenened brain for a way to bring them together.

What an adorable woman Ada was! Her small, imperious head was tipped a little as she read her morning paper, and the faint double-frown that leveled the inky line of her brows did not mar the charm of her thoughtful countenance. Now the exquisite scarlet thread of her

lips was curving to one of her slow, radiant smiles and she flashed a sparkling glance across the table to Imogen.

"What is it, dear?" she questioned with the old sympathetic intonation of the loved voice, but she went on without awaiting reply, folding the paper as she spoke. "Those innocent eyes are drawing out my inmost soul, sweet accuser! I'm not very good . . . at keeping secrets—and I'm mighty glad it's all settled, so I can tell you . . . Imogen, old girlie, I'm going to take you to Santa Cruz for four glorious weeks!" She laughed contentedly at Imogen's incredulous, bewildered stare and blew her a kiss. "Yes, really! This is the way of it: You remember those Richmond lots of mine? Well, I found I could not pay for them, for there had been street work, and all sorts of extra expenses. By the oddest . . . accident I learned of a *wildly* wealthy woman who thought of buying property out there. George—Mr. George Temple, the agent, you know, was very . . . busy, so he turned it over to me to manage for myself, and I determined to make more than the commission out of it. My dear, I surely earned all I made, for if ever a customer was difficult to land it was she. I simply *haunted* her, Imogen—why, what in the world! *Imogen!* Dear, what *are* you crying about?"

They rose together and met midway. Locked in Ada's embrace, Imogen sobbed incoherent phrases that tightened the enfolding arms. "Think of it!" the tender voice wailed, "while you were doing your daily work—and struggling with business problems—just like a man, you heroic, splendid, wonderful girl!—and all for blind, selfish me—I grow suspicious, and ugly and jealous—and then—then prove unfaithful myself!"

Ada kissed her gently, then fiercely, and put her in a chair. When Imogen presently looked up from her sodden scrap of handkerchief Ada was quietly walking up and down with an inscrutable expression on her quivering white features, but now she came to a stop and gazed into the wide-apart wells of shadowy blue that were lifted in almost childish appeal.

"I see," she averred with a queer little

throaty inflection while the slow bright smile flickered and vanished, "that I have made . . . the usual mistake. I, too, have failed to reckon the effect of . . . uncertainty on the mind of the lonely, shut-in woman who loves . . . It has wrecked many an Eden since the beginning!" She sank at Imogen's feet and encompassed her with caressing, protecting arms. "But everything is all right now, is n't it, dear?"

"You are, Ada—sweetheart; you're a true comrade, and an angel. But I—listen! I have let a man love me! And—Ada, Ada, what shall we do—for I love *him*!" Crushed down by regret and

contrition, Imogen's fair head drooped against the shining coils of black.

From her bent knees Ada straightened till their cheeks were pressed together. "Imogen!"—the sweetest tinkle of laughter broke her low voice—"we will *all* motor to Santa Cruz! The *four* of us, and good, jolly Aunty Wynne! No, dear; keep still. He said over and over that he wished we were to be . . . *that* kind of a party! No, no! Wait a minute—did n't you suspect . . . at all? It's George Temple, *of course* . . . and we're going in his car! It's *all* settled! Now, kiss me, dear—oh, my *dear*!"

Life

By Jared Mallett

(*A savant has announced that the processes of life are merely chemical changes.*)

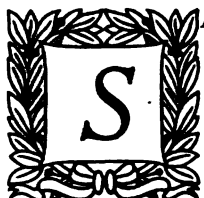
Life had heretofore seemed such a problem—
What is "Wrong?" What is "Right?" What is "Truth?"
Is the "Soul" just a preacher's hobgoblin?
And *why* were the sins of our youth?
But now 'tis as easy as lying;
I know all its depth and its range.
From birth to the trifle of dying,
O Life 's but a chemical change.

Go on, Messrs. Morgan and Ryan,
Go on, Messrs. William and John,
With rebates and selling and buying,
With oil and with water,—go on.
You are only a great aggregation
Of "Sells." There is nothing that 's strange.
You 'll dissolve to a proper damnation
By a simple and chemical change.

You scholar, you preacher, you poet,
You men of celestial fire;
You can run just so long, did you know it?
As your trolley is touching the wire.
You maidens fair, smiling and frolic,
Must your molecules, too, disarrange?
Aye! Life from mad love to the colic
Is only a chemical change.

Lincoln: Man and American

By Stephen S. Wise



SAINT Beuve has said, "The glory of Bossuet has become one of the religions of France. We recognize it, we proclaim it, we honor ourselves by paying to it daily a new tribute." May we not say that the glory of Lincoln has become one of the religions of America,—a religion of the American people? The glory of Lincoln, who was more than President, more than statesman, more than martyr, is our religion. If we do not worship him, it is not, as Carlyle says, that "men worship the shows of great men; the most disbelieve that there is any reality of great men to worship," but because he is almost too great for our homage and too lofty for our praise. His glory is our religion. His mercy is a consecration of American life.

It is well to emphasize every day, and more than ever at such a time as this, that Lincoln is a religion in our land, lest some of us imagine that the railroad-dividend or the yield of the mine, or the harvest of the fields, or the output of the factory, or the cash-book of the warehouse, is our religion. In the temple of deathless fame his memory is enshrined. We do not know whether his bust has been chosen to adorn a niche in the Hall of Fame on the University Heights in New York; if not, it is because he is Fame. His tomb at Springfield is not less sacred and precious than the grave at Mt. Vernon, each a revered shrine of the American people, each a hallowed altar of humanity.

Vindication of the American Democracy,—we call this man of the people, simply sublime because sublimely simple. Let other nations boast of their achievements; we point to Lincoln, the man,—not unique, but uniquely American, matchless the world over, but completely, robustly, sincerely American.

No miracle was he who was the inevitable product of the American people. Far greater than the seeming miracle of his life would have been the failure of America to bring forth a man equal to its supreme trial. Not by virtue of accident rose Lincoln to the place of liberator of a race and saviour of a Nation. The mission came to the man because he was the man for the mission. The unutterable privilege of breaking the shackles from off the hands of millions of slaves had to come to Abraham Lincoln, because of the destiny of his character,—this man of rugged strength of character, uncompromising conscience, unspoiled simplicity of heart, blameless purity of soul, whose was "the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness."

Turning for a moment to a foreign estimate of Lincoln, which naturally is temperate and sober and in no sense perfervid, we find the French Democracy some years back casting a commemorative medal inscribed: "Lincoln,—honest man,—abolished slavery, re-established the Union, saved the Republic." The "honest man" of the French characterization explains everything else. There is a direct and inevitable relation between "honest man" and all the rest. Great as were his achievements, the French people rightly felt that the man was even greater than his works. "Honest man" France names him; the negro race call him "Father Abraham,"—a title infinitely more to be desired than "Conqueror," which is the portion of an Alexander or a Napoleon.

We are often reminded, and not without justice, that there is nothing supremely great in American art or letters, that the contributions of America to the world's treasure-stores are all material, such as the cotton-gin and the steam-press, the telegraph and steamboat, the telephone and harvester. If American letters have produced nothing superla-

tively great, we have something superlatively great to offer to history in the life of the founder of the Republic and in the life of him, who was the saviour of the Nation and the restorer of our National Union. We point to Lincoln, the man. Beecher apostrophizes him as Illinois' gift to the Nation. Lowell glorifies him as the new birth of our new soil,—the first American. Emerson sees that he is an heroic figure at the center of an heroic epoch. Wendell Phillips proudly hails him as the natural growth of democratic institutions. And Phillips Brooks honors him with a name above every other that he might have asked,—this best and most American of all Americans.

Lincoln was the most American of Americans. It cannot truly be said that Lincoln was not a type. God help us if Lincoln be not a type, if it be true that he stands alone without fellows, without ancestors and without successors. His ancestors were Cromwell and Hampdon, Hancock and Adams, Washington and Franklin. His ancestry was the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence. His forerunners were Garrison, John Brown, Theodore Parker. Lincoln himself was just and generous enough to say of his forerunners, the intrepid abolitionists, that their moral power had enabled him to do all.

Lincoln was chosen out of all the people,—the great American commoner, plain man of the people, as Emerson first styled him. To be the first man of a people in a land where every citizen is king is to be the manliest of men and the kingliest of kings,—king by divine right, by the divinest of rights,—the right of manhood and worth and character. Is it not the very Paladium of our liberty that the commoner, the home-spun man, may rise to the highest station in the land? Is it not the inspiration of our youth and the pride of our manhood that the commoner, speaking for his kind, voiced the abiding truth: Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth?

Lincoln the man is at one and the same time the vindication of the American Democracy and of the dignity and noble-

ness of the common people from whom he was sprung. He proved anew that the uncommonest men and women rise out of the ranks of the so-called common people. Sprung from the people, and trusting in the people, the people trusted and loved him. "They who trust us educate us." They alone distrust the people who are not worthy of a people's trust. Let not a man of the people who trusts and would serve them, who dares to speak of the duties of the strong and the rights of the weak, be derided as a demagogue. For Lincoln was a man of the people,—not a blatant demagogue, not a democrat on parade, but so democratic, so firmly trusting in the people that the immortal watchword which he gave to the Nation was the necessary expression of the fundamental democracy of faith and life of him "whose genuine love of the people no one could suspect of being either the cheap flattery of the demagogue or the abstract philanthropy of the philosopher." As one reviews the life of Lincoln, the prophet of Democracy, one is moved to say that no man has the right to call himself a democrat who distrusts the people, who is fearful of entrusting the people with plenary power, who is afraid that the popular-rights movement has gone too far. Lincoln trusted the common people with less reason for faith in them than have we. We have every reason to trust the people, which moved him to place his trust in them, and one besides, Lincoln himself,—the common people incarnate in this type-man.

Democracy means not the eternal sounding of futile shibboleths, such as State rights,—too often an apology for a state of wrong,—but the application of fundamental political principles to the working out of the problems of American life and American welfare. Democracy is to be something more than the pose of a hungry office-hunting minority; it is to be the genuine conviction of a vast majority, not the slogan of a party, but the ideal of the whole Nation. We have seen within recent years that a man may safely trust the people and find the vindication of his own honest purpose in the loyal and enthusiastic support of the common people.

Lincoln fulfilled the ideal laid down in the holy writ for the governance of those who are to choose judges and rulers of the people: "Moreover, thou shalt choose out of all the people men of strength, such as fear God, men of truth, hating their own gain."

"Men of strength" were the judges and rulers to be! He was a man of that moral strength which is the noblest courage,—strong enough to dare to be in the right and to do the right though he must needs stand alone. Let us not forget his strength, who was as strong as he was simple,—not only strong enough to carry on a mighty war to a triumphant close, but strong enough to oppose an unjust war, even though waged by his country. So strong was he that, refusing to be goaded on by his friends and unafraid of his foes, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation at the right hour, when it was destined to achieve the greatest good. Man of strength was he who, three days before his assassination, gave voice to the guiding rule of his life: "Important principles may and must be inflexible"; who, in his Cooper Union address, delivered himself of the almost prophetic burden, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Such as fear God! Fearless before man, Abraham Lincoln feared God. Lip-piety was not of the substance of his religion, nor was he given to many professions of faith, but he walked in the fear of God. Not only was he a profoundly religious man, the content of whose life was rooted in religion, whose religion flowered in the beauty of the good and the true, but his was conscious faith in a supreme purpose. Almost might one say, in paraphrase of the word of Schiller, that the churches were not religious enough to command his allegiance. The question touching his day is not so much whether Lincoln was a churchman, but whether the churches of his time were Lincoln-like. Only to a God-fearing man could have come the inspiration with which he closed his Second Inaugural Address: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to

finish the work we are in." Such fear of God is a nation's strength.

"Men of truth!" Scorning to tell a lie and lover of truth, this man who could not stoop to think or to speak a lie was little likely to act a lie or live a lie. Compromise and time-serving were strangers to his vocabulary. Nothing could be unfairer than to think of Lincoln, as is sometimes done, as if he had been a man of political cunning, lacking intellectual stability and moral courage. He was open-minded, but he was sturdily self-reliant; he was intellectually receptive, but always self-contained, even as he was a man of the people but never common. Schurz tells that in the first Springfield Legislature in which he sat, he recorded his protest against a pro-slavery resolution though followed by only one other man. So did he love truth and scorn a lie that when he was warned in advance against the consequences of his Springfield address, he silenced his timid friends with the unforgettable word, "It is true and I will deliver it as written."

"Hating their own gain!" Self-seeking was far from him and the quest after gain of any kind was unthinkable in this lover of his country. He was not a President with a conscience, but he was conscience incarnate. He hated the gain of the people's praise, even the gain of such popular good will as would bring about his re-election, unless such gain could be had without the sacrifice of self-respect. He was a statesman who pleaded ever for truth and never for victory. He would have shared Lowell's scorn for the party which builds a platform as a bridge to victory, and not, one might add, as a refuge of truth. The people could not flatter him, politicians could not frighten him, riches could not purchase him, ambition could not unsteady him, power could not dazzle him, who served his conscience as his king, who "held his steadfast way like the sun across the firmament."

Rightly was it said of Lincoln that his was a character such as only freedom knows how to make. If our democracy become polluted by the taint of caste, it will produce no Abraham Lincolns. Lincoln fought not so much slavery as the things that made it possible,—the feudal spirit of caste of which negro slavery was only the most abhorrent symptom.

It was a noble prophecy of the people's tribune, George William Curtis, that the part assigned to this country in the good fight of man is the total overthrow of the spirit of caste. It is a far cry from the riotous opposition to the appearance of a coat-of-arms, in the late thirties of the last century, on the carriages of a rich New York family, to the title-hunting mothers and fathers of our own day, who prefer the purchase of any contemptible dukelet or paltry princeling to the best of men, who bears no prouder title than that of fellow-American of Abraham Lincoln.

We need not a new South, but a true South, a South that shall be true to itself, true to the Union and true to the principles of true democracy; a South that shall not have the name of Democracy upon its lips and despotism in its heart. One thing is certain,—that the way not to prepare the negro for citizenship is the way, in large part, of the South, which denies to the negro the right to complete education, which grants him little more than the shreds and scraps of a rudimentary education that is not worthy of the name. Unless Lincoln's work is to be done in vain, the South must not fix upon servitude without chains as the eternal portion of the negro race.

Lincoln has conferred a new dignity upon labor, but the new dignity of labor must include larger dignity and fuller life for the toiler. If it be true, as Lincoln has said, that to secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government, then children should cease to toil,—then Northern capital shall cease to enslave the children of the South,—then women must not be overworked and underpaid, and must not be driven into shame from shop and store and factory by a starvation wage, then man must have a larger and larger share of the fruits of his labor. If we are to do Lincoln's work, we must enfranchise all men, and first of all ourselves, into that glorious liberty of the sons of God which has been appointed to us, that we, the citizens of the American democracy, may be the emancipators of untold millions for all time.

Not very long ago I was invited to purchase a volume purporting to set forth the genealogy of Lincoln. The price of the volume was to be ten dollars,—something more than the value of the house in which Lincoln was born. The descent of Lincoln is of very little importance by the side of the question,—How shall we avert a descent from Lincoln? What can we do in order to ascend to the heights on which he stood? The Lincoln commemoration from year to year will be of little value unless, in the spirit of the Gettysburg address, we make it tell by dedicating ourselves anew to the things for which he lived and died. The important thing today is not what we say of Lincoln but what Lincoln would say of us, if he were here in this hour and could note the drift and tendency in American life and American politics. Are we true to him, are we loyal to his memory?

Lincoln is become for us the test of human worth, and we honor men in the measure in which they approach the absolute standard of Abraham Lincoln. Other men may resemble and approach him; he remains the standard whereby all other men are measured and appraised. Gibbon tells us that two hundred and fifty years after the death of Trajan, the Senate in calling out the customary acclamation on the accession of an Emperor, wished that he might surpass the felicity of Augustus and the virtue of Trajan. *Melior Trajano*,—better than Trajan! Such a standard is Lincoln become to us, save that we dare not hope that any American may serve his country better than did Lincoln. However covetous of honor for our country we may be, we cherish no higher hope for the land we love than that the servants of the Republic in all time may rise to the stature of Abraham Lincoln.

In his lifetime Lincoln was maligned and traduced, but detraction during a man's lifetime affords no test of his life's value and offers no forecast of history's verdict. It would almost seem as if the glory of immortality were anticipated in the life of the great by detraction and denial while he lives. When a Lincoln-like man arises, let us recognize and fitly honor him. There could be no poorer

way of honoring the memory of Lincoln than to assume, as we sometimes do, that the race of Lincolns has perished from the earth, and that we shall not look upon his like again. One way to ensure the passing of the Lincolns is to assume that another Lincoln can never arise. Would we find Lincoln today, we must not seek him in the guise of a rail-splitter nor as a wielder of the axe of the backwoodsman, but as a mighty smiter of wrong in high places and low.

Edmund Burke once said that during the reign of the kings of Spain of the Austrian family, whenever they were at a loss in the Spanish Councils, it was common for their statesmen to say that they ought to consult the genius of Philip II. We dwell in times of great perplexity

and are beset by far-reaching problems of social, industrial and political import. We shall not greatly err if upon every occasion we consult the genius of Abraham Lincoln. We shall not falter nor swerve from the path of national righteousness if we live by the moral genius of the great American commoner.

The first word spoken after the death of Lincoln is truest and best,—the word of Secretary of War Stanton standing by the side of that scene of peace,—“Now he belongs to the ages.” It was verdict and prophecy, for he is not America's, he is the world's; he belongs not to our age, but to the ages, and yet, though he belong to all time, and to all peoples, he is ours, for he was an American.



THE Senatorial sub-committee (Burrows of Michigan, chairman), has brought in a verdict in the Lorimer bribery case of “Not proven”; holding that the four men who confessed to being bribed ought not to be believed, and the three men who were accused of giving the bribes ought to be believed. Senator Frazier (Tennessee) dissents. And certainly the world will agree with him, that it is to be regretted Senator Lorimer did not take the stand himself to deny the guilty knowledge with which he was charged. Nothing so becomes an innocent man as to fearlessly face his accusers and open himself to full investigation. The result is one more argument in favor of popular election of Senators—and indeed in favor of popular power generally. Legislators are not such superior people after all.

ANOTHER blow at legislators, legislatures and that easy, if not cheap, road to the United States Senate is the disgraceful intriguing, bullying and purchasing going on in New Jersey in the interest of “Jim” Smith and his machine to return him to the

Senate against the people's choice, James Martine. Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson boldly and ably champions the cause of the people—which lifts him into the list of those who will be acceptable to the Democratic-democrats as candidates for the Presidential nomination.

Oregon may well say “Blessed be Statement No. 1.”

THE “Chicago Public” (every weekly issue of which has food for thought), contains an editorial correctly criticising President Taft's intimation that the Supreme Court of the United States makes the final law of the land. “The Public” goes on to show what every American citizen should know that the Supreme Court is only the head of one of the co-ordinate branches of the Government; that it has no power to

control either the Legislative or the Executive departments. Its decisions are binding on no one but the parties to the litigation and only the subserviency of Congress and Presidents (lawyers as a rule) has exalted the Supreme Court to a position of oligarchic power which is indeed dangerous.

CHIEF Justice White is an excellent lawyer, a profound judge and an able presiding officer. His dissenting opinion in the Income Tax case is most forcible, and will some day be regarded as the correct statement of the Constitutional point involved. From a personal point of view his appointment cannot be criticised. But that President Taft should violate a precedent every President since John Marshall's death, before whom the question has come, has battled to maintain, shows once more a certain light and airy character not to be suspected in one of his build.

It is strange that the soldier President, Grant, should have been so firm for this salutary precedent, and the judicial President Taft so thoughtless of it.

On the death of Chief Justice Chase, the friends of Justice Miller moved heaven and earth to have him promoted to the vacancy. Even the Attorney-General, whose advice in such matters is weighty (Judge George H. Williams, of Oregon) urged his old-time friend for the place. But President Grant replied:

"No. I would like to appoint him, but this very pressure on me shows the wisdom of making firm the precedent that no member of the bench may hope for promotion, thus removing all intriguing from the bench itself. Were I to appoint Justice Miller, a wholesome precedent, it has taken generations to build up, will be shattered. Every member of the bench will feel the position is open to him and it will introduce politics and intrigue among the members of the Supreme bench, who should be free from all influences and dissensions. Whereas, if I am now firm it will probably become an unwritten part of our constitution too strong to be broken."

Judge Williams used to say that time and reflection had convinced him that Grant was right, and he (Williams), in his friendly and partisan fervor, had been less wise than the military President: and he used to cite this as an instance of Grant's common-sense and firmness.

Valuable as Chief Justice White undoubtedly is, it may be well doubted that he is as valuable as the long established precedent now destroyed, (unless he is the only man fit for the position.)

THE bacillus Martis seems to be in the air, causing Nipponphobia with paroxysms of terror. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy unite in showing how helpless is the Pacific Coast to an invasion by the Japanese; so that it seems to me the Nippon-

ese will be the stupidest little gentlemen in the world if they do not hurry over here and take us while we are squalling for mercy. One warrior who, I understand, has seen service as a newspaper correspondent and gives his martial picture with all his decorations as a frontispiece, has written a book called the "Valor of Ignorance," at the conclusion of which I concluded it should be re-entitled the "Ignorance of Valor." He kindly points out not only the general strategy, but the landing points and bases of supplies; not only these, but the particular camps and routes of assault and positions of defence. The supine American is aided to grasp his fate by maps accurate in every detail. If I remember correctly Pullman, Washington, is the Japanese center of operations. God help them. (The Japanese). Not that I have anything against Pullman, but I am quite sure the Japanese general staff would seek to retreat after three days at Ah Fong's restaurant. Then would be our opportunity. If the invading Japanese army could be lured to Pullman and then all railroad rates suddenly raised, we would have them at our mercy, and my idea would be that air-ships could swoop down from Mt. Adams and drop plum puddings and other Christmas deadly weapons upon them. I don't offer this as the only possible plan. If once we got the hostile army at Pullman the American genius will rise to the occasion and devise ingenious means to keep them there. This whole Coast is filled with Japanese spies. Some are making observations, others pies. Some with infinite pains and stupidity are drawing headlands which they might buy on postal cards at two for five cents, but perhaps they are grafters and want to get a heavy expense allowance. One of the most dangerous of these spies, because the least to be suspected, is a boy about fourteen years of age who makes the furnace fire and chops kindlings for a friend of mine for recreation, and attends night school as a labor. It is terrible to look into that boy's apparently frightened and timid face and think of the treachery and slaughter he is meditating. He is a prince in disguise—and I will say this for him, that he is well disguised. His going to night school is only a pretence. He writes Japanese as well as I do. He really goes there to learn, from the conversation, what is the exact state of our National defences and he reports direct to the Emperor. He also has millions and millions in bank subject to his order, but he disguises this also—alas, and insists on wages, showing the perfidy and cunning of these Orientals.

But I forget; meanwhile we are leaving Pullman, Washington, the easy prey to the invading horde of barbarians. But will Pullman let them off so cheaply? Not, I take it, if Pullman is true to its historic name and remembers it is the upper berth of Liberty.

I can see the town marshal displaying his star and demanding what in hell they

mean by disturbing the peace and dignity of the city. I can hear the clangor of the fire bells and see the volunteer firemen clap their Mars-like helmets on their devoted heads and play a steady stream on General Togo-or-not-to-go and his staff, who are obliged to seek refuge in their hay coats and paper umbrellas. But alas, the final arbitrament of deadly war always lies with the heavier battalions, the heavier military chests and the heavier resources; therefore, as Japan is superior to us in wealth, population and resources, I see the brave but humble community of Pullman become as extinct as Troy. On the spot where once stood its stately palaces I see the Secretaries of the Navy and of War and the author of the "Ignorance of Valor," clad in mustard-colored khaki too tight for vanity or comfort, with bandages on their calves, exchanging kisses with Representative Hobson, of Alabama, while they lament: "Oh Pullman—Pullman—how often would we have gathered you and a billion dollars under our wings, but ye would not!"

With the advanced thought of the world preparing an international tribunal and questioning whether war will be permitted—that's the word—permitted by an International Peace League of the stronger Powers; with the war debts impossible ever to be liquidated—that's the word—eternally impossible; and a repudiation of some sort, of the interest certain in the future—that's the word—repudiation; with the workers of the world beginning to intimate they will refuse to be drained by further war taxes—that's the word—**Refuse**, it surely looks as if we might trust our vast resources, our vast country and our moral strength a little more as insurance against an exhausted nation on which China, a waking giant, has a watchful eye. If China and Japan unite in aggression, then indeed it will be a race war to which Europe must come. But why strut and swagger and say "S' Blood!" Let me quote from the Tea Book of Okakura Kakuzo: "The average Westerner in his sleek complacency * * * was wont to regard Japan as barbarous while she indulged in the gentle arts of peace; he calls her civilized since she began to commit wholesale slaughter on Manchurian battlefields." It is a just criticism and a poor idea of civilization. International slaughter to settle disputes is as **unnecessary**, as **wasteful**, and as **disturbing** as the duel or manslaughter to settle private ones. A ship of war costs from five to twelve millions—only to be punctured by a torpedo or from an air-ship, or finally scrapped as obsolete without firing a hostile shot.

I would rather take my risk of a Japanese invasion than pay the enormous insurance asked by these Japanese hysterics. What effect can this Yellow Peril delirium tremens of a Yellow Press have on our neighbor Nippon? As for the Philippines: as wise men pointed out from the beginning;

what good have they been or will they be to the plain American people? The predatory minded will exploit them, and the masses will pay the bills. Edmond Threy says the maintenance of the armed peace has cost Europe in the last twenty-five years twenty-nine billions of dollars and has constantly kept during that period as parasites and out of productive employment, a yearly average of nearly four million men.

REPRESENTATIVE Rainey, of Illinois, (Democrat), has introduced a resolution calling for inquiry into the sources of ex-President Roosevelt's transportation and supplies while he was President, and a Georgian is said to have asked him also to cause to be investigated the Roosevelt African hunting trip under auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.

No man is above the law (in theory) and were there facts warranting an investigation, former President Roosevelt would not be exempt because of his high office; but certainly the dignity of that office ought to protect it from baseless mud-throwing or cheap insinuation. If there are facts, even facts of suspicion, let us have them. Whatever Colonel Roosevelt's faults, no one has accused him of grafting; whatever differences of opinion there may be as to him, there is none as to his honesty.

I am a Democrat. I do not place Colonel Roosevelt on a pedestal, but to me such insinuations seem gratuitous insults to a man once the head of our Nation, and today as always, an honest gentleman! They can only gratify blind malice and much injure the democratic prestige.

The report is that the resolution has been pigeonholed. That is the worst mistake of all. Colonel Roosevelt's friends should see that it is pressed rapidly to a conclusion.

MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY is dead. Dr. George L. West, who was called in after her death to make the legal death certificate, says that he was met by Mr. Calvin A. Frye who told him Mrs. Eddy had been "in error" about a week, and had passed away very quietly. Mrs. Eddy is and will be an historical figure and it is interesting to us of her own time to note what we can of her personality and the great movement of which she was the acknowledged head.

Neither she nor her book seem to explain the sudden and wide growth of the new religion. The book, save as it draws from the Bible, is not a work of philosophy or poetry or literature. There is no new thought, but there is an insistence on an old thought: that God is good, that godliness is goodness, that all evil is a departure from the goodness of God, and is therefore error, and above all there is the insistence, such as is found in no other church today, that the goodness of life must be practical; that the life which does not enact

practical good is a life of error; and error is inconsistent with the profession of Christian Science.

It is true there are inconsistent Christian Scientists as there are inconsistent Methodists, Catholics or Buddhists. Not conscious hypocrites, but people whose cold or selfish nature is too great to be overcome by a creed. A candid world must acknowledge, however, that there is a greater reformation in the individual life, a greater practical application of goodness to the relations of man with man among Christian Scientists than among the general group of creeds. Given a Christian Scientist, the chances are a hundred to one you find a practitioner of the Golden Rule, a doer of good, a sunny disposition toward life, a patient endurer of misfortune. That this is not all natural temperament is evidenced by those who have changed from impatience and tyranny to patience and love in their relations to their own families and to others.

Compared with this spiritual effect on actual life, the question whether bones are set by faith and cancers healed, is relatively trifling.

Huxley, I believe it was, said Christian Science was neither Christian nor Scientific. I myself do not think it is scientific, but I do think it is Christian in the highest degree. And of the two, great as is Scientific truth, the Spiritual truth is greater in its power to create human happiness. If it be Christian to promote the Spirit of Christ, patience, returning good for evil, love of fellow men—even enemies, pure in thought, hating evils, championing the cause of the poor and the oppressed, then I say the Christian Scientists are pre-eminently Christian. They have even learned to tolerate difference of opinion and have no desire to bully the consciences of others as do other churches. The net balance to their side of the good is very great, whatever we may think of them as exact Scientists. Now why this great growth, so suddenly from a person not remarkable, as I view it, in her writings or personality? By that I do not mean that Mrs. Eddy was ordinary. That view would be foolish, but her scientifically crude thoughts, as they seem to me, and her mere refashioning of the Bible (Old and New Testaments) in vague—almost incoherent—fashion, do not account for a great, virile and admirable cult. The whole thing seems to suggest a ready and eager mass entering into which the merest drop of leaven was enough to cause the great ferment. People today are more keenly than ever alive to the great Christ example, but are sick and tired of theology and dogma, the useless and killing overlay of churchly discipline and stupid dogma, which is absolutely at variance with every scientific truth and every modern thought. People instinctively are sick of the weekly sermon and meeting which means nothing through the week and leaves them barren of spiritual grasp and comfort.

When, therefore, a new (old) version of Christ himself was offered, clean and undefiled, simple, undogmatic, without tyranny or anathema, the simple substance of the Christ spirit brought down to present day life, the many souls hungry for such spirituality, grasped it—and the mystic utterances of the prophet, and the inexhaustible cravings of the human soul and that eternal mystery, the human mind, did the rest.

There will always be millions ready to grasp at any creed which offers a simple rule of life, and brings with it self-approval, comfort, and hope. Stripping off all the husk of what has been termed "Unscientific insanity," Christian Science, as its kernel, does offer this very thing; a non-complex creed, a simple rule of living, a chance for the sweetness of an approving conscience, and a great hope. Whatever else she may have been, Mrs. Eddy was the leaven to this ferment; that God is good and goodness is Godness; that evil is error and eternal peace or absorption into the supreme good is the reward of the perfect, are at least as old as Buddha. That disease is the work of evil or devil (as you may choose to spell it) is the early belief of every race, and of course it follows that the triumph of disease, death, is the supreme error; that God or Good will triumph over Death and that even the dead may see new life in a resurrection, were beliefs, old when Christ taught. They are not important. Whether the soul will live after the body, or the body rise from the dead are mere speculations compared with how shall we live this actual life here and now so that we may give and receive the greatest living happiness in this certain, present existence. That disease is error, or the great consummation—Death.—Error, we may be permitted to doubt. To me they are the perfect plan. They are the visible operation of nature's great law that only the fittest of her handiwork shall survive, and Death is really the open door through which comes all that progress of the human animal toward his divine ideals. It is the very fruit and final seal of a wonderful and perfect harmony.

THOSE who have not done so should read the calm and restrained article in the January number of this magazine by L. Gutierrez de Lara, showing how this Government and border cities, including Los Angeles, are subservient to the agents of Diaz and are using their powers to return to Diaz for dungeons and murder, political fugitives.

De Lara was himself the victim of arrest and imprisonment, in Los Angeles, without warrant or authority, by private detectives, and the whole thing is illustrative of how our principles of freedom and of political asylum are falling before the capitalistic power, which is exploiting both Mexico and this country and desires a friendly reciprocity between the countries in suppressing popular revolt.

Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada,
Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska,
Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD

(Note: Individuals, organizations, and the various State and Federal Departments are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective homeseekers or investors. Address Editor Progress Department.)

Note: Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.

GENERAL.

The Problem of the Logged-off Lands.

How can we best use the empire of stump lands left by the logger? This is one of the big questions of the Northwest. Much of this land is most valuable for agricultural purposes—especially in the Coast section—but its worth depends upon finding a cheap method for clearing. Western Oregon, it is stated, has more agricultural land yet in stumps than is cleared. Washington has two and one-third million acres of logged-off lands—only one-half million acres of which is being tilled or pastured, says the State Bureau of Statistics.

Toward solving the logged-off land problem, an expert from the United States Department of Agriculture is at work in Washington. He is being assisted by one of the professors of the Washington Agricultural College, the State and the Federal Government having jointly appropriated \$10,000 to carry on the experiments. These men hope to prove that, under the char-pitting process of burning, the Coast stump lands can be cleared at a cost of from ten dollars to fifty dollars per acre. Under the old methods, with stump powder, donkey engines and derricks, the cost is probably about twice as great. Of course the powder-derrick method is far in advance of the former ax and shovel and hand-lever method.

Experiments already conducted in Washington show that stumps can be destroyed by char-pitting at a cost of fifty cents each, the test stumps averaging forty-six inches in diameter. This new method demands only labor and a few matches. The bark is removed from the stump to a height of two feet; dry kindling is piled entirely around and the heat and fire are conserved much as in the manufacture of charcoal. As soon as well started, the flames will have been entirely covered with clods and thick flakes of

clay. Thus tall stumps will be burned entirely off and by still keeping the fire covered the roots will also be reduced to ashes. By this process one man can watch a hundred different fires.

A movement is under way to carry the Washington stump-destroying campaign into Oregon. "I regard the removal of stumps from the land in Oregon," the expert from the Agricultural Department states, "as of more importance than any single issue which you have confronting you. If a campaign can be inaugurated in this State which will clear these lands the assessed valuations will be increased many millions of dollars."

The Good Roads Movement in the Northwest.

The increasing interest in good roads in the Northwest is one of the marked signs of progress and development. This growing interest is being promoted and followed by broader and more active organizations and by better working laws. It is probable that the result will be the building of more miles of substantial highway during the next few years than in several decades past. Every State now has its vigorous good roads organization, and an interstate and international body, the Pacific Highway Association, has been recently organized.

This latter association purposes to affiliate all of the good roads bodies throughout the Pacific Coast section, including Western Canada. The Canadians are very active in promoting the broader movement, individual memberships, it is stated, have been applied for by those living as far east as Montreal. It is the plan of the Pacific Highway Association to hold rallies in the sections where it is expected that improved modern highways will soon be constructed.

Also, the governing body, including delegates from the various affiliated State and local organizations, hold frequent meetings in the larger Coast cities.

Chief among the causes of the new interest in good roads, is the rapid settlement of the Northwest, the many new and projected railways, and the use of the automobile. Nothing is so necessary to the social betterment and the prosperity of the farmer as good roads. Railway extensions and town building make good roads ever more necessary, since intensified farming and the production of more perishable and more frequently marketable crops is stimulated. The automobile has come to be a necessity in the West, where distances are often great and large farms prevail. The value of the automobile, however, depends in large degree upon the all-year condition of the country highways. The completion of the planned good roads on the Pacific Coast will also do much toward making more accessible the unsurpassed scenery of sea coast, rivers, valleys, lakes and mountains.

Encouraging the Indian to Become a Farmer.

The Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who recently visited the reservations of the West, says the solution of the Indian problem is to teach the Red Man to become self-sustaining through stock-raising and farming. "The Indians are being encouraged," he says, "to send their children to the white public schools. The idea is to get them off the Government roll as soon as they become self-supporting. The same policy which is good for the white boy, we think, is good for the Indian boy, and it is pretty good for either to give him an opportunity and then let him 'root hog, or die.'"

The best means toward making the Indian independent, this official thinks, is through the industrial schools. Practical farmers are hired as teachers, and the plan of holding annual agricultural fairs is encouraged. An example of Indian progress may be taken from a tribe in North Dakota. After a lecture on the farming possibilities of their lands, the Indians voted \$25,000 of their own funds to develop a farm on the reservation that would produce pure seed and raise blooded stock for distribution among themselves.

Indian leaders are also doing much toward the advancement of the tribes. For example, one of the sub-chiefs of the Nez Percés wrote a long letter to the management of a district fair in that section of the Northwest, asking that prizes for livestock and farm products be offered to Indian farmers as well as to white farmers. Of course, the Indians could already compete with the white men, but he argued that distinct prizes should be offered. "You cannot expect much from an Indian," he writes. "It has taken the white man thousands of

years to become civilized, and you cannot expect much from an Indian in fifty years' time."

The sub-chief also deplores the too common fact that the Indian is often considered by the white man as a joke, valuable chiefly to draw crowds through his amusement-creating dances and warlike antics. "Those things which the Indian held sacred," he says, "and were never performed, except on special occasions, are now performed before immense crowds who do not understand them." Some of the Indian tribes of the West still have many steps to make before they will become self-sustaining and able to compete with white men. The farms of other tribes compare favorably with those of any part of the West.

Vetch a Great Fodder Crop of the West.

One of the great community-builders and profit-producers of the West is the forage crops. The wonders of alfalfa are only beginning to be understood and appropriated; likewise, another most valuable forage plant—vetch. The two plants, in fact, mutually supplement each other. Alfalfa is best adapted to and most profitable in the semi-arid irrigated regions; vetch returns its greatest yields in humid sections. Professor Thomas Shaw, an authority on this branch of agricultural science, says of vetch: "Its highest adaptation, viewed from the standpoint of climate, is found in Western Washington and in Oregon."

He tells that vetch will produce from ten to fifteen tons of green fodder annually. Many farmers of the Coast section, however, tell even bigger vetch stories. One of the great values of vetch is as a soil renovator, since it returns the elements that grain and other wearing crops destroy. It always leaves the soil richer, and is a natural rotation crop for the diversified farmer. Vetch is a great milk producing plant, is food for sheep and swine, and with oats is a well-balanced hay.

The planting of vetch has been hindered in the past by the high price of seed. Practical farmers, however, are taking advantage of this condition and growing the plant for its seed, and reporting large profits. There is difference of opinion as to the total acreage of the special crops, such as the various fruits, that can remain profitable. But there can never be too many diversified farmers in the West, and one of his chief crops will always be the forage plants.

Will Reseed 9,000 Acres of Burned-off Timber Lands.

Officials of the National Forestry Service announce that 9,000 acres of burned-off timber lands in Oregon and Washington are being reseeded with Norway spruce and Scotch pine. The attempt is being made to gradually reforest the areas that have

been burned over during past years. The greater part of the work is in the Siuslaw forest near Mount Hebro, Oregon, and the Olympic forest in Washington. Young trees

will be transplanted where reseeding is impracticable. A million and a half of year-old trees are being grown in the Columbia forest nurseries toward this end.

OREGON.

Burnt River Farmers Plan Large Irrigation Project.

The farmers of the upper Burnt River Valley, in Baker County, in extreme Eastern Oregon, have taken preliminary steps toward the development of a large irrigation project. Much of the land of this section is already irrigated in the early spring, but the water supply is deficient when it is most needed during hot weather. The settlement of the country and the new uses for water have caused the water supply to grow constantly less, with an unprecedented shortness this year.

The plan of the farmers is to create an irrigation district; to purchase an upper-valley ranch that covers a natural storage-reservoir site along the south fork of Burnt River; and then to combine all of the present ditches of the section into one system. Toward the end of carrying out such a scheme a number of meetings have been held, and engineers employed to estimate the capacity of the reservoir site. This irrigation scheme is not a new one, it having been proposed about a year ago with the plan of interesting private capital. The failure of the previous plans have given encouragement to the proposed co-operative irrigation of the rich lands.

Government Will Reclaim Large Area.

Another unit of the large Klamath Reclamation project near Klamath Falls will soon be under construction. At an estimated cost of a quarter million dollars, Tule Lake will be drained by the diversion of Lost River. The marsh contains between 30,000 and 40,000 acres of rich land, much of which will be recovered to agriculture. The drainage system will consist of a hollow concrete dam, and a canal between six and seven miles long. The canal is to be completed before the close of 1911, and the land will be open to homestead entry under the terms of the Reclamation Act.

Propose to Irrigate 20,000 Acres.

Two rival groups of capitalists, one from Chicago and the other from Colorado, are planning a large irrigation system for Douglas County, Southern Oregon. The Chicago company proposes to store and divert water from the South Umpqua River by means of a sixty-foot-high dam. The main irrigation canal leading through the Upper South Umpqua and Cow Creek valleys would be about forty miles in length and would traverse some of the richest farmed lands of the county and also a large

area unproductive without irrigation. It is estimated that the project will cost at least \$800,000.

Plan a Model Pear Orchard in the Rogue River Valley.

The heirs of one of the large Chicago estates plan to develop, in the Rogue River Valley of Southern Oregon, one of the model pear orchards of the world. The orchard tract comprises 1,500 acres, located in the vicinity of Upper Table Rock, and fronting on the Rogue River for six miles. As a first step 600 acres on the north side will be planted to pears of seven different varieties. These will ripen at different times so that one crew can do all of the picking and packing. Already about twenty residences are grouped on the slightly hill overlooking the orchard, and a costly summer residence is planned.

Oregon Apples Win Big Prizes.

A carload of Spitzenburg apples from the Hood River district was awarded the \$1,000 sweepstake prize at the recent National Apple Show at Spokane. The same car of apples was also awarded the sweepstake prize at the Chicago Apple Show. It will be remembered that apples from the Rogue River district of Southern Oregon were awarded the big prize at Spokane a year ago.

Oregon Notes.

It is the plan of officials of the Oregon Agricultural College and the Department of Agriculture to promote the establishment of a number of experiment stations in various parts of Oregon. The expense of such a plan would be met jointly by the State and the Federal Government, following the approval of the State Legislature. It is probable that initial experiment stations would be established in Southern Oregon, Harney County, and in the Willamette Valley.

There are prospects that Oregon will some day be a large producer of hemp and flax. As far back as the Centennial in 1876, Oregon flax fibre took first prize over samples from many parts of Europe. Not a single crop failure has occurred during the fourteen years that Oregon has grown this fibre. Toward establishing the flax-fibre industry one hundred acres of hemp will be planted near Klamath Falls during the coming spring and the necessary buildings for its care will be erected.

WASHINGTON.

Harbor Improvements at Olympia.

The citizens of Olympia, at the extreme southern point of Puget Sound, are expending a quarter of a million dollars for the improvement of their harbor. In addition, \$15,000 was appropriated by the Government in the last Rivers and Harbors Bill for the same work. It is said that Olympia has, potentially, one of the best harbors on Puget Sound. Being at the most southern point, it is also the first deep water reached by railroads from the south and the southeast. Being sixty miles inland the harbor is well protected from winds, and the bottom is not so deep but that anchorage is safe at all times.

The extension of railroad spurs will be one means of bettering the harbor. Local improvements within the bay are being carried on under the district plan. Forty blocks are being filled in by dredging at the water front; and at the same time the two channels are being deepened to a depth of twenty feet below mean low water. The width of the channels will be three hundred feet, and the length of these passageways approximately half a mile.

Olympia has long been an important lumber shipping point for coastwise and foreign ports, and some of its mills are among the oldest lumber export mills on the Pacific Coast. One of the chief results of the extensive dredgings in the Olympia harbor will be the filling in of a large acreage available for cheap factory sites. The Government work in the harbor is being done at a considerable distance north of the older docks, and in a better depth of water. It is said that the town should have been located, originally, two miles north of the selected site, and that the present growth is in that direction.

Irrigate Large Tract in Okanogan County.

A second large irrigation project is under way in Okanogan County; and it is promised that it will be almost as great as the Government project which reclaims 10,000 acres of land on the Pogue Flats. The new project will irrigate Whitestone Flat, about ten miles southwest of Oroville. The soil is of a deep volcanic ash, and in the center of the area are the beautiful Whitestone and Spectacle Lakes. The east boundary is the Okanogan River, and the Anear and Palmer Mountains are to the west. Fish and game are reported plentiful in these mountains. The promoters of the large enterprise include a number of men of long experience in irrigation work. Active construction work was begun in October, and water is promised for the 1912 crops.

Extinct Volcano Will Become Reservoir.

To convert an extinct volcano ten miles north of Goldendale into a storage reservoir for the irrigation of between 8,000 and

10,000 acres of land is the plan of a group of Oregon and Washington men. The crater is half a mile or more across, and reported fully 400 feet deep, the sides being precipitous. Water has collected in the crater during recent years and it is now known as Carp Lake. Bowman Creek or Mill Creek will afford water for the unique storage reservoir. The outlet tunnel through the side of the mountain, will be a half a mile in length and its drilling will be the chief expense of the undertaking. The land to be irrigated is in the timber belt, and suitable for the production of fruit.

Seattle's Harbor Improvements.

It is evident that Seattle will have, with the completion of the Lake Washington canal, for which Congress has appropriated \$2,000,000, one of the finest harbors in the world. The Government appropriation is for the necessary locks, which will be the greatest in existence with the exception of those at Panama Canal. The greater part of the expense of the large undertaking is expected to be borne by Seattle and King County. The canal will increase the water frontage of the city from ten miles to more than one hundred miles, and will make available a basin of 24,000 acres of navigable water, guarded from enemy, storm, and the destructive action of salt water.

Another important harbor improvement is the recently dedicated Grand Trunk Pacific dock, one of the largest of its kind. The dock is 625 feet long and has an immense wharf, warehouse, and large space for waiting rooms and offices. In addition there is a roof garden and an observatory.

Irrigate Lands Between Olympia and Tacoma.

Water right filings and plans have been made for the irrigation of a large area of prairie lands between the cities of Olympia and Tacoma. The promoters would take water from the Nisqually River, a few miles below the location of the Tacoma municipal power plant, and convey it in pipes and ditches to land suitable for fruit growing and general agriculture. It is roughly estimated that between 50,000 and 100,000 acres might be reclaimed by this project, which has long been thought to be feasible.

Mount Rainier National Park is of increasing interest to tourists, according to the report of the Superintendent. During the year 1908, 3,511 persons entered the reserve; in 1909, 5,968; and it is expected that final reports for 1910 will show a visitors' list of 8,000. One hundred and fifty-nine persons reached the top of Mount Rainier during the season just closed. A number of improvements in the interest of the public good are planned for the coming year, and an appropriation of \$13,500 is recommended for this work and the annual up-keep of the national monument.

IDAHO.

Begin Extensive Land Surveys in Idaho.

A law passed by the last session of Congress provides for rapid and extensive land surveys in Idaho, and it is thought that the entire State will be surveyed before the expiration of another decade. The settlement and development of the State has been considerably retarded because of the slowness with which the Government survey of public lands has been prosecuted. Up to the present time only one-half of the total area of the State has been officially surveyed, the unsurveyed portions being chiefly in Northern, Western, Central and Eastern Idaho. Because of this condition title has not yet been secured for some of the rich lands of the State that have been settled for thirty years. Settlers have hesitated to locate in other parts of the State because lines were not official and title might be indefinitely delayed.

The new law provides that surveys be prosecuted under the direction of the State Surveyor-General, who will report directly to the authorities at Washington, D. C., instead of under the old contract system which proved to be very slow. An appropriation of \$115,000, for the year beginning July 1, 1910, is available for immediate use, and civil service examinations are being held in a number of Western states to secure the seventy-five men that are to be placed in the field. Immediate relief is to be given to the unsurveyed settled portions of the State, and it is thought that the entire State can be surveyed within the next ten years.

Prospective Extension of the Pacific & Idaho Northern Railway.

Surveying parties are reported in the field locating another unit for the northern extension of the Pacific & Idaho Northern railway from its present terminus at Evergreen toward the Payette Lakes and Grangeville. The "Pin" road, as it is commonly called, is at present a comparatively short detached branch connecting with the main line of the Oregon Short Line at Weiser, and extending north through a rich valley section almost parallel with the Snake River. It is rumored that this road may be a unit of a transcontinental railway system, and a connecting link between roads that are operating or will operate through Northern Idaho and Montana, and a future extension of a line through Central Oregon to the Coast.

The present proposed northward extension of the "Pin" railway passes through the town of Meadows, and is expected to reach on to the Payette Lakes, one of the noted summer resort sections of Idaho. Within the vicinity of the Payette Lakes are reported 200,000 acres of valuable timber. The logged-off land in this section will become valuable for agriculture. Also this extension of the road will give transportation to several rich valleys, totalling between two hundred and three hundred thousand acres. This is said to be one of the richest and largest undeveloped agricultural sections in Idaho, being especially valuable for the production of grain and hay and for dairying purposes.

CALIFORNIA.

Plan Large Power and Irrigation Project.

Water filings have been made for an irrigation and power project which will be one of the largest in the State, if carried out as planned. Water is to be appropriated from the Rubican, Gerie, and Pilot Creeks in El Dorado County, and first used for power, which is to be marketed in San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton and other cities and towns. A number of large storage reservoirs are also planned, the greatest of which will include Loon and Buck Island Lakes. It is said that the irrigation and power company has been maturing its plans for the past two years, and it is rumored that they will supply power for the Southern Pacific when its roads across the Sierra Nevada are electrified.

Large Profits in California Olives.

A prominent fruit buyer has stated that olives will pay larger profits in California than any other fruit, with the possible exception of oranges. Olives are considered a very stable crop, with failures in production exceptional. This is already a well established industry in California, Los An-

geles, San Diego and Butte Counties being among the leaders in olive production. Some of the olive plantations are very large, one near Los Angeles having a total of 2,000 acres. The two chief uses for olives are for their oil and for pickling. Due to the cheapness of production in the Mediterranean countries, profits are very uncertain for the growers of the oil olive. The harvesting of the olive crop in these countries is said to cost only three dollars a ton as against from twenty to twenty-five dollars a ton in California. Pickling olives, however, are protected by a heavy tariff.

Olive trees will usually bear a tenth of a crop the third year, and will come into full bearing in from seven to ten years. The roots of the olive go straight down, hence other crops may be grown between the olive-tree rows without exhausting the soil upon which the fruit depends. Rows of olive trees are valuable for windbreaks, and perhaps for this reason, in part, many growers of olives are careless in the care of their trees. Olive trees bear every other year, hence in starting a new orchard only one-half of the trees should be planted the first year, if an annual crop is desired.

Colonize 14,000 Acres in Glenn County.

A syndicate of Pittsburg capitalists are reported to have added 14,000 acres to their already large holdings of 250,000 acres in the Sacramento River Valley, their purpose being to colonize the land with homeseekers from the Eastern States. The last purchase is that of the Chambers ranch near Hamilton, and on the Sacramento River. The reported price for the 14,000-acre tract was \$750,000. The land is in a fertile section of the Sacramento River Valley, and will be divided into twenty and forty-acre tracts, after having been provided with water for irrigation. In the total this is one of the largest subdivision and colonizing schemes of the West.

California Development Notes.

Initial steps have been taken toward the establishment of a \$300,000 cotton mill in San Diego. Should the enterprise be successfully promoted, about 6,000 bales of

cotton would be consumed annually in the beginning, giving employment to about 400 operators, chiefly girls. It is expected that the Imperial Valley would eventually supply the fibre for the mills, but in beginning, cotton would probably be imported from Texas.

Land owners in the vicinity of Stockton have taken first steps toward the formation of what would be the largest irrigation district of the State. The district would include about 1,500,000 acres, and it is planned that water be taken from the San Joaquin River at a cost of about \$6,000,000. The irrigation plans include the construction of large storage reservoirs.

Ground raisin seeds are being used in certain parts of California as a substitute for barley. The meal when mixed with milk or water is pronounced to be first-class growing feed for swine. The cost of the meal is considerably less than the cost of grain.

ARIZONA.

Experiments With New Rubber Plants.

Government officials of Arizona will undertake experiments to determine if the Mexican yule plant, worth \$175 a ton for the rubber it produces, can be grown in that State. The plants that will be tested under the direction of the gardener of the State capitol grounds at Phoenix, have been recently presented to the Governor by a returned visitor in Mexico. The plant grows without care throughout Central Mexico. It somewhat resembles the native sagebrush of the semi-arid West, and has been known to be of commercial value for only a few years. It grows at altitudes of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and matures well at this higher elevation in the vicinity of mountains, which would seem to insure that it is adaptable to many parts of Arizona and the Southwest.

The plant will start either from the root or from its microscopic seeds. It grows to full size in three years; and at maturity from fifty to sixty per cent of the entire plant, including roots, is said to be rubber of a commercial quality. Mexico has already been almost denuded of the yule plant, the returned visitor states. Even the roots of the plant are dug up and marketed by the natives at an average price of \$175 a ton.

It is thought that thousands of now-barren acres of the Southwest may be growing this new plant with large profits within a few years. A rubber-producing shrub is already being grown successfully in Colorado, but the yule rubber plant is stated to be much larger and to contain a greater percentage of rubber.

COLORADO.

Summary of Colorado's Resources and Products.

In an earlier day Colorado was known as a mountainous state, and its chief industries were mining and stockraising. Today Colorado is one of the great irrigated States of the West, and it is noted especially for its vegetable, sugar beet, fruit, forage and dairying products. The irrigated acreage of Colorado is placed at more than 3,000,000 acres, reclaimed at an estimated cost of \$150,000,000, or an average of nearly fifty dollars an acre. This irrigation is made possible because several of the large and important streams of both the Pacific Coast and the Middle West originate in Colorado. A further early stimulus was given to irrigation in Colorado by the passage of what is known as one of the model State irrigation codes. Under the Colorado laws water

becomes appurtenant to the land when the water is put to beneficial use and water titles are as definite as land titles. In contrast, in some of the States of the irrigable West water rights are detached from the land, are subject to barter, and no water right is so definite but that it may be made the basis of costly litigation.

Surprising agricultural results are obtained in Colorado, considering that the altitude of the State is in general very high. In fact some of the highest land has become the most valuable for fruit and vegetables. There are 50,000 acres of orchards in Colorado, and some of the orchard products have national fame. Especially large profits are reported in the growing of peaches, apples and cantaloupes. There are more than 30,000 acres in market gardens in

(Continued on page 226f.)

In the Heart of Oregon

By Leigh H. Irvine



KAY MCKAY,
CENTRAL OREGON
LAND KING.

UCH marvelous changes have taken place since the days when our forefathers dwelt in rural simplicity, that it is difficult to comprehend what is going on in new lands today. For one thing, the new census shows us that such states as Iowa and Missouri are not gaining in population. What is becoming of their

brawny sons, those sterling men who long for achievement? Some of them are going to cities, others are seeking new lands where they can make fortunes, or at least build homes and become independent, as their fathers did.

In the search for new fields the young man of today will do well to consider what the Pacific Slope is offering in the vast territory made famous by the historian, Francis Parkman, in "The Oregon Trail."

Central Oregon is just now attracting much attention because it presents the object-lesson of a country that is rapidly passing from the wilderness stage to a land of cultivated farms and happy homes. The present has been aptly called the New Time, because development and industry are on a different plane than ever before. Central Oregon is a perfect example of what the phrase means as applied to the making of an empire from a wilderness. In all such changes men of foresight have made and are making fortunes. Those who get on the ground just a little ahead of the human army are sure to reap benefits.

The Harriman and Hill railroad systems are building their lines through the heart of a fertile area larger than New York State, and this means that the country will be settled faster than

any other state has ever been peopled.

The possibilities of the vast area that has heretofore been remote from the habitations of men are well understood by scientific agriculturists as well as by the plain ranchers who live in the country. This is shown by the fact that these men are buying more lands. The outside world is now beginning to inquire about the new land, and the advance guard of the army of settlers is arriving in stages and automobiles. James J. Hill, in addressing the Portland Chamber of Commerce early in 1910, said his faith in Central Oregon was best shown by the investments he was making and by the fact that "we are doing all that a great railroad system can do toward developing the country, regardless of cost."

In addition to the hopefulness of railroad builders we see the enthusiasm and far-sightedness of land agents, but as yet very few have fully realized what is going on. Among land dealers Mr. Kay McKay, who is just now selling the thirty thousand acres of the Goddard estate in Crook and Lake counties, is the most hopeful, active, and insistent example of a man of faith who "does things." He believes in the country and has waited for half a decade for the chance to make "his stake" by selling its tempting acres for more than they cost him, just as other real estate men do. But the odd feature in the situation is the fact that he knows that the man who buys is certain to make more than he himself is making. This is the strong point in making quick sales.

"Much of the land I am selling for \$10 an acre is sure to go to \$75," he says, "but I'm satisfied to have the other man make a big profit so long as I make mine. In other words, by refraining from hogging it all, I give the buyer a square deal and close sales without delay or ill-feeling."

McKay believes that the railroads will do more for Central Oregon than they

have ever done in the West, or at least that they will produce quicker results, but he has faith in the land wholly aside from the railroad situation.

"Of course we talk about the possibility of increased land values after the railroads come," said this shrewd observer, "and nobody can deny that values will jump fast when the country gets transportation, but the value is there now. Even without railroads nobody would make a mistake in buying. The country has the soil, climate, water and good roads. With the coming of population nothing can keep back the development of the country; but they are

country is when they see it, live in it, till its soil, and produce its crops. Above all else, they know land values. Why are they buying more acres? Simply because they know that population will come fast when the locomotive whistle blows. They have been waiting many years for that sound, but they know that the country is now filled with railroad builders and that the railroads of their dreams will soon be the railroads on which cars run. They have also noticed that the tide of immigration has already turned toward their neighborhood. They conclude that it will not be long before cars will bring the land hungry men of



STACKING ALFALFA IN CROOK COUNTY.

building railroads as fast as they can, which means that there can be no guess about the future of these acres."

Anybody who takes an interest in practical human affairs such as the development of the country can learn many interesting things by watching this Central Oregon panorama, just as McKay has been watching it for some years. For one thing, he may see a large number of old ranchers, men who have already prospered in this wonderful country, engaged in buying more land. This is a significant fact. These men are interesting types. They may be scant of culture, but they have an abundance of common sense. They know what a

the Middle West to their very doors—when iron highways have pierced the heart of Oregon.

There is a dramatic and inspiring example in such pictures of prosperity as already exist. The men of the soil see this and understand its meaning. Take the case of David Koopman and his family, of the town of Post, in Crook County, as one among many similar examples. Koopman started for Germany with his family early in December. That little family are now having a delightful visit in the Fatherland; yet it has been only fourteen years since Koopman landed in Central Oregon a poor immigrant from Germany. He has prospered with-

out railroads and will prosper much more with their coming. For many years he and his wife dwelt in a rude cabin in the wilderness of prairie around his home, a hundred miles from a railroad. Now he owns sixteen hundred acres of land. It is still remote from any railroad, and he had to stage a hundred miles to get to the railroad station, but in six months from today he will be able to return to the old ranch in a railroad car. Hereafter his harvests will be at the very doors of the freight cars, and new neighbors will add value to his acres, for the old law always works: "Proximity of population increases land values." Those who realize this fact and take advantage of the opportunity to buy fertile acres at a low price always become prosperous or even wealthy, while those who never look beyond today miss the chances that lead to fortune.

Individuals and organizations understand that Central Oregon is today in the limelight and that it is destined to develop faster than almost any other section of the American Continent within the next five years.

Late in November the Oregon Development League, composed of delegates from many chambers, boards, and other publicity organizations of the state, held an annual convention at Salem. In the course of the discussions that arose, Theodore B. Wilcox, president of the League, read a letter from President James J. Hill, the railroad king. This letter dealt with the problem of development with reference to railroad building. The following statement therefrom shows the situation: "More miles of railroad will be built in Oregon during the next five years than in any other state in the Union except Montana." Mr. Hill also said that his road would have built before now if it had been able to "get the money together."

The farmers who have been living remote from railroads are delighted over the prospects now before them, for they know that land values will be trebled when the railroads come. It requires no unusual imagination to realize that orchards, grain fields, school houses, farm settlements, and towns will soon trans-

form the wild prairies into a rich commonwealth of happy homes. Even the oldest settlers, the aged and the infirm who are only watching for the shadows to grow a little longer, expect to live to see the New Time of which empire builders have long dreamt. Today thousands of sturdy young men from other states feel the lure of this virgin land and long for virile experiences in a country whose broad acres hold future fortunes for those who will only seek them.

As intimated at the outset of this sketch, it is impossible to investigate Central Oregon without hearing of the activities of Kay McKay, for his energy has led to the sale of thousands of acres in this new land now being thronged by homeseekers. When I met McKay and discovered the wide range of his activities I was impressed that he was a man of boundless faith. He believes in the country and is ready, in a twinkling, to picture its future—not in impossible colors, but as some such substantial land as men in the Middle West already know, only the glamour of Pacific Coast scenery and climate hovers near this favored region. McKay reminds me of Professor William Mathews' famous and entertaining book, "Getting on in the World." Mathews likens the activities of commercial life to the efforts of an orchestra. The conductor is full of hope and creative force, the concert master or first fiddler shares in the animation, but the second and third fiddlers often work like mere machines. Kay McKay has the foresight and imagination of a great conductor and the energy of the first fiddler. He impresses one, furthermore, that he must have come up from the ranks of the world's workers, that he has known toil, that he understands the hopes and disappointments of the common man and woman. He wants to see them have a square deal. He discourages over-investments and impresses his customers that there is no gold on the bushes, though the soil is surer than a gold mine.

McKay must have suffered privations during his struggles in pioneer lands and in the Frozen North. Though still a young man, he has known what it is to

"go broke" among strangers and, during prosperity, to share his funds with former friends come to want. This gives him that human outlook that prevents discouragement from getting a hold on his constitution or from falling into the ways of "fakers." Men like him always dream of better things and give other men hope. McKay's philosophy is simple enough, when you understand how intensely practical and human he is.

"In putting a land proposition before the public," he recently said, "I always try to lead, never to follow the strenuous competitor. The beaten path is always crowded. I prefer to blaze the

for the country to split it into small holdings."

Before he took hold of the Goddard tract McKay went everywhere in search of his opportunity. He traveled all over British Columbia, Washington, Alaska, Idaho and Wyoming. Finally, after he found what he wanted, he had to wait six years to get it. The rich acres of the Goddard estate in Crook and Lake counties appealed to him, but the senior Goddard, who had grown rich by investing in Wisconsin lands, would not sell his Oregon acres. He died last year, however, and his heirs could not resist the insistent McKay, who prevailed on



IRRIGATING ALFALFA IN CROOK COUNTY.

woods and keep just a little ahead of the crowd, at the same time never failing to give the buyer a fair chance. We must not forget the other fellow."

McKay believes in small sales to settlers, rather than big sales to speculators. The result is that his Seattle offices in the Liberty Building, Third and Union streets, are crowded with men in search of 40, 80, or 160 acres.

"A big deal always hangs fire," says McKay, "for the man looking for a section of land or more almost always delays his decision for a few months, but the small buyer closes his bargain within a few days. Besides this, it is better

them to give the public an opportunity to settle the country. Incidentally, this gives McKay his own chance to "make his stake," but he is not imposing on anybody to do it

"There is no doubt that most of the land I am selling will make more money for the buyers than I make on the sales," he says, "but they may have to wait a year or two, whereas I am making quick sales and a small profit, comparatively, on a large number of acres. The land is so good as an investment, however, that I am holding some of it for myself. That surely speaks for my faith in the country and in the investment."



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The record of quality

Victor Records
are works of art—musical
masterpieces.

They embody the very best music and entertainment of every kind, sung and played in the very best way by the very best artists, and reproduced absolutely true to life by the very best process—the new and improved Victor process of recording that results in a tone quality sweeter and clearer than was ever heard before.

Hearing is believing. Go today to the nearest Victor dealer's and he will gladly play any Victor music you want to hear.

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Canadian Distributors

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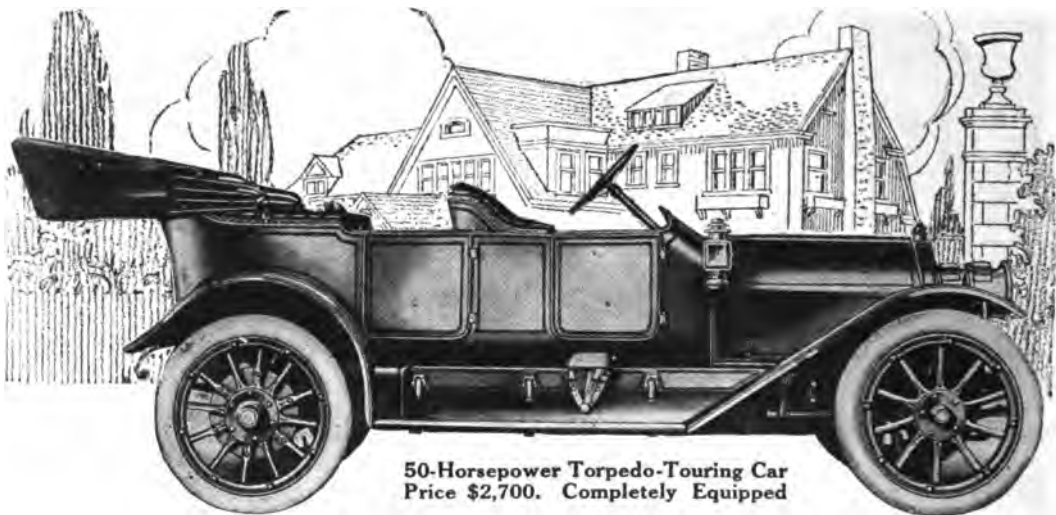
Victor Single-faced Records, 10-inch 60 cts; 12-inch \$1.
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Victor Red Seal Records, 10- and 12-inch, \$1 to \$7.

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In our experience we have pursued a somewhat unique rule. Our idea has been to build a certain number of cars, but to build them so that there could be no reaction—no reproach upon us after the cars have been in service a few years. We have even been behind on our orders. Never has there been any necessity for our creating a greater demand by

advertising than we could supply. Our additional four acres of factory floor space now enables us to build more cars—consequently to sell more cars. Our policy of carefully building, slowly and painstakingly testing every Inter-State car before it leaves our big factory will continue.

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(62)

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BON TON Corsets are the truest expression of every corset virtue—the highest achievement in the art of modern corsetry. Every wearer of the BON TON Corset is the proud possessor of a wealth of **STYLE, HEALTH, COMFORT** and **SYMMETRY**.

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For 33 years our policy has been to give the utmost value in honest materials and honest workmanship. Today our High Class Made-to-Order Clothes actually cost no more than "ready-mades." Our guarantee assures your absolute satisfaction.

In most cities and towns there's considerable rivalry among the better dealers,—haberdashers, clothiers and general merchants—to secure the agency for our tailoring.

Call at the store of our representative in your town and look over our immense new Spring line of Suitings and Overcoatings. You'll take no chances in ordering your clothes through our dealer.

\$20 to \$40

We are represented in 5000 towns and cities. If you don't know our local representative write us for card of introduction.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
 CHICAGO



(Reproduced from actual photograph)

HERE'S the home of our High Class Made-to-Order Clothes. Our great establishment in the center of Chicago's wholesale district, Southwest corner Monroe and Franklin Streets, has long been one of the sights of the city. We occupy the entire building—160,000 square feet of floor space—employ 1500 master tailors and designers. Each order is cut individually and tailored by experts in light, airy, clean sanitary workrooms—no factory or sweat-shop conditions.

Our immense institution, our enormous purchasing power, our elimination of waste through organization, have made our low prices possible.

Tailored in such favorable environment, is it any wonder that our Good Made-to-Order Clothes have come to be recognized the Standard of America?

Strauss Brothers**S**
MASTER TAILORS
 CHICAGO

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



Has a most
delicious
flavor.
Is pure
and
healthful.
An ideal
food
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Registered in U.S. Patent Office

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REAL BUNGALOWS



A Bungalow is the most attractive, cozy, home-like house in the world if designed just right.

We have designed thousands of Bungalows—it is our sole business and we make a constant, earnest study of it. We are responsible for hundreds

of the most beautiful homes in Los Angeles, Pasadena and environs, and you are safe in writing us if you contemplate building.

If you are thinking of building a home send one dollar for "CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW HOMES," the latest book containing 241 illustrations with cost and description. Nothing just like it ever published before. Worth a hundred times its cost to any prospective home builder. Sample pages for stamp.

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RÉCAMIER CREAM

For the Complexion



Will cure a bad skin and preserve a good one. Used by celebrated beauties for near a century.

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50c and \$1.00

Recamier Man'g Co., No. 127 W. 31st St., N.Y. City
Send for free sample and interesting illustrated booklet

Colorado, and approximately 75,000 acres of lands produced potatoes during 1909. Some of the largest and best potato fields of the entire West are in Colorado. About one-half of all of the irrigated land in Colorado is used for the production of alfalfa, cereals and grasses. The hay crop of the State is the second most valuable product, being valued at \$17,600,000 for 1909. The most valuable product of the State is from dairying having an estimated worth of \$28,000,000 for 1909.

Colorado is one of the largest sugar-beet growing centers of the West. The investment in beet-sugar mills in the State is placed at an average of twenty-five dollars per capita, and the Colorado production of sugar would supply the entire United States for a period of thirteen days.

MONTANA.

Crops in Which Montana Is Believed to Excel.

"I candidly believe that if a National exhibition were to be held, with exhibits from every State in the Union and Canada, and a corps of competent European judges selected, that Montana would win first prize on at least four products—oats, barley, grasses and clover."

These are the reported words of one of the professors of the State Agricultural College and the Experiment Station of Montana; an agricultural expert whose services have been in demand from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in Canada as well. It is told that Montana oats were barred from competition at one of the Omaha fairs on the ground that they had been "doctored," since they averaged fifty pounds of weight to the bushel. Yet oats shown at the recent Eighth Montana State Fair at Helena weighed fifty pounds to the bushel. Besides these four products, the yields and quality of Montana wheat are exceptional and far above the average and gradually growing better. One of the other features of the exhibits was corn, raised in Rosebud County. This county also exhibited an excellent quality of tobacco. The exhibits of apples, melons, cantaloupes and tomatoes were also reported exceptional.

NEW MEXICO.

Would Colonize 232,000 Acres of Yuma Lands.

A German syndicate with headquarters in New York is reported to have purchased 232,000 acres of land in the Yuma Valley in Southwestern Arizona for the purpose of reclaiming the entire tract, and colonizing it with German families. The event is called the most important, toward the development of this part of the Southwest, since the location of the Government Yuma Reclamation project. The large body of land in question is known as the Andrade estate, and it lies immediately south of the

(Continued on page 226h.)



Partial view of Trinidad Lake. The dark parts are asphalt; the streams are water on its surface.

A roof is only as good as its waterproofing.

Knowing this, will you buy the covering for *your* roof on its "looks" alone, and not know what it is made of?

Genasco

the Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt Roofing

is waterproofed entirely with *natural* asphalt. In Trinidad Lake this asphalt has resisted blazing sun and terrific storms for hundreds of years. It has natural oils that give it lasting life in a roof despite the buffeting of rain, snow, sun, wind, heat, cold, and fire.

Man has tried to *make* last-
ing waterproofers—and always
failed. Ordinary ready roofings
show you what happens. They
are made of mysterious "com-
positions" or coal tar; and they

soon crack, break, leak, and go
to pieces. Yet as for looks,
they are mighty good imitations.

It pays to know about water-
proofing when you buy roofing;
it is a waste of money *not* to
know.

The life and backbone of
Genasco is Trinidad Lake As-
phalt—the *natural* everlasting
waterproof—*and* that makes
Genasco last.

Genasco is made with miner-
al and smooth surfaces. Guar-
anteed, of course.

The Kant-leak Kleet waterproofs the seams of roofing thoroughly without the use of smeary unsightly cement, avoids nail-leaks, and gives the roof an attractive appearance.

Ask your dealer for Genasco Roofing, with Kant-leak Kleets packed in the roll. Write us for the Good Roof Guide Book and samples.



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Largest producers of asphalt, and largest
manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

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Cross-section Genasco Smooth-surface Roofing

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Asphalt-saturated Wool Felt
Trinidad Lake Asphalt

The best for every style of gown

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PATENTED

They keep plaquets, seams and folds smoothly in place, making the costume fit perfectly. All sizes Black or white. Will not rust. In envelopes only: never sold on cards. Be sure you get the genuine.

See that our trade mark

"It's in the triangle"

and the name "Peet's" are on every envelope. 2 dozen eyes, 5c; with spring hooks, 10c.

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"DON'T SHOUT"



send add. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 705

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Refuse substitutes.

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50 cents a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10 cents for a sample box. BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers, Dept. 32, 125 Kingston Street, BOSTON, MASS.



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(Pyorrhea)

SAVE YOUR TEETH! Many people have Riggs Disease and do not realize this is why their gums are sore, discharge pus, and bleed easily, and the teeth become loose and sensitive. The only known cure for this disease is Call's Anti-Riggs, a safe, pleasant and economical treatment. Use this and save your teeth, sound and white, for a life-time.

Agents Wanted

Send \$1.00 for 8 or bottle or 66c for 4 cts. bottle, express prepaid in U. S., with guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Write for free circular A with reliable testimonials.

CALL'S ANTI-RIGGS CO., 89 William St., Elmira, N. Y.



Yuma Government project. Without irrigation the land is non-productive, as is indicated by the report that the purchase price for the entire tract was \$2.50 per acre. A first payment of \$45,000 is reported already made on the land, and one of the strongest German banking institutions of the metropolis is financing the project.

The purchasing syndicate proposes to build an extension of the Southern Pacific railway south from Yuma to their land, and on to the Gulf of California in Mexico. Such railway construction work is planned to begin this fall and to be completed this winter. Water for the reclamation of this immense area, from almost worthlessness to a high state of productivity, will be secured from the Colorado River, and it is planned that work on the dams and canals shall begin at once. A new town will be located and as soon as development has proceeded far enough colonization will begin. It is thought that the reclaimed land will be sufficient for the support of not less than 2,000 German families.

HAWAII.

Demand for Homestead Lands in Hawaii.

Preparations are reported being made for the opening to homestead entry of a number of tracts of land in Hawaii. Allotments will be made by means of land drawings conducted by the Hawaiian State Land Commissioner, and every person eligible for the drawing must have previously filed with this official an application accompanied by an affidavit showing that he is entitled under the law to select homestead land. The demand for these homesteads is reported to be very great, and the State Land Commissioner is quoted as saying: "Almost every acre of Government land in Hawaii has already been applied for by homesteaders. We have applications enough to keep the survey office busy for more than a year, and it shall be only a short time until we shall have the surveyors tied up for more than five years."

A part of the open Government land in Hawaii is unoccupied, but some of the most valuable of it is at present under lease. The later leases contain a right-of-withdrawal clause, but the older leased tracts are leased to a definite date and are not subject to homestead entry until after the expiration of this time. For example, one of these Government leases includes the present Waimanalo plantation, the lease of which does not expire until the year 1918. The plantation will doubtless be absorbed by homesteaders at that date, and divided into small tracts unless the present management should continue to farm the land on the contract basis and sell the sugar-cane to a central mill. It is thought that the future sugar industry in Hawaii will be carried on mainly on the contract planting and harvesting basis.



Telephone Etiquette

Co-operation is the keynote of telephone success.

For good service there must be perfect co-operation between the party calling, the party called, and the trained operator who connects these two.

Suggestions for the use of the telephone may be found in the directory and are worthy of study, but the principles of telephone etiquette are found in everyday life.

One who is courteous face to face should also be courteous

when he bridges distance by means of the telephone wire.

He will not knock at the telephone door and run away, but will hold himself in readiness to speak as soon as the door is opened.

The 100,000 employees of the Bell system and the 25,000,000 telephone users constitute the great telephone democracy.

The success of the telephone democracy depends upon the ability and willingness of each individual to do his part.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

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One System

Universal Service



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“Won its Favor
 Through its Flavor.”
 Made from selected white corn.



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MARCH 1911

PRICE 15 CENTS

The **PACIFIC MONTHLY**



L. N. Pease

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY COMPANY
PORTLAND OREGON



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Naturalness

—*that* should be every woman's aim. The further she gets away from that standard, the less attractive she becomes. It is the true test of manners, apparel, and personal charm. Indeed, it is the very key-note of beauty. Naturalness of skin and complexion is therefore beauty's most essential element. This being so,

Pears' Soap

which is entirely composed of natural cleansing, beautifying ingredients, forms the best promoter and preservative of skin-beauty that money can buy or science produce. PEARS has been woman's natural beauty soap for 120 years.

PEARS makes the skin as fine as silk and as soft as velvet and is

Matchless for the Complexion



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
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The Pacific Monthly

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PORTLAND, OREGON

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THE LAST WORD

—IN—

RAPID FREIGHT SERVICE

INAUGURATES IN THE SPRING OF 1911

A Through Transcontinental Passenger Service

WHICH WILL BE BETTER THAN THE WORLD'S BEST

WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE



WINTER.



THE LURE OF UNKNOWN WATERS.



Photograph by Kiser Photo Company.

A STORM ON THE COLUMBIA.



EUCALYPTI, ORANGES AND SNOW, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



VOL. XXV

MARCH, 1911

No. 3

The West and the National Capital

By John E. Lathrop

EVERY Pacific Coast woman who buys a copper-bottom wash boiler, every manufacturer who buys brass fittings, every painter who needs white lead, every tinner or plumber who uses zinc—and everyone else is personally, financially, domestically, industrially interested in the following assertion:

In Wall Street, in Washington, everywhere, it is known that the copper trust will be formed this year regardless of the Supreme Court's action in the great trust cases pending, and that right now the Guggenheims, Phelps-Dodge, the Ryans, Amalgamated, the W. A. Clark interests are planning to form a combination that will afford complete domination of the business of mining, smelting and refining of lead, copper, zinc, gold and silver.

If the Supreme Court declare in a manner to render one sort of combination impossible, then another will be effected. It is one of the conceded enterprises of the future. Already are the Guggenheims in control of commercial

smelting, and when they have been joined by the other large interests mentioned, control will be not less than within five per cent of the total product of the United States.

The United States produced in 1909, the last year for which complete figures are obtainable:

		Value.
Gold, fine, ounces	4,821,701	\$ 99,873,400
Silver, fine, ounces	54,721,500	28,455,200
Copper, pounds	1,092,951,624	142,083,711
Lead, pounds	708,376,000	30,400,168
Zinc, pounds	460,450,000	24,864,300

Express the totals in round numbers—an annual product of \$300,000,000 of metals at the mines, which form your wedding rings, silver backs of your hair-brushes, dinner pails, kitchen utensils, watch cases, factory bearings, most of the fittings of electric plants that serve you, in fact, that are essential from the tin roof over your head, to the cap of the sewer drain-pipe in your basement.

And then understand that the one central factor of this enormous production is the Guggenheim combination, with which John Pierpont Morgan is affiliated

as the present real governing force, and from Mr. Morgan's offices at the corner of Wall and Broad streets in New York City will go the word that shall decide the price you will pay for the necessities mentioned.

One morning, a few weeks ago, Simon Guggenheim, United States Senator from Colorado, walked hurriedly through the lobby of the Willard Hotel in Washington to the ticker machine, and nervously read the market quotations of the New York Stock Exchange. The little machine continued its click, click, click, and the little Senator—he is only about five feet in height—continued his absorbing study. Half a dozen members of the Pacific Coast delegation to the National Rivers and Harbors Congress stood in a group nearby, having just that moment arrived from the West. I called their attention to Senator Guggenheim at the ticker, and one of them said:

"I am an independent lead miner. My property is in the Coeur d'Alene district, in Northern Idaho. But I will not be an independent mine owner much longer. The Guggenheims will swallow me up, and they will swallow up all other independents."

By consenting to withhold his name, I induced him later that day to tell his story for the *PACIFIC MONTHLY*.

"As a young man, I came to Northern Idaho and located some mining claims. By hard work and economy, and, I hope, the exercise of good business judgment, I was successful. Always I kept independent. All about me the process of centralization was carried on, and finally the Federal Mining & Smelting Company, organized and built up by my neighbors, passed into the control of the Guggenheims. It became necessary, finally, for me to have built a spur track from the railroad to my mine, a distance of 800 feet. I went to the proper official and preferred my request. Although he was personally my friend, he told me he could not grant what I asked, but that I would have to go to Chicago headquarters. I went there and my request was refused. My fighting blood was up. I remained in Chicago for some weeks, until I discovered where the trouble was. I found that I was compelled to go to

New York City to the offices of the American Smelting & Refining Company, the principal corporation of the Guggenheim Smelter Trust. There I was forced to consult Si Eccles, a vice-president and the traffic manager for the Guggenheims.

"Mr. Eccles offered to buy my mine. I had no desire to sell it. But the upshot of the whole matter was that the Guggenheims refused to give me my spur track, and, as an alternative, offered to buy the property. I admit they offered me a fairly large price; but, into that mine and its development I had poured my life, hopes, ambitions, the best that was in me."

"What had Si Eccles, of the Guggenheim Smelter Trust, to do with this railroad company, and how could he refuse or give me a spur track?"

"That's the point of the story. Both the Hill and Harriman lines had yielded to the demands of the Guggenheim Smelter Trust, and agreed that all essential matters relating to the shipment of ore, both as to facilities and rates, should be referred to the Smelter Trust, which was to have the determining authority. In other words, these great railroad systems, which control the traffic in the Western half of the continent, gave the Guggenheims absolute control of the very life and fate of the smelting industry of the United States."

Two hours after Simon Guggenheim, Senator from Colorado, was reading the ticker tape in the lobby of the Willard Hotel, the clerks in the Senate and the House were reading President Taft's message, the closing paragraph of which said:

I believe it to be in the interest of all the people of the country that, for the time being, the activities of government, in addition to enforcing existing law, be directed toward the economy of administration and the enlargement of opportunities for foreign trade, the conservation and improvement of our agricultural land, the building up of home industries and the strengthening of confidence of capital in domestic investment.

Why is nothing done to control the great Guggenheim Smelter Trust? Gradually it gathers in the Western independent miners. Its control of smelting and mining becomes more and more complete,

until today it is able to dictate even the transportation terms under which the few remaining independents must conduct their business, and Simon Guggenheim is in the Senate to see that their progress toward absolute and uncontrolled monopoly is not arrested. At any rate, no obstacle is placed in the way of the Guggenheims by the Federal Government. The production of gold of the companies controlled and allied with the Guggenheim interests amounts to nearly \$70,-

Guggenheims are now producing or refining on a basis of 15,000 tons of copper a month, or 180,000 tons a year, approximately 45 per cent of the entire copper production of the United States and Alaska.

The business policy of the American Smelting and Refining Company was primarily to produce the precious metals; but their production led to the use of copper and lead as a flux to save gold and silver, and the present enormous de-



WASHOE SMELTER, ANACONDA MINING COMPANY, ANACONDA, MONTANA. ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIG PLANTS.

000,000 a year, or about two-thirds of the entire gold production of this country. The silver produced or treated by the Guggenheim company and their allies amounts to 80,000,000 ounces a year, or about two-fifths of the entire silver production of the world. The Guggenheims operate outside the United States. The

development of the Guggenheim copper and lead interests grew out of their original interest in the gold and silver mining and smelting industry.

Eighty per cent of the lead produced in the United States is controlled by the Guggenheims.

Marvellous as this Guggenheim com-

NOTE: The main Guggenheim interests are cared for by these corporations: The Guggenheim Exploration Co., The American Smelters Securities Co., The American Smelting & Refining Co., The United Lead Co., The Magnus Metal Co., The National Lead Co., and the Federal Mining & Smelting Co.

The Guggenheim Exploration Co. was incorporated in 1899 under New Jersey laws, and controls mines and mining property in the United States, Mexico and Alaska. The capital stock issued is \$20,319,910.

The American Smelters Securities Co. has outstanding \$77,000,000 of stock. It operates the Selby Smelting & Lead Co., of San Francisco; the Federal Lead Co., of Federal, Ill., and the Tacoma Lead & Copper Smelter.

The American Smelting & Refining Co. has \$115,000,000 of stock and has recently sold \$15,000,000 in bonds. It owns and operates plants for the smelting of ores and the treatment of lead bullion, copper bullion and copper matte in Montana, Utah, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Illinois, New Jersey, Mexico, and elsewhere. It was incorporated in 1899. It owns a controlling interest in the United States Zinc Co., at Pueblo, Colo., and owns the entire stock of the American Smelters Steamship Co., which operates steamers between New York and other ports in the United States and Mexico.

The Federal Mining & Smelting Co., operating in Idaho, has outstanding \$18,000,000 of stock. It owns property formerly owned by the Empire State Idaho Mining & Developing Co., the Standard Mining Co., the Mammoth Mines in Idaho, and the Everett, Washington, Smelter. In 1905 control of this company was acquired by the American Smelters Securities Co. which, in turn, is controlled by the American Smelting & Refining Co.

The National Lead Co. has outstanding \$50,000,000 of stock and has smelters and refineries in New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Ohio, Massachusetts, Illinois and other states, 26 plants in all. It owns the Magnus Metal Co., to purchase which it issued \$3,750,000 of preferred stock.

The United Lead Co. has \$25,000,000 of stock outstanding and \$12,000,000 gold five debenture bonds. The capitalization of the Guggenheim corporations named is over \$300,000,000. This does not, however, represent the total stocks and bonds upon which the Guggenheims attempt to pay interest. The true figure would approximate \$500,000,000.

In addition to the corporations mentioned is the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska Syndicate, a \$25,000,000 concern, which was organized for the purpose of exploiting Alaska.

bination is, backed by the tremendous influence of John Pierpont Morgan, not a sign appears that anything is doing to curb its power. It is today virtually in absolute control of the smelting of gold and silver and the production of lead and copper. The great West, priding itself in its mining industry, rich with the romance of the prospector, and the mine owner, and the hardships and privations of the brave men who have sought out the stores of metals, must face the fact that this Guggenheim Trust has taken over to itself this entire industry, and has become so powerful that it can dictate terms to the 50,000 miles of standard railway which ribs the Western half of the continent.

Mexico and the American Government.

THE belief strengthens in Washington that the Mexican Government is being used by financial and commercial and mining interests to saddle upon that country burdens, to remove which will require almost ages of effort in the future, when the Mexican people shall have been aroused to a full appreciation of their rights. Likewise, belief strengthens here that the Government of the United States has been fooled into playing the game of those interests in Mexico, and that, were all the facts uncovered, the story would sound very unpleasant to the Nation. My inquiries tend to substantiate the amazing disclosures made in other articles in the PACIFIC MONTHLY by Mr. Turner. Mexico has been passing through an era of exploitation. Her enormous natural resources have been grabbed right and left, partly by men and corporations whose headquarters are in this country. It is the same system of exploitation as in Central American republics, and in South America, where the people's property has been given away for nothing or for a song.

And yet there is little promise that this Government, either through the executive or the legislative branch, will understand the true situation; or, understanding it, will attempt to right it. What is everybody's business, as in this case, appears to be nobody's business, and I believe that no relief is in sight.

Perhaps a gleam of light appeared late in January to relieve this rather dark picture. Juan Sanchez-Azcona, a Mexican editor, political enemy of President Diaz, had been in jail here in the District of Columbia, under the shadow of the National Capitol, for forty days. Now, every one in this city knew that he was held on a false charge—"for obtaining money under false pretenses." The local papers openly printed that it was false, and it was understood that this charge was lodged to cover the real animus—this Mexican editor was an enemy of Diaz. Notice this—Sanchez-Azcona was not in jail in Mexico, but *was in custody of a United States federal jailer in this country's National Capital, for a political reason, and this great Government held him to the end of his forty-day term, and then, upon telegraphic request from Mexico City, kept him on after that.*

But Congressman William B. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, wanted to know the truth, and about the middle of January introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives, demanding a Congressional investigation.

Dr. Wilson's Recommendation.

ABOUT the time that Doctor Woodrow Wilson became Governor of New Jersey, he handed to me the following signed statement:

I believe the Oregon system of popular government laws has wrought a fundamental reform of previous corruption and has brought to the people of that state truly representative government in the place of flagrantly misrepresentative government. I believe the system which has been evolved there contains the essentials of a body of law and constitutional amendments which the people of other states should carefully study with a view to procuring for themselves the manifest benefits which have been derived for the people of that state.

It was instantly taken up by the American press and printed in not less than 1,000 newspapers. It was accepted as putting Doctor Wilson in line with the progressive thought of the country. Concurrently, Doctor Wilson was conducting a vigorous campaign to force the Legislature of New Jersey to elect James Martine and honor the primary law of 1907, which provided that each party express

preference for a Senator at the polls. The head of the corrupt political machine, former United States Senator James Smith, Jr., having sent word to Doctor Wilson, before the latter accepted the gubernatorial nomination, that he would not be a candidate for Senator, announced after the election that he would violate this pledge, and attempt to induce

public sentiment to demand that these bills be brought out into the light of day. He insisted that the people had right to know what was being done by their servants and that there must be an end in New Jersey to the old way of doing things. In short, "turn on the light" was the animating principle of Doctor Wilson's political methods.



SEVENTH ANNUAL HARBORS AND RIVERS CONGRESS, DECEMBER 18, 1910, NEW WILLARD HOTEL, WASHINGTON.

the Legislature to send him to the Senate.

It was an act of such gross perfidy that Doctor Wilson instantly took up the gage of battle and carried the warfare into every county in New Jersey. Doctor Wilson's only weapons were the people's faith in him and his faith in the people. This he illustrated by laying out a plan of referendum. He went into different parts of the State, at the beginning of the Legislative session and told the people just what bills had been introduced and what they meant. He later told the people what bills had been buried by the old subterranean methods, and stirred

Mr. Brandeis and the Railroads.

MR. BRANDEIS, in hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission on the proposed freight rate increases, had asserted that by scientific management the railroads could save \$1,000,000 a day. He adduced testimony from world-famous engineers in support of his assertion. The country was stirred. The railroads had lost their case, unless they could do something to recoup. So the Western railroad presidents conferred and signed a telegram to Mr. Brandeis, saying he could name his own salary if he would show how a substantial portion

of \$1,000,000 a day could be saved. He answered them that he would gladly show them; asked them to name the date and place of meeting; suggested that the Eastern railroad presidents also be present, and declined any compensation.

"I am serving the Eastern shippers' associations without salary and at my own expense," he said. "I must, therefore, decline any compensation from you. This is a public duty and the people are already carrying too heavy transportation charges for any additional burdens unnecessarily to be imposed on them."

The meeting never took place. In the parlance of the poker game the "bluff" was "called." However, during the January hearing, Mr. Brandeis did show how \$1,000,000 a day could be saved by the railroads. In his argument before the Commission he laid down two propositions.

First, that no railroad operating within official classification territory (which means the Northeastern part of the continent) has introduced completely into any department the principles of scientific management.

Second, that the principles of scientific management, with their incidental huge economies are applicable to businesses generally, so that, if not applicable to railroads, some special reason must be shown why railroads are an exception to an otherwise universal rule.

Mr. Brandeis showed item by item where to save \$1,000,000 a day and how. He showed that some railroads are now saving parts of it, compared to others. He told how cheaply the Santa Fe road conducts its shops, car and locomotive repairs, compared to its competitor, the

Southern Pacific, and told how the Santa Fe does it.

Mr. Brandeis would have the scientific managerial methods which the Santa Fe applies to shops and repairs, applied by every road in the country, saving millions. He would have the New York Central manage its business as well as does the Pennsylvania, so as to save that big difference in damage claims.

He told what scientific management is, and said no railroad involved in the case had introduced it, though it is generally applied in other large businesses, and is equally applicable to railroads. Applied so as to save three per cent in operating the railroads east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac, it would make the proposed increase of rates needless, for the increase is declared to amount to only \$27,000,000 or three per cent of the present operating expenses.

"Why not cooperate to reduce costs," he demanded, "instead of cooperating to raise rates? Let each railroad adopt the best economies that others have developed, all working together for results, and all scientifically managing their properties, and the trick is done."

Scientific management's principles were stated as: 1, separating planning from performance; 2, making the responsible managers manage, not leaving it to the workers at the bottom; 3, universal preparedness; 4, analytically studying every operation with view to reduce energy and cost spent on it; 5, standardizing methods, material and equipment; 6, keeping records of industrial performance; 7, paying adequate rewards for individual accomplishments.



Woodrow Wilson

On the basis of these principles, which were elaborated and illustrated, great business enterprises have effected immense savings in operating. A system developed on these lines enabled the Santa Fe to reduce cost of belting in the Topeka shop from \$12,000 in 1903-4 to \$630 in 1904-5, besides the bigger saving of time because machines were more regularly run and workers more constantly employed. Shop tools and machinery maintenance on the Santa Fe was \$1,500,000 in 1903-4; scientific management reduced it over half in 1906-7. Locomotive maintenance was reduced twenty-six per cent, saving \$1,250,000. Being less in repair shop, locomotives earned \$52,308 each under the scientific management of 1906-7 more than in 1903-4.

Scientific car repair management reduced cost tax by twenty-six per cent, another \$1,250,000 saving; while detention of cars for repairs was reduced sixty-nine per cent.

Mr. Brandeis would have \$50,000,000 a year saved in coal by proper training of firemen, and he quoted eminent railroad authorities to show it possible, and that scientific management had produced the results in certain cases.

In 1905-9, American railroads killed 265 and injured 3,656 persons in locomotive boiler explosions; British railways killed four and injured fifty. American railroads killed twenty-six times as many, per locomotive, as did the British! This means huge payments of damage claims, besides waste of the property. Scientific management has saved that life and property abroad, and will do it here.

For loss and damage to freight, and injury to persons, the New York Central

paid in 1907-08, \$4,625,000; the Pennsylvania, doing fifty per cent more business, paid only \$2,600,000. Equally good management should save that big difference to the New York Central, Mr. Brandeis says.

A hundred million dollars a year should be saved in freight handling in terminals, besides stopping delays, keeping equipment more active and more profitable. Again Mr. Brandeis told how, and quoted expert railway authority.

American railroads, said Mr. Brandeis, pay more for steel than American steel concerns sell it for abroad. Do they co-operate in effort to force the steel concerns to reduce the price? No; the officials, when asked that, said they did not. Why not, Mr. Brandeis answered thus:

"Because, Mr. Morgan and the men who control the steel company also control the railroad world. Four great steel companies have sixty-five directors. These sixty-five men are directors in railroad systems operating two-thirds of the country's mileage. Yet, instead of combining to ask cheaper steel, the railroads have combined to

except steel from the proposed increase of rates.

"It was amusing to hear Mr. Gowen speak of the heavy burden on the Pennsylvania of increased steel prices, when the Pennsylvania and the Reading roads own most of the stock in the Cambria and Pennsylvania Steel Companies, which in eight years earned \$38,000,000 in profits.

"It was amusing to hear of increased cost of coal, when the coal of the East is largely owned by the railroads; to hear that claim within a month of the time when the railroads had violated the anti-



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JUDSON HARMON, OF OHIO.

trust act by combining under the Temple Iron Company."

Those California Oil Lands.

NOTHING short of final adjudication will settle the controversy over the California oil lands. Not less than \$50,000,000 of oil values are involved. When the Southern Pacific land grant was made by the Federal Government, the executive department, through the Secretary of the Interior, wrote into the patents that the railroad company should, according to the statute of grant, have the coal and iron found thereon, but that all other minerals should be reserved to the Government.

It was not known at the time that such an enormous wealth of oil was stored beneath the surface of those lands. After oil was discovered, the Southern Pacific treated the lands as their own, regardless of the reservation in the patents which they had accepted. The railroad company asserts that oil has never been adjudicated as a mineral, which is true. The courts, however, are apt to follow the universal scientific classification and take the view that these oils, being not animal or vegetable substances, must be mineral. This view was expressed at the geological survey where, in fact, any other idea was hooted at.

California people have demanded an investigation, and Attorney-General Wickersham is examining the subject.

It is quite apparent that the Government intended in all railway grants to convey only the agricultural values and to place upon the railways the same limitation, as to minerals which might be discovered later, that is placed upon the

individual settler who accepts his home-
stead claim without acquiring title to minerals. This land grant, however, went farther and specifically conveyed the coal and iron, which might be found on these grant lands. Applying the law maxim, "*Expressio unius est exclusio alterius*," it would seem reasonable to assume that Congress, by mentioning specifically only coal and iron minerals, designed to exclude other minerals.

The estimate that \$50,000,000 of oil values are involved is modest. Many of the lands in question are worth from \$5,000 to \$7,000 an acre. Such an enormous area is in dispute that an authority in Washington, who has investigated the legal and economic phases, asserts that the value of the oil in question is enough to pay the bonded indebtedness of the Southern and Union Pacifics.

Taft and Arizona.

When this article was written, vague hints were heard in Washington that President Taft was considering a veto of the Arizona constitution. President Taft is not a believer in the initiative and referendum,

the popular election of Senators, the direct primary, and the recall, as provided for in the Arizona organic law. This constitution is almost identical with the Oregon law.

It was suggested that President Taft's chief objection was that the recall applied to the judiciary. The controversy in Arizona, over the constitution, developed the knowledge that Postmaster-General Hitchcock had journeyed to that Territory to defeat these popular government laws, and that he failed, just as he failed in his mission to Oregon to defeat



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SENATOR HUGHES, OF COLORADO, DIED JANUARY 11, 1911.

the election of Senator Chamberlain. It was believed that, if as expected, the people of Arizona adopted their constitution with a substantial majority, President Taft would not refuse to affix his signature to it to make it valid. The issue over the popular government features of their organic law had been so elaborately discussed, and the constitutional convention delegates so fully informed of public sentiment there, it was expected the final result would demonstrate that the convention had not flinched in the face of popular demand.

Chairman Hunt, of the Constitutional Convention, wrote to Senator Bourne for an expression of opinion on the popular government laws incorporated in the new organic law proposed for that State, with special reference to President's Taft's reported opposition. Senator Bourne answered that the people of Arizona had as much right to protest against attempted dictation to them by one man in Washington as the colonists had to protest against dictation to them by King George, of England. He referred to Postmaster-General Hitchcock's visit to Arizona to defeat the Constitution, and hinted that Mr. Hitchcock was plentifully supplied with the sinews of war to accomplish his mission.

The Pinchot Brief.

JUST as the Administration thought it had a plan that would permit it to evade responsibility by referring the Cunningham claims to the Court of Claims of the District of Columbia, Gifford Pinchot and Amos Pinchot filed with the President a brief in which they called attention to the record of the case which, they asserted, made it imperative to cancel the claims for fraud.

The issue of fact in this case is simple.

The Government contends that all the entries were made for a single association and that they were recorded in separate names merely as a device to evade the law.

The claimants contend that each entered his claim entirely for his own use and benefit and that no one of them had any interest in any claim except his own.

If there was, prior to entry, an understanding or agreement, expressed or im-

plied, among the Cunningham claimants to turn their claims over to a company after they got title, or to pool their interests and work them together, the claims are illegal.

The history of the operations of the Cunningham entrymen in Alaska, as derived from their own records and statements, shows that from beginning to end they were all members of a single association engaged in acquiring a joint property, and that the claimants never owned their claims separately.

An expert examination made in 1905 showed vast amounts of coal on the central section of the territory covered by the claims. Four of the thirty-seven claims were found to have little or no value for coal, but to be covered with timber. To an association about to operate the claims as a whole, these four timber claims were worth more than four coal claims on the remote borders of the tract.

There were thirty-seven claims and only thirty-three claimants. When entry was made, four claims had to be dropped. It is especially significant that the four claims dropped were coal claims and that the four timber claims, valuable only to an association, were retained.

The book of accounts of the Cunningham group, and the reports made by its agents, are all evidently based on the assumption that all the claims are one property owned by one association.

There is in evidence the journal in which Cunningham kept his accounts of the joint fund contributed by all the entrymen. He was custodian of this fund and from it all expenses were paid. In September, 1903, Cunningham wrote down at the beginning of this journal the terms of an agreement whereby each subscriber to the joint fund "shall have one claim of 160 acres recorded in his name and will own same individually until such time as title can be secured for same," when each "agrees to deed his interest to a company to be formed for the purpose of developing and marketing" the coal. Then follows a list of twenty-three subscribers who have "paid" in accordance with such agreement.

The agreement thus recorded is con-

cededly illegal. Cunningham has made two efforts to explain it away. First, he swore in substance that the agreement was in fact made, but before the passage of the Act of 1904 and in the belief that it was legal, and that it was abandoned when that Act was passed. Second, he testified that the agreement was never made at all.

The entry of this agreement in Cunningham's journal was made because it was important for him to record the agreement with his subscribers, and to record it exactly as it was. His later denial of the agreement was made only when he could see no other way to avoid the evidence of fraud which he had created against the claimants by making the entry.

More than half of the claimants have admitted in affidavits that they had always acted with a mutual understanding that they would combine their claims after their titles were secured, and one so confessed at the hearing.

Fifteen of the claimants made corroborative affidavits, in which the statement of Cunningham was confirmed, and fourteen of them added these words:

We have understood among ourselves that when title was secured we would form a company and combine the entire group, since the conditions are such that one claim could not be profitably mined, as any one familiar with coal mining appreciates.

Ex-Governor Miles C. Moore, one of the leaders of the group, added to his corroborative affidavit the following:

There has been a tacit understanding among the claimants represented by Clarence Cunningham that when title was perfected a company would be formed to develop the claims.

An understanding precisely similar to that admitted in these affidavits was passed upon by the Federal Court in the case of *United States vs. Portland Coal & Coke Company*, decided in October, 1908. Relying upon the authority of two decisions of the United States Supreme Court, it was held that all claims entered under such an understanding are fraudulent and void.

Japan's Situation.

NOTWITHSTANDING the merits of the demands for more fortifications of our coast lines, enlargement of

the army and strengthening of the navy, it is worth while to review the financial and economic position of Japan, and to assure the people of the Pacific Coast that they need fear no invasion from that quarter; for it appears to be certain that Japan is in no situation to make war on the United States, even if she wants to do so, which last is an absurdity.

In 1903 the Bank of Japan estimated the national wealth to be 11,690,000,000 *yen*. A leading financial paper in Japan estimated, on a basis of twelve per cent, a yearly income of 1,400,000,000 *yen* (\$700,000,000). That estimate gives an annual income per capita of only thirty *yen* (fifteen dollars). Other estimates reached by a different process of figuring place the monthly income of the whole population per capita at about two *yen* (one dollar), or about twelve dollars a year in United States money.

The total capital of all banking, commercial, industrial, mining, shipping and agricultural undertakings was at the beginning of the war 878,762,000 *yen* (about \$440,000,000). A comparison shows that the deposits in the banks of the city of New York would more than pay for all the capitalized wealth of Japan, including bank deposits. It is true that, in a statement recently issued, this figure was greatly increased; but it is not easy to see how the national wealth of a country, upon which its capitalized industries largely rest, can have been immediately augmented by a long and very expensive war. The figures given were compiled before the necessity for representing the national assets in the most favorable light, in order to facilitate the acceptance of foreign loans, was quite so urgent as it is now.

The national debt of Japan is now about 2,200,000,000 *yen*, of which about three-fifths is owed abroad, an increase of 1,700,000,000 *yen* as a result of the war. As security for the foreign loans the Government has hypothecated about everything in the country that would be accepted for the purpose, including the customs, the tobacco monopoly, the Government railways and some other minor resources. With an annual revenue of only 230,000,000 *yen* (\$115,000,000) in ordinary times, and that barely equal to the usual budget, it is difficult to see how

any part of the principal of the present debt is ever to be paid. Then the interest on the war domestic loans, which is payable in gold, will eat up part of the revenue brought by the war taxes. It seems probable, therefore, that the Government will not be able, for perhaps an indefinite time, to remove the war taxes, which must be regarded as a possible permanent burden upon the country.

That Reclamation Fund.

THERE has been general dissatisfaction in Oregon with the recommendations of President Taft's Board of Army Engineers for the distribution of the \$20,000,000 certificates-of-indebtedness fund. I have no doubt that the Army Board acted conscientiously, for its personnel is of the highest, and not a member would willingly do less than his patriotic duty.

The difficulty with the whole program of procedure was that there ever was appointed an army board to pass on irrigation projects. However brilliant these men are as army engineers, it is obvious that they do not understand the reclamation question. No private enterprise would place \$20,000,000 in the hands of engineers who had had no experience

with the work to be performed. In this case, men who had never been in touch with reclamation supersede engineers of eminence, such as Director Newell and Chief Engineer Davis, of the Reclamation Service.

Considerable betterment of the conditions affecting Oregon was effected, however, by the assignment of \$1,500,000 to develop the west unit of the Umatilla project, the money to go from the general reclamation fund derived from the sale of public lands, and to bear no interest. This was in addition to \$325,000 for the East Umatilla project and \$600,000 for the Klamath project assigned from the certificates fund.

The whole truth can not be told without reference to the claims of the Reclamation Service that the expenditure of larger sums of money in Oregon has been, in large part, prevented by obstacles placed in the way of the Malheur project by the settlers, and the wagon-road land-grant companies, in the days when that project was desired by the Government to be inaugurated, and also that the dissensions among the Klamath settlers have made it impossible to execute plans therefor commensurate with the Government's intention.



A Westerner

By Charles Badger Clark Jr.

My fathers sleep o'er the sunrise plains
And each one sleeps alone;
Their trails may dim to the grass and rains
For I choose to make my own.
I lay proud claim to the blood and name
But I lean on no dead kin:
My name is mine for the praise or scorn,
And the world began when I was born,
And the world is mine to win!

They built high towns on their old log sills,
Where the great, slow rivers gleamed,
But with new, live rock from the savage hills,
I'll build as they only dreamed.
The fire scarce dies where the trail-camp lies
Till the rails glint down the pass;
The desert springs into fruit and wheat
And I lay the stones of a solid street
Over yesterday's untrod grass.

I waste no thought on my neighbor's birth
Or the way he makes his prayer;
I grant him a white man's room on earth
If his game is only square.
While he plays it straight I'll call him mate,
If he cheats I drop him flat.
All rank but this is a worn-out lie,
For all clean men are as good as I
And a king is only that.

I dream no dreams of a nursemaid State,
That will spoon me out my food.
A stout heart sings in the fray with fate
And the shock and sweat are good.
From noon to noon all the earthly boon
That I ask my God to spare—
Is a little daily bread in store,
With the room to fight the strong for more,
And the weak shall get their share.

The sunrise plains are a tender haze,
And the sunset seas are gray,
But I stand here where the bright skies blaze
Over me and the big Today.
What use to me is the vague "may be,"
Or the mournful "might have been?"
For the sun wheels swift from morn to morn
And the world began when I was born,
And the world is mine to win!

The Miracle of Father Peter

By Seumas McManus

Author of "A Lad of the O'Frieis," "Through the Turf Smoke,"
"Donegal Fairy Stories," Etc.



IN his coal-mining bailiwick of Scrubbtown, Pa., Father Peter Flanagan, essaying to save the souls of the dark denizens, faced a hard proposition; and it seemed that only his Irish grit and optimism could succeed in holding him up against it. Sometimes, he confessed that if it were not for his assistant pastor,—his good Irish blackthorn,—the souls of Scrubbtown would have to go unsaved. While admitting that the principle might not necessarily be of universal application, he assured the Bishop that the only way to get Scrubbtown into Heaven was to drive it through the gates with a stick. The Bishop laughed. But Father Peter, advisedly, retained a severe composure of countenance. He said, "Bishop, if you had your hands blistered saving souls like me, you'd be slower to see the fun of it."

There was a deal of truth in what Father Peter said. The Scrubbtown sinners were a hard and hardened lot. And Father Peter—plus his assistant pastor—engendered at least tenfold the respect that would Father Peter plus soft words. They were the old style of people and he was the old style of pastor,—all of them, both pastor and people, children of emigrants still retaining their fathers' reverence for Christianity and theology of the muscular brand.

The hardest portions of the hard Scrubbtown proposition were undoubtedly Corney Mullany and Phil Madden. Father Peter had many worries going on two legs around Scrubbtown—but this pair outweighed all the others put together. He often confessed that it was they who gave him his gray hairs and were bringing him to his grave before

his time. Corney invariably handed over to his wife ninety-five per cent of his week's wages—neither more nor less. The remaining five per cent, which at the end of a full week amounted to seventy-five cents, he expended upon himself in riotous living from Saturday night till Monday morning. And he made more noise over the expenditure of his three quarters than would a millionaire sowing a fortune. And if Corney, in his riotous extravagance, reached the end of his seventy-five cents before Sunday night, he went around laying all sympathetic spendthrifts under contribution. Phil Madden was a spendthrift not quite so hopeless as Corney Mullany. But for his shortcoming in this respect he more than made up, by his infidelity. Phil loved to dazzle his fellows by proclaiming his non-allegiance to Father Peter—when Father Peter was not within hearing. Acting up to his professions—as far as he dared—he was remiss in his religious duties, thus throwing upon the good priest the onus of saving his soul in his own despite. Father Peter lost endless time and temper rounding these two stray sheep into the fold—wherein no sooner were they than they were sure to jump the fence again. So 't was little wonder that the poor man, reflecting upon a flock that knew two such vagabonds, shook a very frosty pow.

After oft-repeated vain attempts to fashion passable Christians out of these two rascallions, Father Peter had in sorrow to confess that nothing short of a miracle could reclaim, and make them a credit to his congregation. "And the age of miracles," he said resignedly, "is passed."

Yet, that was where Father Peter was mistaken—as he afterwards freely confessed. The miracle was proven—and by

what he was pleased to term an unworthy instrument—himself, to wit.

On a November Sunday afternoon, when both Corney's and Phil's exchequers were deplete, and that, besides, all friends who could be wheedled, worried, or coerced to give tribute, had given, and seen their gifts squandered, and that no other solitary opening seemed to remain for the raising of fresh capital to quench the two unquenchable thirsts, a Council of Desperation was held by the two desperates to consider what possible or impossible way still remained for raising the sinews of war; and thereat Corney remembered that Father Peter had got a new housekeeper, who, not yet conversant with the slanders which garnished local biographies at good men's expense (as theirs) might have a heart yielding to that one of the seven corporal works of mercy of which they were presently deserving objects. Phil (in his thoughtless moments a Believer) considered that it was an all-wise Providence who had put the thought in Corney's heart.

With little delay, they set out for Father Peter's, taking care, however, to approach only his back door, and that by a circuitous route round the corner of the hedge. They were right in their conjectures about the new housekeeper. She had a kind heart, a blissful ignorance of local gossip, and an eagerness to help the distressed. Unfortunately, however, she had not any ready money. Neither had she brandy or wine to revive Phil, who, Corney explained, was feeling faint from hunger. But she gave them the only thing eatable that remained in the house, a loaf—and then, hurrying them out, went off to hunt up a second cousin of her mother's, who, she understood, lived on the outskirts of the town.

Phil, suddenly recovering from his faintness, and Corney looked with infinite disgust, first at each other, and then at the loaf! By this beggarly hunk of baker's fudge were their dearest hopes dashed! And they had tramped half a mile, and climbed fences, and begged at a man's back door for—a loaf! 'T was too, too much—the last straw!

They wandered away, hopelessly depressed, even thoughtlessly bearing the loaf with them—and sat them down out-

side the hedge that divided Father Peter's garden from the world.

"What will we do, at all, at all?" said Corney.

Phil was sullenly silent for five minutes. Suddenly slapping his leg, he said, "Mullany, if you're a man we'll do it!"

"Faith," Corney said, "in my present condition, I'm man enough to do anything that the devil would dare, to quench this thirst."

"Right," said Phil, "we'll make a spoon or spoil a horn this time. We'll take the drinks off Father Peter himself."

"What!"

"Have ye ears on your head?"

"I used to have, but I'm thinkin' they must have reneged me. Did you say we were to take the drinks off Father Peter?"

Phil leaned over, putting his mouth close to Corney's ear and shouting with entirely unnecessary force—"Take the drinks, I said, off Father Peter—Do you hear that?"

"I hear it, but I dont understand. Do you mean to say you'd chate the priest?"

"Chate the priest," said Phil with infinite scorn. "Hand us no more hogwash. You said you were a man. Show it."

Corney looked a trifle abashed. He said, "What is it you're goin' to do?"

Said Phil, "Father Peter, in spite of all the noise he makes with his tongue, and all the quiverin' he does with his blackthorn, is one o' the aisiest things goin'."

"O! you would n't, would you Phil?" entreated Corney.

"Shutter the delf shop," said Phil, contemptuously. "Now it's the time of the year that it is beginnin' to get cool—and if we had n't these coats on us, we'd feel the need of coats, or the money to buy them. It would melt any soft-hearted man's heart to see us coatless—hungry, moreover. And you know the housekeeper said there was n't a pick eatable left in the house. Father Peter 'ill have to go down in his pocket then."

"Phil," said Corney, on whose face there was growing a v'ry grave look, "if you thry such a thrick on the priest of God, maybe 'tis a mark you get laid on you, for the rest of your lifetime."

"Superstitious Sally!" said Phil, with great scorn.

"I've heard of it before. My mother knew it to be done to a man o' the Gaffigan's in the County Leitrim who thried to interfere with the priest."

"So 't is a mouse y' are and not a man, after all!" said Phil contemptuously.

Corney wavered.

"I have a throat," said Phil, "as dhry as a lime-burner's hat."

Instantly Corney recalled his own thirst. Then all other terrors vanished. "Why, Phil, I'll do anything in raison if you say there 'll come nothing ill of it."

"Ill! pooh! 'T is n't children we are any longer, Mullany. Off with your coat, and leave it under the hedge."

Phil was divesting himself of his as he spoke.

Said he, "We 'll go with no lie in our mouths to the man. We 'll make a clean breast of it—say we got drunk again—hopeless sinners—drunk our own money, and drunk our friends dry, and then drunk our coats,—and here we are as we deserve to be, with bellies unfed and backs unclad—but with true sorrow in our souls, determined never more to touch, taste or handle—and come to him for to take the pledge. If that does n't fetch him my name is n't Phil."

Corney was gasping—as much at the greatness of the conception, as at the breath-taking audacity of the thing.

"That 's the thrick you see. We come to him to take the pledge. Of course we 'll be grateful for a bite to eat—since we know he has n't a pick in the house—and a dud of covering—which he can only advance the dollars for."

"And, Phil, are you sure—"

"Sure? I tell you, Mullany, you 'd vex a saint with that ould superstition that I thought Adam left in the Garden behind him. I'm sure of nothing only that we 'll work Father Peter. And 't is his turn to be worked."

"All right," granted Corney, taking his life in his hands. "Sure, I was never the man for to back out of any undertakin' yet."

But Phil, turning on him a suspicious tail of an eye, evidently suspected Corney of doing some whistling in the dark. He hurried his man up before he had time to repent. Leaving their coats under the

hedge, just beside the loaf, where they could conveniently find them again, they made their way circuitously to the Avenue, and, going along, marched up to the priest's hall door and rang the bell.

Father Peter, who, sitting under his garden hedge, thinking out that evening's sermon, had overheard the details of the scheme for his working, was in his parlor ere the conspirators reached the hall door. He answered the bell, and seeing the coatless men on the doorstep when he opened the door, simulated an admirable look of surprise.

"We know it, sir," said Phil, in response to the look. "We know it," With most ingenious gaze of candor he returned Father Peter's look. "Bad cases, your Reverence," he remarked—"We know it. There's no one knows it better, or feels it bitterer, than our two good-for-nothin' selves. But, please God, it 'll neither be in the power of ourselves or any other to say the same of us evermore. Is n't it so, Mullany?"

"It's so, throth," said Corney, who, following his leader, tried the look-of-candor dodge likewise—but with lamentable success. His eyes fell to the ground as he spoke.

"We've come," said Phil, "this evenin' for to turn over a new leaf—and with God's help and yours, Father Peter, to take the pledge—and keep it. Is n't it so, Mullany?"

"It's so, faith," said Corney.

Father Peter turned on Corney a steady eye as he made answer. Under it Corney's look shifted. Hardly any one could detect the slight twitching that was playing itself at the corners of Father Peter's mouth.

"We have sworn," said Phil, "never more to touch, taste, or handle the devil's stuff."

"Good!" encouraged Father Peter.

"I'm glad your Reverence thinks so," said Phil, stepping inside, and by a surreptitious pluck at Corney's elbow as he did so, hinting to that weakling that he should look Fate in the face with a little more ease. "Very glad, indeed," said Phil, when he found himself getting successfully established in the priest's house and heart. "Corney and me have tasted the last drop of drink—the devil go with it!—Is n't that so, Mullany?"

"Ay, the devil go with it!" said Corney, with growing confidence. "'Tis so, Father Peter."

"Very good, indeed," said Father Peter.

"And after we've taken the pledge from you, sir," said Phil, "all we'll need is a bit to eat and a coat to our backs—to look the world in the face—and be a credit to it in future—and to you, sir."

"Poor fellows!" said Father Peter. "And you tell me you're hungry, too?"

"Hungry!" said Phil. "Hungry's no name for it! We have n't tasted a pick for four-and-twenty hours—Have we, Mullany?"

"Sorra pick," promptly responded Corney.

"I'm sorry indeed for you, poor fellows," said Father Peter. "I wonder if there's anything at all eatable left in the house." He went off toward the pantry and in a short time returned with a loaf! It was the self-same loaf, too, that they believed they had left under the hedge with their coats—for the track of where Corney had tried his incisors on the crust was plainly visible! "We're in luck," Father Peter said, "for this is the only loaf left in the house." He placed it on the hall table where it held their fascinated gaze. And he said, "I wonder would I have the same luck if I tried to find something to cover your backs?"

Leaving a dumbfounded pair in the hall, hypnotized by the sight of a loaf of

bread, the priest went away, but returned very soon, saying, "'Tis surely a time of luck, lads, for here's something that I think will fit each of you." He was holding toward them—one in either hand—their own coats!

It was off Corney Mullany's tongue that the spell was first lifted. Throwing up his hands, he said, when he found his voice, "May the Lord forgive me! for you, Father Peter, if you knew it never could forgive me!" and fled incontinently. Phil Madden went away after with an heroically-assumed composure, that was external only.

Corney was at Father Peter's five o'clock mass next morning, and a humble applicant for the pledge, immediately after. As he went gravely homeward to breakfast, he encountered Phil Madden standing in a brown study at a street corner. "'Twas a sign, Phil," said Corney, in fearful accents, sidling up to him—" 'Twas a sign."

Phil turned a scowling look upon Corney—but the usual audacity was entirely wanting in his look.

"Phil," Corney went on, "you should look after your sowl."

Phil shrugged his shoulders, and, giving a grunt, walked away.

"Sure enough, 'twas a sign, Phil," Corney called after him—"Thank God, it's made me a new man," he said to himself, as he wended his way homeward.



The Thousand-Dollar "Short"

By Arthur R. André



"HALF-CUFF," neatly framed, hangs in the office of the Model Steam Laundry. And beneath the half-cuff, printed on the handsome black frame which surrounds it, in plain gold lettering, is the inscription: "H3450—The Thousand-Dollar 'Short.'" The new driver, who earned the thousand dollars reward, was perfectly willing to part with the half-cuff, and as the man to whom it originally belonged would certainly never have occasion to wear it again, Mr. Davis, the proprietor of the laundry, conceived the idea of having it framed and hung in the office, where everybody, and particularly the drivers, could see it. For laundry-drivers are apt to be remiss at times in the matter of "shorts."

When the half-cuff first "showed up" in Talbot's bin it was n't apparently worth a cent to anybody. It was an ordinary-looking colored half-cuff, of a rather unusual pattern, perhaps, and he was quick to observe, when he examined it, that there was neither name nor driver's number inscribed upon the wrapper in which it was enclosed—and which was soiled and dusty and torn—nor was there any laundry-mark, so far as he was able to discover, upon the cuff itself. "Some one will call for it, sooner or later, I suppose," he meditated absently, and he tossed it back into his bin.

For three days, after that, he picked up and delivered his laundry, clearing his shelves of bundles as expeditiously as they were filled from the distributing-room. Other shorts appeared, from time to time—half-cuffs, collars, handkerchiefs, socks—all of them properly designated and marked, and these he restored conscientiously to their respective owners; but always the unmarked half-cuff remained. It began "to get upon his nerves" at last; and as none of his customers had so far asked him for it, he

carried it upstairs to the distributing-room to make inquiries. Pete, the foreman of the distributing-room, did n't know anything about it.

So it came to pass that the half-cuff was in his pocket on the following morning, when he was loading up his wagon at the Sanitarium. He was n't thinking about the half-cuff as he journeyed back and forth between the linen-room of the hospital and his wagon. He was n't thinking about anything in particular; he was just enjoying the glorious sunshine, and the clear, cold air, and the excellent view of the grounds which the "tradesmen's" entrance to the institution afforded. A row of scarlet-petaled poinsettias flamed brightly against the white-plastered wall of the building; green-fronded palms nodded gracefully beside the walks and drives; and snowy-blossomed magnolias scented the air. Then, by degrees, other details of the scene appealed to him—the winter-blooming roses in the flowerbeds; the outhouses and arches, heavy with heliotrope and bougainvillea; and the two old men who were sunning themselves on a seat beside the door. One of the old men wore a linen bandage around his head, he noticed; and it dawned upon him, a little later, and in the same insensible manner, that they were discussing the "hold-up" of a month before on Vermont Avenue.

Talbot thought he knew all about the hold-up on Vermont Avenue. A helpless and inoffensive old man had been "beaten up" and robbed, in broad daylight; the assailant, a tall broad-shouldered individual, with big black eyes, had made good his escape, and the victim had been carried to the near-by Occidental Sanitarium, where, for a week or more, his life had been despaired of. Other assaults of a similar nature had been committed in the city, from time to time, by a man answering to the same description; and the *Morning Inquirer*, together with the Merchants' and Citizens' Asso-

ciation, had offered a reward of a thousand dollars for any information that should lead to the bandit's arrest. The laundryman had read all these details of the case in his morning paper; and it didn't take him long to discover the identity of the man with the bandage around his head, who was doing the most of the talking. "Yes, sir," the man with the bandage was saying, "he come up to me and he gimme that crack over the head with his gun; and all I seem to remember is that he was a big, heavy-set feller, with black eyes, and that he wore a white shirt with a purple diamond figure." Number Five nearly dropped the bundle he was carrying.

For the cuff that was reposing at that moment in his coat pocket was a white cuff with a purple diamond figure. He tossed the bundle of laundry into the wagon, swung the end-doors shut—it was the last bundle to be picked up that morning at the Sanitarium, as it happened—and examined the cuff again. Yes, he satisfied himself, it was a white cuff with a purple diamond figure; and he wondered how it could have come about that the authorities had suppressed the clue. Perhaps, he reasoned, the police, or the reporters, or both, had kept the information to themselves in the hopes of winning the reward! Then, again, he speculated, the item might have been withheld from publication, lest the outlaw, happening to read about it in the newspapers, should seek safety in flight! Talbot reflected. He had been on the point of showing the half-cuff to the two old men who were still sitting upon the bench beside the door; but upon sober second thought, he threw the weight back into the wagon, climbed into his seat, and drove away.

His first move, after he arrived at the laundry and had deposited his load in the marking-room, was to interview Pete again. Pete was an irascible little old man, small-eyed, small-featured, and religious. He smoked a short briar pipe, with a big bowl but without any mouth-piece, which he always kept alight as he worked; he was always at war with the drivers and the girls in the office over "shorts" and "specials"—in the interest of the laundry, it is only fair to state—and as he never permitted himself to

swear under any circumstances, the one outlet for his emotions which remained to him was a sudden and emphatic shifting of the queer little pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other. He observed the new driver coming up the stairs, with deep distrust.

"Good morning, Pete," began Number Five, ingratiatingly. "Take a look at this cuff, will you?"

The little foreman glanced at the cuff out of the corner of his eye, and shifted his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other. The girls that were working at the same table exchanged smiles as they checked and wrapped and tied. They seemed to know what was coming.

"Remember it?" the new driver began again.

"You asked me that question only yesterday," was the blunt retort.

"I know—but I thought—" Talbot floundered.

"You know—but you thought," mimicked the little man. "You drivers think I'm a mindreader, dont you? Bring me a cuff without any mark on it, and expect me to tell you who it belongs to! Give me two guesses, eh?" And he put an extra turn of twine about the bundle he was tying.

The girls tittered.

"You might look it up in the shortage-book," suggested Talbot, mildly.

"What, without any mark?" the little foreman questioned, with profound contempt. "There's the book," he added abruptly, indicating where it lay on the table with a quick jerk of the head. "Help yourself!" And he shifted his pipe back again to the other side of his mouth.

Talbot had half an hour to spare, while his "flat work" was running through the mangles, and he spent it studying the shortage-book. There were plenty of halfcuff shortages distributed throughout the book, he discovered—some belonging to his own customers, which he recognized as he ran across the names; and some belonging to other drivers, which he knew nothing about—but they were all of them prefaced by a laundry-mark; and he was forced to admit at last that without a mark to guide him he could do nothing. He picked up the cuff again and studied it minutely.

"Now if I were only one of those story-book detectives," he observed to himself, with a hopeless smile, "a single glance at this half-cuff would be sufficient. I could track the owner of the purple-diamond shirt to his place of abode, invoke the arm of the law from a convenient 'phone, and, incidentally, win the reward of a thousand dollars." And the thousand dollars reward would come in extremely handy, he meditated. He turned the half-cuff over in his hand, to examine the other side of it, and, the next moment, what appeared to be an imperfection in the pattern caught his attention—a blur where the laundry-mark ought to be, if one were there. He carried it to the window and examined the irregularity from every point of view. The blur was a shade deeper in color than the pattern of the cuff, he imagined. Back he hurried to the foreman of the distributing-room, all eagerness.

"What, again?" asked Pete, sarcastically.

"There's a laundry-mark on it," insisted Talbot.

The foreman glanced at the alleged laundry-mark reluctantly. "That aint a mark; that's a blot!" he decided, out of hand. "Throw it in the trash-barrel!" And he went on with his work again.

But the new driver had no intention of throwing the "thousand-dollar" half-cuff in the trash-barrel. He remembered that some of the boys in the marking-room could decipher marks on garments, when to the uninitiated only a blot or a discoloration of the goods remained, and he carried it downstairs to submit it to more expert opinion. Yes, they agreed, the spot on the half-cuff was a laundry-mark, and the flannel-washer went so far as to claim that there were five characters to it, but they were too much faded and washed out to read.

However, Talbot was by no means at the end of his resources. His flat work was out and waiting for him in his bin, so he drove down town to deliver it; and at the first optician's store he came to, he stepped inside and asked to be allowed to look at the half-cuff through a reading-glass. The proprietor of the store acceded smilingly to the request; and under the powerful lens which he furnished, the fabric of the cuff appeared like coarse-

woven canvas, and the characters—for they were characters—sprawled clumsily across the white expanse. But they were decipherable. And brought into focus, one after the other, they read, successively: H—3—4—5—0—. The new driver jotted down the laundry-mark in his note-book.

And as soon as he had eaten his lunch—at which his wife found him strangely uncommunicative—he returned to the laundry and began a systematic study of the "tracer." The tracer, he reflected jubilantly, would give him the number of the driver to whom the customer belonged; the day of the month—almost the hour, in fact—that the bundle was brought in; and the rest of the search for the bandit would be easy. Lot by lot, and week by week, he turned the dusty yellow pages of the tracer, scrutinizing the marks in the "3" column for a period that went back six months at the very least, but no such number was he able to discover. He asked the other drivers, as they came in, if they knew anything about the cuff, but none of those he interviewed had seen it before. What was the mark? was the invariable rejoinder. It wasn't on the tracer? And none of his customers had rung up the office or even asked him for it? Then why concern himself at all about it?

But Talbot kept his own counsel, and cudgled his brains, and, presently, while he was loading up his wagon for the downtown route, the thought occurred to him that there were other laundries in Los Angeles. He stepped into the drivers' booth and 'phoned the I-X-L, which was the next largest laundry in the city. And fifteen minutes later he was called to the office to learn that the I-X-L had 'phoned an answer to his message. H3450 was one of their laundry-marks. And why did he want to know?

"I'm looking for the owner of a colored half-cuff," he retorted, smiling, as he hurried away. He started with his load down town, and as he urged his horse to a trot, he felicitated himself upon the progress he was making. He could n't understand why the Model Steam tracer bore no record of the bundle, but that was of small moment since the I-X-L Laundry recognized the mark. The I-X-L driver that handled the bundle

would remember the house where he picked it up; the police would do the rest; and, in imagination, he could already see the desperado behind the bars. He wondered what his wife would say when he told her about it. There was a nice little building-lot for sale on Maple Avenue, he remembered; and the thousand dollars reward would pay for the piece of ground and leave a margin in the bank besides. At the I-X-L Laundry he was told that H3450 was the mark of a customer whose name was Smith; that a bundle bearing that mark had come in from a cigar-store agency on Pico Street three months ago; and that it had never been in the laundry before or since. Talbot thanked the bookkeeper of the I-X-L for the information, and drove without delay to the address.

He purchased a cigar, and established himself in the good graces of the man who owned the store; but while the latter was perfectly willing to tell all he knew about "Mr. Smith," there was extremely little that he had to tell. Three months before, as his counter-book showed, a man answering to that name had brought a bundle of laundry to his store, and in due time had called for it, and paid for it, and taken it away. No, he regretted, he had never seen Mr. Smith before nor since. He didn't remember anything about the man. Mr. Smith might be tall or short, broad-shouldered or slender, with black eyes, or brown, or blue, or gray—he could n't say. And here, it seemed, the trail of the thousand-dollar half-cuff, at least so far as Talbot was able to follow it, came to an end.

But while he was delivering his bundles down town, and was lamenting to himself that his time and efforts had both been thrown away, back in the laundry, the search for the owner of the colored half-cuff was assuming the complexion of a joke. The girls in the office exchanged conjectures about it with the other drivers. The boys in the marking-room talked it over with the men in the wash-room. The distributing-room passed it on to the hand-ironers, and the body-ironers, and the collar gang. Then it traveled from the wash-room to the shaking-tables and mangles, and out to the engineer and the man in the barn. For

the new driver was not content with looking up shorts for his customers when they asked him for them, he must needs look up customers for shorts! "The prince"—Number Fifteen—was told about it when he came in with his load from an all-day trip to the East Side; and he was waiting for the new driver at the door of the office when the latter drove up.

"I put that cuff in your bin," the prince admitted, as he advanced to the side of the wagon, with an amiable smile.

"Of course, you did," scoffed Five, as he dropped the weight.

"Honest!" the prince insisted. "I found it in my bin, with 'Try 5' written on it, and I was going to toss it across into yours right away, but I needed a piece of paper to write some marks on—"

"So—?" Talbot laughed.

"So I tore a corner off the wrapper," Fifteen explained, "and I must have torn the 'Try 5' off at the same time. But anyway, I took my list of marks upstairs and forgot all about it. Then, about four days ago, I came across the half-cuff again, and that was when I threw it in your bin."

"When did you find the half-cuff in the first place?" the new driver questioned, convinced at last.

"About a month ago," Fifteen replied. "But, hold on, Five," he protested, as Talbot started on his way toward the barn, "you have n't told me yet what the joke is!"

"I'll tell you tomorrow morning, if I don't forget," laughed Five. He slapped the lines smartly on the horse's back; and as the animal trotted around the corner toward the barn, he fell to meditating upon what Fifteen had told him. Two more facts about the cuff were now in his possession: "Try 5" had looked like "15" to the boy who distributed the bundles, and that was why he had thrown it in the prince's bin; and the bundle had come into the laundry about a month ago. But why had Pete written "Try 5" on the cuff when he tied it up?

Talbot puzzled this out, too. The little foreman must have come across a colored half-cuff without any mark on it; and remembering that he had tied up a shirt of the same pattern, a day or two before, in a bundle which was short a

half-cuff, and which he thought he remembered belonged to Number Five; and as the shortage-book had not been convenient to get at, just at that moment—he had written “Try 5” on it and sent it down. The new driver felt almost like a *real* detective, as he unraveled this tangled skein; and he nearly scraped a hind wheel off his wagon, in his pre-occupation, as he drove in through the doorway of the barn.

But, unfortunately, the theory he had evolved so ingeniously did n't quite account for all the facts. The shortage of a half-cuff should have been entered in the book at the time that the bundle was tied up, he suddenly remembered. He backed his wagon into its place and surrendered the lines to the stableman, as he turned this over in his mind; but the more he meditated upon the point, the more convinced he was that no such record of shortage had been made; and it began to look as if the trail of the thousand-dollar half-cuff had come to an end again. Then, from nowhere, it seemed, the true explanation of the difficulty presented itself: Pete had looked up the shortage afterward, to satisfy himself, and had scratched the entry off the book.

Talbot laughed at his own stupidity, as he returned to the laundry and hurried upstairs to the distributing-room. He knew now what he had to look for: a half-cuff entry, booked to himself, about a month ago, *that had been scratched off*. Before, he had studied all the half-cuff entries that remained. The lights were out in the distributing-room; but the book was lying on the table where he had left it, and, carrying it to the window, almost the first item his glance fell on was a half-cuff shortage *with a line drawn through it*, which read:

N66, Driver No. 5, Office No. 7, Wilson, ½cf.

And Office No. 7, he remembered, was the barber-shop agency he had lost a month before. He ran down the stairs, two steps at a time, and jumped on a south-bound car.

Three months before, as the story of the colored half-cuff now unfolded itself, a man had taken a bundle to an office of the I-X-L Laundry, and had

given the name of Smith. A month before, the same man had taken a bundle to an agency of the Model Steam Laundry, and had given the name of Wilson. And at the Model Steam Laundry a cuff belonging to the bundle had gone astray. Talbot reflected, as the streetcar carried him swiftly toward the barbershop, that he never could have known about the pattern of the cuff, if it had n't gone astray.

But the cuff went astray and was n't marked, his thoughts ran on again, and the foreman entered the shortage in the book. Even there the matter might have ended, if the missing cuff had turned up soon enough. But, no, the bundle was tied up short, and when the half-cuff finally appeared, the foreman marked “Try 5” on it, and, later, scratched the shortage off the book. Talbot smiled to himself as he recalled his painstaking scrutiny of the shortage-book that morning.

“And if the prince had tossed the half-cuff over into my bin when he intended,” he murmured to himself absorbedly, as he paid his fare, “that, too, would have ended the matter; for I should have taken it to Pete to find out who it belonged to, and should have delivered it, and by this time, in all probability, I should have forgotten what it looked like. But, no, again! A month elapses before the prince carries out his belated intention; and, today, with the pattern of the half-cuff fresh in my memory, I overhear the old man telling about the bandit's shirt.” Talbot wondered if there was anything providential in all of this. He did n't know.

But he did know, as well as he knew anything at all, that the man who owned the half-cuff had changed his name from Smith to Wilson about the time that the crime had been committed. He alighted from the car, and found the barbershop unoccupied, save for its proprietor, who recognized him as soon as he entered the door; and as he needed a shave he climbed into a chair.

“Many bundles show up short, now that you have the X-Ray Laundry?” he questioned, when the shave was nearing its completion.

The barber patted the laundryman's face tenderly with a talcumed towel.

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully, "there are."

"More than when we had it?" pursued Talbot, carelessly.

The barber admitted that there were. Then he laughed. "There was one bundle that was short in the last lot *you* delivered, Mr. Talbot," he remarked, by way of explanation, and he laughed again. "I thought that the man was going to raise the roof!"

"Whose was it?" asked the new driver.

The barber raised him to a sitting position with a jerk of the lever, and reached for the counter-book. "Let me see," he murmured, turning the pages rapidly. "A big fellow he was—tall—dark-eyed—Here it is: 'Wilson, 35 cents.' A shirt and some collars and cuffs, I remember." And he parted his customer's hair.

Talbot descended from the chair and handed the barber a piece of silver. "Did the man pay for his laundry, do you remember?" he questioned speculatively.

"Sure he did," answered the other, still smiling at the recollection. "That was what made him mad. He paid for his laundry, and had a shave and a haircut, and went back and had a bath. Then he opened his bundle and discovered that a cuff belonging to the shirt was missing. You ought to have heard him, Mr. Talbot! I told the man that the cuff would be sure to turn up in a day or two, but he went off, swearing and foaming at the mouth. And from that day to this—"

But the barber left the sentence unfinished; for, just at that moment, another customer entered the shop—a big man, with tremendous shoulders, and coal-black eyes.

"That's him!" whispered the barber, excitedly, as he made the change.

Talbot put on his hat and coat, and said good-night and sauntered toward the door. There was a traffic-officer standing at the intersection of Main Street, he noticed, as he stepped outside; and he wondered if the man would be permitted to leave his post. Perhaps not, he reflected, as he crossed to the other side of the road, and he stationed himself in an entry opposite the barber shop. He wondered what his wife would be thinking, about this time, with the supper growing cold upon the table; what

she would say when she learned that he had landed the desperate criminal in prison; what she would reply when he told her that he had won the reward. And while these thoughts were passing through his mind, he kept his eyes open for a passing policeman. Why not ring up the office of the *Inquirer*? was his next reflection. The newspaper was in touch with the police department all the time, and would know just what to do. But he must n't lose sight of the barber shop for a single minute.

Presently the man came out, and without looking to right or left, walked east to Main, then started northward at a good brisk pace, with the new driver about a hundred feet behind. At the Hotel Venner, a large workingmen's rooming-house, above a store, he came to a halt, and casting a suspicious glance up and down the street, stepped into the entrance. Talbot waited for about five minutes, then boldly followed him.

And here again fortune favored the new driver; for the office was deserted, and the hotel register lay open on the desk. There were a number of recent entries in the book, he discovered, for the place was well patronized by a transient class of trade; but he quickly found what he was looking for:

William Wilson, City, Room 317.

Then a door beside him opened, and a stout woman, who was evidently the landlady, made her appearance. She looked the newcomer up and down suspiciously, and there were evidences that she had been disturbed at her evening meal.

"Well, sir?" she questioned tartly.

"I—er—might I use your telephone?" Talbot stammered, not knowing what else to say.

The stout woman coldly granted the request and waited to hear what he was going to 'phone.

Talbot had not expected this. He looked up the number of the *Inquirer* in the directory, while the landlady grimly waited. Then he forgot the number and looked it up again; and since nothing original occurred to him, he continued looking it up, till the lady's patience was completely exhausted, and she returned to her supper, slamming the door after

her. Then he called up the office of the paper.

"Hello!" was the almost instant response.

"This is the Hotel Venner—on North Main Street," he prefaced eagerly.

"Yes!"

"The man who committed the assault on Vermont Avenue, a month ago, is stopping here in room 317."

"Ye-es!"

"And he's registered under the name of William Wilson."

"Ye-es," drawled the voice again. "Er—just a minute!" There was an interval of silence, a slight scuffling of feet, as it sounded to the ears of the new driver; then the voice over the wire came again.

"Who is this speaking, please?"

"Frank Talbot, driver for the Model Steam Laundry," Number Five replied.

"Uh-huh! Did you know that the *Inquirer* and the M. and C.'s Association had offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the man's apprehension?"

"Yes, sir," Talbot replied.

"How did you come to discover him?"

Five related, as briefly as he could, his search for the owner of the cuff, and the clue of the bandit's shirt.

"Very interesting," drawled the voice over the 'phone, when he had concluded. "A purple diamond figure on a white ground, you say? Some of our bright young men had that information, if I remember correctly, but they didn't seem to be able to make very much use of it. May I congratulate you, Mr. Talbot? Mr. Frank Talbot, I think you said. Are you married?"

A conviction that the man at the other end of the line was taking notes was growing in the new driver's mind. "Yes," he replied, shortly.

"Any children?"

"One," he answered grudgingly, "a baby."

"Uh-huh! How long have you been working for the laundry, may I ask, Mr. Talbot?" his interrogator politely continued.

"Three months," the new driver replied. "But don't you think you had better take steps to have the man arrested before he gets away?" he questioned in turn.

A laugh sounded over the 'phone. "The officers ought to be there now, Mr. Talbot," the voice came back reassuringly. "The police station is only a couple of blocks away, and I 'phoned them as soon as you called me up. The Hotel Venner, you said, on North Main Street. And, Mr. Talbot, would you mind letting me know when they pass you in the hall? You won't have very long to wait; and if any one else should come near the 'phone in the meantime, just keep nodding your head, as if you were listening to a lot of tiresome instructions. You'll recognize the officers easily enough," the voice continued. "They'll be plain-clothes men, of course, but there will be a 'look' about them, a sort of 'man-hunting' look—"

Two men passed behind Talbot, going up the stairs, wasting only a glance on his blue eyes and slender figure.

"They're here now!" he interrupted softly, and descended to the street.

He observed the patrol-wagon waiting on the curb, a few doors away, and as he lingered in the vicinity of the hotel to wait the outcome, he tried to picture to himself what was going forward in room 317. Perhaps he had been instrumental in bringing the outlaw to the gallows, he reflected uneasily. Well, the man deserved it, was his next meditation, but the afterthought yielded little satisfaction. He was glad that it was n't his business to hunt criminals every day. He did n't care now very much whether he received the thousand dollars reward or not. And he hoped he had done what he had done from a sense of duty. The detectives emerged from the building with their prisoner hand-cuffed between them; the patrol-wagon dashed up; the trio disappeared in it; and the man on the seat drove away before a crowd had time to gather.

Talbot turned on his heel and walked towards the corner of the block. His head ached slightly, and as the thought occurred to him, rather unpleasantly, that it would all be in the newspaper in the morning, he wondered why he had n't telephoned the police department direct, instead of the *Inquirer*. But his wife would say that he had done well, he consoled himself. So also, he believed.

would Mr. Davis. The girls in the office would flatter him outrageously to his very face; the other drivers would make a joke of it, as they made a joke of everything; and Pete, the foreman of the distributing room—. The new driver smiled to himself as he reached the corner of the block and stepped out into the middle of the street. He could just see Pete, he told himself, when they should

meet in the distributing-room, tomorrow morning. Pete would look up from his work for a moment, with a twinkle in his beady little eyes, and pausing to shift his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other, would remark, unsmilingly: "Well, Five, I see you found an owner for that half-cuff, after all!"

And he swung on board a passing car—for home.

The Round-Up

By J. Edward Hungerford

Air is gittin' crisper,
Frost is on the pane;
Wind's begun to whisper,
Harsh acrost the plain;
Wrangle up yore truck, boys,
No more time fer play;
Wish the outfit luck, boys,
Round-up starts today!

Git a move on, Texas, gosh yore awful slow!
Aint no time fer whangin' at that darn banjo;
Come alive Mizzouri! 'lowed you was a cook,
Think yore drawin' money fer to nurse a novel-book?

Old ki-o-te squallin'
Mournful up the draw;
Skeery calf a-bawlin'
Lonesome fer its ma;
Boys and beef oneasy,
Wind's begun to bite;
Gonta be some freezy,
Ridin' herd tonight!

Hi! thar, Arizony, play these critters still;
Git yore mouth-harps workin', you an' Tucson Bill;
Sing the herd a song, Butte, ease you're troubled mind;
What's the use uh mournin' 'bout the gal you left behind.

Snow-drifts in the coulee,
Wind an' rain an' hail,
Cattle plumb onruly,
Millin' up the trail;
Boys dont mind a wettin',
Home-drives heaps uh fun,
Lordy! Who'd be frettin'
Aint the Round-up *done*!

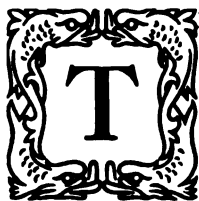


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The little point of rock marked by the cross is the one "faked" by Dr. Cook in 1906 as "the Top of the Continent." He did not trouble to climb to the top of Mt. Mazama (a much higher point to the left of this view), as supposed by Mr. Rusk.

Dr. Cook, Faker

By J. W. Winchester



THE story of the Parker-Browne Expedition to Mount McKinley has been made public, following Mr. Rusk's account of the Mazama party's trip, making appropriate here a brief statement in sequence to Mr. Rusk's articles. The Parker-Browne party reached an altitude of over 10,000 feet, or about half of the height of the great peak. They demonstrated to their satisfaction the impracticability of ascent by that route, and returned with evidence amounting to complete and incontrovertible proof that Doctor Cook is the most impudent faker in the world's record of exploration. Precisely as described by Edward Barrill, the sole companion of Doctor Cook in his alleged ascent in

1906, the Parker-Browne party found the little outcropping of rock which the airy doctor photographed with Barrill on its summit, waving a flag, and which photograph he reproduced in his book, over the label: "*The Top of Our Continent, the Summit of Mount McKinley, the Highest Mountain in North America, Altitude 20,390 feet.*" Like Mr. Rusk, this party had thought Cook's picture must have been taken on a point at least high enough to be considered a peak, but came upon the actual spot somewhat unexpectedly.

The Mazama party, guided by Barrill's description and a study of Cook's pictures, had made a brief examination of the same neighborhood, and wasted valuable time ascending a low mountain arising close to this same rock. Heavy fogs prevented further search at the time,

but Mr. Rusk had little difficulty in identifying the little peak that appears in the lower right-hand corner of Cook's picture, as "Peak Two, on Ruth Glacier." He therefore knew that he had been exceedingly close to the right spot, concluding that the "Top of the Continent" photograph must have been secured from the summit of a peak he named Mt. Mazama; a close guess, for "Faker's Rock" (as it ought to be called) sticks out of the snow actually on the slope of Mt. Mazama. Professor Parker's notion was that the looked-for peak was next to the one Mr. Rusk named Mazama, and was proceeding to the ascent when he actually stumbled upon the right spot.

As all students of topography know, it is as impossible to find two rocks with exactly the same profile as to find two human profiles alike, and in a picture where *two* rock profiles, together with an odd-shaped snow-cornice, and a certain peak in the distance, are all presented, the impossibility of natural duplication is obvious to the most stubborn intelligence.

"Cook's Folly"—to suggest another name for the rock—is over twenty miles from Mt. McKinley, and only 250 feet above Ruth Glacier. As if to make detection doubly easy, the phrase-coining explorer published a series of photographs in his book, leaving a wide-open trail for any intelligent subsequent traveler to find him utterly unreliable. Both Mr. Rusk and Messrs. Parker and Browne, working independently, traced Cook's actual course by the photographs, and reached identical conclusions. From practical experience, both realized the utter impossibility of Cook's having made the climb in the time claimed. Both parties found that Cook presented absolutely no photographs taken closer than a distance of several miles from the foot of the mountain.

After Dr. Cook's return from the Polar regions, with his world's sensation, Barrill denounced him as a faker, and came out publicly with the truth about the McKinley trip. Then Professor Parker and Mr. Browne, who had all along been personally satisfied of Cook's deceit, laid their statement and such proofs as they then had before the public. The Explorers' Club invited the Doctor to reply

before a committee of its most distinguished members, several of whom were enthusiastic in friendship and faith in the Doctor. Twice Messrs. Parker and Browne were called with their proofs before the committee, and on the second occasion Cook appeared, but after some delay refused to make a statement, and asked for a month in which to prepare his data. The committee promptly granted his request. He did not appear at the date set, and very shortly thereafter the papers announced that "*Cook has mysteriously disappeared.*"

A comparison of Doctor Cook's and Tom Lloyd's claims regarding the ascent of Mt. McKinley shows Lloyd's claim to be infinitely more improbable than the doctor's.

Cook says that starting from an elevation of 8,000 feet, he reached the summit of the mountain in a little more than four days. The greatest distance climbed in any one day was about 4,000 feet.

Lloyd claims that starting from an elevation of 2,900 feet, he reached the "north" summit of McKinley (20,400 feet) in less than two days. The greatest elevation climbed in one day was 12,100 feet. In brief, Lloyd climbed over 3,000 feet more than Cook claimed, in less than half the time. Moreover, Cook was, at the time of his ascent, a comparatively young man of good physique, while Lloyd is said to be about sixty years of age and quite corpulent. But the Lloyd story is so gauzy that no serious attention is being given it.

Though many persons knew all along that Cook's McKinley story was likewise "gauzy," no attempt was made for a time to get after him publicly. His success in making the fake "stick" undoubtedly helped him get the opportunity for the Polar trip. Realizing that it would be even more difficult to disprove a Polar fake than the McKinley bluff, he resolved to make the desperate plunge for fame and fortune. He had spent many profitless years at exploration; he is said to have been habitually harassed by debt, and the world, no longer under illusion regarding him, has pitied him, for it knows that many a worse man has attempted the false short-cut to success. The "mantle of charity" might have been drawn over Dr. Cook's case, in remem-

brance of his genial personality, his real though unimportant accomplishments as an explorer, and the tremendous ignominy that fell upon him, but for the fact that he is again out in the spot-light of publicity, with an alleged "Confession" which does not confess, but which seems to amount to a reiteration of his claims. Upon his return recently from a year in

strangely enough there are yet a few persons, who have not followed the matter carefully, who still feel that perhaps the Doctor's modified claims are entitled to some consideration. To them it should be pointed out that he is something more than a faker; that just as he filched from Professor Parker and Belmore Browne the opportunity of participating with him



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The unimportant rock that Dr. Cook faked as the summit of Mt. McKinley, cleverly found by the Parker-Browne party some twenty miles from McKinley. Professor Parker is standing with the flag, just as Barrill posed for Dr. Cook's famous photograph, published opposite page 227 in his book, "The Top of the Continent." The white lines indicate, approximately, the extent of Cook's picture, Mr. LaVoy's camera having slightly wider range.

hiding, he is reported to have told the New York reporters that he "thinks that he reached the Pole, and that he *did* climb McKinley."

Of course to the minds of thoughtful persons in general, it is no longer important or interesting to know what Dr. Cook confesses or re-asserts, and charity or contempt would dictate silence. But

in his "ascent" of McKinley, and grabbed to himself a spurious honor, so he sought to rob, and for a time at least succeeded in robbing Peary of the fruitage of a lifetime of most extraordinary and persistent effort. How we all—or most of us, at least,—did despise Peary—rugged, honest, blunt old Yankee, descendant of a race of honest "Down



MT. MCKINLEY, 20,300 FEET, FROM EXPLORERS' PEAK (9,000 FEET ALTITUDE).
Copyrighted by M. LaVoy, of the Parker-Browne Expedition.



SOUTHERN RIDGE OF MT. MCKINLEY.

This picture joins at the left of the preceding view.

Owing to lack of comparative objects, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the tremendous character of the cliffs, crevasses and snow masses in these scenes.

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East" seamen, acknowledged the greatest of all Arctic explorers even before he found the Pole!

Let us acknowledge that Peary blundered grossly in not taking Captain Bartlett on to confirm his Polar observations; the fact remains that he took Captain Bartlett farther north than anyone had reached before, and Bartlett and the others were sufficient to prove that Peary was well-equipped to reach the Pole when Bartlett turned back, and even if Hansen and the Eskimos are not good enough witnesses to the fact that the last party traveled a certain number of days at an estimated speed, in one direction, after leaving Bartlett, it is absurd to suppose that Peary did not do his best to make the Pole after leaving Bartlett. But in any court of justice a man's record "as to truth and veracity," life-long habits, training, knowledge and character have everything to do in forming a jury's estimate of the weight to be given his testimony. To those who still think Cook's "word as good as Peary's," may be recommended the question: "What is there in Peary's life record to justify the notion that he would stoop to faking?" Then apply the question to Cook. Nothing in all Peary's long record of splendid achievement had the shape of deceit to cast any shadow of doubt upon his greatest feat, yet because in quick and natural indignation at what he knew to be a fake upon the world, he sent, at psychologically the wrong moment, his famous tele-

gram: "*The American people have been handed a gold brick,*" he was fearfully abused.

His countrymen gradually are commencing to realize that a petty or mean spirit did not, necessarily, dictate that dispatch, but that his attitude, from his knowledge, had ample justification. Messrs. Parker and Browne, with greater shrewdness, had "held in" until the right moment, but even they were roundly scored at first by many of we Cook fanatics. Peary's story, dry, and barren of literary trick and theatric pose, is in contrast to Cook's flowing style, but then of course the latter's is well-suited to fiction.

Peary's remaining lifetime will probably experience no such acclaim as later generations will give his name—the glory and roar of sweet applause from his country and the world that would have been all his had it not been mostly spilled upon a faker.

What author would not have given a fortune for such a plot, such a setting, such characters in contrast, such possibilities for dramatic denouement! But none of them thought of it, and history gains interest from the strange series of incidents. Cook's second return is an anti-climax, a bad break, artistically, that destroys one's respect for his understanding of the demands of dramatic effect, but his name, like that of Herostratus, who destroyed the temple of Diana, will not be lost.





From a photograph reproduced by the "Pacific Coast Musical Review."
TETRAZZINI'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO SAN FRANCISCO.

In the interest of the Panama-Pacific Exposition she sang to a vast crowd about Lotta's Fountain, at the intersection of Market and Kearny streets.

San Francisco Swept and Garnished

By Harvey Wickham

IT is now nearly five years since Francis J. Heney made his first and most famous speech in San Francisco, announcing that he proposed to send "Abe" Ruef, "Mayor" Schmitz, and the Union-Labor Board of Supervisors to jail as a lot of grafters. All the world knows what followed—how the parties named, together with a number of "higher-ups," were indicted for various bribe-takings and bribe-givings, precipitating a political and legal struggle which still clogs the court calendars, and arousing questions far more momentous to the people of the United States than the original and more or less local issues of the reform campaign. The malefactors, chased from

their holes by the fighting "special prosecutor," and his energetic "special agent," William J. Burns, still are, almost without exception, at large; but they have been effectively put out of the grafting business, and the time has come to count the dead and wounded on both sides, and to try to make clear what was really gained and what was lost by that tremendous struggle known as the "graft prosecutions."

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when a dispassionate discussion of this subject would have been impossible, and not altogether safe. One has to be a partisan in war times, or take the consequences—which are often worse than being a combatant. While Burns was here, with his numerous detectives, with Pat Callhoun's "gum-

shoers" shadowing the shadowers until it seemed as if the city had somehow been annexed to Russia, one acquired instinctively a guarded conversation. To suggest that Burns, or Heney, or Fremont Older, courageous proprietor of the *Bulletin*, the "prosecution paper," or Rudolph Spreckels, the prosecution's financial backer, were any less wise than they were enthusiastic, was to awaken the cry, "Treason!" While to criticize

swept and garnished better off today than it was in the good old times when the "push" did the politics, and "good folks" did not meddle? Or have the devils he cast out acted like their fellows in Scripture, and each gathered another devil to himself, making the second condition of the city worse than the first? If it is better, then wherein and how much? And if it be worse, in what particulars and why? And, above all, what



THE COMING OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC.

Oakland's welcome to the first train of the new transcontinental road, which means much in the development of San Francisco and California generally.

the motives of any member of the League of Justice, or even of the "knitters," the ladies who thronged the courtroom and brought their "fancy work" with them, was to be regarded as a grafter one's self. And to be heart and soul for reform meant "social ostracism"—from self-styled "society," at least.

But by this time it ought to be possible to "take an observation," to reckon our latitude and longitude by that eternal luminary, the Truth, without becoming hysterical. Is the city which Mr. Heney

has San Francisco's battle against corruption to teach the world, either in strategy or ethics, which may be useful in that general warfare between light and darkness which always has been and always must be the chief business of mankind? Only the fullness of time can adequately answer, but it is not too soon, perhaps, for one who has lived in the midst of these events to venture an opinion.

Let us put the worst things first, and have them over with. San Francisco deposed a Schmitz, and, after an interim

of reconstruction officially presided over by Mayor Edward Robson Taylor, the poet ("Fuzzy-Wuzzy" he was familiarly dubbed), has elevated a P. H. McCarthy to the throne. If the mountain in labor brought forth nothing more than the present Mayor, it might almost as well have spared itself the pains.

It was the election of McCarthy which first caused the world to murmur, "Oh, what's the use!" whenever the San Francisco situation came up for discussion. As he belongs to the same Union Labor party which put Schmitz in office, his endorsement by the electorate seemed to many almost like the return of a dog to its vomit. But before coming to this conclusion one should take two things into consideration; first, that a Union Labor Mayor is the "logical" one for a city with a population and organization like San Francisco's; and second, that Ruef and Schmitz are accused of having "sold out"—not to labor, but to capital.

As a matter of fact, the "Boodle Board" and those who managed it, were much more nearly representative of labor sentiment when they touched the pockets of the "higher-ups" than the labor element itself is now willing to admit. Long before the graft prosecutions, the idea of making the rich "come through" was a popular one south of Market Street—which is that part of the city where collars and cuffs are somewhat less necessary than elsewhere. Labor Union membership in San Francisco appears not to have progressed generally to that point of philosophical education where abstract principles count for much more than they do with many capitalists. The men who work with their hands are still largely prone to regard the employer as "the other fellow," and to think that to accept his bribe is to "hold him up," without stopping to consider that by so doing they are sawing off the limb between themselves and the tree, and hindering the march of justice and equal rights. This fact makes it difficult to hope for an ideal government in San Francisco for many years to come. For, as has already been said, a Union Labor administration is the natural one where the largest organized body of citizens is that of the unions themselves.

What makes matters worse is the Union Labor party's apparent willingness to make almost any sort of friends when it seems expedient for the moment to do so. This, of course, comes from that very disregard for abstract right and wrong already alluded to, and from an almost childish desire to win elections rather than to win causes. In looking forward to a Union Labor rule, therefore (just as with capitalistic or other selfish special class rule), one must expect to see in power an element to which vice, crime and crooked business will be, to say the least, not particularly hostile. It is not here necessary to philosophize over this. It is a cold, hard fact.

From a Union Labor element thus mixed with much worse ingredients, sprang P. H. McCarthy. The world knows Schmitz. Few know McCarthy.

He is a medium-sized man, of the blond type, with an eye that is meant to be piercing and a voice well-schooled in the trick of overcoming argument with noise. He owes his rise to the way in which he used to preside over the deliberations of the Building Trades Council—one of the strongest and most verbally turbulent organizations in town. Lacking the fine appearance, inherent dignity and pleasant manners of Schmitz, McCarthy makes up the difference by a great show of invincibility. It is not too much to say that he is underbred, blustering, and a believer in "bluffing." But he has never been accused of possessing quiet moral courage.

As a coiner of catch-phrases, however, he has been exceedingly happy since he went into office, and his administration is likely to go down to fame as the one which tried to make San Francisco the "Paris of America," and which promised to "let the Chinese gamble their heads off."

I really think that if McCarthy were a thoroughly bad man, and a strong one, he would, judged from a political standpoint, be more successful as an executive. But he lacks the "sand" to put through his measures, good or bad, and so displeases both camps. The roar of indignation which went up at the building of a tenderloin of allnight dance-halls in the heart of the theatre district caused a

rapid modification of the "Paris" idea. The Chinese gambling hells did not stay open very long. But the "reputables" rather than the Mayor claim the credit. Here, as elsewhere, this reputable, well-meaning element, gets excited at any change in the *forms* of the darker shadows of life. But it quiets down immediately when evil is forced back into its time-honored shapes. Five years of "reform" have wrought no vital change in the conditions of the underworld in San Francisco. The philosophical treatment of the problem of vice—which I believe to be curative rather than repressive—has yet to come. We are behind the times in this regard, still in the cruel, sentimental stages of development.

But to return to the Mayor, the worst thing that has happened to him thus far is the trial of his friend Flannery in an adjoining trans-bay county. Flannery was accused of planning to cut up the city as a sort of pie to be distributed among the faithful. He was easily acquitted, no great amount of time being wasted over his case, which was treated as an every-day affair, without a special prosecutor. But nobody can say that the "moral verdict" secured from the community was not effective, whatever be one's opinion of the verdict of the jury.

Another jolt to the administration came recently, when Charles Schwab, the steel magnate, arrived on the coast, and after a short sojourn, announced publicly that he would do nothing to rehabilitate the Union Iron Works—formerly the city's prize exhibit in the way of a manufacturing plant—so long as Union Labor dominated the situation. As the Union Iron Works employed about ten thousand men when it was a real ship-building establishment, and as it now employs but one thousand, this stand of the capitalist meant that the city would not get the fifty thousand population which the extra nine thousand ship-builders would, counting their families and dependents, probably have brought to it. And as Schwab is not the only one who has shown reluctance to cast his fortunes under the Labor flag, the croakers are croaking.

It cannot be denied that times are a little hard, but it would not be fair to lay

all the blame on McCarthy and his constituents. Most people seem almost to have forgotten that in 1906 San Francisco went up in smoke, and suffered losses aggregating nearly a billion dollars. But the ledgers of Fate are more carefully kept, and though much of what burned was gifted with the Phoenix-power of raising from its own ashes better than ever before, an enormous material deficit was created.

Much of the wealth of a city is sheer sentiment—the attachment of men to their home-soil (giving land a value which cannot be burned up), and in the almost hypnotic suggestion of a name. Had the last house followed the first in the holocaust, the *idea* of San Francisco would still have existed in the minds of men, and insured its re-building. Nevertheless, the material embodiment of the idea was destroyed, the result being a burden of debt, which has been shifted cunningly from the shoulders of one year to another. The latest device for sending it on to the shoulders of yet other years to come is called the Panama-Pacific Exposition. If it succeeds we shall soon be having boom times again—whatever may happen after 1915. The city's hope, like that of a man skating on thin ice, is to keep going until past the depths. "Keep moving,"—that is the one thought of the business men who recklessly threw their credit after their cash, and builded palatial department stores where only modest shops stood before the earthquake. It is bold strategy and undoubtedly it will succeed.

For Prudence was never the god of this gay commonwealth. Its founders gambled, and their descendants still have the "nerve" to take a chance. Eastern capital may hesitate before investing under an administration which, for a grand-stand play, will go to the length of selling interest-bearing bonds for a municipal street railway, years before there is any possibility of concluding the litigation which lies ahead of that project, but the natives will notice nothing amiss. It has never been the custom to exercise much common-sense in San Francisco. Nature was so prodigal when she brought together the bay and the hills, where the avenues of commerce

must pass, that it has been permitted the sons of the Argonauts to be reckless. There is always money here for luxuries. The high-class cafés and the big hotels do not suffer, nor is there a lull in the diamond or automobile trade, just because poverty pays a passing visit. The orchestra plays a little louder, that is all, and nobody hears those cruel paws pounding on the panels. And it always "works," too, for nobody is afraid—which fact soon frightens the wolf himself away.

It is this spirit of irresponsibility—the gambler's spirit—applied to morals as well as to money, with which the reformers failed to reckon when they tried to stir the "civic conscience" against Ruef, Schmitz, Calhoun, Ford, Mullally, Glass, Halsey, and a host of lesser defendants. Conscience is bourgeois, and San Francisco is Bohemian. The conscience did not stir because it did not exist. The little band of "reformers,"—and no one can doubt that the rank and file were both courageous and sincere—found themselves in the position of the Puritans among the wild Indians. What did they do? Precisely what the original Puritans did—they made a tactical mistake.

Fighting fire with fire does not seem to work well in the field of morals, and no sooner did the "graft prosecution" begin to "adopt the methods of the defense" than the defense found itself with new weapons ready-forged for its hands. A defendant always strives to get his own friends upon the jury. Does that justify the State in trying to get its friends there? A "fair" trial was from the first almost out of the question, and the real battles were fought in selecting the "twelve good men and true." A few swift trials with what evidence could have been scraped together without scandal in the method, might have resulted in no convictions; but they would have accomplished a great deal of reform. Quick work would have appealed to the people, and there would have been no doubt as to what citizens had been "caught with the goods." And, speaking of convictions, at the present moment, unfortunately, there is not a single one of those termed "the arch-criminals of the age" within the walls of a State's

prison. And each one has gathered about him a great number of followers, before whom the so-called "arch-criminal" poses as a martyr.

Abraham Lincoln once said that we should fight wrong-doing, but not waste much time in trying to punish the wrong-doer, after his opportunity for doing his particular kind of wrong has been taken away.

There is no longer the ghost of a hope of accomplishing anything further along the old lines. The number of indictments, mouldy with age, which are called off by the clerks in Judge Lawlor's and Judge Dunne's departments of the Superior Court every few weeks are almost past count, but the public is busy thinking of other things.

As a matter of fact, there is something wrong about the criminal-law method of reform—something which the people instinctively feel without being able to analyze it. Our way of dealing even with ordinary, every-day criminals is based upon the supposition that good can come out of evil; that violence and hate, if exercised by officialdom, can result in peace and good-will. It does not work. A Voice from Nazareth told us over a thousand years ago that it would not work. And it never will work. It is important that the Supervisors of a city grant or refuse privileges to rival telephone companies uninfluenced by the splitting up of any big "retainer's fee." It is much more important that the ways of "Justice" should be above reproach. It is important that no United Railroads Company, or other corporation, be permitted to buy favors of the administration. But it is infinitely more important that no citizen be deprived of his proper liberty.

I do not refer here to the liberty of any of the defendants in the graft trials. But, it being found impossible to jail certain individuals under the existing laws, strenuous efforts were made at the two sessions of the California Legislature last past to amend the statutes. The amendments were all in the direction of additional rigor, and had they been adopted there would have been little difference between indictment and conviction in the Golden State.

The amendments did not pass, and I believe reformers themselves are glad of it now—and this brings us insensibly to the other side of the picture—the bright side. If the results of sweeping and garnishing the city and trying to throw its devils into limbo did not include a change of heart on the part of the “better element” itself, I would for one say boldly that reform had been a failure. But there *has* been a change of heart—unless the wish is father to the thought, and I am deceived.

The trouble with reform heretofore has been that it was negative—an attempt to enforce a number of “thou shalt nots” upon the people. This thou-shalt-notting is the curse of the times, but the day of the constructive reformer—of the man who seeks not to overcome evil with evil, but rather to overcome evil with good—is at hand. There is still much vituperation from the public platform, but many are beginning to see that the only sensible way to get rid of a bad official is to put a good one in his place. After that it does not so much matter whether you put the bad one in jail or not.

San Francisco has been going through an experience similar to that of many other American municipalities. Everybody must have become convinced by this time that the business of the public has not in the past been conducted as it should have been. What we need now is not more bitterness, but more architects—men who will build fair, wholesome institutions upon the ruins of the past. Reform, which usually means iconoclasm—the ruining of reputations and the exposing of the clay feet of popular idols—is giving place to Insurgency. But thanks to the educational work of the reformers and the so-called muck-rakers, our cities will be better governed in the future.

But this is only the beginning. In the thick of the fray men have forgotten that the real conflict is between tyranny and liberty—between the men who would, in one way or another, make slaves of their fellows, and those who would set all free. When insurgency has had its day, let us hope that the lines will be drawn more sharply between the friends and

the enemies of man. And that they fought on the side of the enemies and helped to make freedom more difficult, is the worst thing that can ever be said against the “grafters.”

Of recent events, the reform element points with particular satisfaction to three—the affirmation of Ruef’s fourteen-year sentence by the Appellate Court, the election of Johnson to the Governor’s chair, and the passage of the non-partisan, and kindred amendments to the San Francisco charter.

The Ruef decision may be disposed of in a few words because it is not final, there still being the Supreme Court to hear from. There is reason to believe that a re-hearing will be granted before this tribunal, in conformity with the extraordinary precedent established in the other graft cases. The technical ground of the rehearing, if granted, will be, the erroneous recitation by the Appellate Court of the admitted facts relating to the trial before Judge Lawlor. The errors are of a trifling nature, but that perhaps would not deter the Supreme Court from taking the final determination of the whole matter into its own hands.

Little interest is now felt in Ruef’s fate by anybody save those personally concerned. “Let the dead past bury its dead,” say the progressives. There was, of course, a breeze when the Appellate Court’s decision was first rendered, particularly on account of the criticisms which it contained not only of the trial Judge but, by inference, of some of the other graft-case defendants. But that has died down, and “the curly-headed boss” of aforetime must fight the rest of his battle without much aid from that over-worked contrivance known as the “lime-light.”

Johnson’s election to the Governor’s chair is another matter. The mere fact of his tripping Bell in the race surprised—as it is so easy to say now—nobody but the professional politicians. The sweeping character of the result—especially the royal vote the victor received in San Francisco—surprised even Johnson himself. Since then that wise contingent which keeps its ear to the ground has been taking notice, and the new Governor will probably meet with as much of a

square-deal as the executive under a Republican form of government need ever hope for. That the wise ones do not include all of the "old guard" is only because the gods proverbially make mad those whom they would destroy. The fact is, California was somewhat behind the times, politically speaking, and a change was coming to it. The change has been coming gradually for a great many years, though its outward manifestations have been somewhat spasmodic. It only marks the passing away of the frontier regime, and the putting of the State upon a par with its elder sisters in the Union. It is not to be expected that Johnson will bring about the millenium; and on the other hand it is not to be doubted that he will make a good Governor. The important point is that his election by crushing majorities marks the extent of the change in the temper of the people.

This changed temper accounts for the phenomenal result of the vote on the no less than thirty-nine charter amendments presented to the citizens of San Francisco on November fifteenth. Let it never again be said that the average man cannot grapple successfully with the complicated problems of law and government. Although the mass of matter presented to him was nothing less than preposterous in its amount, he digested it all, and the result was one perfectly harmonized whole, the amendments adopted and the amendments rejected showing, when taken together, the unmistakable signs of intelligent purpose, as one must confess whether one is pleased with the result or not.

Truth to tell, the problems of law and government are in their essential nature no more complicated than the problems of housekeeping, save as they are made to appear so by men whose bread and butter depend upon keeping a fog over as many things as possible. The plain, every-day *pater familias* deals every day with precisely the same subject matter—that of making both ends meet with as little hardship and injustice as possible—as confronts the Governor of a great commonwealth. It is as easy to do sums with millions for counters as it is when the counters are pennies, and it requires

no more and no less common-sense to select an officeholder than it does to select a maid-of-all-work. The people had tired of party government along the old lines—there is no manner of doubt about that. They wanted a new deal, and had no difficulty in expressing that desire, even through the complicated machinery of an over-crowded ballot.

The chief expression along this line was the passage of charter amendments seven and eight. Seven, providing that any candidate receiving a majority of votes cast at a primary election shall be declared elected forthwith without the necessity of a second candidacy, received 33,619 votes for, to but 7,527 against; eight, eliminating the party circle from the municipal ballot of the future, went through to the tune of 31,325 to 8,443.

Some hint of public feeling against the Mayor and against traction companies was reflected in the defeat of number two, giving the Mayor the power to appoint library trustees; the passage of number six, making a reduction in the number of names necessary upon a petition for direct legislation and recall; the passage of number eleven, providing for the construction and maintenance of subways and tunnels; and the passage of number nineteen (by but 20,464 to 17,696, however), allowing the city to recall street-railway franchises. After voting \$5,000,000 worth of city bonds for the Panama-Pacific exposition by the biggest majority ever given a proposition put before the electorate, the taxpayers showed that they were in no recklessly extravagant mood by refusing to shorten the hours of city employees, and by refusing to increase the salaries in a great number of the departments. At the same time they were discriminating enough to vote for a three-dollar minimum in the day's wage to be paid city laborers; to raise the salaries of Supervisors to two hundred dollars a month to keep temptation out of their way; and to increase the pensions of firemen.

San Francisco at the present moment is rather proud of herself, and busy laying plans for her new grand opera house and the great exposition she hopes to stage in 1915. Her greeting to the New Year 1911 was as jolly as any in history.



WANTS YOU TO HOLD HER HAND AND TELL HER WHAT ALL THOSE FUNNY LITTLE LINES MEAN.

The Confessions of an Itinerant Phrenologist

By "Alexander Craig"

Part II.



WE practiced palmistry as well as phrenology. We practiced palmistry because the people demanded palmistry. When a woman comes into your office and wants you to hold her hand and tell her what all of those funny little lines mean, and refuses to accept anything else, what are you going to do? Tell her to go elsewhere? Not as long as she has money in her hand-bag.

You will find that a large percentage of the American phrenologists practice palmistry—and that nearly all palmists practice phrenology. Also, a good many

of both practice astrology, too, and psychometry, and clairvoyance, and hypnotism, and mediumship, and medicine—and petty larceny. It is a good rule to follow that the more departments of occultism that one of these "professors" practices the less he knows about any one of them.

Nevertheless, it is only fair to say that the study of one leads to the study of another. Thus it was that in my amateur days I had dived into the "science" of the hand as well as the "science" of the head. Though I was more satisfied of the truth of the "science" of the head, and though I preferred it, yet my first readings for pay were made as an ex-

ponent of the "science" of the hand.

That was because of the inexorable exigencies of "business." I found that the maxim "business is business" was true not only in banking and merchandise, but that it was also of some effect in the lofty profession which I had chosen for myself. When I became convinced that Dr. Bland, my associate, was a charlatan, I wanted to separate my business as far as possible from his, yet I knew that I would be unable to compete with his white hairs while working in the same hall and offering the public the same goods at the same prices. He was specializing on phrenology. It became necessary for me to specialize on palmistry.

I have suggested that there is a greater public demand for palmistry than for phrenology. Why? Simply because the average individual considers his destiny to be more in the hands of Fate than in the hands of himself. Moreover, this belief is a pleasant one, for it takes a lot of responsibility off your own conscience and lays it on the shoulders of another party—Fate. Phrenology is not "supposed to" tell the "past, present and future," but to concern itself with the character and capabilities, to present a lesson in self culture, and the average person does n't want any lessons in self culture. He wants to know where he can find a gold mine. Or he wants to know whether to play the races or not, or whether his sweetheart has gone back on him, or if his business partner is robbing him; whether or not there's any chance for him to marry rich; whether to make a change in business; whether to travel east or travel west, or whether to plug along in the same old rut. The average man puts a dollar into a fortune-teller in exactly the same spirit as he puts a dollar into a lottery. He hopes to make a lucky play, and to get a great deal out of a very little. Therefore palmists flourish. Palmistry is not a fad, as some persons suppose. It is a gambling device. And believe me, the game is crooked here just as it is in all other well-regulated houses.

When I first began giving hand readings for pay I did not operate on the "past, present and future" plan. My idea was to be "scientific," to avoid wild

guesses and "fairy stories." Therefore I dwelt principally on the signs which denote character. I fought shy of those cute little lines; I studied the back of the hand, the shape of the fingers, the curve of the thumb, the color of the nails, the texture of the skin, the consistency of the palm. When I mentioned the lines I would do it rather as an investigator, as a student who had not demonstrated the truth of what he said. For example, I would say: "Here is your Life Line. Now I haven't lived long enough to prove the science of palmistry as taught by the old masters, but according to St. Germain you had a serious illness at nineteen and another at twenty-two; you had a serious love affair at twenty-one and another which seems to have amounted to marriage at twenty-nine. I see, by the same authority, ten years of health ahead of you and then death by accident."

A few people have a great many "past, present and future" signs in their hands. Such persons I satisfied very well by my method of quoting the book. But the great majority of people have no "past, present and future" signs whatsoever. For these I had nothing but a character reading to offer, and I found that no matter how well I did this it failed to satisfy.

The public thirst for peering into the mist which hides us from the future, demanding satisfaction, gradually I came more and more to try to satisfy it. At first, I tried to do it in a "scientific" way, that is, in a general way based on character. For example, I felt perfectly safe when I told a fool that he would never be famous, when I told a spendthrift that he would never save money, when I told a glutton that he would some day grow a large paunch and perhaps finally die of apoplexy, when I told a natural "masher" that he was destined to have trouble over a woman, when I told a constitutional thief that I saw the walls of the penitentiary lurking in the road ahead of him. Even then there was the pressure to tell things that I did not believe could be told. To be able to say that next Thursday afternoon at three o'clock a red-headed stranger is going to poke you in the eye with an umbrella or hand you a ten-thousand-dollar bill—

bah! I did n't believe it. Yet gradually I came to satisfy the public more and more.

Gradually I came to sift into my readings statements designed primarily to please my subject—or to horrify him. The thrill was the thing—and I sought to supply the thrill. Finally, my reading became a work of art, a succession of horrifying thrills and pleasant ones—alternated. Gradually I became a fakir. I became a fakir like Dr. Bland!

But to be fair to myself I must say that there was never a day in that season of palmistry when I did not look forward with anticipation to a time when I could practice phrenology in absolute honesty, and at the same time make a living. There was not even a day when a struggle was not going on within me, a struggle between my desire to use perfect candor, on the one hand, and the necessity of making both ends meet, on the other. The need of food was more pressing than the need to be honest. So for a time I remained a fakir.

Though I became a fakir, I used my "science" every day—to help me in my faking. For example, practice gave me an almost psychic acuteness in "sizing up" persons as they entered our hall, so that I was able to approach them in the most effective way. Almost invariably I could tell at a glance what mental attitude the stranger held toward our business; whether he was a believer or a doubter, whether he had entered out of mere curiosity or whether he had made up his mind to patronize us, whether he was still debating the question in his mind or whether he cared nothing about it and had entered merely in the hope of "making a touch," whether he was a student of the subject himself or a member of the "profesh."

After entering into conversation with the stranger I could go even deeper into his life. I might say: "You're a married man," or "You're a single man," "You're a business man," "You're a professional man," "You're a railroad man," "You're a mechanic," "You're a successful man," "You are poor," "You are having business troubles," "You are having family troubles," "You are thinking of making a change and dont know what to do."

Countless times I have received the answer: "How do you know that? Well, if you can tell those things I guess you can tell others." Thus one more customer would be mine.

How did I tell those things? It was part guess, part judgment, guess and judgment being trained by daily practice. Any close observer can usually tell a successful man from a failure. Almost anybody can "size up" a man who is out of employment and uncertain which way to turn. It is only a step from this to telling whether an individual holds a clerical position or an executive position. Study a little farther and you will find that nearly all men carry some marks or their calling concealed about their persons. And so it went. Such things I told, not because they were necessarily a part of phrenology or palmistry, but because I found them useful in astonishing and mystifying my subjects, and thus getting them on the hook. I am perfectly willing to admit that I made mistakes; the point is that I guessed right so often that it paid me to make the guess.

Yes, I was a fakir, but there were others. We met them wherever we went, and we found, as a rule, that the more successful they were, the more completely they were fakirs. Nerve, imagination, and an oily tongue to give it vent, personal appearance, "front," and clever advertising are the conditions for success in palmistry. The most successful palmist I ever knew was as ignorant as Dr. Bland, yet he often cleared five hundred dollars a week. He took long chances to be sensational, and he did n't care how many mistakes he made. One of his victims told me of having gone to his parlors with his sister. In reading the sister the "professor" said: "You will be married to this young man in six weeks"; and in reading the brother he said: "You will be married to this young woman in six weeks."

"But we are brother and sister," objected the pair, as they rose to leave after paying their \$5 apiece. "We dont want to marry each other."

"Did I say you were going to marry each other?" blandly inquired the "professor," unperturbed. "Pshaw! I meant that both of you were going to be mar-

ried—to others, of course. Good afternoon."

This man made some such wild blunders every day; they were a part of his business. Yet I never heard of his ever being publicly exposed. Perhaps it was because he had a habit of advertising in the newspapers.

A common practice of palmists is to advertise a very low reading price as a bait, and when the fish is on the line to shake him down for all he's worth—by pretending to see some sign of extraordinary import. One of the most noted palmists of the Middle West advertised to give oral readings for one dollar. His method was to begin a reading, then suddenly show evidences of great agitation and tell the subject of a rare sign which he had discovered under the microscope. "It is very necessary that you know this," he would say, "but, in order to read the sign correctly, it will be necessary for me to take a plaster cast of your hand. That will cost you five dollars."

The victim usually "came through" with the money, and in due time he would receive his reading, type-written. I perused several of these type-written efforts, and, really, they were very tame.

"It's not the number of people coming to you that counts; it's the wad you get out of each one," is a common saying among palmists. Birds of a feather flock together truly enough, and our hall, with its pictures and its comfortable chairs, was always somewhat of a rendezvous for palmists and fakirs generally. They came to gossip, to exchange experiences and to brag of the tricks of their trade.

I remember one who made a specialty of "locating hidden treasure." He would draw maps of distant places, each purporting to show the way to a spot where a little work with a spade would uncover a fortune. Few of his customers objected to doing a little digging, and every now and then he would find one who was willing to pay fifty or one hundred dollars and promise half the loot for the privilege of taking the map away with him. In this way our specialist was constantly sending people on long and fruitless journeys from one side of the continent to the other. In order to escape the

vengeance of returning treasure-seekers, the specialist had a way of changing his name and moving to another town every few weeks.

I remember another palmist whose specialty was "magnetizing" money. After mystifying his clients with a few sleight-of-hand tricks or some bogus slate-writing, he would agree to take charge of all gold coin that might be intrusted to him, keep it for forty-eight hours, and return it doubled in amount by the "magnetizing" process. That any sane man or woman would be taken in by such a palpable fraud seems incredible, yet this particular specialist wore diamonds. Moreover, I personally know of several supposedly intelligent business men who were swindled by him. Of course, the "magnetizer" skipped with the gold, and of course the victims were usually too much ashamed of their own folly to publish it abroad by complaining to the police. It is a well known fact among fakirs that men and women who seem perfectly sensible on all other subjects sometimes become temporary imbeciles once their superstition is successfully worked upon.

I know another palmist whose specialty is advising people to speculate in real estate. "Your Fate line shows that you are about to become a millionaire by buying and selling land," he would say, nodding his head wisely. Of course the client would want to know more about it and the obliging palmist would tell him. "Your success," he would say, "is to come through buying in such and such a state; yes, in such and such a county, or such and such a town—yes, in such and such a part of the town. Buy there and your fortune is made."

It was not a coincidence that the land "there," the land of the palmist's dream, happened to be in the hands of an agent who was in partnership with the palmist. The victim would usually yield up all he had and the palmist and agent divided the profits. I am well acquainted with the palmist of whom I am now writing, as well as with his real-estate partner. Today they are carrying on their trade on a profitable scale in one of the larger cities of the West.

Numerous persons are parted from considerable sums through fear of death

from some mysterious disease. I have seen men in good health reduced to a pitiable condition of terror, even to tears, by a scheming palmist who had worked upon their fears. I knew one palmist who was in the habit of telling every client the same story. He would say that a jelly-like substance was forming in the bones of his client, and would go into a long pretended technical explanation of the character of the malady and how, unless it were treated at once by his secret process, it would result in the crumbling of the unfortunate victim's bones. Of course no man wants his bones to crumble up on him suddenly some day on the street. Naturally, a fraction of the intended victims refused to believe that they were so desperately off, but there were always some who were frightened almost into hysterics by the "reading." These were usually willing to yield up a lot of money to be treated by the "secret process." Anyhow, I know that that particular "professor" labored not, but lived off the fat of the land.

Some palmists succeed in getting a list of regular clients to consult them at frequent intervals about business, domestic and other affairs. These persons are either led to believe that the "professor" can look ahead and give warning of what's coming, or that he (frequently she) has the power to influence some unseen forces of the air to order success in their careers. Palmists who are able to inspire such confidence are in the highest clover. Moreover, a list of the clients of such a one would certainly be a revelation. There would be found not only the ignorant and superstitious, but the educated and superstitious, the intelligent and superstitious. My experience and observation have told me that there are men in every walk of life whose superstition differs not one whit, as far as the naked eye can see, from the superstition of the man of the forests.

One of the class of palmists which I have just mentioned—and she was one of the most noted women palmists and all-around fortune-tellers in America—was for a long time served by an old friend of mine as advertising writer and confidential adviser. This friend of mine made a practice of watching the news-

papers closely for accounts of shipwrecks, railroad accidents and bank failures, for news of the race-track, the stock-market, etc., etc. Each day a new advertisement would come out in all the city papers. One day it would contain a pathetically worded telegram purporting to come from a patron of the palmist, thanking her for warning him to withdraw his account from a broken bank just in time to save his family from penury. Another day a letter would give thanks for the writer's having been warned against traveling on a lost ship, or on a train which was wrecked. On still another day a telegram would return thanks for a lucky investment made, a rich mine discovered, or some other successful venture pulled off, all through the advice of Madame Blank. And so it went on. The advertisements were a success. Madame Blank "turned away hundreds." But the fact was that every one of those letters and telegrams were products of the fertile brain of my ad-writer friend. None were genuine. He told me so himself.

Palmists and other fortune-tellers frequently advertise to "call your name without asking you a question." Here's the way they do it. You write your name on a slip of paper, the palmist juggles it, substitutes another for it, reads it in his lap, and tells you your name. Easy money!

The nearest we came to the methods of the palmists whom I have just mentioned was when we took a physician into partnership with us, a physician with many diplomas. It was in Kansas City. He advertised to cure all chronic diseases and to diagnose the ailments of all prospective patients free without asking a single question. The truth of the matter is that I made all the diagnoses, as the physician was unable to do it. By phrenological and physiognomical signs I guessed the weak point in the patient and then sent him along to the physician. The physician would poke his head into my den and say: "What's the matter with him?" I would give him the cue and then he would go back to the patient and "rub it in." Many physicians know what that means. After a few weeks, when we came to realize what it meant ourselves, we did not hesitate.

We fired the physician. We were fakirs, but we were never so low as faking medicos.

I practiced phrenology or palmistry in many of the larger cities of America, notably New York, Chicago, Rochester, Kansas City, London, Canada; Washington, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Sometimes I worked on salary for Dr. Bland, and during this time I wrote for him more than thirty booklets which he sold to the public by the thousand. Sometimes I competed with the Doctor in his own hall. Sometimes I competed from the outside, failed, and returned again to his company. On one occasion I remained away from him for a whole year, only to return to share in the more profitable business that his warm handshake and flowing white hair attracted.

My final days as a member of the "professh" were spent in the old San Francisco. Here, starting with small capital after a term as a private citizen, I had poor luck at the start and was compelled to resort to the most desperate measures to make a living. I went down on that famous thoroughfare of fakirs, Grant Avenue, and standing on a little platform in the street, tried to interest the people in my work. I interested some of them, but not enough to make both ends meet. I was too plain. I had cast off all tricks of the trade, thrown away the bogus title of "professor" and the long coat and top hat with it. I was a plain and unmysterious "Mister," a straight phrenologist, and the people did not throw their money at me. For some days I spent the forenoons in soliciting business from house to house in the residence districts, but here I met with little success for the same reason. Then I took the final step. I brought a chair along to Grant Avenue and night after night I read heads on the streets before the eyes of the multitude for twenty-five cents a head. I made some remarkable hits and was kept busy. The movement of clients to my office during the day increased. At last I was succeeding on my own merits. I bought charts, books, paraphernalia, and looked about for a better location. The future looked brighter than ever before. I had succeeded financially before, but only at the cost of honesty. Now I would suc-

ceed and yet be legitimate. Then suddenly—the earthquake! That marked the end of my career as a phrenologist.

Is there anything in phrenology? Is there anything in palmistry? Invariably the reader will ask those questions. First, as to palmistry. My patrons said "yes," even more after I had read them than before. Yet I must confess that my readings, except in a small degree, were not based on the so-called "science of palmistry." They were based almost entirely upon my snap judgment of the subject as he or she came into my office, removed the hat, took a seat, spoke a few words and held out the hands. Thus it will be seen that the judgment of my clients should go for nothing.

Is there anything in palmistry? Possibly. Every well informed person knows that form throughout all nature denotes character, that nothing, man, animal or plant, just happened to grow into a certain shape, but that the shape of all its parts was determined by the life force, the character, that built it. From the bone of an unknown fish, so the story goes, Professor Agassiz drew the whole fish, and in the same way a real student of hands can draw deductions in character from the human hand. But even so, I do not consider that there is a "science of palmistry." There is a jumble of approximately correct observations about types of hands and what they mean, shapes of fingers, and so on, but nothing basic, no classification that merits the term "science."

And as to the future being predicted, of course no sane person believes that anybody can do it with any valuable degree of certainty. I have studied all the books that I could find on the subject and have proved all of them to contain mistakes. I have had my hand read by many palmists and have never found one who could come any nearer predicting the future correctly than I could. Undoubtedly there are palmists who can prove that they have made accurate prophecies by the lines of the hand. I also can prove that I have prophesied accurately, but I am sure that neither they nor I could submit to a rigorous test of our ability in that line. It is not enough to say that the lines of the hand mean nothing, since they are made by the fold-

ing of the hands in work, for no two hands have the same lines nor the same number of lines, not even in a factory where thousands of hands do the same work every day. Evidently there may be something beside one's work that makes his hands fold in a certain way. May it not be his character? Possibly it is the character and something more, but if it is something more, that something more is so little known, even by the most conscientious students, that I would advise no one to consult a palmist about his future. Of course if you go to be entertained, that is a different matter; but for any serious purpose believe a "reformed" palmist when he tells you that palmists are a mighty good class of people to keep away from.

Finally, is there anything in phrenology? I consider phrenology very easily proved scientific as far as simple character reading goes. Phrenology was discovered by the same processes as were all of our real sciences discovered—by the inductive method, by innumerable observations and comparisons. Observers for ages had noted that peculiar cranial developments existed in conjunction with peculiar mental manifestations, but it remained for Dr. Francis J. Gall, a famous physician of Germany, to analyze and classify the cranial formations and their corresponding faculties of mind. When Dr. Gall heard of a human freak he promptly hunted him up and measured his head. He visited a majority of the asylums and penitentiaries in Europe, measuring and observing men and women. He measured the heads of his friends—and observed their peculiar traits. He spent years and years in exhaustive comparisons and one by one he discovered the forty-two brain organs in which are situated the forty-two mental elements of the phrenologist. Every phrenologist worthy of the name has hundreds of times proven to his own satisfaction—simply by observing heads

and characters and comparing them—the truth of Dr. Gall's conclusions.

Taken in its narrowest sense, phrenology is the science of delineating character by the formation of the skull. As such it has been accepted as a science by many of the world's most noted investigators, such men as Herbert Spencer, Alfred Russell Wallace, Luther Burbank, Caesar Lombroso, and such others as Horace Mann, William T. Stead, Mark Twain, Dr. Dwight Newell Hillis, Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher. Speaking for the anti-phrenological psychologists, Dr. James, of Harvard, himself admitted that phrenology is worth much in character reading. He based his objections upon the proposition that phrenologists have failed to solve by phrenology the problems that the old-line psychologists are trying to solve by their methods. G. Stanley Hall, another noted opponent of phrenology, bases his objections upon brain anatomy, claiming that to admit that certain mental faculties have their brain centers at certain points would be to deny certain preconceived notions about brain functions.

I could admit that both these eminent gentlemen are right and yet I could continue to prove phrenology as a character reader. For phrenology has not necessarily any brain theory connected with it. It does not depend upon any theory for its existence. I could even admit that the brain is not the organ of the mind at all, and yet could prove that certain characters are found invariably with certain cranial shapes. That is merely a matter of observation and comparison. I hold a ball in my hand a thousand times. A thousand times I let go of the ball and it falls to the ground. Logically, I declare the law of gravitation to be a fact. Exactly by the same methods I prove phrenology as a guide to character delineation, and no old-line psychologist, however, learned, can confound me in this matter.



Prayer

By Count L. N. Tolstoy

Translated for The Pacific Monthly by Irvin M. Grodin

"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him."



O, and no! This cannot be, Doctor! Is it possible that nothing can be done? Why, then, all of you keep silent?"

So spoke the young mother coming out with long, decided steps, from the nursery, where her first and only three-years-old boy was dying from water on the brain.

The husband and the doctor, who were talking between themselves quietly, became silent. The husband approached her very timidly, touched kindly with his hand her disordered hair and sighed heavily. The doctor stood with head bowed, showing the helplessness of the situation.

"It cant be helped!" said the husband. "It cant be helped, dear."

"Oh! dont speak, dont speak!" she cried out angrily and reproachfully, and swiftly turning, she went back to the nursery.

The husband wished to hold her back.

"Kate, dont go."

She, unanswering, glanced at him with her big tired eyes, but did not pause.

The boy was lying on the nurse's arm, with a white pillow under his head. His eyes were open, but unseeing. Out of his drawn little mouth foam bubbled. The nurse looked past his face, with a severe, solemn expression and did not move at his mother's entrance. When the mother drew near and passed her hand under the pillow in order to take the child from her, the nurse said quietly: "It is going. . . ." and drew aside. But the mother did not listen to her, and with the skill of one accustomed to the movement, took the boy in her arms. The long, flowing locks of his hair were tan-

gled. She set them straight and cast a glance at his face.

"No, I cant," she whispered, and with a quick movement she gave back the little body to the nurse and left the room.

This was the second week of his illness. All the time of his illness the mother oscillated between despair and hope, several times a day. During all this time she hardly slept an hour out of the twenty-four. And, without fail, she withdrew to her bedroom, several times a day, knelt before the big image of the Savior in golden vestments, and prayed God that He should spare her son. The Savior held in his little hand a gilded book, in which was written in enamel: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Kneeling, she prayed, putting all the strength of her soul into her prayer. And although, in the bottom of her soul and during the prayer, she felt that she could not move the mountain, and that God would not do as she desired, but as He thought proper, still she prayed, read the prayers of the church, and her own which she composed instantly and spoke aloud with a special effort.

Now, when she realized that he was dead, she felt that something was moving in her head, as if something was breaking loose and beginning to turn round, and on entering her bedroom, she looked about at all her things with surprise, as if not recognizing the place. Then she lay down on the bed, with her head not upon the pillow, but upon her husband's folded morning-gown, and swooned away.

And there she saw in dream her little Kostia well and happy, sitting in his little arm-chair, with his curly head and slen-

der little white neck, swinging his little feet with his fat calves, and putting forth his little lips, while he set his doll-boy carefully on the pasteboard horse with the broken back and one remaining foot.

"How good it is that he's alive," she thinks, "and how cruel it is that he died. Why did he die? Could God then let him die when I prayed so? Why did God want him to die? Did he disturb anyone? Does not God know that my entire life is in him? And for Him suddenly to seize and painfully to destroy this dear little being, so innocent and so unfortunate, and to shatter my life, and to all my prayers answer with this, that his eyes should become fixed, that he should be stretched out, grow cold and become stiff!"

Then she sees him again. There he goes! Such a little chap walking through such high doors, opening them with his little hands, as men do. And he looks around and smiles Dear! And him God wished to torture. What, then, is the use of praying to Him, if He can do such horrible things?

And suddenly Matrusha, a little girl who helped the nurse, begins to say something very odd. The mother knows that this is Matrusha, but at the same time she is both Matrusha and an angel.

"But if she is an angel, why, then, has she no wings upon her shoulders?" thinks the mother. And unaccountably she recollects that some one—she does not remember whom, but some one she could depend on—told her that there are now angels without wings. And the angel Matrusha speaks: "In vain, lady, are you offended with God. It is impossible for Him to listen to all. They frequently request such things that if you grant to one, you wrong another. For instance, now, all over Russia people are praying and what kind of people! The very highest class of bishops, the monks in the cathedrals, in the churches before the relics—all are praying that God should make them victorious over the Japanese. Well, then, is this a good thing to ask? And to ask it does no good. He cannot satisfy everybody. The Japanese are also praying for victory. But you must know that He is the only one Father for all of us. What then can He do? What then can He do, lady," says Matrusha.

"Yes, it is so. It is old, even Voltaire said this. All know this and all agree. I don't mean this. But why can He not grant my prayer, when I ask, not for something hurtful to anyone, but only this: not to kill my dear child? I cannot live without him," says the mother, and feels how he puts his fat little arms around her neck, and she with her body feels his warm little body. "It is well that all this is a dream!" she thinks.

"Well, then, not only this, madam," insists Matrusha, with the same stupidity as always, "well, not only this. It happens that what one asks, is by no means possible to grant. We all know this well enough. I then know it, for I am announcing the guests," says Matrusha the angel, with the same voice with which she yesterday, when the mistress sent her to the master, said to the nurse: "I know that the master is home, for I am announcing the guests.

"How many times I have had to announce," says Matrusha, "that a good man there (especially the younger one) asks for help to keep him from doing evil deeds, for help to keep from drinking, to keep from a dissolute life; he asks that they should take the evil out of him, like a sliver."

"For all that, how well Matrusha speaks," thinks the mistress.

"But it is impossible for Him to do this, for everyone must make the exertion for himself. Only from effort comes progress. You yourself, mistress, gave me a story to read about a black hen. There it is told how a black hen gave to a boy who saved her from death, a magical grain of hemp-seed, the effect of which was that as long as it was lying in the pocket of his trousers he knew all the lessons without studying, and how from using this magic grain he ceased altogether to study and lost his memory. It's impossible for Him, the Father, to take the mischief out of the people. And they should not ask for that, but they themselves should eradicate it from themselves."

"Whence does she know these words?" thinks the mistress and says:

"Still, you, Matrusha, do not answer my question."

"Give me time, I will tell you everything," said Matrusha. "And sometimes

this happens: I announce to Him that a family has been ruined through their own fault, and all lament that instead of occupying good rooms they live now in a hole, not having even tea. They ask to be helped some way or other, and again, here it is impossible for Him to do as they wish, for He knows that this also has been for their good. They don't understand, but He, the Father, knows that if they had continued to live in luxury they would have been entirely spoiled."

"This is true," thinks the mistress, "but why then does she express herself so vulgarly about God? Entirely....? This is not altogether well. I shall certainly tell her when I get a chance."

"But I am not asking for that," repeats the mother again. "I ask: Why? for what reason did your God want to take away from me my boy?"—and the mother sees before her Kostia, alive, and hears his childish laugh with its charm peculiar to himself, like the clear ring of a little bell.

"Why have they taken him from me? If God could do this, He must be an evil, malicious God and we don't need Him at all, and I don't want to know Him."

"What is this?" Matrusha, now not exactly Matrusha, but some one quite different, a new, strange creature, not speaking with lips, but throwing the question somehow directly into the mother's heart.

"You are a pitiful, blind, and daring creature, filled with the thought of yourself," says this being. "You see your Kostia as he was a week ago, with his strong little limbs and long flowing hair, and his wise, simple, kindly speech. He was not always like that. There was a time when you were delighted to hear him pronouncing 'Mama' and 'Grandma,' and tell one from the other, and before that you were enraptured with his standing up and balancing himself while he toddled with his little feet to the chair; and still earlier you were enraptured with his creeping along the hall like a little quadruped; and before that again, you were delighted that he recognized you, that he held up his little, bald, pulsating head; and before that, you were enraptured to see how he took the nipple and pressed it with his toothless gum.

And before that, you were delighted when he, a little red being, not yet severed from yourself, vigorously filled his lungs; and a year before that, where was he, when he was not yet in existence? You all think you are standing still, and that you and all those whom you love, must always be just as you are now. But, come now, you are not standing still a moment; you are all flowing on like a river; you are all flying like a stone, downward, to death, which sooner or later awaits you all. Do you not understand that if out of nothing he became what he was, that also he would not stay for a moment, he would not remain such as he was when he died? And how out of nothing he became a suckling, from a suckling became a child, and from a child would have become a boy, a schoolboy, a youth, a young man, middle-aged man, man beginning to grow old, and at last an old man. You don't know then what he would have been, if he had lived on. But I know."

And lo! the mother sees, in the private apartment of a restaurant (once her husband took her to such a restaurant), she sees, before the table with a remnant of supper on it, a bloated old man, full of wrinkles, with turned-up mustaches, disgustingly striving to make himself look young again. He is sitting deep-sunk in the soft divan and with drunken eyes greedily gazing on a disreputable, painted woman with bare, white, stout neck; and with a drunken tongue he cried out, repeating several times, an indecent joke, obviously pleased with the approving burst of laughter of another couple such as themselves.

"It is not true! This is not my Kostia!" cried the mother, horrified, looking at the disgusting old man, who is dreadful just because there is something in his eyes, something in his lips, that specially recalls Kostia.

"How fortunate, that this is only a dream," thinks the mother. The real Kostia—ah! there he is! And she sees the little white, naked Kostia with the plump chest, sitting in his bath-tub and bursting with laughter, while he paddles with the little feet; she not only sees, but feels, how he suddenly catches her arm, which is uncovered to the elbow, and kisses, kisses, and finally bites it, not

knowing what else to do with this hand that is so dear to him.

"Yes, he is indeed Kostia, and not that dreadful old man," says the mother to herself. And at these words she waked, and with horror realized the facts from which there was no awakening.

She went to the nursery. The nurse had already washed and dressed Kostia. He was laid out, and his little waxen nose showed thinner and sharper. Candles burned around the little head with the hair smoothed off the forehead; and white lilac and rosy-colored hyacinths stood in vases on a small table. The nurse rose from her chair, and elevating her eyebrows and protruding her lips, looked at the stony little face. And out of the other door, facing the mother, Matrusha came with her simple kindly face and weeping eyes.

"How then did she come to tell me that one should not grieve, seeing that she herself weeps!" thought the mistress. And she turned her gaze to the dead child. In the first minute the dreadful resemblance of the dead little face to that of the old man whom she saw in her

dream struck and repelled her, but she drove this thought away, and crossing herself, she touched the cold, waxen little forehead with her warm lips; then kissed the folded little hands, which had become cold; and suddenly, at the smell of the hyacinths, it was as if something new told her that he was no more and would never be again, and sobs choked her, and once more she kissed him on the forehead, and for the first time she wept. She wept, but not with hopeless, rather with touched and humble, tears. She suffered, but knowing now that what was, had to be, and was well, she made no more complaints, was no more in rebellion against God.

"It is a sin to weep, dear mother," said the nurse and, approaching the little corpse, she wiped away with a folded handkerchief the mother's tears, which remained on the waxen forehead of Kostia. "Tears will be a burden to his little soul. He's well now, a sinless little angel. But if he had lived, who knows what he might have become?"

"It is quite true, it is quite true; still it is sad, sad!" said the mother.

A Voice to The Dying

By George Herbert Clarke

Unknown and uncounted the years thou hadst lain in my bosom
Ere thou wast born,—

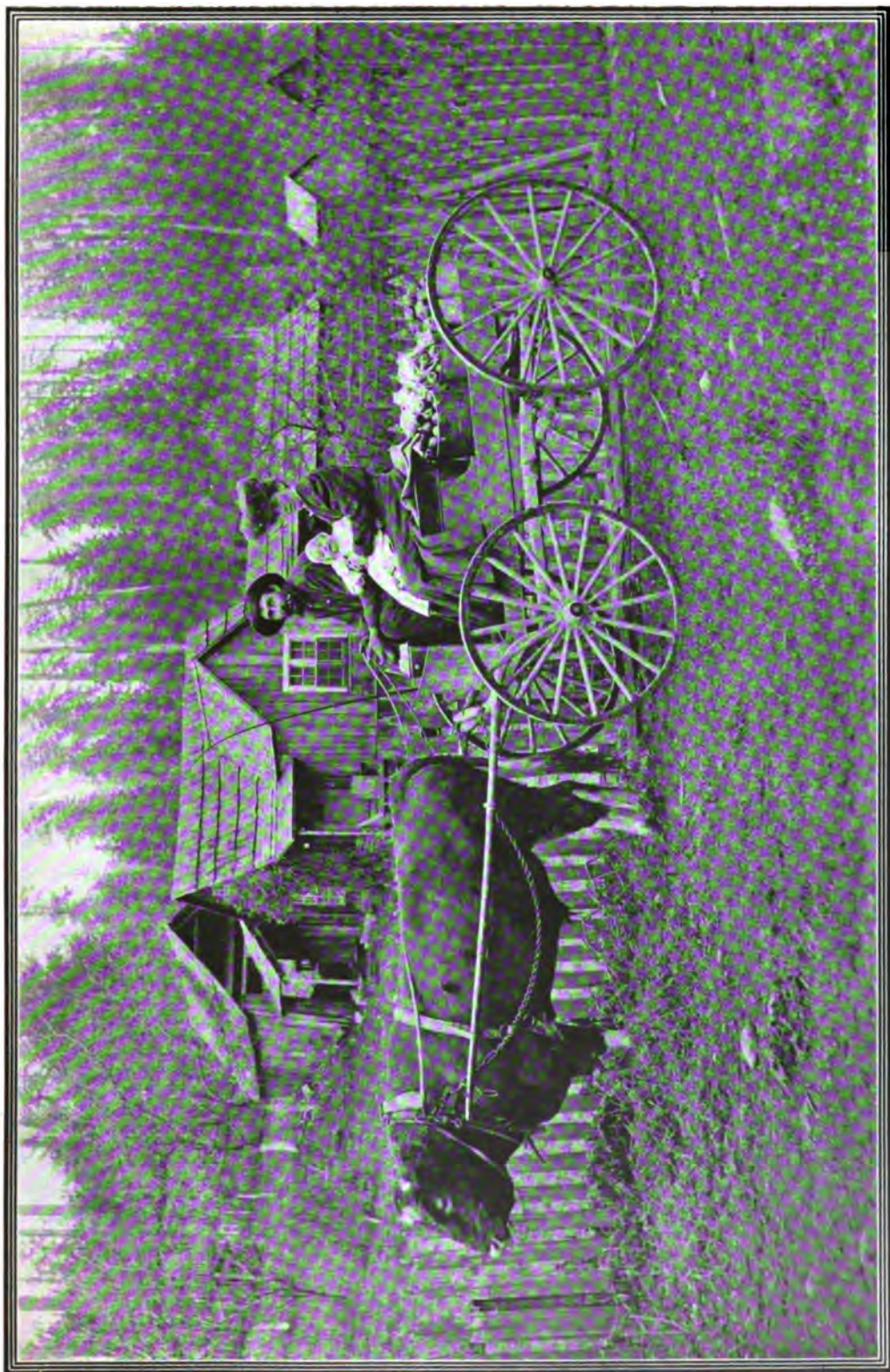
Thou, and the wife thou hast loved, the dog thou hast fondled,
The trees and the grasses by which thou hast lived;
A dim, ageless travail brought ye all forth,
And quiet hath been your mothering.

A quiet mothering,—

Yet have mine eyes not ceased from beholding thee,
Thee and all thy ways,—thine eager pride, and thy powers
That failed thee, thy yeas and nays and silences,
Thy reckoned gains, thy mad revolts, thy crowding sorrows,
Confessions sad,—all these thy mother's eyes have seen.

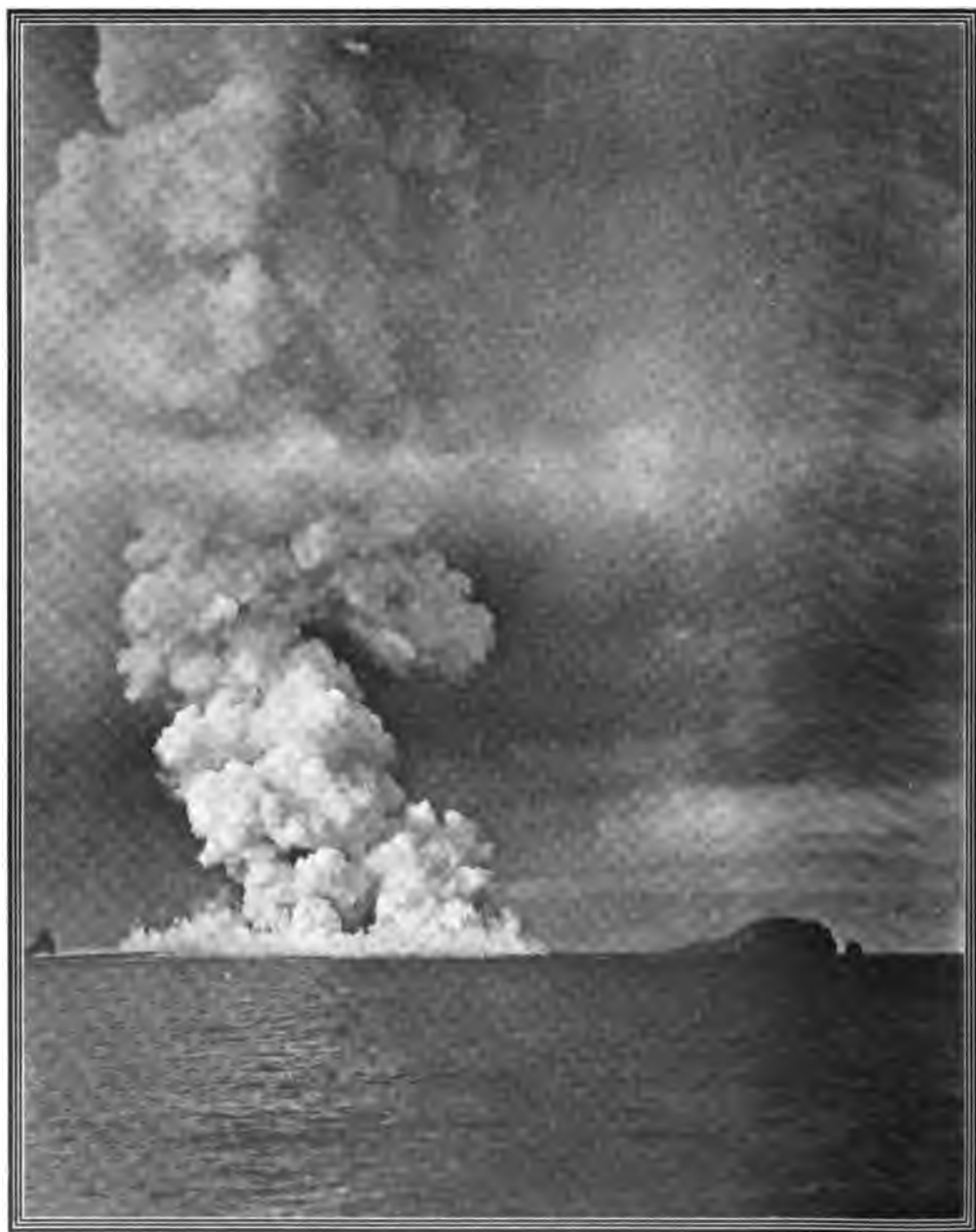
Come home,—

Thou who hast never been far from me, for all thy thinking,
Thy little human tragedy—come home, dear child!
Beneath my breast come slumber once again,
Peradventure again to be born, again to die,
But never to be parted from her that bids thee come!



Photograph by A. F. Anderson.

GETTING A GOOD START IN THE WEST.



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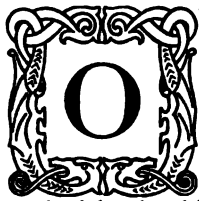
Clouds of steam over a mile high. The ordinary cloud level is shown by the streak across the picture.



Bogoslof Island from the northeast, September 16, 1910, before the eruption. Castle Rock on left, Fire Island on right and Perry Peak in center.

Bogoslof, "Lightning Change Artist"

By Captain J. H. Quinan, U. S. R. C. S.



ONE HUNDRED and twenty years ago a Russian Admiral, while cruising in Bering Sea some thirty miles off the shore of Unalaska, discovered a small volcanic island which he named Bogoslof, after himself. This little island, after the cooling process was over, became the abode of sea lions and murre. Twenty-four years ago Dame Nature, pitying the loneliness of the one, threw up another close by and has since joined them in close companionship. This union seems to have been effected only with great effort, for, ever since the advent of the second, the space between has been in a state of unrest, land appearing and disappearing and changing its formation from year to year—I may say from month to month. In 1890, when I first visited Bogoslof in the United States Revenue Cutter *Bear* on our way north, a large grayish rock, called "sail rock" from its resemblance to a sail, which had been observed midway between the two islands the year before, had entirely disappeared. I am told that the following year the Fish Commission Steamer *Albatross* sailed over this very spot.

In 1906, there appeared here a sharp-pointed hill which was surveyed by the

officers of the United States Revenue Cutter *Perry* and named Perry Peak. In July 1907, the officers of the Revenue Cutter *McCulloch* surveyed another newly-formed elevation close to the other and named it McCulloch Peak. Both were about 500 feet high. Three months later they revisited the island, but there was no McCulloch Peak; the sea had swallowed it up and in its place was a big indentation or harbor. There is evidence that this peak exploded a month before, sending a cloud of ashes as far as the village of Unalaska, fifty miles away.

In 1908, the Revenue Cutter *Rush* visited Bogoslof and found even greater changes. Perry Peak had subsided into a plateau which extended all along the eastern shore connecting the two islands, with a harbor in the center opening to the westward.

In August, 1909, on our return from a cruise around the world in the *Tahoma*, we stopped at Bogoslof long enough to observe that the island had undergone some changes since the previous year, which was known by a comparison of it with a photograph in the possession of one of the officers taken the year before. The mouth of the harbor had closed, forming a steaming lake.

In June, 1910, the *Perry* visited Bogos-

lof and the commanding officer had the navigator make a survey. The plateau was found more elevated at the northerly end with a gradual slope toward Castle Rock. Three months later we found many changes. It is no wonder then that Bogoslof has attracted the interest of scientists all over the world and particularly that of the National Geographic Society, for whom the *Tahoma* made recent investigations which form the basis of this article.

The seal patrol about the Pribilof Islands on which the *Tahoma* had been actively engaged all summer being about over, the fleet of Japanese schooners having spread their sails for home to escape the September typhoons, we were ordered by the commanding officer of the Bering Sea Fleet, on an errand of mercy, to cruise among the Aleutian Islands as far as Attu, some eight hundred miles westward of Unalaska, with food and clothing for the destitute natives, and to visit Bogoslof on the way. We arrived at Bogoslof on the 10th of September, and the weather being exceptionally fine and the sea smooth enough to admit a landing, I landed seven officers on the island and divided the work, charging each with the obtainment of certain data, and by these means was able to accomplish much in a short time. While they were surveying the land, obtaining photographs and gathering specimens, the Cut-

ter steamed around the island taking numerous soundings and recording temperatures of the sea water.

Bogoslof is somewhat oval in shape, about a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile in its widest part, its major axis lying in a northwest and southeast direction, magnetic. The shore line is comparatively regular, but the surface irregular and broken. There are three distinct elevations: Fire Island at the northerly end, which we computed to be 175 feet high; Castle Rock at the southerly end, 289 feet, and a peak of new land, Perry Peak, about 175 feet, midway between them. Castle Rock belongs to old Bogoslof, Fire Island to new Bogoslof; Perry Peak and all other land are of recent formation. Castle Rock from the north and south resembles a castle—whence its name; viewing it from the east or west, it reminds one of a huge legless rhinoceros. At the base of Perry Peak and almost surrounding it is a salt water lagoon which was found to have on the outside edge a uniform temperature of 107 degrees Fahrenheit, except at the northern end near Fire Island, where it was 90 degrees Fahrenheit.

Since the visit of the *Perry* in June, the plateau had changed its shape, forming two elevations, Perry Peak to the northward, and a lower one to the southward. Not to be outdone by the commanding officers of the other cutters who had pre-



BOGOSLOF IN ERUPTION, SEPTEMBER 10, 1910.



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At six o'clock, on the morning of September 19, 1910, Bogoslof Island was seen on the horizon almost enveloped in immense clouds of smoke and ashes. The rising sun vied with the brilliant lightning flashes in piercing the black pall.

ceded me, and feeling that our ship was also entitled to something, I named this lower one Tahoma Peak. The lagoon is narrower than formerly and is divided in two parts, a smaller lagoon having formed on the east side at the base of Perry Peak. High land had also formed between it and the shore line and made it impracticable for us to get our dinghy into the lagoon, which we desired to do for the purpose of taking soundings. Near this small lagoon were found two small geysers in a state of excessive ebullition, throwing up hot water, steam and vapor. Here seems to be the center of volcanic activity. In the vicinity of the geysers the lagoon is in violent agitation, boiling water spurting up through the mud and giving out dense steam and vapor, making it impossible to see farther than a few feet. A group of steaming conical rocks resembling a huge cauldron was also found near this point and a

number of sulphur patches noticed in those places where vapors were rising.

Fire Island had not changed, but Castle Rock had evidently felt the effects of the recent eruption, the top and side having been split off and huge boulders covering several acres found at its base.

The sea lions at Sea Lion Point were just as numerous and sportive as ever and appeared to be less frightened by the seismic convulsions than by the kodaks of the officers. These animals have multiplied greatly during the recent years, especially since the Presidential proclamation making Bogoslof a Government reservation and prohibiting all persons from disturbing animal life thereon. The thousands of murrelets which nested in Castle Rock and Fire Island were gone and their skeletons found scattered over all the island, showing that they must have fallen victims to the volcano during the past three months. With the exception



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Panorama of Perry Peak, the newly-formed land in the salt lagoon. Fire Island visible at the extreme right. Crater and geysers are just back of the irregular, steaming lava rocks shown in the right foreground.

of a few sea gulls, there was no bird life at all.

On our return from Attu and Atka I shaped a course for Bogoslof, intending to take soundings from the ship's boats close to the island in radial lines, work which we were obliged to omit on our first visit. At four o'clock of the morning of the 19th of September, when we were twenty-five miles southwest of Bogoslof, the officer-of-the-deck reported vivid lightning in the northeast. I thought this very strange, as it was a beautiful night with a gentle northerly wind, and I immediately concluded, then, from these conditions that this phenomenon had something to do with Bogoslof, as thunderstorms are unheard of in Bering sea, especially in September. At daylight one hour later my suspicion was confirmed. When Bogoslof was first sighted, both Fire Island and Castle Rock were visible; Perry Peak was in a state of eruption. At first it resembled in appearance a water-spout, which after-

wards spread and enveloped the whole island. On approaching the island this geyserian volcano was found to be in a violent state of eruption, throwing up immense clouds of vapor, smoke, mud and ashes. A thick, dark cloud hung over the island and at times a tongue of flame could be seen shooting up from the crater. Intermittent forked lightning

split the clouds, extending down to the crater, followed by sharp peals of thunder which sounded like the explosion of volcanic bombs. We were then four miles southwest of the island and the wind suddenly shifting from

north to northeast blew directly towards the ship. Now began a race full speed to the northward to avoid the falling ashes. The eruption, though constant, was intermittent in intensity and presented an ever-changing aspect. Vapor rose to a height of several thousand feet, even above the clouds, spreading at the top and assuming a mush-room appearance, resembling a



Castle Rock Spire; showing perpendicular uptilting of strata.



Castle Rock from the westward. The view shows boulders and volcanic bombs covering the southern half of the island. These have all been thrown up in recent eruptions.

huge white cauliflower. Then at times in the center of this fleecy mass would appear a black streak of ashes and mud, most of which fell on the island, but some on the sea, pattering like immense drops of rain.

Officers and men stood on deck fascinated by the thrilling spectacle, which was enhanced by the rays of the rising sun just peeping over Mount Makushin as if old Sol himself wanted to view this magnificent scene.

We've always said "Bering Sea is hell, and this proves it."

After getting to windward of the island, we approached to within a mile and found that all sea lions and gulls had for the time being disappeared.

We remained in the vicinity for several hours, obtained some valuable photographs and then proceeded on our way, realizing that though the chart we had made nine days previously was correct at that time, now it was practically worthless so far as the surface of the island is concerned. Our little pet of a peak which we had christened Tahoma had probably been smothered in its infancy.

Man, Time and Space

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

How less than dust we are, our smiles and tears.
 Our big ambitions and our fretful stress,
 So vain a show unto the starry spheres
 Which shine unmoved by woe or happiness.
 Unto the calm of stretchéd space how must
 We seem like ants, which hurry to and fro
 In nothingness, or gilded motes of dust
 Lit for a moment in a sunbeam's glow.
 We are but accidents; our deeds are naught,
 Tho' we should weigh the volume of a star.
 We are but insects in Life's meshes caught,
 Then freed, not knowing whither, lo, we are :
 But like a breath, the twinkling of an eye.
 We pass away.—Still shines the glittering sky.



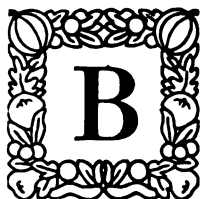
THE MUSCLES OF HIS FACE WERE TWITCHING, AND HE WAS BREATHING HARD, LIKE A SPENT RUNNER.

The Elbow Canyon Mystery

By Francis Lynde

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAXIM.



BALLARD and Blacklock ate supper at the contractor's table in the commissary, and the talk, what there was of it, left the Kentuckian aside. The Arcadian summering was the young collegian's first plunge into the manful realities, and

it was not often that he came upon so much raw material in the lump as the contractor's camp, and more especially the jovial Irish contractor himself, afforded.

Ballard was silent for cause. Out of the depths of humiliation for the part he had been made to play in the plan for robbing Colonel Craigmiles he had promised unhesitatingly to prevent the robbery. But the means for preventing it were not so obvious as they might have

been. Force was the only argument which would appeal to the cattle-lifters, and assuredly there were men enough and arms enough in the Fitzpatrick camps to hold up any possible number of rustlers that Carson could bring into the valley. But would the contractor's men consent to fight the Colonel's battle?

This was the crucial query which only Fitzpatrick could answer; and, at the close of the meal, Ballard made haste to have private speech with the contractor in the closet-like pay office.

"You see what we are up against. Bourke," he summed up when he had explained the true inwardness of the situation to the Irishman. "Bare justice, the justice that even an enemy has a right to expect, shoves us into the breach. We've got to stop this raid on the Craigmiles cattle."

Fitzpatrick was shaking his head dubiously.

"Sure, now; *I'm* with you, Mr. Ballard," he allowed, righting himself with an effort that was a fine triumph over personal prejudice. "But it's only fair to warn you that not a man in any of the ditch camps will lift a finger in any fight to save the Colonel's property. This shindy with the cowboys has gone on too long, and it has been too bitter."

"But this time they've got it to do," Ballard insisted warmly. "They are your men, under your orders."

"Under my orders to throw dirt, maybe; but not to shoulder the guns and do the tin-soldier act. There's plinty of men, as you say; Polacks and the Hungarians and Eyetalians and Irish—and the Irish are the only ones you could count on in a hooraw, boys! I know every man of them, Mr. Ballard, and, not to be mincin' the wor-rd, they'd see you—or me, either—in the hot place before they'd point a gun at annybody who was giving the Craigmiles outfit a little taste of its own medicine."

Fitzpatrick's positive assurance was discouraging, but Ballard would not give up.

"How many men do you suppose Carson can muster for this cattle round-up?" he asked.

"Oh, I dont know; eighteen or twenty at the outside, maybe."

"You've got two hundred and forty-

odd here and at Riley's; in all that number dont you suppose you could find a dozen or two who would stand by us?"

"Honestly, then, I dont, Mr. Ballard. I'm not lukewarm, as ye might think: I'll stand with you while I can squint an eye to sight th' gun. But the minute you tell the b'ys what you're wantin' them to do, that same minute they'll give you the high-ball signal and quit."

"Strike work, you mean?"

"Just that."

Ballard went into a brown study, and Fitzpatrick respected it. After a time the silence was broken by the faint tapping of the tiny telegraph instrument on the contractor's desk. Ballard's chair righted itself with a crash.

"The wire," he exclaimed; "I had forgotten that you had brought it down this far on the line. I wonder if I can get Bromley?"

"Sure ye can," said the contractor; and Ballard sat at the desk to try.

It was during the preliminary key-clickings that Blacklock came to the door of the pay office. "There's a man out here wanting to speak to you, Mr. Fitzpatrick," he announced; and the contractor went out, returning presently to break into Ballard's preoccupied effort to raise the office at Elbow Canyon.

"One of the foremen came in to say that the Craigmiles men were coming back. For the last half-hour horsemen by twos and threes have been trailing up the river road and heading for the ranch headquarters," was the information he brought.

"It's Carson's gang," said Ballard, at once.

"Yes; but I did n't give it away to the foreman. Their scheme is to make as much of a round-up as they can while it's light enough to see. There'll be a small piece of a moon, and that'll do for the drive down the canyon. Oh, I'll bet you they've got it all figured out to a dot. Carson's plenty smooth when it comes to plannin' any devilment."

Ballard turned back to the telegraph key and rattled it impatiently. Time was growing precious; was already temerari-ously short for carrying out the programme he had hastily determined upon in the few minutes of brown study.

"That you, Loudon?" he clicked, when,

after interminable tappings, the breaking answer came; and upon the heels of the snipped-out affirmative he cut in masterfully:

"Ask no questions, but do as I say, quick. You said Colonel had machine-gun at his mine: Rally gang stone-buckies, rush that gun, and capture it. Can you do it?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply, "if you dont mind good big bill funeral expenses, followed by labor riot."

"We've got to have gun."

"The Colonel would lend it if—hold wire minute, Miss Elsa just crossing bridge in runabout. I'll ask her."

Ballard's sigh of relief was almost a groan, and he waited with good hope Elsa would know why he wanted the Maxim, and if the thing could be done without an express order from her father to the Mexican mine guards, she would do it. After what seemed to the engineer like the longest fifteen minutes he had ever endured, the tapping began again.

"Gun here," from Bromley. "What shall I do with it?"

The answer went back shot-like: "Load on engine and get it down to end of branch nearest this camp quick."

"Want me to come with it?"

"No; stay where you are, and you may be next Arcadian chief construction. Hurry gun."

Fitzpatrick was his own telegrapher, and as he read what passed through key and sounder his smile was like that which goes with the prize-fighter's preliminary hand-shaking.

"Carson'll need persuading," he commented. "'Tis well ye've got the artillery moving. What's next?"

"The next thing is to get out the best team you have, the one that will make the best time, and send it to the end of track to meet Bromley's special. How far is it—six miles, or thereabouts?"

"Seven, or maybe a little worse. I'll go with the team myself, and push on the reins. Do I bring the gun here?"

Ballard thought a moment. "No; since we're to handle this thing by ourselves, there is no need of making talk in the camps. Do you know a little sand creek in the hogback called Dry Valley?"

"Sure, I do."

"Good. Make a straight line for the head of that arroyo, and we'll meet you there, Blacklock and I, with an extra saddle-horse."

Fitzpatrick was getting a duck driving-coat out of a locker.

"What's your notion, Mr. Ballard?—if a man might be asking?"

"Wait, and you'll see," was the crisp reply. "It will work; you'll see it work like a charm, Bourke. But you must burn the miles with that team of broncos. We'll be down and out if you dont make connections with the Maxim. And say, toss a coil of that quarter-inch rope into your wagon as you go. We'll need that, too."

When the contractor was gone, Ballard called the collegian into the pay office and put him in touch with the pressing facts. A raid was to be made on Colonel Craigmiles's cattle by a band of cattle thieves; the raid was to be prevented; means to the preventing end—three men and a Maxim automatic rapid-fire gun. Would Blacklock be one of the three?

"Would a hungry little dog eat his supper, Mr. Ballard? By Jove; but you're a good angel in disguise—to let met in for the fun! And you've pressed the right button, too, by George! There's a Maxim in the military kit at college, and I can work her to the queen's taste."

"Then you may consider yourself chief of the artillery," was the prompt rejoinder. "I suppose I dont need to ask if you can ride a range pony?"

Blacklock's laugh was an excited chuckle.

"Now you're shouting. What I dont know about cow-ponies would make the biggest book you ever saw. But I'd ride a striped zebra rather than be left out of this. Do we hike out now?—right away?"

"There is no rush; you can smoke a pipe or two—as I'm going to. Fitzpatrick has to drive fourteen miles to work off his handicap."

Ballard filled his pipe and lighting it sat down to let the mental polishing wheels grind upon the details of his plan. Blacklock tried hard to assume the manly attitude of nonchalance; tried and failed utterly. Once for every five minutes of the waiting he had to jump up and make

a trip to the front of the commissary to ease off the excess pressure; and at the eleventh return Ballard was knocking the ash out of his pipe.

"Getting on your nerves, Jerry?" he asked. "All right: we'll go and bore a couple of holes into the night, if that's what you're anxious to be doing."

The start was made without advertisement. Fitzpatrick's horse-keeper was smoking cigarettes on the little porch platform, and at a word from Ballard he disappeared in the direction of the horse-rope. Giving him the necessary saddling time, the two made their way around the card-playing groups at the plaza fire, and at the back of the darkened mess-tent found the man waiting with three saddled broncos, all with rifle holsters under the stirrup leathers. Ballard asked a single question at the mounting moment.

"You have n't seen young Carson in the last hour or so, have you, Patsy?"

"Niver a hair av him: 'tis all day long he's been gone, wid Misther Bourke swearing thremenjous about the cayuse he took."

Ballard took the bridle of the led horse and the ride down the line of the canal, with Fitzpatrick's "piece of a moon" to silver the darkness, was begun as a part of the day's work by the engineer, but with some little trepidation by the young collegian, whose saddle-striving hitherto had been confined to the well-behaved cobs in his father's stables.

At the end of the first mile Blacklock found himself growing painfully conscious of every start of the wiry little steed between his knees, and was fain to seek comfort.

"Say, Mr. Ballard; what do you do when a horse bucks under you?" he asked, wedging the inquiry between the jolts of the racking gallop.

"You dont do anything," replied Ballard, taking the pronoun in the generic sense. "The bronco usually does it all."

"I—believe this brute's—getting ready to—buck," gasped the tyro. "He's working—my knee-holds loose—with his con-founded sh—shoulder-blades."

"Freeze to him," laughed Ballard. Then he added the word of heartening: "He cant buck while you keep him on

the run. Here's a smooth bit of prairie; let him out a few notches."

That was the beginning of a mad race that swept them down the canal line, past Riley's camp and out to the sand-floored cleft in the foothills far ahead of the planned meeting with Fitzpatrick. But this time the waiting interval was not wasted. Picketing the three horses, and arming themselves with a pair of the short-barrelled rifles, the advance guard of two made a careful study of the ground, pushing the reconnaissance down to the mouth of the dry valley, and a little way along the main river trail in both directions.

"Right here," said Ballard, indicating a point on the river trail just below the intersecting valley mouth, "is where you will be posted with the Maxim. If you take this boulder for a shield, you can command the gulch and the upper trail for a hundred yards or more, and still be out of range of their Winchesters. They'll probably shoot at you, but you wont mind that, with six or eight feet of granite for a breastwork, will you, Jerry?"

"Well, I should say not! Just you watch me burn 'em up when you give the word, Mr. Ballard. I believe I could hold a hundred of 'em from this rock."

"That is exactly what I want you to do—to hold them. It would be cold-blooded murder to turn the Maxim loose on them from this short range unless they force you to it. Dont forget that, Jerry."

"I sha'n't," promised the collegian; and after some further study of the topographies, they went back to the horses.

Thereupon ensued a tedious wait for an hour or more, with no sight or sound of the expected wagon, and with anxiety growing like a juggler's rose during the slowly passing minutes. Any one of a dozen things might have happened to delay Fitzpatrick, or even to make his errand a fruitless one. The construction track was rough, and the hurrying engine might have jumped the rails. The rustlers might have got wind of the gun dash and ditched the locomotive. Failing that, some of their round-up men might have stumbled upon the contractor and halted and overpowered him. Bal-

lard and Blacklock listened anxiously for the drumming of wheels. But when the silence was broken it was not by wagon noises; the sound was in the air—a distant lowing of a herd in motion, and the shuffling murmur of many hoofs. The inference was plain.

"By Jove! do you hear that, Jerry?" Ballard demanded. "The beggars are coming down-valley with the cattle, *and they're ahead of Fitzpatrick!*"

That was not strictly true. While the engineer was adding a hasty command to mount, Fitzpatrick's wagon came bouncing up the dry arroyo, with the snorting team in a lather of sweat.

"Sharp work, Mr. Ballard!" gasped the dust-covered driver. "They're less than a mile at the back of me, drivin' a good half of the Colonel's beef herd, I'd take me oath. Say the wor-rds, and say thim shwift!"

With the scantest possible time for preparation, there was no wasting of the precious minutes. Ballard directed a quick transference of men, horses and gun team to the lower end of the inner valley, a planting of the terrible little fighting machine behind the sheltering boulder on the main trail, and a hasty concealment of the wagon and harness animals in a grove of the scrub pines. Then he outlined his plan briskly to his two subordinates.

"They will send the herd down the canyon trail, probably with a man or two ahead of it to keep the cattle from straying up this draw," he predicted. "The first move is to nip these head riders; after which we must turn the herd and let it find its way back home through the sand gulch where we came in. Later on——"

A rattling clatter of horseshoes on stone rose above the muffled lowing and milling of the oncoming drove, and there was no time for further explanations. As Ballard and his companions drew back among the tree shadows in the small inner valley, a single horseman galloped down the canyon trail, wheeling abruptly in the gulch mouth to head off the cattle if they should try to turn back by way of the hogback valley. Before the echo of his shrill whistle had died away among the canyon crags, three men rose up out of the darkness, and with business-like

celerity the trail guard was jerked from saddle, bound, gagged and tossed into the bed of an empty wagon.

"Now for the cut-out!" shouted Ballard; and the advance stragglers of the stolen herd were already in the mouth of the little valley when the three amateur line-riders dashed at them and strove to turn the drive at right angles up the dry gulch.

For a sweating minute or two the battle with brute bewilderment hung in the balance. Wheel and shout and flog as they would, they seemed able only to mass the bellowing drove in the narrow mouth of the turn-out. But at the critical instant, when the milling tangle threatened to become a jam that must crowd itself from the trail into the nearby torrent of the Boiling Water, a few of the leaders found the open way to freedom up the hogback valley, and in another throat-parching minute there was only a cloud of dust hanging between the gulch heads to show where the battle had been raging.

This was the situation a little later when the main body of the rustlers, ten men strong, ambled unsuspectingly into the valley-mouth trap: dust in the air, a withdrawing thunder of hoof-beats, and apparent desertion of the point of hazard. Carson was the first to grasp the meaning of the dust cloud and the vanishing murmur of hoof-tramplings.

"Hell!" he rasped. "Billings has let 'em cut back up the gulch! That's on you, Buck Cummin's: I told you ye'd better hike along 'ith Billings."

"You always *was* one o' them 'I-told-ye-so' kind of liars," was the pessimistic retort of the man called Cummings; and Carson's right hand was flicking toward the ready pistol butt when a voice out of the shadows under the western cliff shaped a command clear-cut and incisive.

"Hands up out there—every man of you!" Then, by way of charitable explanation: "You're covered—with a rapid-fire Maxim."

There were doubters among the ten; desperate men whose lawless days and nights were filled with hair's-breadth chance-takings. From these came a scattering volley of pistol shots spitting viciously at the cliff shadows.

"Show 'em, Jerry," said the voice,

curtly; and from the shelter of a great boulder at the side of the main trail leaped a sheet of flame with a roar comparable to nothing on earth save its ear-splitting, nerve-shattering self. Blacklock had swept the machine-gun in a short arc over the heads of the cattle thieves, and from the cliff face and ledges above them a dropping rain of clipped pine branches and splintered rock chippings fell upon the trapped ten.

It is the new and untried that terrifies. In the group of rustlers there were men who would have wheeled horse and run a gauntlet of spitting Winchesters without a moment's hesitation. But this hidden murder-machine belching whole regiment volleys out of the shadows. . . . "Sojers, by cripes!" muttered Carson, under his breath. Then aloud: "All right, Cap'n; what you say goes as it lays."

"I said 'hands up,' and I meant it," rasped Ballard; and when the pale moonlight pricked out the cattle-lifters in the attitude of submission: "First man on the right—knee your horse into the clump of trees straight ahead of you."

It was Fitzpatrick, working swiftly and alone, who disarmed, wrist-roped, and heel-tied to his horse each of the crest-fallen ones as Ballard ordered them singly into the mysterious shadows of the pine grove. Six of the ten, including Carson, had been ground through the neutralizing process, and the contractor was deftly at work on the seventh, before the magnitude of the engineer's strategy began to dawn upon them.

"*Sufferin' Jchu!*" said Carson, with an entire world of disgust and humiliation crowded into the single expletive; but when the man called Cummings broke out in a string of meaningless oaths, the leader of the cattle thieves laughed like a good loser.

"Say; how many of you did it take to run this here little bluff on us?" he queried, tossing the question to Fitzpatrick, the only captor in sight.

"You'll find out, when the time comes," replied the Irishman gruffly. "And betwixt and between, ye'll be keepin' a still tongue in your head. D'ye see?"

They did see, when the last man was securely bound and roped to his saddle beast; and it was characteristic of time, place, and the actors in the drama that few words were wasted in the summing up.

"Line them up for the back trail," was Ballard's crisp command, when Fitzpatrick and Blacklock had dragged the Maxim in from its boulder redoubt and had loaded it into the wagon beside the rope-wound Billings.

"Whereabouts does this here back trail end up—for us easy-marks, Cap'n Ballard?" It was Carson who wanted to know.

"That's for a jury to say," was the brief reply.

"You've et my bread and stabled yo' hawss in my corral," the chief rustler went on gloomily. "But that's all right—if you feel called to take up for ol' King Adam, that's fightin' ever' last shovelful o' mud you turn over in th' big valley."

Fitzpatrick was leading the way up the hoof-trampled bed of the dry valley with the wagon team, and Blacklock was marshalling the line of prisoners to follow in single file when Ballard wheeled his bronco to mount.

"I fight my own battles, Carson," he said, quietly. "You set a deadfall for me, and I tumbled in like a tenderfoot. That put it up to me to knock out your raid. Incidentally, you and your gang will get what is coming to you for blowing a few thousand yards of earth into our canal. That's all. Line up there with the others; you've shot your string and lost."

The return route led the straggling cavalcade through the arroyo mouth, and among the low hills back of Riley's camp to a junction with the canal-line grade half-way to Fitzpatrick's headquarters. Approaching the big camp, Ballard held a conference with the contractor, as a result of which the wagon mules were headed to the left in a semicircular detour around the sleeping camp, the string of prisoners following as the knotted trail ropes steered it.

Another hour of easting saw the crescent moon poising over the black sky—

line of the Elks, and it brought captors and captured to the end of track of the railroad where there was a siding, with a half-dozen empty material cars and Bromley's artillery special, the engine hissing softly and the men asleep on the cab cushions.

Ballard cut his prisoners foot-free, dismounted them, and locked them into an empty box-car. This done, the engine crew was aroused, the Maxim was reloaded upon the tender, and the chief gave the trainmen their instructions.

"Take the gun, and that locked box-car, back to Elbow Canyon," he directed. "Mr. Bromley will give you orders from there."

"Carload o' hosses?" said the engineer, noting the position of the box-car opposite a temporary chute built for debarking a consignment of Fitzpatrick's scraper teams.

"No; jackasses," was Ballard's correction; and when the engine was clattering away to the eastward with its one-car train, the wagon was headed westward, with Blacklock sharing the seat beside Fitzpatrick, Ballard lying full-length on his back in the deep box-bed, and the long string of saddle animals towing from the tailboard.

At the headquarters commissary Blacklock tumbled into the handiest bunk and was asleep when he did it. But Ballard roused himself sufficiently to send a message over the wire to Bromley directing the disposal of the captured cattle thieves, who were to be transported by way of Alta Vista and the D. & U. P. to the county seat.

After that he remembered nothing until he awoke to blink at the sun shining into the little bunk-room at the back of the pay office; awoke with a start to find Fitzpatrick handing him a telegram scrawled upon a bit of wrapping-paper.

"I'm just this minut' taking this off the wire," said the contractor, grinning sheepishly; and Ballard read the scrawl, which he saw was from Bromley:

D. & U. P. box-car No. 3546 here all O. K. with both side doors carefully locked and end door wide open. Nothing inside but a few bits of rope and a stale smell of tobacco smoke and corn whiskey.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOSPES ET HOSTIS.

IT was two days after the double fiasco of the cattle raid before Ballard returned to his own headquarters at Elbow Canyon; but Bromley's laugh on his friend and chief was only biding its time.

"What you did n't do to Carson and his gang was good and plenty, was n't it, Breckenridge?" was his grinning comment, when they had been over the interval work on the dam together, and were smoking an afternoon peace pipe on the porch of the adobe office. "It's the joke of the camp. I tried to keep it dark, but the enginemen bleated about it like a pair of sheep, of course."

"Assume that I have some glimmerings of a sense of humor, and let it go at that," growled Ballard; adding; "I'm glad the hoodoo has let up on you long enough to give this outfit a chance to be amused—even at a poor joke on me."

"It has," said Bromley. "We have n't had a shock or a shudder since you went down-valley. And I've been wondering why."

"Forget it," suggested the chief, shortly. "Call it safely dead and buried, and don't dig it up again. We have grief enough without it."

Bromley grinned again.

"Meaning that this cow-boy cattle-thief tangle in the lower valley has made you *persona non grata* at Castle 'Cadia? You're off; 'way off. You don't know Colonel Adam. So far from holding malice, he has been down here twice to thank you for stopping the Carson raid. And that reminds me; there's a Castle 'Cadia note in your mail-box—came down by the hands of one of the little Japs this afternoon." And he went in to get it.

It proved to be another dinner bidding for the chief engineer, to be accepted informally whenever he had time to spare. It was written and signed by the daughter, but she said that she spoke both for her father and herself when she urged him to come soon.

"You'll go?" queried Bromley, when Ballard had passed the faintly-perfumed

bit of note-paper across the arm's-reach between the two lazy-chairs.

"You know I'll go," was the half-morose answer.

Bromley's smile was perfunctory.

"Of course you will," he assented. "Tonight?"

"As well one time as another. Wont you go along?"

"Miss Elsa's invitation does not include me," was the gentle reminder.

"Bosh! You've had the open door, first, last, and all the time, have n't you?"

"Of course. I was only joking. But it is n't good for both of us to be off the job at the same time. I'll stay and keep on intimidating the hoodoo."

There was a material train coming in from Alta Vista, and when its long-drawn chime woke the canyon echoes, they both left the mesa and went down to the railroad yard. It was an hour later, and Ballard was changing his clothes in his bunk-room when he called to Bromley, who was checking the way-bills for the lately arrived material.

"Oh, I say, Loudon; has that canyon path been dug out again?—where the slide was?"

"Sure," said Bromley, without looking up. Then: "You're going to walk?"

"How else would I get there?" returned Ballard, who still seemed to be laboring with his handicap of moroseness.

The assistant did not reply, but a warm flush crept up under the sunburn as he went on checking the way-bills. Later, when Ballard swung out to go to the Craigmiles's, the man at the desk let him pass with a brief "So-long," and bent still lower over his work.

Under much less embarrassing conditions, Ballard would have been prepared to find himself breathing an atmosphere of constraint when he joined the Castle 'Cadia house-party on the great tree-pillared portico of the Craigmiles mansion. But the embarrassment, if any there were, was all his own. The Colonel was warmly hospitable; under her outward presentment of cheerful mockery, Elsa was palpably glad to see him; Miss Cauffrey was gently reproachful because he had not let them send Otto and the car to drive him around from the canyon;

and the various guests welcomed him each after his or her kind.

During the ante-dinner pause the talk was all of the engineer's prompt snuffing-out of the cattle raid, and the praiseful comment on the little *coup de main* was not marred by any reference to the mistaken zeal which had made the raid possible. More than once Ballard found himself wondering if the Colonel and Elsa, Bigelow and Blacklock, had conspired generously to keep the story of his egregious blunder from reaching the others. If they had not, there was a deal more charity in human nature than the most cheerful optimist ever postulated, he concluded.

At the dinner-table the enthusiastic *rapport* was evenly sustained. Ballard took in the elder of the Cantrell sisters; and Wingfield, who sat opposite, quite neglected Miss Van Bryck in his efforts to make an inquisitive third when Miss Cantrell insistently returned to the exciting topic of the Carson capture—which she did after each separate endeavor on Ballard's part to escape the enthusiasm.

"Your joking about it does n't make it any less heroic, Mr. Ballard," was one of Miss Cantrell's phrasings of the song of triumph. "Just think of it—three of you against eleven desperate outlaws!"

"Three of us, a carefully planned ambush, and a Maxim rapid-fire machine-gun," corrected Ballard. "And you forget that I let them all get away a few hours later."

"And I—the one person in all this valleyful of possible witnesses who could have made the most of it—I was n't there to see," cut in Wingfield, gloomily. "It is simply catastrophic, Mr. Ballard!"

"Oh, I am sure you could imagine a much more exciting thing—for a play," laughed the engineer. "Indeed, it's your imagination, and Miss Cantrell's, that is making a bit of the day's work take on the dramatic quality. If I were a writing person I should always fight shy of the real thing. It's always inadequate."

"Much you know about it," grumbled the playwright, from the serene and lofty heights of craftsman superiority. "And that reminds me: I've been to your camp, and what I didn't find out about that hoodoo of yours—"

It was Miss Elsa, sitting at Wingfield's right, who broke in with an entirely irrelevant remark about a Sudermann play; a remark demanding an answer; and Ballard took his cue and devoted himself thereafter exclusively to the elder Miss Cantrell. The menace of Wingfield's literary curiosity was still a menace, he inferred; and he was prepared to draw its teeth when the time should come.

As on the occasion of the engineer's former visit to Castle 'Cadia, there was an after-dinner adjournment to the big portico, where the Japanese butler served the little coffees, and the house-party fell into pairs and groups in the hammocks and lazy-chairs.

Not to leave a manifest duty undone Ballard cornered his host at the dispersal and made, or tried to make, honorable amends for the piece of mistaken zeal which had led to the attempted cattle-lifting. But in the midst of the first self-reproachful phrase the Colonel cut him off with genial protests.

"Not anotheh word, my dear suh; dont mention it"—with a benedictory wave of the shapely hands. "We ratheh enjoyed it. The boys had thei-uh little blow-out at the county seat; and, thanks to youh generous intervention, we didn't lose hoof, hide nor ho'n through the machinations of ouh common enemy. In youh place, Mistuh Ballard, I should probably have done precisely the same thing—only I'm not sure I should have saved the old cattleman's property afte' the fact. Try one of these conchas, suh—unless youh prefer youh pipe. One man in Havana has been making them for me for the past ten yeahts."

Ballard took the gold-banded cigar as one who, having taken a man's coat, takes his cloak, also. There seemed to be no limit to the Colonel's kindness and chivalric generosity; and more than ever he doubted the old cattle king's complicity, even by implication, in any of the mysterious fatalities which had fallen upon the rank and file of the irrigation company's industrial army.

Strolling out under the electric globes, he found that his colloquy with the Colonel had cost him a possible chance of a *tete-a-tete* with Elsa. She was swinging

gently in her own particular corner hammock; but this time it was Bigelow, instead of Wingfield, who was holding her tiny coffee cup. It was after Ballard had joined the group of which the sweet-voiced Aunt June was the centre, that Miss Craigmiles said to her coffee-holder:

"I am taking you at your sister's valuation and trusting you very fully, Mr. Bigelow. You are quite sure you were followed, you and Mr. Ballard, on the day before the dynamiting of the canal?"

"No; I merely suspected it. I was n't sure enough to warrant me in calling Ballard's attention to the single horseman who seemed to be keeping us in view. But in the light of later events—"

"Yes; I know," she interrupted hastily. "Were you near enough to identify the man if—if you should see him again?"

"Oh, no. Most of the time he was a mere galloping dot in the distance. Only once—it was when Ballard and I had stopped to wrangle over a bit of deforesting vandalism on the part of the contractors—I saw him fairly as he drew rein on a hilltop in our rear."

"Describe him for me," she directed, briefly.

"I'm afraid I cant do that. I had only this one near-by glimpse of him, you know. But I remarked that he was riding a large horse, like one of those in your father's stables; that he sat straight in the saddle; and that he was wearing some kind of a skirted coat that blew out behind him when he wheeled to face the breeze."

Miss Craigmiles sat up in the hammock and pressed her fingers upon her closed eyes. When she spoke again after the lapse of a long minute, it was to ask Bigelow to retell the story of the brief fight in the darkness at the sand arroyo on the night of the explosion.

The Forestry man went over the happenings of the night, and of the day following, circumstantially, while the growing moon tilted like a silver shallop in a sea of ebony toward the distant Elks, and the groups and pairs on the broad portico rearranged themselves choir-wise to sing hymns for which one of the Cantrell sisters went to the piano beyond the open

windows of the drawing-room to play the accompaniments.

When the not too harmonious chorus began to drone upon the windless night air, Miss Craigmiles came out of her fit of abstraction and thanked Bigelow for his patience with her.

"It is n't altogether morbid curiosity on my part," she explained, half pathetically. "Some day I may be able to tell you just what it is—but not tonight. Now you may go and rescue Madge from the major, who has been 'H'm-ha-ing' her to extinction for the last half-hour. And if you're brave enough you may tell Mr. Ballard that his bass is something dreadful—or send him here and I'll tell him."

The open-eyed little ruse worked like a piece of well-oiled mechanism, and Ballard broke off in the middle of a verse to go and drag Bigelow's deserted chair to within murmuring distance of the hammock.

"You were singing frightfully out of tune," she began, in mock petulance. "Did n't you know it?"

"I took it for granted," he admitted, cheerfully. "I was never known to sing any other way. My musical education has been sadly neglected."

She looked up with the alert little side turn of the head that always betokened a shifting of moods or of mind scenery.

"Mr. Bromley's has n't," she averred. "He sings well, and plays the violin like a master. Does n't he ever play for you?"

Ballard recalled, with a singular and quite unaccountable pricking of impatience, that once before, when the conditions were curiously similar, she had purposefully turned the conversation upon Bromley. But he kept the impatience out of his reply.

"No; as a matter of fact, we have seen very little of each other since I came on the work."

"He is a dear boy." She said it with the exact shade of impersonality which placed Bromley on the footing of a kinsman of the blood; but Ballard's handicap was still distorting his point of view.

"I am glad you like him," he said; his tone implying the precise opposite of the words.

"Are you? You dont say it very enthusiastically."

It was a small challenge, and he lifted it almost roughly.

"I cant be enthusiastic where your liking for other men is concerned."

Her smile was a mere face-lighting of mockery.

"I cant imagine Mr. Bromley saying a thing like that. What was it you told me once about the high plane of men-friendships? As I remember it, you said that they were the purest passions the world has ever known. And you would n't admit that women could breathe the rarefied air of that high altitude at all."

"That was before I knew all the possibilities; before I knew what it means to—"

"Dont say it," she interrupted, the mocking mood slipping from her like a cast-off garment.

"I shall say it," he went on doggedly. "Loudon is nearer to me than any other man I ever knew. But I honestly believe I should hate him if—tell me that it is n't so, Elsa. For heaven's sake, help me to kill out this new madness before it makes a scoundrel of me!"

What she would have said he was not to know. Beyond the zone of light bounded by the shadows of the maples on the lawn there were sounds as of some animal crashing its way through the shrubbery. A moment later, out of the enclosing walls of the night, came a man, running and gasping for breath. It was one of the laborers from the camp at Elbow Canyon, and he made for the corner of the portico where Miss Craigmiles's hammock was swung.

"'Tis Misther Ballard I 'm lukin' for!" he panted; and Ballard answered quickly for himself.

"I'm here," he said. "What's wanted?"

"It's Misther Bromley, this time, sorr. The wather was risin' in the river, and he'd been up to the wing dam just below this to see was there any logs or annything cloggin' it. On the way up or back, we dont know which, he did be stoomblin' from the trail into the canyon; and the dago, Lu'gi, found him." The man was mopping his face with a

red bandana, and his hands were shaking as if he had an ague fit.

"Is he badly hurt?" Ballard had put himself quickly between the hammock and the bearer of ill tidings.

"'Tis kilt dead entirely he is, sorr, we're thinkin'," was the low-spoken reply. The assistant engineer had no enemies among the workmen at the headquarters' camp.

Ballard heard a horrified gasp behind him, and the hammock suddenly swung empty. When he turned, Elsa was hurrying out through the open French window with his coat and hat.

"You must not lose a moment," she urged. "Dont wait for anything—I'll explain to father and Aunt June. Hurry! hurry; but, oh, do be careful—*careful!*"

Ballard dropped from the edge of the portico and plunged into the shrubbery at the heels of the messenger. The young woman, still pale and strangely perturbed, hastened to find her aunt.

"What is it, child? What has happened?"

Miss Cauffrey, the gentle-voiced, had been dozing in her chair, but she wakened quickly when Elsa spoke to her.

"It is another—accident; at the construction camp. Mr. Ballard had to go immediately. Where is father?"

Miss Cauffrey put up her eye-glasses and scanned the various groups within eye-reach. Then she remembered. "Oh, yes; I think I must be very sleepy, yet. He went in quite a little time ago; to the library to lie down. He asked me to call him when Mr. Ballard was ready to go."

"Are you sure of that, Aunt June?"

"Why—yes. No, that was n't it, either; he asked me to excuse him to Mr. Ballard. I recollect now. Dear me, child! What has upset you so? You look positively haggard."

But Elsa had fled; first to the library, which was empty, and then to her father's room above stairs. That was empty, too, but the coat and waistcoat her father had worn earlier in the even-

ing were lying upon the bed as if thrown aside hurriedly. While she was staring panic-stricken at the mute evidences of his absence she heard his step in the corridor. When he came in, less familiar eyes than those of his daughter would scarcely have recognized him. He was muffled to the heels in a long raincoat, the muscles of his face were twitching, and he was breathing hard like a spent runner.

"Father!" she called, softly; but he either did not hear or did not heed. He had flung the raincoat aside and was hastily struggling into the evening dress. When he turned from the dressing-mirror she could hardly keep from crying out. With the swift change of raiment he had become himself again; and a few minutes later, when she had followed him to the library to find him lying quietly upon the reading-lounge, half-asleep, as it seemed, the transformation scene in the upper room became more than ever like the fleeting impression of an incredible dream.

"Father, are you asleep?" she asked; and when he sat up quickly she told him her tidings without preface.

"Mr. Bromley is hurt—fatally, they think—by a fall from the path into the lower canyon. Mr. Ballard has gone with the man who came to bring the news. Will you send Otto in the car to see if there is anything we can do?"

"Bromley? Oh, no, child; it cant be *Bromley!*" He had risen to his feet at her mention of the name, but now he sat down again as if the full tale of the years had smitten him suddenly. Then he gave his directions, brokenly, and with a curious thickening of the deep-toned, mellifluous voice: "Tell Otto to bring the small car around at—at once, and fetch me my coat. Of cou'se, my deah, I shall go myself"—this in response to her swift protest. "I'm quite well and able; just a little—a little sho'tness of breath. Fetch me my coat and the doctor-box, thah's a good girl. But—but I assure you it cant be—*Bromley!*"

(To be Continued.)

In Her Absence

By Henry Walker Noyes

Now you are gone—
How changed and strange all seems to look upon!
The deep, cool shadows of the redwood grove,
Dim, haunted aisles, blue-canopied above—
The path that leads to one wild, hidden shrine,
O'ergrown with grasses, flowers and columbine—
The rippling shallows of the mountain stream,
The quiet pools where mirrored fancies dream
No tribute pay to Pan's enchanting song—
Now you are gone.

Now you are gone—
How keen the measure of that word: alone!
For while your presence lingers everywhere,
One may not touch your hand, or smooth your hair.
About a vase of roses in the room
Still clings a haunting exquisite perfume,
But when I brush them with a light caress
Each crimson petal breathes a tenderness
That leads me, as the sun-led mists are drawn,
Where you are gone.

Where you are gone,
Tell me the beauties of the morning dawn!
Are they as bright in yon far alien skies
As those that lit love's wond'rous paradise?
Do summer moons gleam golden through the trees
That sigh with every fragrant, vagrant breeze?
Within the borders of your new domain
Do knights of courtly valor press your train?
Ah, tell me! is your heart still mine alone,
Where you are gone?

The Golden Half of the Silver Moon

By Felix Benguiat

Part III.

IN the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful (continued Ibn Ali), Selim proceeded with Abdul toward Bagdad and of a morning beheld the sunrise glitter upon the spires and minarets, the dome of the great mosque and the leaden oval roofs of the bazaars. His heart sat in his throat. Wings were upon his thoughts; lead upon his mare's hoofs.

When he arrived at the city he prostrated himself in the Mosque, giving thanks unto Allah. Then he gave his mare into keeping and telling Abdul to await him if he desired to be cared for, or otherwise to go his way, he hurried to the little house where the great fig-tree was and the water-ditch flowed beneath the walls. No birds now sang in the branches. The fig-tree had dropped its leaves and silence dwelt within the house. He rushed in, cast himself down upon the empty couch where the moon of his heaven had lain and he cursed Allah and called on God to strike him dead.—("I knew it," muttered Lame Yusuf. "The curse of Allah rest upon that scoundrel Abdul and all his tribe.")

All day he lay there, but in the evening the guardians of the city entered the house and fell upon him and hurried him away to the prison, saying, "This is he." They took from him the pouch with the great diamond and the silver-topped bottle, with the Golden Half of the Silver Moon.

"These are for the Caliph himself, Dogs," said Selim angrily. "Be careful of them, ye oppressors of the people, or ye will lose your heads."

The next morning he was brought before the Kazi al Kuzat and there he was confronted with Abdul Ibn Wasit, who charged him with assailing him on the

desert and maiming him and robbing him of his mare and pouch, his scimitar and bottle, and of blaspheming against Allah and the Caliph, and Abdul held up his mutilated arms in proof. Selim burst out laughing and laughed so long and heartily that the Judge said:

"Hyena, do you laugh at your bloody work? I have that here will cure your disease."

"O, Kazi," said Selim, "I must laugh at the folly of this mutilated wretch." Whereupon he fell to laughing again.

"Dog, why dost thou laugh?" said the Kazi, angrily.

"I laugh at thy folly, O Kazi al Kuzat. Thou, who weighest out justice and knowest not when dross is in the scales."

"Now make this clear to me," said the Judge, "or verily I will have thee flogged from the eastern to the western gate."

"O, Fountain of Wisdom and most illustrious Judge," answered Selim. "If thou wilt deign to bring me, and this man, my pouch, my bottle, my shield, my scimitar and my mare, before the Commander of the Faithful,—whose name be exalted,—I will make all clear to thee and to him. But be ye careful of that which is within the pouch, for verily it is for the Caliph himself,—whose power be exalted. May he live forever."

As they were speaking, the youngest daughter of the Caliph, the Princess Dunya, the very apple of his eye, was passing in her litter, and hearing the loud laughter in the seat of justice, she commanded her chief eunuch to ask why this laughter from the place of punishment. When the eunuch had reported to her, "Verily," said she, "say to the Judge if I were he I would put the seals upon the pouch and the bottle and bring all these things before the Caliph as the accused man desires." When the Kazi

heard this he ordered that all be done as Selim had required, for the Princess Dunya was of exceeding wisdom and greatly beloved of her father and often sat with him at the Divan of Judgment.

The chief eunuch then came to Selim, saying, "My mistress, the Princess Dunya,—may she live forever,—says if thou art truly innocent of these things, give to her some ring or token, that she may prove it by her art."

But Selim answered, "I have naught to give. I am a poor man."

Then the eunuch went to the Princess and again returned, saying, "The Princess Dunya commands that thou give her the ruby ring which thou hast in thy waist-cloth."

"I cannot give it," said Selim, "for this is to me as life itself, and I pray the most auspicious Princess that she rob me not of it."

Then again the eunuch returned, saying, "Nevertheless, give thy ring," and Selim answered, "If I die, I die," and gave his ring to the eunuch.

The next day, when the Commander of the Faithful sat in the Divan of Justice, the Kazi prostrated himself and spoke, saying: "In the name of God the Compassionate. O, Successor to Mohammed, thou who sittest in the seat of the Prophet of God, yesterday this man came before me and accused this other of blasphemies and of having waylaid him in the desert and wounding him, as you see, and of robbing him of this bottle, pouch and scimitar and his mare, which was dear to him as his own soul. Whereupon, O illustrious Prince, this accused only replied with laughter and continued laughter, and naught would he say. Whereupon, at his demand and by the suggestion of that most exalted Princess, thy daughter, I have brought them all before thee, that Justice may be done."

Then the Caliph ordered that the Princess Dunya be summoned, and when she came, heavily veiled, and seated herself behind a lattice-screen, the Caliph commanded the Wazir to ask Selim why he replied to such accusations with laughter.

"O most sublime Ruler," said Selim, "I could not but laugh to think how great a fool I must be if I cut off this man's hands instead of his head and brought

him upon one horse with me, at exceeding great pains, to Bagdad, only that he might accuse me."

"The folly of man is infinite," said the Caliph.

"But ask him," said Selim, "what is in this pouch."

Now the Guards of the Kazi had looked into it before the seals were affixed and Abdul had seduced them, therefore he answered boldly, "'Tis a piece of crystal."

"And how camest thou by it?"

Whereupon, all looked at Abdul, who being commanded by the Wazir to answer, said: "O most auspicious Prince, I was lost in the desert and delirious for want of water. How or where I wandered I know not, but suddenly I awoke within a cave, where a great spring welled, and my mare was beside me and my face lay close to the cool water. After I had refreshed myself, as I was resting, I saw a great light in the depths of the cave and going toward it I beheld this crystal. Then I bethought me, this is the dwelling-house of jinn, and this is their treasure. I seized it and after weary adventures I brought it forth from the desert and showed it to this man, saying, 'This shall be my present to the Commander of the Faithful, and he will suitably reward me.' This is the truth, O Prince, by which both men and angels prosper." And he prostrated himself before the Caliph.

Then the Wazir ordered Selim to say aught which he had within his heart, and Selim told how the great stone had fallen upon him from the heavens, and he told of his battle with the *ifrits* and the jinn. But the Caliph rebuked him for his foolishness. Then Selim asked that Abdul tell what is within the bottle and Abdul laughed and cried out, "What should it be, but water, with which I myself have filled it?"

"Nay," said Selim, "dog, thou art a liar and pollutest the place of Justice," and Selim told that within the bottle was the Golden Half of the Silver Moon, and how he had placed it there.

"This fellow," said Abdul, "is always meeting with *ifrits* and jinn, but I am a common man. Give me of this water and I will drink it."

Then the Caliph commanded that a

silver basin be brought and they emptied the bottle and, behold, it was but water, and the Caliph ordered that the water in the silver basin be thrown out. At this, Selim exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Remember the words of the Prophet, O, Commander of the Faithful: 'Justice is more precious to the lowly than to the powerful and woe be to him who denies it to the humble and to those who go in rags.' Or this, 'Justice stumbles, but better that she release the guilty than that she bind the innocent.' I am innocent, O Sitter in the seat of the Prophet, and I ask in the name of Allah that ye return that water to the bottle, for it is mine and of more value than much gold. It is my very life—as I shall tell."

"Let it be done," said the Caliph. "The right must be determined, even though it be to a drop of water."

"This, which ye call a crystal," said Selim, "is a diamond of the purest water, and it fell upon me from the skies, as I have said."

The Wazir demanded that Mustafa Ibn Ibrim, the lapidary, be brought, who, when he saw the great diamond, fell upon his knees before it and held it up so that it dazzled all with its radiance as if it were the sun at noonday, and he named it the Light of Day and said that it was indeed a diamond of the purest water, and Selim turned to the Caliph and said, "O, Commander of the Faithful, behold this jewel, the like of which is not in all the world. I have brought it for thee and I give it thee," and Selim, being permitted, told of the beautiful lady with the feet of stone, and how for her sake he had won this diamond and the Golden Half of the Silver Moon, and he ended by saying, "If she lives not, then O Ruler over Many, let me die."

"Wilt thou never have done with thy *ifrits* and thy tales of magic?" said Abdul, mockingly.

"And thou," called Selim, "wilt thou ever have thy deserts, Abdul Ibn Wasit, as the slayer of the Eunuch Mustafa and sworn to slay the Caliph himself?"

At this the Caliph and every one gazed upon Abdul, but he cried out, "O, teller of tales, lies breed within thy mouth. What am I, that I should slay any one?" and he held up the stumps of his arms. Then the Caliph commanded that Abdul be set free, but that Selim be beheaded as

a thief and an assassin, and one who sought to corrupt justice by the giving of bribes, but he ordered that the great diamond be placed in his treasury.

Then the Princess Dunya spoke, in a voice as low and musical as a fountain in the silence of night. "Let the helmet of Selim be examined to see if the dent in any way correspond with any point of the diamond," and, behold, it was so.

"How is this, Abdul?" asked the voice, and Abdul answered, "It is by chance."

"Dost thou claim this scimitar?" asked the Princess.

"I do," answered Abdul.

"Then draw it from its scabbard."

But Abdul held up his mutilated arms, to show that he could not.

"Let the Captain of the Guard draw it," commanded the voice. But he could not so much as stir it in the scabbard. The Wazir tried it with his strength, but it would not move.

"Give me the scimitar," cried the Caliph, who had been a great soldier, and he strained until the veins stood heavy upon his neck; but the scimitar would not move.

"Give it to Selim, that he may try," spoke the voice, and, lo, Selim drew the sword from its scabbard as lightly as a feather.

At this the Caliph snatched it and tried again, but it would not be stirred. Again Selim lightly drew it forth.

"Ha" shouted Abdul. "I taught him the mystic spell."

"Then," said the voice, "thou canst tell it to the Commander of the Faithful, also."

"Truly," said the Caliph, "thou must teach me, also."

All looked at Abdul but he stood like one of stone.

At this time a groom led Selim's mare before the court and the voice of the Princess was heard, saying, "Tell, now, Abdul, the breeding of this mare which thou callest thine." But Abdul answered, "I got her in a foray."

"I will tell thee: She is from the stable of the Caliph. Her master is the Commander of the Faithful, who now judges thee. Wilt thou still persist in those lies which slay the soul, or wilt thou indeed teach the Caliph how he may draw thy scimitar?"

At this Abdul fell prostrate and spread

himself upon the floor, holding up the stumps of his wrists and crying, "Mercy. Mercy. In the name of Allah, mercy, O, Commander of the Faithful. Remember that the glory of the judgment-seat is mercy, and the crown of the judge is mercy. In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful, be merciful to me, dog that I am. Remember, O, King of the Age, the words of the poet: 'What thing so weak but it will fight to live? The strong, with their strength, the weak with lies.' Behold how weak I am. Or this; most magnanimous Prince. 'Mansur being sentenced to death; said as he was led away, "May thy life, O, Caliph, be lengthened with the same measure that mine is shortened." "Why dost thou say that to me?" asked the Caliph, and Mansur answered, "That thou mayest have more time for the bitterness of remorse, because having opportunity for mercy, thou didst refuse it. Remember, O, Caliph, mercy is the only attribute common to rulers and to Allah." Whereupon that Caliph ordered Mansur to be set free.' Wilt thou, O, most powerful Prince," continued Abdul, "stoop to destroy a thing like me, already half-destroyed?" And again he held up his wrists.

"Remember, also, that even in their vengeance princes should be princely, and in their mercy godlike. Eagles do not hunt mice, nor the lion, the beetle of the dust.

*"O, Caliph, thou art like the sun,
Which makest all to bloom and grow.
The rivers from the purest snow
Benevolently melt and run.
Thou art the light which bats will shun,
But evening skies will glorious show
The world is molten in thy glow;
Thou art the life of every one.
Wilt thou the life of aught destroy,
Even though it be a frightened bat?
Is all thy power and splendor that
Thou'lt crush a feeble, foolish toy?
Wilt thou, the fountain-head of joy,
Become a blighting mildew? What!"*

The Caliph was pleased with this quickness of Abdul, but the voice of the Princess Dunya was heard, saying: "He who slayeth the truth, slayeth all. Lies are the bitter ashes thrown up by the fires of Hell. Remember, O Ruler over

many, that when Hasan was brought before the Kazi al Kuzat for the sin of drunkenness, and the Kazi desiring to favor him because of his great wisdom, caused him to be told that he must declare that he was not drunken—but overcome with study and fasting, Hasan replied that drunkenness was a vice of the body, but lying a crime of the soul, and he had rather be punished so all men could see, than bear the fangs of a lie which would gnaw him even in the darkness. Remember this, also, as said by the poet:

*"All men drink of Truth's fountain.
Its value, oh, who shall compute it?
Let Sin weigh on him as a mountain
Who secretly dares to pollute it."*

"Or this:

*"Truth is a fountain whereof all men
take
And come athirst, that they may thirst
no more.
Accurst be he corrupts the precious store
And leaves men lies their burning thirst
to slake."*

"Thy hands are gone, Abdul, but thy tongue is more murderous. What says the poet: 'The knife stabs once. A lie a thousand times. The knife, the flesh. A lie, the fame.' With thy tongue thou hast sought to murder Selim. If Justice were done, thy tongue would be cut out as a liar and thy head cut off as a murderer. But, nevertheless, O, Commander of the Faithful and sitter in the seat of the Prophet, show mercy to this man. Let Abdul Ibn Wasit go free, that perchance ere he die he repent and be a better man." And the Caliph commanded that it be so.

Then the Princess Dunya ordered that the water from the bottle be again poured into the silver basin and when this was done, lo, the full golden moon lay within the basin and lighted all the place with its glory, and all the people prostrated themselves, and the voice said:

"He, whom you call Selim, is of the seed of Suleiman, the Mighty, and should receive all honor."

Then Selim was conducted by slaves to baths within the palace, and he was led into a room of great beauty, lighted with lamps which shone through the

painted glass of Tabriz. The floor was heavy with carpets and the divan soft with the velvets of Teheran. The wood was Kakili wood, giving a delightful perfume, and inlaid with silver. There he reclined alone a long time, wondering, when suddenly a voice, which lingered in his memory as the sweet fluting of birds, said, "O, Selim Ibn Bakr, Allah keep thee," and looking up he saw before him, unveiled, the beautiful woman of the marble foot who had given him the magic scimitar. She stood beautiful as a white tulip, in the moonlight. Selim opened his lips, but words had left him.

"Give me the ruby ring, which I gave thee," said she.

"Truly thou gavest me no ring, beloved," spoke Selim.

"Verily I did," said she, "for here is the ring which thou gavest in exchange," and she held out the iron ring of Suleiman with the twelve jewels.

Then Selim, marveling, answered: "I gave that not to thee, but to the hag of the beautiful voice in the house of Bakr."

"I am she."

"Allah be praised!" said Selim, for thou art then both the most beautiful and the wisest woman in the world.

"Ah, Selim, hast thou forgotten that beauty is more fleeting than the flush of the evening sky? I am also that *ifrit* that first gave thee this ring of Suleiman and from whom thou didst flee in horror."

"I cannot believe it," said Selim, gazing entranced upon her beauty.

"What? Selim, hast thou never seen the hideous worm become the lovely butterfly? I am indeed she. But where is the ring? The ruby which I gave thee in exchange for this?"

"Truly," said Selim, "I did it unwillingly, but I gave it to the daughter of the Caliph, at her command."

"Dost thou love her, Selim?"

"No, by the light of the Gates of Para-

dise. I love only thee. I would die for thee."

"I am that daughter of the Caliph. See, here is thy ring."

"Alas! Alas!" cried Selim. "Would I were dead, for now I have lost thee."

"Not so," she murmured, and she lifted him up so that their eyes looked into each other's and she placed her arms about his neck. "O, my beloved, all that has been done was to try thee, for I, too, am of the race of the Prophet Suleiman and have command over *ifrits* and jinn. I am not hideous, and thou shalt find I am not stone."

Then she led Selim to an audience chamber, before the Caliph, and said to him, "O, most auspicious Prince, this is my beloved, Selim Ibn Suleiman, who alone can wield the sword of the mighty monarch and who shall be the supporter of thy throne."

"So be it," said the Caliph, and embraced him, and Selim held up his hands to heaven and said:

"Though Allah now strike me dead, yet I have lived."

And they lived together in a golden chain of days until came Death, the destroyer of happiness and separator of companions.

"Here endeth the tale of the Golden Half of the Silver Moon," said Muhamed Ibn Ali, again tracing figures in the sand with his finger.

"May we all find happiness. Exalted be Allah."

"By Allah! Muhamed Ibn Ali," said Lame Yusuf, "thou art a nightingale singing at midnight; would I had been a porter, to live in the great cities or burn upon these barren wastes. I suppose that so radiant a Princess would never look upon a camel-driver, and one who is lame?"

"By Allah, Yusuf!" said the master of the caravan, "thou art a fool!"

(The end.)





SOME OF THE SURVEY PARTY, WITH A SMALL BOAT LOADED ON THE LARGER, ABOUT TO "SHOOT" A CANYON.

The Trail Blazers

Surveying for a Railroad Through the Wild Rockies

By Cal. F. Stewart

Photographs by Dwyer, Cadwell and Roberts

WATCH out there! Your oar! Your oar!" But before the warning from Head Boatman Dwyer on shore reached the steersman, the heavy sweep had swung and he was knocked flat upon the deck of the river boat.

"Quick, boys," shouted Dwyer. "Get over that cliff; I'll go through with this boat. It's grub gone and a man lost, maybe. Quick, there, hurry!"

He sprang into the next boat moored to the shore and shoved it into the angry swirl of water, while we scrambled over the rugged wall of the cliff. It was a sharp race to overtake and assist the advance boat and save anything from the

expected wreck. From the way the boat took the curve in the cañon, we thought that all was lost. As we frantically rushed forward, we began to realize what this rough introduction to our first cañon might foreshadow in the way of excitement during the long season before us.

We were a surveying party for the Pittsburg & Gilmore Railroad, working down the wild Salmon River in wildest Idaho. The man at the sweep was the first to make the journey through this first of a series of rapids and cañons that mark the three hundred miles of rugged, mountainous country drained by the Salmon. The boat was one of the four provided for the twenty-one members of the party sent out to run the initial line. One of the boats, outfitted with all the cooking



THE GREAT SALMON RIVER GORGE, WHICH NEARLY BISECTS THE HEART OF IDAHO, IS ABOUT 5,000 FEET AVERAGE DEPTH, AND TRAVERSES A REGION OF GREAT MINERAL WEALTH, AND ABOUNDING WITH FISH AND GAME, THE LATTER PRIMITIVELY TAME.

utensils necessary to provide twenty-one hearty and healthy young men with the necessities of life, was in the charge of Billy, the cook. Another was provided with bunks for our sleeping accommodations. The others conveyed provisions and whatever personal effects we needed. Each of these boats was flat of bottom, keelless and about as cumbersome as could be made. A heavy sweep, made from a long tree-trunk about six inches through, served as the rudder. In rapids and around the bends in the river, the manipulation of this sweep required great skill and strength and, at the same time, was a dangerous task. The steersman must possess courage, alertness of eye and muscle, and be resigned to go wherever the aw-

ful force of the river takes him. An accident to the grub boat is particularly harrowing because of the prospect of going hungry until the pack train can be met again, somewhere days ahead.

We had surveyed to Horse Creek Cañon, about thirty miles out from Salmon City, without interruption to the monotony of our way. Work had progressed so smoothly that it was about time for something to happen. Suddenly the frowning wall of the cañon had confronted us and the rushing waters boiled and roared through the narrow passage.

"Well, we will have to send the boats through," Dwyer had said. "She looks bad, I know, but I have run that rapid many times. We'll have worse ones."



A TYPICAL BIT OF CLIFF WORK.



TO MANAGE THE AWKWARD FLATBOATS IN "BAD" WATER REQUIRES GREAT SKILL, STRENGTH AND DARING ON THE PART OF THE STEERSMEN.

"It's the cliff for me," said Transitman Hopkins. "That place looks a little too swift for my blood. Anyone can have my place on the boats."

"It will take you twenty minutes to climb over that cliff, and I can go through there in about a half minute," said Dwyer. "It is not so dangerous as it looks."

"I have plenty of time to spare," replied Hopkins. "I have no social engagements on the other side that are pressing."

Jim, one of Dwyer's assistants with the boats, had wanted the privilege of running the first boat through the cañon. He had been on the water about all his life, but had never encountered an experience of this kind. For that reason, he considered the honor of the initial voyage his.

"Tie your whiskers down before you start," yelled Slim. "I don't believe you will need a shave when you get on the other side."

Slim was one of the party who had been out for three years and was hardened to anything. He was one of the few members who had worked for the railroad for several years yet had not even heard the sound of an engine whistle. He could tell all about grades and curves, but had forgotten all about the sensation of riding in a train.

Dwyer had gone around the bend in the cañon, but we trusted him above all others. If anyone could run those rapids, it was he; and it was with the desperation of men almost lost that we regained the river brink beyond the cliff.

"I wouldn't have done that for the world, Dwyer," said one of the boys, when we had reached the river again and found both men and boats safe. "That does n't look good to me. I expected we would have to pull you out either dead or half drowned."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Dwyer. "I've been through there several times in a row-boat, and this heavy tub is safer than climbing over that cliff. The only

danger to a man in these flat boats is being knocked off; you can't sink 'em. I was only afraid Jim there would be pushed into the water and, in that hole, he'd have less show than a snowball in Tophet. We've got to get the other two boats through, so here goes for another swift run."

"You ought to have seen us fellows run Box Cañon on a raft two years ago," said Slim. "We got through with our boots on, but that was about all we had left."

"I hope Jim will not lay down at every rapid," laughed Dwyer.

The other boats were brought through without accident, Jim in-

sisting that he should be given the privilege of redeeming his lost record as a steersman, and ran the third craft through like a veteran.

The projected railway will cut the distance through the Rocky Mountains one hundred and twenty-five miles, giving the builders the shortest route from the East to the West. The cost of construction will be enormous, as nearly two hundred and fifty miles of the distance is through one of the most rugged dis-



ONE BIT OF PEACE.



SHOOTING GREEN CANYON RAPIDS.

tricts of the Northwest. The grades will be easy, as the Salmon River has no real falls nor excessive drops in its entire course from Salmon City to where it flows into the Snake River. The scenery is the grandest in the world. On either side of the river, mountain walls

from 2,500 to 3,000 feet in height frown down upon the water; at times they are precipitous, like a giant sentinel guarding the pass through the cañon, and at others sloping back in step-like uniformity; here ending in sharp ridges like saw teeth, and in other places forming



CAMPING IN BLUE CANYON.

The Tent-covered Flatboats Of the Survey Party Moored In the Eddy At the Right.

plateaus heavily wooded and affording home to thousands of deer and elk. An evergreen forest blankets the entire distance save only where the steep precipices deny footing for the trees. Occasionally a bench or patch of level farming land, comprising a few acres, breaks the grand monotony and here are found the cabins and gardens of a few hardy prospectors who have been eking out a living for many years by panning the river bars for gold, and awaiting transportation to open a market for the rich deposits of gold, silver and copper that are found in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains. For the entire distance there is a succession of cañons, separated at times by only a few miles and varying in length from a few hundred feet to a half-mile. There are the Horse Creek, Horseshoe, Blue, Green, Red and almost every color nameable. There are the China Rapids and Devil's Pool. As indicated, many of the cañons have been named from the color of the rock formation; others from their shape, and still others from some gruesome incident in their history.

"Here is where the Chinese ghosts play fantan and pan gold," said Dwyer, when we approached China Rapids. "The old-timers say that more than sixty Chink prospectors were drowned here during the gold rush to Florence in the Sixties. The Chinese took this route up the river in preference to the rough mountain trail, and twenty of them paid the penalty at one time. Those who succeeded in passing the rapids turned back when they reached the Devil's Pool."

"Are there any ghost stories connected with the place," asked Slim, "or any real ghosts?"

"Sure," replied Dwyer with a grin, "but I have slept here many times and never saw anything that looked like a dead Chinaman. The old-timers told of ghosts digging gold in the river bars below here and straying along the shore in search of some trace of their friends. They might pan for gold here all they wanted to; a ghost would have about as

much good luck here as a live man."

The Devil's Pool, a few miles up the river from China Rapids, is one of the roughest and most romantic of all.

In the five miles of gorge the river makes a turn to every point of the compass, and finally breaks out from this almost impossible tangle of curves in the most dangerous rapid of all. It was here that the eager prospector to the Florence gold fields in 1862 met his last discouragement and turned about to be caught by the tide of prospectors racing for the Boise Basin diggings.

There are places in the five miles where the cañon is only a few hundred feet in width, and it is a matter of guesswork whether the river comes to an abrupt end at the face of the cliff or dodges under the mountain. Through here the dark waters roar in fury as they lash the jagged rocks set in their path and leap against the base of the cliff. The boatmen had their hands full dodging rocks, and Dwyer said that they hit only the soft ones. At times the boats leaped over submerged rocks or were lost in the hollows formed by the whirling current; here they paused



THE COOK'S STOVE BUSY AS THE GRUB-BOAT SHOOTS A RAPID.



A WILD RIDE THROUGH RED CANYON RAPIDS.

for an instant as though to scan the course ahead, and then dashed wildly on, seemingly to destruction.

Life in the survey gang in this wilderness of rugged grandeur offered a series of monotonies and dangers. Our only connection with the outside world was

through the pack train, with "old reliable pack master," George Stonebreaker, at its head. The train made continuous journeys from the nearest supply point to our camp. At times these trips required two weeks, and it seemed an age before we heard from the world without. Our



WINTER IN THE SALMON RIVER CANYON.

The Survey Party's Camp Dimly Seen On the White Bit Of Shore At the Left.



SPRING ON THE SALMON. THE FLATBOATS BREAKING THEIR CHANNEL THROUGH ICE.

mail carrier was slower than the pack train, although he took his course direct instead of skirting the ridges. On one of his trips from Salmon City, the carrier was lost for eleven days, and came into camp almost dead from hunger and exposure and without the mail. A party was sent back to search for the mail, but it was never found. Slim was one of this party, a volunteer, but he never volunteered again.

"No, sir," declared Slim on his return. "I did n't lose any mail, and if anyone else has they can go after it. Never got a letter for three years anyway, but I came near catching a bear."

Slim's encounter with bruin was a topic of importance in camp for some time. He had wandered away from the main searching party and became somewhat exhausted. While seated on a log resting, he heard a noise behind him and,



CAMP OPPOSITE RIGGINS SPRINGS, THE PARTY'S FIRST TOUCH WITH CIVILIZATION AFTER A YEAR IN THE GREAT CANYON.

turning, saw a good-sized bear's head projecting from the bushes. Slim did not stop to take measurements, but from general observations he says the bear was the largest on the continent. Grasping his trusty rifle, he made a bee line through the woods for the temporary camp, encouraged by the cracking of bushes as the bear beat a retreat in the other direction. When asked why he did not shoot the bear, Slim replied that he did not have time.

The forests on every side abound with game of all kinds. The "game hog" would find himself in a paradise, as animals are so unused to people that they approach to within a few feet and look at one in mild-eyed wonder. Frequently a deer was met in the paths, and it would not get out of the way. Hunters seldom penetrate the wilderness and prospectors kill only for food. Deer, elk, mountain sheep and bear are plentiful. Our supply of fresh meat and fish was abundant, but we killed only when necessary.

One Sunday, the day that was devoted to washing, writing and lazing, we were filling in the time as well as possible; some lying on their blankets in the shade and others doing their usual Sunday work. Two of the boys had spread their blankets at the base of a cliff and were reading a month-old newspaper. A mountain sheep made its appearance on the brow of the cliff above and looked down upon the strange sight below. One of the boys took a shot at the animal with his rifle, and it fell, landing on the blankets a few feet from where the two men were lying.

"I've heard about raining cats," said one, "but that has got everything faded. A foot more and I would have had all the mountain sheep I wanted. The next time you shoot a sheep, feller, point him the other way."

Our year was not entirely one of hunting, fishing and eating. There was work to be done, and work of the hardest kind. High up on the sides of the cliffs, a hundred feet above the boiling river, the survey work took us daily. The cliffs were often dangerous to scale, but we had to do it. It was nothing to have one of the party in the hospital, and we never felt really natural unless a bruise or two oc-

cupied some part of our anatomy. Several narrow escapes from death taught us the lesson of caution, but could not entirely prevent accidents. R. E. Hopkins had one of the narrowest escapes of all. He was running the line in Blue Cañon, where the cliff was most precipitous. Hardly a footing was afforded anywhere on the smooth face of the wall, but it was necessary to tackle it. Hopkins was reaching for a handhold on a shelf ahead, when the rock upon which he had entrusted his weight gave way. An agonizing shout warned us that he was falling, and for a moment we were paralyzed with fear as we saw him tip backward and strike on a narrow shelf of rock twenty feet below. We were powerless to give assistance, but several of the party scrambled for the shelf, not thinking of the danger. Before we could reach him, Hopkins had checked his fall and caught a hold on the shelf of rock, saving himself another pitch of seventy feet to the river below, and to sure death. When we reached him, he was bleeding freely from an ugly cut in the forearm caused by the sharp edge of the rock which had broken off as he fell. The injured man was rushed in a small boat to Asotin, Washington, more than a hundred miles away, and a month in the hospital was his portion.

"Who wants to shoot the last rapid?" asked Dwyer as we approached Green Cañon. "Five miles more and our work along Salmon River ends."

By this time, after the year of danger and excitement, nearly all the boys were ready to shoot any kind of a place in the river. Volunteers were numerous and the boats taken through in record time. Those last five miles were done with a vim. The point, just around the last bend was the goal to which we had been looking for so many months. It meant home, comfort and civilization. It meant an opportunity to feel the pulse of the world again, to touch elbows with men and live once more as others live.

"I don't believe I will know how to act in a real bed again," observed Slim, when the last stake was driven and the chains rolled up. "I am going to buy a porterhouse steak and all the fixings as soon as I hit town. Then I am going to

hire a real bed for a week and stay in it all the time. Will I ever go out on another survey? If I get the chance."

It was about the middle of May, 1910, just a year from the time our work started at Salmon City; the last foot of the line run, the last rapid shot and we were bound for civilization. Did we shout? We did not. We silently looked back to the black opening of Green

Cañon, thinking of the fun, the dangers, the wild excitement and the rough pleasures of the last year. Back there in the cañon we had left a member of our party, and the sad incident was still fresh in our memories. But ahead was home and comfort. For the last time the boats were shoved into the now calm current of the river and the end of the journey was begun.

In Town

By Berton Braley

Whee—oop! Whoop—eee!
Does anyone find any flies on me?
Say; I am the king of the cowpuncher clan,
A sizable sort of a fightin' man,
With my lungs full of air, an' my pockets of cash
Achin' an' longin' to make it flash,
Ready for anythin', wise or rash;
Come on, you fellers the round 's on me!
Whee—oop! Whoop—ee!

Whee—oop! Whoop—ee!
Here 's all my wad an' I 'm blowin' it free!
Fruit of six months on the lonely old plains—
Usin' it simply to addle my brains;
Gamblers an' women an' barkeeps will take
All I might keep fer a rainy day stake,
—Send me back broke to the round-up—but then
That is their business, so—fill 'em again!
I came into town for a helluva spree,
An' I 'm havin' it, aint I?
Whee—oop, pal, Whoop—eee!

Whee—oop! Whoop—eee!
I know I 'm a fool an a fool I will be
Till a nice little girlie says, "Billy, be wise,"
An' I gather some wisdom from readin' her eyes.
But there aint any girl of that sort who 's my friend
An' the other kind tell me to "Spend, Billy, spend!"
So I 'm havin' my fun in the best way I know;
The dollars come hard an' it 's easy they go—
Well, fill 'em up, partners, the drinks are on me!
Whee—oop! Whoop—eee!



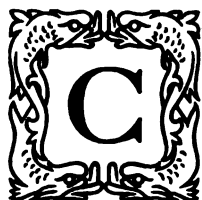


Photograph by J. J. Lonergan.
HOISTING ON BOARD A FOURTEEN-FOOT BLANKET OF WHALE
BLUBBER.

The Narrative of a Shanghaied Whaleman

By Henry A. Clock

Part V.



CRUISING eastward we came to Point Barrow, the far northwestern corner of North America, where many Arctic explorers have stopped in the past: Cook in 1778, Elson in 1826, Kellett in 1849, and Collinson in 1850, all driven on by the lure of the "big nail" and none of them successful. Point Barrow is a low, dreary windswept point which juts out at the northernmost point of Alaska. About the only thing that catches the eye at first is the missionary's house, which is a frame building, but from the Arctic standpoint Point Barrow is a village of

considerable importance, as there is a trading post conducted by the missionary. But we could not remain long at the Point, for there was a stiff, cold wind blowing, making the absolutely unsheltered offing rather dangerous. So when the missionary came aboard in a big walrus-hide canoe, we delighted him by presenting him a few age-worn periodicals, told him the latest news from home and sent him ashore as soon as possible, then we set sail again and headed away, steadily eastward.

The quartermasters now began to have troubles of their own, for as we drew nearer the magnetic pole our compass refused to do its duty; and finally in dis-

gust we gave up the use of it entirely and steered by the wind or, sighting some big berg in the distance, steered for it. It did not make much difference anyhow, as we were only cruising and had no definite point to make. And ever we found memories of past explorers: Franklin, who was destined to perish in 1847 on King Williams Land, was along this coast in 1826, and McClure in 1850, and Mackenzie in 1789, at the mouth of the river which now bears his name.

The Mackenzie is a vast and powerful stream and, needing fresh water, it was only necessary for us to sail up within a half a mile of its mouth, drop our hose overboard and set the pumps going, and we could draw into our casks the pure snow-water from the inland mountains.

It is astonishing the amount of drift-wood that comes down with the Mackenzie. The beach for miles on either side of its mouth is heaped with water-whitened wood.

Near the Mackenzie lies Herschel Island and it was there that for the first time we saw the Hudson's Bay Company's flag as it fluttered over the trading-station. But whalers were not a novelty at Herschel, for nearly every winter some of the whalers lay up there and wait for the ice to break in the spring; their remaining in the Arctic gives them nearly two months more whaling than they could get by going back to San Francisco and waiting till spring for Bering Strait to open.

We had been in the Arctic nearly a month now and no whales had been sighted. The Captain was somewhat disappointed, but he kept on steadily to the eastward, and we had sighted Banks Land before we raised another whale. Banks or Baring Land, as some call it, is one of the strangest sights of the North. The eternal snow is there, and the island on the green of the water, like a snow-drop on a giant emerald, is a beautiful sight, except for the fact that volumes of smoke are pouring from many crevices in the rocks at all hours of the day and night. On account of the low-lying clouds of sulphurous smoke, we could not get near enough to make a thorough examination, but from our distance—we were over a half-mile off shore—we could not see the main opening. There were many

small holes and crevices from which the sulphur smoke came continually. It is known among whalers as the "Sulphur Mountain," while the Eskimos have many superstitions about the "smoking hill" as it is known among them. And the natives tell of an ice-locked cave on the northern shore of this land where lie the remains of an unknown schooner caught in the ice and shoved far up the beach, but no one seems to have any record of this schooner being lost and none of the natives know in what year she was destroyed, or what became of the crew.

In the Prince of Wales Strait and northward, toward the Prince Patrick Islands, we sighted many whales and in consequence we spent most of our time in the boats; but owing to the light winds, dropping sometimes to a dead calm, we were unable to make a kill, as the Northern whale, unlike the sperm whale of the South seas, cannot be approached with oars, for so sensitive is the huge mammal that the slightest sound will "gally" it. The only manner in which the whalers can get close enough to do deadly work with the harpoon is to run swiftly and silently onto their game, under sail.

McClure Strait was the scene of our first killing to the eastward and that killing was almost an accident. We were returning from an unsuccessful chase of a school of whales on a calm day, and nearing the ship we were pulling rather sullenly, as we were beginning to tire of these fruitless expeditions, when with scarcely a ripple, a big whale rose quietly under our forefoot, in fact so close was it that before the harpooner could cast, we had bumped into the monster. The harpooner, who was just stowing away his implements, showed wonderful presence of mind, and grasping the iron he had just greased and laid aside, he tore the sheath from the blade and with a mighty heave, sent it deep into the body of the whale.

As the iron left the hands of the harpooner there came the sharp command of the Mate, "Starn all," and straining on the bending oars, we shot the boat back to escape the fearful flurry, but before we had taken half-a-dozen strokes there came the red geyser from his blow-holes that told of a mortal wound, and falling it sprayed over us and left us as bloody

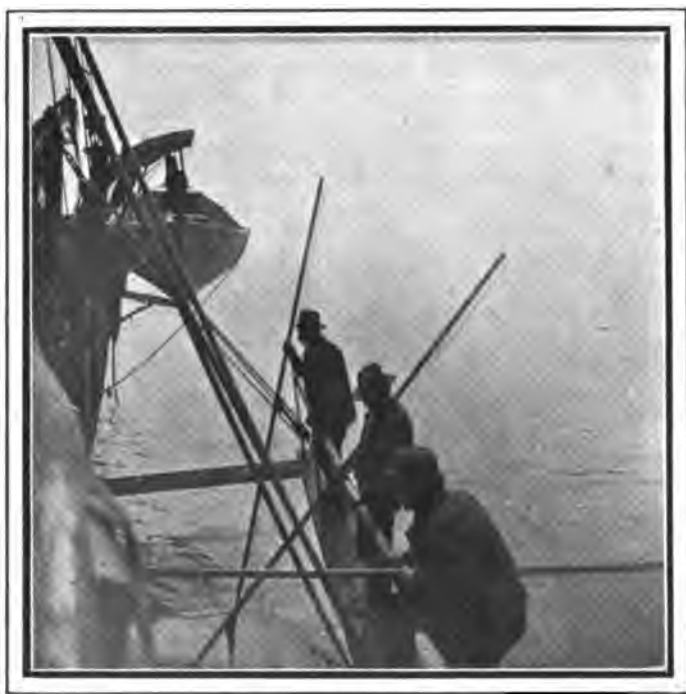
as if we had plunged into a vat of blood. The whale died with scarcely a flurry and, as we raised the "fast" flag and awaited the coming of the ship, we jubilantly told each other the hoodoo was at last off our ship and that now we would begin to get whales. And strangely enough we did, for the very next day we killed three bulls and our luck was excellent from then on.

As the sun swung around the horizon, and there was no night at this season in these latitudes, no darkness to hinder us, we worked incessantly, sometimes not

weather was ideal, just a flurry of snow now and then, and just cold enough to keep our fresh meat nicely frozen all the time, but so inured to the cold were we now that freezing weather had no effect on us, other than to further stimulate our wonderful appetites.

Hunting Along the Polar Pack.

Seal meat, whale meat and whale blubber were plentiful and most of us began to show the signs of a fatty diet, that smooth-oily look that the Eskimo always has. The whale blubber after being care-



Photograph by J. J. Lonergan.

FLENSING A WHALE MOORED TO THE SHIP'S SIDE.

getting the baleen from one whale below decks before we would have to lower away in pursuit of another. When we had taken our twelfth head aboard, the rest of the whales disappeared and the Captain said that they had gone westward for better feed, so we too swung westward along the invisible line that marks the seventy-sixth degree north, almost constantly in sight of the unbroken ice that surrounds the polar regions even in summer. The days of that cruise westward were perhaps the most pleasant of all the days of that season. The

fully boiled and then allowed to freeze, makes very palatable food, having a distinct flavor of walnuts, and after one becomes so accustomed to it that he can forget he is eating solid grease it is very much appreciated. Ducks we had always, the lower rigging constantly hanging full of the frozen game, the Captain being an enthusiastic hunter. He hardly ever sighted a flock that he did not lower away the small boat and kill a few score. It was not in the least difficult, as each flock contained thousands of birds, and so tame were they that the boat could be

pulled to within thirty yards of them. Down near Herald Island we came upon a big flock one day. They were gathered on the edge of an ice-field and the Captain, "Doc" Howard, a pharmacist from 'Frisco, and myself, in the dingey, got within twenty or thirty yards of them with double-barrelled, twelve-gauge shot-guns. At a word from the Captain we all fired both barrels and then, rapidly reloading, fired again, as the ducks arose. As a result of our twelve shots we picked up one hundred and two ducks, and there were quite a few, only winged, that escaped us.

Walrus-hunting also occupied many of our leisure hours and before the summer was over we had fifty pair of their ivory tusks. Sometimes we would get close enough to the sleeping animals to shoot them from the deck, but when that was impracticable we lowered away a whale-boat—the crew armed with .45 Winchester—and slaughtered them before they could crawl clumsily from their beds on the ice. The Eskimos value the hides of the walrus highly for use in constructing hunting boats and canoes, and the leather is always used to make the soles of the sealskin boots—the hide, being a half-inch or more thick and very tough, it does not soon wear out. The whalers, however, only value the walrus for the ivory that it yields, and as soon as the tusks are knocked out, unless it is near some Eskimo settlement, the carcass is cast adrift.

With poor whaling luck we cruised on westward past Point Barrow and across the sea as far as the Liakof Islands, which lie just about north of the mouth of the Indigirka River, on the North Siberian Coast.

We had killed two polar bear on the trip to the west, sighting them one day far out in the open water, apparently as much at home in the water as they would have been on shore or on an ice field. We lowered one boat for them and after a rather exciting scrimmage, for the female bear showed an inclination to climb into the boat, they were both killed and towed to the ship. They were immense creatures and it took our two natives, with the aid of a block-and-tackle half-a-day to skin them. Among the Liakof Islands we were fortunate enough to kill

several of the great white bear of the North, and early in September, six of us, with the two natives and six dog-teams, made a ten—"sleep" trip over the ice and snow in search of the polar bear.

On that trip we killed seven bear, but it was not a very joyous trip at that. We had our first experience with sleeping bags then and we failed utterly to appreciate the comfort of them. Perhaps it was because we had become accustomed to sleeping in a warm fore-castle and perhaps it was the fault of the bags. Sealskin bags lined with thick deer-skin, sound warm, but when sleeping on the bare ice, the cold seems to sort of percolate through the seal-skin and the deer-skin in a manner subversive of comfort. And then, there being no ventilation, the moisture from one's body soon soaks the inner skin, and so each night the occupant must thaw out the frozen inner skin with the warmth of his body before he can really enjoy his sleep.

The chase of the polar bear is a rather thrilling performance while it lasts and one not soon forgotten. As soon as the bear is sighted the dogs are cast loose and they enter the chase joyously. With ten or twenty dogs at his heels, in full cry, the bear soon stops and with his back to some ice hummock or a steep cliff, if one is handy, he prepares to defend himself. The hunters following the dogs as rapidly as possible come within the danger zone; once there they carefully place their bullets in a vital spot and it's all over but the skinning and cutting up. Of course, there are times when all does not go off so smoothly. Dogs are killed by the wounded bear, and sometimes hunters, but we had no accidents, although we rounded up our first bear rather fearsomely, having in mind certain gruesome tales the natives had related to us of Eskimos maimed and killed while attacking the bear with spear and knife.

On the last day but one of our trip over the ice the party separated, spreading out fanwise to cover as much territory as possible, with instructions to gather again that day at the edge of the field and there await the coming of the ship. Driving a dog-team with a loaded sledge is at best not a sinecure and, as the pack over which we were traveling

was extremely rough ice, we who were driving knew that we were in for a day of rough, hard work. Some may think it must have been a beautiful sight,—those six dog-teams with their drivers in the picturesque attire of the North, setting out across that ice-covered sea, but it was n't. At least to me there was nothing beautiful in the sight of six toiling cursing men in deerskin, hoisting the sled up one side of a hummock and easing it down the other, nearly distracted all the time by a set of snapping,

lifted the sled over every mile of the way. The coming of the ship was a rather joyful event to us and we actually cheered when we sighted her topmasts on the horizon. We wanted to get back into our comfortable bunks in the forecastle; we considered them comfortable after our trip on the ice, although we had never thought of them in that light before; and we wanted to get back to hot coffee and pea-soup and salt-beef, for we were tired of tea and hardtack with seal meat. We wanted to feel the swaying deck beneath



Photograph by S. Rognon Bernardi.
WHALE'S FLUKE BEING HOISTED ON BOARD THE
"ALEXANDER."

snarling dogs, that seemed to delight in getting foul of each others' traces, then fighting in the tangle. We had eight miles to go and that does n't seem very far now, but that day over the ice it seemed a hundred before I loosened my dogs and turned up my sled at the edge of the ice. Hot tea, hardtack and seal meat tasted sweet to me that September night, and as I thankfully crawled into my sleeping-bag I did not give the cold one thought—it seemed to me that I had

us again, instead of the cold, steady ice and we waited impatiently as the light breeze brought the ship to us.

Eastward we swung again, this time toward Wrangel Land, the island named after the explorer who came there in 1820, but the end of our season was drawing near, the nights getting longer and darker, and the cold getting stronger, and most of us were letting our thoughts stray southward and out over the sunny Pacific, and some spoke boastfully of

what they would do when they landed in 'Frisco with the money that would be theirs.

Homeward Bound!

Past Wrangel Land and Herald Island we cruised but sighted no more whales, and one day, it was the sixth day of October, I remember well, I stood at the wheel lazily steering along "by the wind" when the Mate came quickly from the Captain's cabin and from the quarter-deck binnacle sang out:

"Wheel, there, starboard your wheel."

Dutifully I answered back, "Starboard, sir," and put the wheel over; with it hard down I watched the compass card swing past the points until it neared south, then the Mate's voice boomed out again:

"Steady," and "Steady" I repeated, meanwhile whirling the wheel back.

"How do you head, in there," he called, after I had steadied her down.

"South, half east, sir," I answered.

He watched the card for a moment without answering, then he turned away, saying:

"Hold her there, we are homeward-bound."

I could n't shout or dance as I stood at the wheel, but I wanted to, and I joined in spirit the cheers that were shouted when the word was passed forward that we were homeward-bound, and I gloried in my steering ability as, with a quartering breeze driving us along at a good clip, I held the arrow on the card steadily at the point that marked south, half east.

It was a changed crew that went about the work in the days after that, orders were obeyed with a promptness that was astonishing, considering past performances. Discontent was forgotten and grumbling and quarrels were heard no more. At Point Hope we landed the dogs and natives, the hunters and the squaws and gladly we bade them farewell. We wanted to put them and all that pertained to the Arctic behind us. After landing the stores that these dogs and natives had earned in their various capacities during the summer, we sailed away through Bering Strait and the talk was continually of "God's Country." We told each other of home as we sensed it and each felt that the other was unfortunate

in not having a home such as his. Even the homeless wanderers who had not known a home or a mother's care since childhood's days, caught the spirit and talked in a homesick manner of certain resorts that they knew and loved. Strangely, too, the memory of our grievances came back to us now, and we told each other in hushed tones what we would do to the inhumane monsters who had driven us like slaves all summer, once we got them ashore, out of reach of the maritime law.

There were many things to occupy our minds; the whaleboats had to be dismounted, the seventeen heads of bone that we had captured had to be cleaned; each slab washed and scraped, then tied into bundles and weighed, so that by the time we had cleared away our work we were again in Dutch Harbor. Storing away our boats in the company storehouse we heaved a sigh of heartfelt relief and prepared for the run down through the Pacific to the Golden Gate that loomed so large in our imaginations.

Some of the optimists began to figure up to see how much money they would have on pay day, but as whalers don't get salaries, being paid on the commission basis, with all figures and weights in the hands of the company, such figuring only served to pass the time away. We had all been shipped on what is known among whalers as the "One hundred-and-eightieth lay," meaning that we were to receive one pound from each one hundred and eighty pounds of bone taken. We also found on settlement day that we were bound to accept one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound for our share—no matter what the market price, which is sometimes as high as seven or eight dollars a pound. We had also bought many things from the ship's "slop chest" at an exorbitant price, which would come out of our wages, but most of us did n't have time to worry over such things. The mere fact that we were nearing home drove all such sordid details from our minds.

Early in the morning of November first we picked up the Point Reyes light and knew that another day would see us ashore. There was no more sleep after the light had flashed on us, the watch below joining the watch on duty and all stand-

ing at the side looking yearningly toward land, wondering what awaited us there. And, according to our various natures we thought on many things; some wondered if news of the ship had arrived in 'Frisco, and if loved ones would be waiting there. Perhaps some wondered if sweethearts had been true. Others wondered what they would do with themselves till pay day—we had learned that pay day would not come till nearly a week after we landed—and if Reilly was still tending bar at the Old Ship Saloon. But whatever our thoughts our wonderment kept us quiet. As the morning sun gilded the heights of San Francisco we steamed through the Golden Gate and on up the bay, scanning eagerly as we passed the old familiar scenes. It seemed almost strange that, after what had happened to us, things in 'Frisco should remain the same. We waved our hands at the prisoners on Alcatraz as we passed by and pitied them, for who could be more fitted to appreciate their situation than we who were just being released? After the health official had been aboard and the yellow flag hauled from our masthead, we were through and free to go when we pleased. Most of us could not get away too soon and when launches came out to us, we thankfully piled into them and were quickly stumbling over the cobblestones on East Street.

There is n't much more to tell,—those were not interesting days that we spent

waiting for our money. Some who lived in San Francisco were happily home and on meeting those who lived in inland towns would jeer at them for being farmers, but we all waited more or less patiently for our money. And we at last received it, and while most of us were shocked at the smallness of the amount, we were thankful to receive what we did. Thirty thousand pounds of bone we brought back and the market price was then six dollars a pound, and of that fortune the owners gave us one hundred and two dollars each. We did n't complain, it was useless, and we knew it, for we had learned our lesson well. Besides, we knew of crews that had received the munificent sum of one dollar each after a voyage as hard as ours. We pocketed the money in silence and walked away, firm in the determination that the whaling industry had seen the last of us. Some there were who sought for the officers of our ship, but none could be found and later it was learned that they had proved their discretion by retiring quietly to inland points and remaining there until the crew had been paid off. They were quite safe then, for I venture to say that within forty-eight hours from the time they walked away from the pay table, there were not five members of the crew to be found in San Francisco. They had scattered—some for home and some for further wanderings; none went by water, for all had their fill of the sea.

Devore, California.

Editor "Pacific Monthly":

You ask me to make an estimate of the number of men shanghaied aboard whaling vessels. I think that fifty per cent would be a very conservative estimate. On board the "Alexander" there were fifteen out of the twenty-two men of the fore-castle gang who were shanghaied bodily, and the agent who shipped the others was morally as guilty of shanghaiing as if he had knocked them down and carried them aboard. It was not necessary to resort to violence however; he worked on their ignorance and adventurous spirit by telling them stirring tales of the sea and offering to ship them aboard some private yacht for a cruise through the South seas. In the Arctic I went aboard the whalers "Karluk," "Beluga" and "Bowhead," and found things just as they were aboard the "Alexander." The question was not "Were you shanghaied?" but "How did they get you?"

The men shanghaied aboard the "Alex-

ander" were: Frank Easily, James Plunkett, Nick Vandersyne, Henry Faber, Bert Peevy, Roy Norton, Joe Livermore, Jack Tyre, Harry Eldridge, Edward Dunn, John Brady, Frank Croak, Joe Daw, Nels Nelson, and myself.

Upon my return I made no effort to put my case before the San Francisco authorities because I knew that it would only be a wasted effort, as the law has never touched an officer or a company for the crime of shanghaiing. In such ports as San Francisco, New York and Liverpool, shanghaiing is such an established institution that no ordinary lawyer, unless he is paid in advance, will attempt to recover damages from a shipping concern on a case of alleged shanghaiing.

It is almost impossible to prove, in a court of law, that one has been shanghaied or that one has been ill-treated. In the first place a crew will seldom hold together; by the time the case is called for trial most of the men are on the other side of the world.

And even if the entire crew would testify the company would only make a counter charge of disobedience or perhaps attempted mutiny, and with the reputation the common sailor man has, it is impossible to make the court believe the truth, especially after the captain and his officers have sworn to the contrary. Perhaps if a man is killed or badly wounded there may be an investigation, and a mate or perchance the captain, will lose his ticket, but mere ill-treatment and shanghaiing are not thought worthy of attention.

Shipping interests cling to shanghaiing because it allows them to pay small wages and furnish poor accommodations. If they were compelled by law to sign each man before an honest port official, on board ship, all shanghaiing would cease, and ill-treatment would soon be a thing of the past, as sailors, even though they were not unionized, would quickly boycott what is now known as a "hell ship."

A person who is coerced to labor on board an American vessel against his will, without having voluntarily entered into a contract binding to such services, is subjected to involuntary servitude in violation of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and is entitled to be delivered therefrom by means of a writ of habeas corpus. The law also holds that the master and also the owner of the ship would be liable in damages in an action brought against them by one who had been shanghaiied into service.

To an outsider this law seems comprehensive and that shanghaiing must cease or masters and owners would soon be bankrupt by suits for damages. But the burden of proof rests with the plaintiff and such things as witnesses and other material proof is hard to gather in a shanghaiing case. I have never heard of a case where anyone recovered damages for being shanghaiied, and as shanghaiing continues as of old, there must be some weak point in this law.

Shipping articles made with a sailor or seaman must conform to the statute and be free from fraud and duress. In both the United States and England contracts for the hire of seamen are called shipping articles and are required by statute to be made in printing or writing, the principal specifications being required are the agreement as to wages and the description of the voyage or term of service. The United States statutes No. 4512 require that the shipping articles must be signed in the presence of a shipping commissioner and also require the signature of the master. No one is allowed to sign for the seaman. And the courts will construe shipping articles liberally and equitably in favor of the mariners.

If the foregoing statutes were strictly enforced it would help some, but unfortunately they are not, and if one could examine the articles of almost any deep-water wind-

jammer that sails, he would find that probably not half the crew is signed regularly. The rest would be accounted for by marks on the ship's articles, countersigned by the master or chief mate. Whether the shipping commissioner knew these men were shanghaiied or whether he took the master's word that they were all right and did not demand that they be signed before him, can only be told by the commissioner. Sometimes when hard pressed or before some obdurate commissioner, the master will run in a set of "dummies" to sign the articles for the crew that he later intends to have shanghaiied. There are many loopholes.

By the thirteenth admiralty rule, it is declared that unusual charges, for articles sold the sailor from the ship's store or slopchest, will be examined into and disallowed if found unfair, especially when it is shown that the claimant was a person who could write well and the articles or agreement was signed with a mark.

United States statutes Nos. 4569 and 4570 provide that masters and owners of vessels are liable to penalties for failure to provide and serve out to the seamen lime or lemon juice, or other proper antiscorbutics, and penalties are recoverable even though no ill consequences have resulted from their failure to do so. Aboard the "Alexander" we had no lime or lemon juice or any other antiscorbutic after we left Nome in early June, for there our supply of potatoes and onions gave out. Only one man suffered from scurvy, Eldridge, who was in a bad way when we arrived at San Francisco, and I can't say whether he recovered or not, as he was in the marine hospital and unable to see anyone when I left, two weeks after our arrival.

By statute, Revised Statute United States No. 5347, it is made a crime punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for the master or other officer of an American vessel, actuated by malice, hatred or revenge and without justifiable cause, to beat, wound or imprison any of the crew, or to withhold from them suitable food and nourishment, or to inflict upon them any cruel or unusual punishment. And that where a master administers punishment wantonly and without provocation or cause, or where punishment administered is unreasonable or immoderate, or is inflicted with improper weapons, he will be liable in damages to the injured party.

So that it is very plain that such acts as were committed by the officers of the "Alexander" in striking men down, was in violation of the law of the United States and they were liable to imprisonment for it. But such acts are never punished unless a man is killed or seriously injured, for the officers are always ready to swear that there was provocation or justifiable cause.

All these statutes made and provided show that an effort has been made to stamp

out shanghaiing and brutal treatment of seamen, but the results do not show that any great headway has been made. This of course is partially due to the sailors themselves, as they do not co-operate. A sailor, to live, must be able to get a ship and to do that he must have good discharges from other ships, for he cannot always depend on being shanghaiied at the proper time. So he accepts ill-treatment and almost anything in the way of food rather than to complain, for if he complains he will be logged as disobedient and will receive a bad discharge or none at all. The law says that a sailor may proceed against the ship, master or freight for his wages, but often a crew is "worked out," that is, they are put through a course of brutal treatment and such miserable hard work in port that they will leave before the cargo is discharged. The sailor cannot claim wages then, of course, for the official log shows him a deserter.

If the law compelled each crew to be signed and shipped before a harbor commissioner, on board ship, that is, to have this official sign each man as he is brought aboard and check the crew before the vessel sailed, shanghaiing would be eliminated, provided, of course, that the official attended to his duty. And if deep-water seamen would form a union as close and as efficient as the coastwise sailors have, they would soon do away with ill-treatment, by a simple and lawful boycott. If men could not be shanghaiied and men would not sail on vessels where ill-treatment and poor fare was received, then the shipping interests would have to pay better wages, furnish better food and hold masters and officers strictly responsible for any brutality to the crew. Not many officers would risk their licenses by striking and otherwise abusing sailors.

In regard to the abuse of the Eskimo, it is hard to suggest anything, for where we see abuse, he sees pleasure. The whisky-trading and the trafficking of women is in his eyes a most excellent thing. But even the trading of whisky and women could be curtailed and in time stopped altogether by increased vigilance on the part of the revenue men in the Arctic.

The officers of the revenue cutters in the Arctic are supreme in matters pertaining to the Eskimo, the revenue men relieve the Eskimo's sufferings and right his wrongs according to the lights of that particular revenue man.

You request an explanation as to why

men shanghaiied aboard whalers do not complain to the officers of the revenue-cutters. The explanation is easy and simple. On board the "Alexander" a few of us had determined to appeal to the revenue authorities at the first opportunity, but before a cutter came along a friendly boatsteerer heard of our intention and warned us not to do it, saying that we would only win out extra work and punishment. He said he had seen many men complain to the revenue people only to be laughed at. A man would make his complaint and the officer would say: "If you were not prepared to endure this kind of life, why did you ship?" The man would answer by telling of his being shanghaiied. Then the officer would demand proof,—as if a shanghaiied man could bring proof of anything while in the Arctic. The whaler captain meanwhile would tell the revenue folks that the complainant is a lazy, good-for-nothing sailor, always making trouble, a "sea lawyer," in fact, who came aboard in a drunken stupor, and now wants to get away.

You can imagine the result. The revenue officer tells the complaining one to get out, and to beware how he stirs up trouble. The man goes aboard his ship and meets the mate at the rail. The mate snarls at him and says: "You will complain, eh? Then I'll give you something to complain of." Then he mastheads the poor fellow for a couple of watches before he begins to really punish him by extra and undesirable work. Take the case of Norton; he complained to the revenue people when he was taken aboard the "Thetis," and any surgeon must have been able to see that his complaint, as to treatment at least, was just, but what good did it do? The cutter's boat came alongside to report the boy's death, the officer in charge came aboard and went below with our captain and had a drink of whisky. Then he went back aboard the cutter, and everything was forgotten. You may be sure the rest of us were grateful to the friendly boatsteerer who had warned us against making complaints.

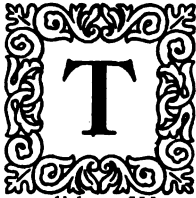
I know of many cases on other ships where men received punishment for daring to complain to the revenue folks, and it remains a fact in the Arctic, the whaling officers and the revenue officers work together, and no mere sailor may expect justice from either. That may seem a rather strong statement, but time has proved it the truth. I meant to cover this point in the narrative, but overlooked it, and hope I have made it clear now.

HENRY A. CLOCK.

EDITORIAL NOTE: In justice to the Revenue Service in the Arctic, it should be stated that Mr. Clock's experience and information really cover the conditions previous to some four years ago. It is a well-known fact that during the past few years there has been a marked change for the better in respect to rigid law enforcement by revenue officers, and the splendid services and efficiency of the government men are often commented upon. However, neither port authorities nor revenue men appear to have ever made any practical effort to check the peculiarly villainous crime of whale-ship shanghaiing.

The Golden Valley

By Camilla L. Kenyon



THE year Greer and I worked up into old Trinity we could have matched hard-luck yarns with any prospector in the State. Laying in what grub we did at Weaverville, before we struck into the mountains, regularly cleaned us out. It was "Pike's Peak or bust" for us that trip, sure. And for a good while it looked like—bust. I'd have bet money on it that we'd got further into the hills than any white man had been before us, and yet we'd never made a strike nor even panned color. Then when I was ready to chuck it all and go back to Miller & Lux as a forty-dollar cow-puncher—only that Greer not being the kind that gives in, kept me nailed right down to the job—we strayed into a deep, desolate, walled-in sort of valley, and there we struck it.

Struck it? Why, sir, that side-hill was fairly rotten with it. Filling a pan with dust was like picking in a berry patch. 'Twas a prospect to make your eyes pop. And the only trouble was that some one had froze on to it before us—the littlest, oneriest, wooden-legged chap I ever see, with a regular mummy face under his few scattering gray hairs. Greer and I were some hard hit, but we swallowed our feelings as best we could and got ready to stake our claims alongside what we figured his was. He'd seemed struck all of a heap at seeing us, and acted dumb-like and queer when we offered to pass the time of day, but from the way he kept spying round we gathered that he suspicioned some that we weren't meaning to be exactly on the level. So after we made camp and got the horses seen to, Greer, to set his mind at rest, hollered to him to come over and have a pipe. He'd been sitting all huddled up on his dump, his face in his two fists, watching us. But at

that he got up and come over, not right clost up, but near.

"Come along," yells Greer, "we aint going to hurt you!"

And so he came on a bit, stumping along on his wooden leg—dot-and-carry-one—and we saw his face was working and his little carcass all a-shake.

"Come have a taste of something," says Greer, still aiming to be civil.

"I wont have no truck with yers," he piped up all of a sudden in his cracked old voice. "I warn yer off the place, I do. This here prospect's mine."

Well, for all we was two to one, Greer spoke him fair, told him we'd do the square thing and respect his claim, but beyond that we'd naturally help ourselves. And with that the little old mummied thing like to threw a fit. Yes, sir, he all but foamed at the mouth. Then we heard the whole story, while he shook his withered fists and stumped back and forth, dot-and-carry-one, dot-and-carry-one. Years before he'd come upon that valley, but the season being late and his grub low he had to go back to where it was settled some, to winter. And there he broke his leg and had it sawed off him and had a long spell of sickness; and after that, not being considered a good risk, he could n't get a grub-stake. For he would never tell the secret of the valley. And all the years he was trying to get back to it he was hugging the thought of it to his heart and in fancy playing with the gold and heaping it up and loving it and chuckling to think how many hotels it would buy like the one down there in Weaverville, where he was washing dishes for his keep. And by and bye when he'd scraped together the price of a burro and a blanket and a month's beans, back he comes to the valley like a hound on a hot scent. Well, looked at from that side it was a bit hard on him, maybe, us blowing in on him like that, but all the same Greer

tried to make him see reason, how we could all make our pile and no hard feelings need arise. But reason could n't find a loophole into his old headpiece, that was clean addled, I guess, with the dreams he'd been nursing all these years. And at last Greer got sick of it and just turned on his heel and quit and we gave our attention to settling ourselves for a considerable stay.

When the old chap found we did n't take any more notice he just pegged off to his little dirt-pile and set there with his chin in his hands, staring. And I noticed Greer kept a pretty sharp lookout on him, in case he should take a notion to a little gun play if we got too abstracted.

Well, sir, we had two-three sessions with him after that, and from wanting to set the sheriff on us he took to begging and crying, with real tears running down into the chinks of his old face. Honest, he got me so worked up that I was pretty near ready to chuck the whole proposition, but it affected Greer different. The set of his jaw begun to remind me of various times when we'd been up against trouble before, and I says to myself it will be healthy for the old boy if he quits his bark right now.

By sundown of that day—the second we was there—I was plumb wore out, and when I see him come stumping up all ready for another spell I let loose some quite expressive language. And at that Greer flashed around and I see he was n't going to stand for any more nonsense.

"You light out o' this!" he yells, with expressions besides that I'm not equal to putting on record.

And the little man, fairly clawing the air, gives back as good, and before I see what was coming they had closed.

It was all over in one round. The little man lay sprawling, his head split open by a stone he'd fell on, and Greer stood over him, seeing red and cursing because the chap did n't get up and come on. But I grabbed his arm.

"Shut up, Greer," I says, "there aint no point in language now."

We tried every way, but it was no use. The little chap was dead as his own wooden leg.

It made me pretty sick, and there was

a while when I'd have thrown up the whole thing and cleared out. But Greer was another sort. In spite of myself, he got me braced up, and we used up the rest of the daylight making a grave. We could n't bury the old chap where he lay without its being about the most expensive cemetery lot in existence, but I tell you I hung back a little when it came to lugging him over to the hole we'd made. Seemed like I'd never realized how little and old and bent he was, and I'd have made a baby of myself, I guess, only I was afraid of Greer.

Well, to begin with we'd been in the right of it, and it was not our fault that the way it had come out seemed to put us so damnably in the wrong. All night while I tossed in my blankets I was arguing that way about it, and the next day, thinking maybe it would do me good to say the words out loud (there did seem awful little meaning to them after awhile, so that I wondered whether they really did make sense or were just a sort of sing-song in my head) I opened up to Greer. But he shut me up pretty quick, letting me know that the thing was over and done with and there was n't to be any cry-babying about it.

"First thing I know," says he, glowering at me, "you'll be trying to pass it up to me."

They were his words. I did n't speak them nor never would. But the minute they were out, that there grave seemed a-lying there between us. And if he could n't get over to my side of it, I could n't, no, nor would n't, go over to his.

There's times when things can get to a pitch between people where they dont need to do any talking, because they can just naturally hear each other think. That was where it had got to with Greer and me. And merely to show that he was going to do no backing down, he quits work where we was, shoulders his pick, and walks leisurely over to the dead man's claim and starts in working where the old chap had left off. All the time he was whistling a fool tune that was all the go then:

Wait for me at heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Malone.

or "Mahone," or something. Thinks I,

anybody that calculates to wait there for *you* will have a long wait. Which shows that the feelings that's right between pardners had already given way some under the strain.

I never saw anything like the way those bags of ours plumped out. It seemed like every night we put away a bigger stake than the night before. Ordinarily you'd have had to hold me down, I'd have been so joyful, but now—well, I'd have been content to part with every ounce just to find myself back in the bar of the Weaverville Hotel with kerosene lamps going and a lot of the boys around. That valley was not a cheerful spot at best,—nothing but pines and rock that looked like it had been spewed up hot from hell and cooled where it lay, it was so black and twisted. And it was so shut in by big, bare, toppling cliffs that we got nothing like so much daylight as the rest of the country, but were still in a dreary twilight when the mountains all around were gleaming in the sun. Then, almost before you knew the day was past its turn the shadow dropped down again and things began to get quiet and lonesome. The jays stopped screeching, the squirrels fussed off to bed, even the water seemed to lower its note and go along whispering something to itself. When it got darker and darker and the stars came out the cliffs seemed to draw so close together that it was more like being in a prison than the free, open air. I used to build up fire enough to roast us and sit by it till my head was rolling off my shoulders with sleep. Though it dont matter how big a fire you make in the woods, it only gives light enough to see the dark by. But anyhow it put off the time when I had to crawl into my blankets and shut my eyes and pretend to myself that I was n't listening for anything, but just going peacefully to sleep.

For Greer and I were not alone in that valley. No, sir, there was a third party there, that lay low daytimes and only came creeping about when it was too dark to see anything; when the fire had got down to a few winking coals and the blackness under the pines seemed as if it would cut like cheese. How did I first get the idea? Well, I don't know, only I woke up one night and found

it all ready and waiting for me, like an old friend. And after that it got to be a pretty regular thing for me to lie there nights, holding my breath and sweating at every pore, while those slow footfalls stirred the dead leaves—dot-and-carry-one, dot-and-carry-one. When the sun was shining into the valley and things looking as much perked up as they ever did in that hell's-mouth of a place, I'd argue with myself about it. "There aint no dot-and-carry-one to it!" I'd say, and then I'd turn in at night with my mind made up to hear it different, if I bust an ear-drum. For then, thinks I to myself, let it come! 'Twont have no business here, anyhow, and I guess two hard nuts like Greer and me aint going to be scared out of that gold by any interloping proposition of that sort. But no; I'd maybe get forty winks, as you might say, and then all at once I'd be broad awake, just as if a hand had been laid on my shoulder, while a little ways off, in the dead blackness there under the pines, something was walking to and fro—dot-and-carry-one, dot-and-carry-one.

Well, I'd come to the place where I was wondering whether there was any more I could stand and not speak out about it when I found—that there was no need to speak. For I was woke up that way one night when the fire gave still a little light to see by and I sat up in my blankets with my eyes popping and a feeling like ten below traveling down my spine. And there was Greer raised up too on the other side of the fire, and his eyes met mine in a kind of awful stare—so that I turned from it, and slid down and pulled the blanket over my head. Was it just the same as with me, I wondered, or had he—*seen* anything? I only knew, that whatever was going on, it was n't *me* that was getting the worst of it.

Yet at sun-up he was hustling with the breakfast, and afterwards he went right back to the dead man's claim, that he'd taken for his own, and worked there like a Chinaman all day. And if at meals or any time I threw a look his way he met it with an eye like steel, and I knew it was no use saying a word about throwing up the game. Greer was in it to stay.

I'd like to say I showed good nerve in being willing to stay with it, too, but the fact is that I was so plumb upset my brain was pretty nearly out of commission, and I just kept on working my claim and swallowing my three meals a day like I went by clockwork. Yes, that about describes the thing, I guess,—and it was Greer did the winding.

But you cant wind a spring too tight without in the long run something gives way; and that's what happened. One day all at once something seemed to go "click!" and the wheels give a whirr, and the next thing I was down in the dirt. Regularly threw a fit, I did, of the sort that is stylishly called a swoon.

'Twas n't till Greer had got me pretty well doped up on whisky that I come to enough to sit up and take notice. He was sitting there beside me, and his eye met mine with that hard gray glint I'd learned to know by now.

"Well, pard," he says, "the sun certainly did affect you a little."

It was my cue, but I did n't take it. Something had got loose in the works, and they would n't wind no more.

"'Twas n't the sun," says I.

The glint in his eyes narrowed to a little bright needle-point. I could see the muscles knot in his throat.

So I just stated the cold fact, that it was me for Weaverville. There were reasons a-plenty, without rushing bull-headed into trouble by giving the real one, it being well on in the season and the snow in those mountains coming early and lying deep. We were very short of grub, and had brought altogether a pretty poor sort of an outfit, though the best we could do at the time. But now we had plenty to put in the winter in 'Frisco and come back in the spring with an A-1 outfit, or maybe take in some capital and work on a bigger scale. That was the way I talked, and the upshot of it was that Greer agreed. He saw, I guess, that there was n't but the one thing to do; I was played out. That night without making any remarks I just casually laid my blankets down beside his, crawled in and slept like a child. Whatever the summons was that used to wake me in the darkness with that cold feeling crawling down my spine, it did n't come that night.

We broke camp early and having little to pack was headed down the valley before the sun was over the mountains. Each of us had a sack filled with the slickest, shiniest, yellowest dust I ever looked at. I began to have better feelings toward that dust now,—now that I did n't have to pay for it by any more nights in the valley. All day I was pleasing myself with planning what it would buy, and how in the spring we'd bring up a fellow to expert the claim, and then sell out for big money, for I was n't counting any on coming back to work it ourselves, I can tell you. Yet with the valley miles behind and the sun shining and the jays squawking and the wind sweeping among the pines it began to seem already like I'd woke up from a bad dream,—like the whole darn business could n't belong in a world where things was wideawake and natural and every-day like they seemed now. I remember I whistled some, and sung and hollered at the jays, just to try the feel of doing it, after the awful quietness of that place.

It was near sundown, and we was looking for a place to camp, but had n't struck any, for we were traveling down the side of a steep, dark, pine-covered hill. On either hand the ground fell away sudden; there was just this sort of hog-back that the horses could come down. There were no trails in that country then, only here and there the Injuns'; even cattle had n't got in there yet. We had to go by the sun and the flow of the water, and other things a man gets to have an instinctive feel for, when he's had to depend on them much. We were n't attempting any to follow the route we had come in by, that being considerable circuitous, but were heading for Weaverville the straightest we knew how.

Well, we was pretty near down to the bottom of that hill, and I was looking about me kind of anxious, for it was growing dusk and we had n't yet found feed and water so that we could camp. Greer was ahead, and all of a sudden he pulled up and I heard him breathe hard. Then he swore,—Lord, how he did swear and cuss. I shoved my pony down to where he was and—yes, there was the line of gray cliffs, the dark,

whispering pines, and stretch of frowsy meadow where the horses used to feed. We were back again,—back in the valley.

The horses turned of themselves toward the old camp, and we just naturally let 'em. All I wanted about then was to get a fire started before it got plumb dark. It was n't till we'd got outside of some coffee and bacon that I got up heart to talk.

"Greer," says I, "I dont see how we done it."

Not a word did he say, but gave me a sort of hollow-eyed stare, as if it was the first time he'd took notice of my being around. It was plain I would not get much help from *him*, but I went mumbling on, for the sound of a human voice, even my own, was some comfort. "It was them fool horses, durn them, a-wanting to get back here where they was eating their consarned heads off." And I went on talking that way, with Greer looking straight ahead with that blind stare, until we was in our blankets, and I fell, being dog-tired, into a sleep that was haunted all night by seven devils of fear and lonesomeness. But at least I slept, and I guessed by Greer's looks, when we turned out in the gray dawn, that it was more than he had. A man is liable to look a little peaked in that early light anyway, and his face seemed grim and wasted as a death's head.

I did n't have to be urged any to hustle, getting out of there that morning. Neither would we be apt, that day, not to take quite particular notice where we was going. There was n't any whistling or monkeyshines from me this time, but now and then I stole a look at my pard, and I tell you I'd have given something to run into a sheep-camp or a couple of prospectors or anybody that was just ordinarily sociable and human.

Night found us leading our animals down a steep arroyo, the only outlet from a gradually narrowing gorge that we'd been traveling along. It was ticklish work getting down, and I did n't have time to look about much till just as the sun sank out of sight we ended up a bad slide on the level. Then—but what is the use of trying to tell about it. There was the valley, veiled already in creeping shadows and filled with an icy

graveyard chill. The cold of it struck to my blood and seemed to stop the beating of my heart, and before I knew it I had fallen on my knees, and I heard myself, as if it was somebody else, praying and cursing both at once. Greer stood by and watched me for awhile in an uninterested kind of way, as if it was all no concern of his and the valley just the nicest, comfortablest place on earth to be. Finally he sort of sauntered over, took a grip of my shoulder that near scrunched the bone, and remarked, "Let up, or I'll hammer your head open."

It was all real quiet and conversational, and while I never mistrusted but that he meant it, still I seemed to have no call to get riled as you might think. I was n't afraid of him, either, though the jolt made me pull myself together. But every chink in my makeup was so plumb full of scare—of black, cold, hair-raising fear of the valley, that no trifling ructions he might raise had any weight.

We did not go back to the old camp, but made shift to pass the night right there where we was. I never turned into my blankets, but put in my time feeding the fire or else sitting by it, doing some hard thinking. Right there on the other side of the blaze was Greer, crouching with his knees in his arms and his hat pulled over his eyes. Just us two live men in that desolate place, and yet us not giving comfort to each other by a word. For the shadow of what was to come was already between us.

At daybreak we were stirring. I waited till we got the pack animal hitched up and our own mounts saddled. Then I took the big plump, lumpy sack that held my dust and began to cut the string. Greer drew his foot from the stirrup and stood watching.

"Here goes!" said I, and I dumped that shiny yellow stuff right out among the ashes of our fire. I crushed the empty sack up in my hand and flung it out into the brush.

"I'm quit of it," says I.

We had only the one rifle and that I always carried. Greer not liking to be bothered. As I got into the saddle I loosened the gun and laid it across my arm.

"Pard," says I, "for good and sufficient reasons I've separated from my dust. Being as they are reasons that apply likewise to you and yours, I'd like to see you act on 'em."

By way of answer he merely swung into his saddle, and there he sat, not saying a word, but looking at me with eyes narrowed to two glints of light.

"Pay the toll," says I, raising my voice, "and we'll along out of this together, pardners same as ever. But not one ounce of that there gold goes out of this valley with me, in my hands or in yours."

Still he never spoke. So thinking to jog him up some I went ahead a ways. In a minute I heard him coming along behind me. I reined up.

"Hold on," I said. "Have you chucked it?"

"Oh, you damn coward!" he yelled, with a lift of his lip like a snarling dog.

"We'll let it go at that," said I, "but all the same if between here and Weaverville I get sight of you on my trail I'll send you where you cant take that gold along. Always providing you dont cut loose from it right now."

I gave him three minutes, counting them out with a second or two to spare. Then I stirred up my cayuse, riding slow

and looking back till he was out of range, when I lit out at a sharp lope down the valley. The pack horse was going to follow, but I cut at it and drove it back. I was willing to even up our chances all I could.

I looked back once, where the rising ground gave me a last view of the valley. He had not moved. And then I was in the big, open, piney woods, with the mountains behind me, giving no sign of a valley there.

After a couple of days' hard travel I struck a prospectors' camp on the main river. All I told them was that my pard and I had had a falling out, a ways back in the hills. I hung around, waiting for him to show up, and then went on to Weaverville, trying to hope I'd find him there. I worked with a cattle outfit that winter, and next spring got a party of four together and struck out for the valley. For weeks we wandered among the mountains, and again and again I saw points we had passed the year before, and then it would seem certain that we were on the right track. But though once or twice I could have sworn we were within a mile of it, we never found the valley. Seemed like, once I had got clear, the way had closed right up, so that no one could get in—or out.

In the Starshine

By Mary Kenniston

Millions an' billions av stars are a-blinkin',
I'm watchin' thim here in the dark an' the dew;
An' could I see on into Hivin, I'm thinkin'
I'd have a fond glimpse, me dear Barney, av you.

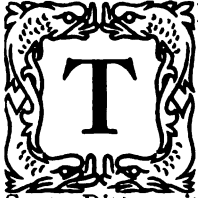
Do ye see me, I wonder, down here in the heather,
A-standin' so still an' so sad-like an' lone—
While the wind, whose low croonin' we oft heard together,
Goes wanderin' by wid a pityin' moan?

What do ye do in that land where ye 're bidin'?
They tell me ye 've gone to a region av bliss;
But I mind yer ould joys an' yer tinder confidin'
That no other world could be swater than this.

Our long moonlight rides—are ye mindin' thim, Barney,
An' the bridges where travelers always paid toll?
An' the frolics ye loved here in dear ould Killarney—
Now honest, is Hivin more swate to yer soul?

The Come-On

By E. D. Ewers



THE United States Marshal tossed an official envelope across to Deputy Barker's desk.

"The Department wants Bob Kennedy transferred from the Santa Rita penitentiary to Leavenworth. You might telephone the warden tonight and start with him in the morning."

Barker, the youngest deputy on the force, welcomed the news of his proposed trip with boyish enthusiasm. A few days' leisure in the city, and a relief from the monotonous grind of serving subpoenas and jury summons in out-of-the-way desert towns, seemed a pleasant prospect. It was his first experience as guardian of a genuine "bad man."

"Dont let your first big one get away," chided the Marshal good naturedly as Barker pocketed the commitment writs. "I reckon Bob Kennedy has done as much devilment as any man in the Territories, and the Department of Justice will roar if we make a fluke on him. Dont take any chances; Kennedy is a bad *hombre*; he's in for life, and he knows what Leavenworth means—once a man lands there his chances of escape are n't worth even dreaming about. He's got the nerve of a pirate, and would n't stop at anything that offered any chance of a get-away. But he knows there is n't any chance nowadays. He wont give you any trouble; he's too wise for that.

"Did they ever tell you about Bob's last trial?" continued the Marshal. "That was ten years ago when I was first appointed. Bob had short-termed in the Santa Rita pen twice before, and this time the sheriffs in every county in the Territory had their eyes peeled for him. Bob started out as a trail robber and cattle rustler, but as he got older and smoother he dropped that and took to holding up mail and express stages. Then he got to dabbling in train robbing. The officers knew he was in the gang every

time, but they never could get enough on him to hang an indictment. But one day Bob's foot slipped for sure. He held up a little postoffice over in Guadalupe County and in the mix-up shot the postmaster.

"You can *sabe* what that meant. If there ever was a human dragnet invented it's that bunch of special agents in the Postoffice Department. After everybody else has forgotten all about a case, and your John Doe warrants have all been written off the docket, along will come one of those chaps with a bunch of evidence that gives the district attorney hysterics. Whenever I hear of a mail robbery I put it down that it means a lot of chasing for us sooner or later.

"They worked on Bob two years, and when they got a case finally they found he was in Canada. Uncle Sam is good at biding his time, and they just laid for him. One day he came across into Montana and they nabbed him. They had him dead to rights, and the jury brought in a guilty verdict immediately.

"It happened the judge was an old-timer and Bob had served time from him before. When it came to the sentence, Bob was there with all his old-time bravado. Talk about unmitigated audacity! There was a lot of people in the courtroom, and Bob, like all his kind, has a weakness for showing off. His lawyers had counted on the judge giving him about twenty years with allowances.

" 'Kennedy,' says the judge, 'you have made a lot of trouble in your time. I am afraid you are just naturally a bad man. What sort of a sentence do you think I ought to give you?'

"That was just the sort of talk Bob's vanity fed on. The old devil actually seemed proud of himself. He waited till the judge's words had their full effect on the crowd, then he swelled up like a game cock and blurted out:

" 'Life, I reckon, judge.' "

"The judge never batted an eye. 'Life

it will be,' he said. 'Mr. Marshal, you may take the prisoner.'

"You could have heard a pin drop. Bob's face turned white as ashes, but he never flinched. He looked at the judge sharp like for a minute till he saw the old man meant what he said. Then he turned around and walked back to me without a word.

"I have seen him occasionally during the ten years he has served. The warden tells me they have never been able to break his spirit. The old eagle eye in that hard old face of his is as bright as ever. They made him a sort of boss in the brickyard, but they never dared make a trusty of him. He's the kind that the trigger-itch never leaves. If he ever got hold of a Winchester it would mean slaughter. He's one of the last of the old school of bad men—the riding, shooting, open-range dare-devils—gentle as children when there is n't any trouble on, but heartless as wildcats in a fight.

"They are passing out along with the rest of the old-timers. We dont get their kind now. Our bad actors nowadays are smooth boys from the cities, half of them full of booze and dope and disease. When you compare capturing one of them with corralling one of these old hard-as-nails range devils it makes me laugh.

"You wont have any trouble with Kennedy if you give him to understand you mean business. He wont make a break, but if he should by any chance, you've got it to do—kill him! Give him to understand those are your orders—you are n't dealing with a mollycoddle."

* * * * *

The penitentiary superintendent handed Barker a little packet wrapped in oil-cloth. "They are the old man's trinkets," he explained. "You had better take them along. About all the satisfaction he seems to get out of life is fussing over those pictures and things once in a while."

Barker slipped the package into his pocket and turned to the prisoner standing shackled beside the cell door. The convict returned his scrutiny with unwavering gaze, and for a moment each measured the other with speculative interest. They were not dissimilar in appearance, both powerfully built, gaunt of

frame, and swarthy featured—the lithe, weather-hardened type of plainsman. The older man's close-cropped hair showed white about his temples and thin along his crown. He spoke first.

"Is there only one of you?" he asked.

Barker nodded.

"I suppose you are expectin' me to raise hell if I get a chance."

Barker tested the prisoner's handcuffs critically. "I have orders to kill you if you make a break. You understand that, dont you?"

The old convict nodded. "I dont intend to start anything," he answered.

All day the train wound slowly northward through cedar-clad mountains and across seemingly endless stretches of cactus-studded mesas. For hours officer and prisoner rode in silence, the latter seeming to devour the lifeless panorama without with greedy eyes. Once he leaned suddenly toward the open window, and Barker's vice-like grip clamped quickly on his shackled wrist. The prisoner turned back, a grim smile lighting his hard features.

"Was that the old Pecos station?" he asked. Barker nodded. He did not need to ask the significance of the question.

"Were you in that hold-up?" he queried. For some moments the old convict did not reply.

"I fixed that engineer, damn him!" he said sullenly. "A man who makes you shoot him does n't deserve sympathy."

Barker regarded the prisoner thoughtfully. "How does a man come to start in that sort of business?" he asked. "You could make plenty of money—without that—could n't you?"

The prisoner straightened quickly, his crafty eyes suddenly alert. For a moment he studied the deputy shrewdly.

"Blamed if that aint the first man-to-man civil word I've had in ten years. Of course I'm not what you would call sentimental. I dont care how much they raw-hide me with their gab if they keep their damn hands off. I would n't put myself on an equal with them pups of guards and trusties nohow.

"But it does grind a man. What would you suppose was the hardest part of that life? You'd say, like most of them, I reckon, that it was the everlasting grind

of work and the hopelessness in a man's mind. It aint that. It aint the work or the confinement or the grub. Most ordinary folks are tied almost as close to their jobs as we are, and a lot of them go through life with a worse dread hanging over them than prison walls. It aint that; what gets to a man and eats his heart out of him is being deprived of associating with people—with other men, the common run like you meet outside, the fellows you pass the time of day and swap tobacco with. If a man had somebody to yell, 'Hello, Bob,' at him every morning—understand?

"I guess it's a man's natural instinct to want the good will of other human beings; he'll give up most everything before he'll let that slide. He'll do little things he hates himself the rest of his days for, but his first thought is to cover his trail so nobody else will ever suspect him of bein' so onery. You'll notice a man will give up his self-respect a long time before he will his pride."

The convict stretched his arms to ease the cramped wrists. "What was it you was asking? Oh, yes. I reckon nobody ever started out with the idea of being a permanent law-breaker. Pshaw, when I was married I had no more thought of doing what I've done than you have. I got in a pinch for money and held up a ranchman. He was so scared it was ridiculous.

"I could n't get it out of my head how easy it was. I got into it gradual more and more. Then my wife quit me, and the first thing I knew I was headed for Mexico with three sheriffs after me. They caught me in El Paso and I went to Santa Rita for a year.

"After that I had a reputation as a bad one. When a man gets that he's gone plumb to hell. He wont stay away from the saloons and dives and hang-outs of cheap sports, who are the only ones who will make a hero of him. I suppose it's something the same as tempts prize-fighters to take to booze and sporting. It all comes of wanting someone to flatter you.

"A man does a heap of thinking when he's alone that way—too much. I suppose he gets sort of daffy in time. He gets so he dont care and lets his preju-

dices grow on him. He figures a lot of things out in his own way.

"I used to believe there was something in religion. I cant see it that way now—it's nothing but an intellectual mania. I doubt if there ever was a real charitable person. Most people's idea of charity is skimmin' the cream for themselves and passin' out the skim milk they dont need to others. And then they take unction to their souls for it.

"That's the kind of ideas a man breeds in solitary confinement."

"I suppose so," said the deputy, a note of sympathy in his tone. Again the convict's cynical eyes seemed to measure his companion critically.

"A man sacrifices a lot when he goes wrong," he continued. "After all, it dont pay—not by a damn sight. I gave up my family to follow the game. Lord, what would n't I give to have them back! I had word sent to my wife that I was killed. She took the kid and went away. I dont know what became of them. I have their pictures in that package the warden gave you."

The deputy passed the packet across the seat and the prisoner opened it awkwardly with his manacled hands. He extracted a small photograph and handed it to the deputy. The latter glanced at the picture indifferently. Suddenly his grip tightened and he slid forward in the seat, his eyes riveted on the photograph in his hands. For a long time he stared at the picture; once he looked sharply at the prisoner beside him and a little pallor crept across his face. He handed the picture back to the prisoner. His voice seemed to come with unnatural harshness.

"Do you mean it, on the square, them's your wife—and kid?" he asked.

The prisoner nodded. "Yes, that's straight," he said.

For miles the pair rode on in silence. the deputy gazing abstractedly from the window, apparently oblivious to his surroundings. The convict studied him with covert glances. Finally the deputy turned to the prisoner.

"Your name is Barker?" he asked.

The convict started. "I did n't know they knew that," he said.

"They dont," said the deputy sharply, "but it happens I do."

"How?" The convict's voice was tense with interest.

"It happens I've seen that picture before." He leaned forward and gripped the prisoner's arm fiercely. His eyes seemed suffused with an unnatural gleam and his face twitched hysterically. "I'm the kid in that picture—*sabe?*" he said huskily. "The woman is my mother—can you understand that? They always told me dad was killed in a mine."

The convict strained forward to look in the younger man's face. Astonishment, fear, hope, seemed strangely blended in his baffled expression.

"Was your mother's folks named Burnett in Wichita?" he asked eagerly.

"They're all dead now," answered the deputy. "Mother was buried back there three years ago."

For a moment suspicion seemed to linger in the convict's face, then he relaxed slowly. For a time the two regarded each other with uncertain gaze.

"This never ought to happened," said the elder presently. "I prided myself none of my kin would ever know." He studied the deputy thoughtfully. "I reckon it aint the pleasantest thing in the world—for you," he finished, a trace of humility in his tone.

The deputy extracted a key from his pocket, and leaning forward loosened the shackles from the older man's wrists.

"I have figured it out," he said simply.

"We will be in Trinidad in an hour. We will drop off there and stop at a hotel and catch the C. & S. for Dalhart at three in the morning. Tomorrow night we will be in El Paso. I have an extra suit of clothes in my grip—you can ditch your stripes at the hotel."

For a moment the older man held the deputy's gaze. "Do you mean that?" he asked huskily. The deputy leaned forward, a note of impatience in his voice.

"I have figured it out," he repeated. "Blood is thicker than water. We are going to Mexico."

* * * * *

Barker awoke with a start. Sunlight was flooding the room and a bell above his head was ringing insistently. He glanced hastily at his watch and sprang from the bed. It was nine o'clock and he was alone in the room. He dressed quickly and hurried down to the desk. The clerk handed him a note and a package wrapped in brown paper. Barker spelled the hastily-written message through twice before he fully grasped its meaning. Scrawled on a sheet of hotel stationery was the following:

Do n't think too hard of the old man. It was n't that I did n't like your company, but it was too risky—you was too apt to tumble to the game. I send you the picture as I don't care for it any more. My wife borrowed it from your house. That was bunk about her quitting me. She has been studying deputy marshals for ten years, and this was her scheme. My name ain't Barker.





IT IS said of the Direct Primary that by removing the guiding hands of the "Leaders," it permits a free-for-all race, in which mediocre men are apt to be successful; but could it possibly be worse than the purchase of a seat in the United States Senate, or than the hand of a Murphy, guiding the star of Sheehan—and distinctly repudiating Edward M. Shepard? The ground for opposing Mr. Shepard is that he is a corporation lawyer. He is. One of the best in the country—and well were it for country and corporations if all corporation counsel were like him. A man of unswerving integrity, of inbred sympathy with the people, a true Democrat by instinct, he guides his corporations—not they him. But think of the objection from a Murphy and a Sheehan that he is a corporation lawyer! The trouble is, neither corporations nor Mr. Murphy could control Mr. Shepard; but Mr. Sheehan would be one more agent in the House of Privileges. The objection to Mr. Shepard, coming whence it does and taking the form it does, is farce-tragedy.

Mr. Shepard was of the firm of Parsons, Shepard and Ogden, which organized the sugar trust, Mr. Parsons being the active attorney, and no suggestion has ever been made that it was an unlawful act, and not a breath of scandal or suspicion of impropriety attaches to Mr. Shepard. In all his active political life—as Democratic candidate for Mayor of Greater New York in 1901—never has his perfect integrity been questioned. Everywhere his name has stood and stands for the highest type of Democrat, lawyer and citizen. But more than that, he believes that the supreme test is the welfare of the people, and as general counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad he has been instrumental in creating a corporate feeling and policy, that the great public service corporations are in fact only trustees for and servants of the Public—and the Public is to be taken into the corporate confidence. The result has been that the Pennsylvania is today strong in the good will of the people.

Is a man to be blindly attacked merely because he has been the legal adviser of corporations, without regard to how he has advised them? Must the man who has stood firm for corporate righteousness be insanely classed with the man who has

helped to corporate plunderings? Blind as the plain people are, they are not so blind as that. There is none so blind as a Tammany Boss who will not see.

Mr. Shepard is peculiarly equipped for the position of United States Senator. A student of history and of political science; author of a work on the period of Martin Van Buren; opposed to protection and jingoism; opposed to Special Privileges, he would, as a lawmaker, restrict them. A Democrat in the true sense that he believes in the plain people; one of the most eminent lawyers in the United States; a man entitled to be called a statesman, who would quickly and easily lead in a greater body than the United States Senate, and all this thrown away by the State of New York because Shepard doesn't suit the dirty ambitions of Boss Murphy! Could the people at the Direct Primary, or by the Popular Election of Senators, do worse? Turn where you will, the truth becomes larger and clearer that, as Governor Woodrow Wilson says, the old era of machine politics has reached its full rottenness, and some new system must be tried with greater hope for a true execution of the people's will—a government by the people, for the people.

IT would be well if all controllers of corporations could take to heart one of the maxims of Mr. Shepard, "A corporation which serves the public and depends on the public for its profits, can have no greater asset than the affection and trust of the people it serves. * * *

"This affection and trust can be gained not by log-rolling and lobbying, not by forms of respectable filching and selfish depredation, but by absolute honesty, open frankness having nothing to be ashamed of, by making the public a partner in your confidence and seeking only the just reward which no fair man would deny. Knowing all the facts."

Compare such a creed with the school of Get All You Can And How You Can—by

control of the lawmaking powers, and executive powers by lobbies, and briberies more or less direct—a curious code of morals which if applied between man and man in the matter of a horse or a farm, would be called lying and cheating and stealing.

THE business management of this magazine has been warned that unless the magazine ceases to be so "anti-corporation" and "radical" it must expect to lose a large part of its advertising—I am the offender.

I am sorry for this. I am sorry for myself, for I hate to give offense, yet there are times when not to offend is unrighteous. I am sorry for the business management, for it has a hard problem: to maintain a readable magazine with some character to it and yet which will please everybody and more, too. I don't know any one who subsists on all kicks except the business management of a magazine. No one extends the glad hand of encouragement, but the foot is ever ready. After all, what profiteth it a magazine that it gain a whole world of advertising and lose its own soul? (Read William Winter's article in the last number on the subserviency of the newspapers to the great advertisers.)

Most of all, I am sorry for the people who are offended, because it must be that to them a free expression of opinion is distasteful. Now the way I look at it is that discussion can harm nothing which is just. If the views are not somewhere rooted in truth they are bound to fail—just as certainly as the raindrops fall. And if they do hang upon even the edges of Truth, in God's name let us have them as quickly, as widely, as we can.

Speaking for a clearer understanding of terms, I have never attacked corporations as such. The corporation is a most useful form of social economic organization, and should have all the rights of the individual, so far as they are necessary to its purposes. What I have attacked are Special Privileges. They are quite as unjust and evil if vested in a man as if enjoyed by a corporation—except that the corporation is more impersonal, and more enduring, than a man, and therefore a more dangerous repository for Privilege. That most Privileges are availed of by men organized as corporations is immaterial. It is the Privilege which is dangerous, not the corporation. Special Privileges are as unjust vested in kings and an aristocracy as in self-made magnates and a plutocracy. The whole question is, how much is a man really achieving in a free environment, or how much is he sequestering by Special Privileges? The former is his own, the latter is legalized robbery of others. I am sorry this question has come up, for I did want to write about the weather. This is the 27th of January, a lovely spring day, and four days ago I heard a song sparrow making the world musical from a spirea bush, which was timidly pricking its buds into points of green—the pussy willows

hang silvern tassels abundantly in the lowlands. The skies are wonderful in their delicate grey, and soft, slowly voyaging masses—through which sometimes comes a patch of blue or a golden glow. All this beauty of a divine world calls me more than the ignorance and injustice of man. Certainly I would rather write about the weather, but I must make my defense, and I choose the method of the great apologist, Socrates. I will seek to prove that those who criticise must either say just what I do, or they do not believe what they profess.

Socrates: What are you two discussing so angrily?

Demos: Pluto here says I ought to be ashamed of myself to agitate the people and arouse discontent and set class against class.

Socrates: Do you indeed do this?

Pluto: Indeed he does. He tells the common people they are being robbed by the rich, who have by their riches secured control of the government, and then by the government have created Special Privileges to increase their riches. So he tears down confidence and destroys the machinery of the social order, and chaos will ensue.

Socrates: I did not suppose Demos was so wicked a man. What have you to say to this Demos?

Demos: I say, Socrates, that it seems to me like this: There is but one source of all property, commodities and wealth whatever—the earth—and but one instrument for wresting from the earth-mother all possible forms of necessities, luxuries and wealth whatever—Man's Labor.

Socrates: Wait a minute. Do you include in the word labor, man's mental labor and ingenuity of brain?

Demos: Certainly I do.

Socrates: Well, then, you mean to say man's labor creates from the earth all the property of man. Is that it?

Demos: That is it.

Socrates: Well, go on.

Demos: Now the social or organized state is like a hive of bees, where the workers (by which I mean brain workers as well as hand workers) create all the honey, but as fast as they bring it in to the hive an acquisitive few, armed with special powers given by the state, take from all the workers all the honey save only just enough for them to continue to labor on. And these lords of the hive pile up their accumulations, which become vaster as the workers become more numerous or the fields more abundant with nectar, and if any of the workers fall sick or are starving, the acquisitive lords give them a little out of their abundance, calling it charity, and the sick or hungry workers are very grateful for receiving back a part of their own earnings—but if some grumble, then the acquisitive lords show the instruments by which they extract all the honey, and say: "You see these are created by law, therefore, what we take is lawfully ours. You

are agitators, who seek to overthrow society."

Pluto: That is a very long speech, with very little sense. Men are not bees—and besides, bees have a queen and aristocratic drones.

Demos: Yes, the queen is the mother of the entire hive, and all its colonies, and does more labor than any one; and the drones, they kill. But yes, bees are not men. It was only an illustration.

Socrates: It is not clear to me yet what you two are quarreling about. Is it that it is wrong to agitate or to discuss—or that the ideas Demos is promulgating are evil and untrue?

Pluto: It is the latter, Socrates.

Socrates: Then you do not claim it is wrong to agitate and discuss new ideas?

Pluto: Not if they are sound and true ideas.

Socrates: But how are we to recognize the true from the untrue?

Pluto: Oh—by their inherent quality, their natural merit.

Socrates: But we are talking of ideas, Pluto. Ideas do not come branded like loaves of bread or skins of wine, that we may test them by tasting. How would you test the truth of a new idea?

Pluto: Well, by examining it from all sides and turning it over and over.

Socrates: But who is to do this? Is there to be a new office created? the Censor of New Ideas, who will examine it and pass it or kill it?

Pluto: No, Socrates. Nothing so ridiculous as that. Let each examine it for himself.

Socrates: And decide for himself?

Pluto: Certainly—or talk it over with others.

Socrates: Well, Pluto, I am afraid that means discussion. Indeed, I know of no way to examine a thought, to see whether it be good or evil, sound or unsound, true or untrue, but to discuss it. So when you say only good thoughts must be discussed, you must admit all thought to be discussed in order to ascertain which are good. Isn't that true?

Pluto: It seems so, Socrates.

Demos: It has certainly been the history of man. What good have we ever achieved save after full discussion, and alas, after bitter opposition?

Socrates: Well, then, if discussion be the way to examine ideas, the fuller, wider and freer the discussion, the better the examination. How does that strike you, Pluto?

Pluto: I see no other answer, Socrates. Unless you limited the discussion to the wise and ruling classes.

Socrates: Who are the wise? The rich?

Pluto: No, not necessarily.

Socrates: The well-dressed?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: The well-born?

Pluto: No. Not always.

Demos: "Not always!" Show me the inventors, poets, scientists, artists from the well-born. No, I should say "Not always." Almost never.

Socrates: Well, is there any class of wise men?

Pluto: No. Wisdom is not limited to any class.

Socrates: A cobbler might be wiser than a prince?

Pluto: Yes. It is possible.

Socrates: As to cobbling he would surely be more learned?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: But if he were ever so wise, and the question to be examined was that of imposing a tax on cobblers, would you let him decide it?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: Or all the cobblers?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: Then if the question to be examined is whether the governing few or the very rich few have unjust Special Privileges, which ought to be taken from them, do you think they ought to be the ones to decide?

Pluto: Perhaps not. But, Socrates, this talk of Special Privileges is all nonsense. These men have had only the same chance that is open to all others. They have earned every cent by their own labors or intelligence, honestly, in a fair field, open to every one.

Socrates: If that be so, then, in my opinion, they ought to be allowed to keep all they have earned, be it much or little.

Demos: I think so, too. But I deny that the field has been free and open, and I deny that they have "earned" their wealth. That is the very subject I want to discuss, and I want to discuss it publicly, and let those opposed speak and let us all hear what is said on both sides.

Pluto: And I say it is outrageous to attack these men.

Demos: I am not attacking any man. I am attacking certain institutions existing in society, which I call Special Privileges, created by force of law.

Pluto: It comes to the same thing in the end. It upsets society, and stops progress. It is nothing less than Socialism.

Socrates: What is that?

Pluto: It is Anarchism.

Socrates: What is that?

Pluto: I am happy to say I don't know, except that they are crazy ideas.

Socrates: But if you don't know what they are, how can you say they are crazy? You must learn, Pluto, not to be frightened at a mere word. Find out what it means before you let it frighten you. But it seems to me, Pluto, you are now denying what before you admitted, and we will never get anywhere unless we settle our points once for all.

Do you wish to change your conclusion

that new ideas must be discussed to properly examine them?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: And fully discussed?

Pluto: Oh, I suppose so.

Socrates: And not by any class, but by the whole people?

Pluto: No, I don't care to change my ideas on that. It follows, of course.

Socrates: Well, then, let us consider all that settled, and so you see it is not outrageous for Demos here to put out ideas which he thinks right and you think wrong—no matter if those ideas will change conditions in society.

Let me ask you, **Pluto:** Do you think it wrong to seek to change existing conditions?

Pluto: Yes, I do. I don't believe in stirring up discontent.

Socrates: Then you think we are in a perfect condition, and no progress is possible?

Pluto: No, Socrates. You know I don't think anything so foolish.

Socrates: But if it is wrong for us to seek to change conditions, it was wrong for our forefathers to do so, and wrong for their fathers before them, and so on back till we find it was wrong to seek anything better than a cave, a club and some bloody bones. And it will be wrong for our successors to seek to change conditions, and progress must cease, for without change there can be no progress. Is that what you mean?

Pluto: No, Socrates, I don't mean that. But we should be cautious.

Socrates: In other words, we should discuss a long time before we actually experiment. Is that what you mean?

Pluto: Well, I did n't think that was what I meant, but you have a way of putting things so that I am compelled to admit them.

Socrates: Well, don't admit it if it seems false. How would you state it? If we must be cautious we must not make the actual trial till we have thoroughly examined the theory. Is that what you mean?

Pluto: Yes, that is my idea.

Socrates: And to thoroughly examine the idea we must discuss it a long time, thoroughly?

Pluto: Yes. I see I cannot change it from the way you put it.

Socrates: Do you know any other way to finally test a theory but to try it?

Demos: Why do you hesitate, **Pluto**?

Pluto: Because, if I admit what Socrates first asks me I seem always to be helpless to the end.

Socrates: Surely you would not admit what you could truthfully contradict; let me ask you this: If the known facts are all out of harmony with a theory and contradict it, is the theory true or false?

Pluto: False, Socrates. No doubt of it.

Socrates: Then if you know any way to

test a theory other than to put it into practice, and try it out with all the facts, tell me what your way is?

Pluto: No, Socrates, there is no other way.

Socrates: Now, then, I think I understand what you and Demos were quarreling about. It was really whether his notions on Special Privilege and unjust poverty were right or wrong, and you thought they were wrong.

Pluto: Yes, and still think so.

Socrates: Of course, you believe there is right and wrong in the world, **Pluto**?

Pluto: Oh, yes, that is unfortunately absolutely true.

Socrates: And you adhere to the right?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates, so far as I know it.

Socrates: That is what I mean—you love the ideal Right and hate the ideal Unright, and you will adhere to and battle for Righteousness as you see it.

Pluto: I certainly will.

Socrates: And if by any chance you should be made to see what you thought right was really unrighteous, you would then abandon that and turn always to what you believed to be the right?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: So what you really strive for in your soul is not any particular condition, to be maintained by force, be it right or wrong, but to measure that particular thing by the test of ideal righteousness; and if it be wrong, then to abandon it and seek the ideal right?

Pluto: That is how I want to live.

Socrates: Ideal Justice is one form of Righteousness, is it not?

Pluto: The highest form, Socrates. What can be greater than Justice?

Demos: Nothing.

Socrates: Then, **Pluto**, you believe in Justice, rather than Injustice?

Pluto: Most assuredly, Socrates. Who could say he believed in Injustice?

Demos: Oh, nobody says it. But plenty practice it. Words are cheap.

Socrates: Never mind, Demos, **Pluto** says he will follow Justice wherever he can see it, and will desert Injustice wherever he knows it. Is that right, **Pluto**?

Pluto: That is right, Socrates.

Socrates: Is it a man's duty to promote justice or obstruct it, **Pluto**?

Pluto: To promote it, Socrates. No doubt of it.

Socrates: Then the man who believed he saw injustice in an existing system would be wrong in not submitting the question to discussion, which we have seen to be the only test prior to actual practice. Is that so, **Pluto**?

Pluto: Yes, it seems so.

Socrates: Then I believe, **Pluto**, you must admit Demos is doing right in discussing those things which he honestly believes to be unjust. And those who so be-

lieve, but refrain from agitation and discussion, are cowards or hypocrites. So the only thing left for us to examine is the truth or untruth of Demos's ideas. What is it that he says?

Pluto: He says—

Demos: This is what I say: that the field of struggle is not free and equal to all; that the mother earth, source of all wealth, is given by Special Privilege to a few; that society in general is taxed for a few; that the great economic forces and engines of society are monopolized by a few. And these Special Privileges, like so many con-

duit pipes, carry the wealth created by the many into the hands of the few beneficiaries of privilege.

Socrates: And what do you say, Pluto?

Pluto: I say it is all nonsense. These same so-called Privileges are open to every man, so therefore they are not Privileges at all. And the wealthy are wealthy because they are superior in industry, intelligence and economy. It is the survival of the fittest, the reward of the most deserving. All cannot get to the top.

Socrates: That is true. But let us examine these questions a little further.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Wood will continue this interesting discussion in next month's Impressions.

Before and After

By Jared Mallet

Who preached before election day—
From every platform, cart or dray—
Protection must be done away?
Me, Bill Taft.

Who showed, in pre-election fight,
Protection was the toll which Might
Was taking from the poor?—Sad sight!
Me, Bill Taft.

Who said this wicked plunder must
Be stopped? Who said that he would bust
The over-stuffed and dangerous Trusts?
Me, Bill Taft.

And who, when Aldrich grimly laughed
And offered full the cup of graft,
Quick down the rotten potion quaffed?
Me, Bill Taft.

Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada,
Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska,
Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD

GENERAL.

What Is Conservation?

A recent attack upon the Oregon Conservation Commission, forces to the front this question: "What is conservation?"

A few years ago nearly everybody in the West was a shouter for the new movement that purposes to check the profligate wasting of our natural resources. The accepted slogan of the new movement—which was really only the re-enthusing of several old movements—was the single word: "Conservation." But the practical working out of the conservation idea soon developed opposition. The waste of resources can only be checked by hedging about with better laws our remaining open lands, our minerals, our water for irrigation and power, and our timber. These laws must encourage the proper use of resources; yet their whole purpose is to make impossible the wanton selfish exploitation and grabbing of the narrow individualist, which inevitably tends toward monopoly and public extortion.

At the time of the beginning of the conservation movement, few Western States had done anything toward the protection, in the interest of the whole people, of their timber, water, land and minerals. Hence it was right for the Nation to do something—to come to the rescue of the States. One of the first vigorous steps was the wholesale creation of the National Forests, and the protection of timber. A second step was the withdrawal from entry of nearly all of the valuable water-power sites of the West, pending the passage of modern water laws. A third step is the investigation of the Alaskan coal claims; the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry; the agitation of laws that will estop a tendency toward the monopolization of the greatest virgin coal deposits of the Nation. Also, vast areas of oil lands in the West have been withdrawn from entry, because of our very crude and childish mineral laws. Toward the same general end, is the talked-of national law that will force the individual Western States to remodel their water codes; to protect the irrigationist, prevent wasteful and unending litigation, and give definite title to the substance that measures land values in many sections.

Opposition toward the present conservation movement takes the form of ridicule; and a clouding of the issues at stake. Conservation means "bottling up all our resources" is favorite cant of its opponents. Another "argument" is that conservation will fasten onto the West "an unwieldy, sapping Federal bureaucracy." To combat National conservation, the individualists always urge State conservation.

But here is the point. State conservation is no better than National conservation—to those who want no conservation at all. Witness the attack upon the Oregon Conservation Commission. It was one of the first Commissions to be appointed, following the Conference of Governors at Washington, D. C. Its non-salaried members were able to secure the enactment of what "is generally regarded as the best water law in the United States." It has worked diligently toward checking Oregon's enormous annual forest-fire losses. It has disseminated soil and crop knowledge; and aided good roads and better public transportation.

Yet, inspired—or misinformed—speakers and writers have recently said that the Oregon Conservation Commission "has performed little if any real service for the State;" and these persons gravely "recommend that this Commission be abolished."

One example will prove the character of these "recommendations." For five years previous to the passage of Oregon's new water law, no Carey Act projects were initiated in the State. In the single year following its passage, nine Carey Act projects, totalling more than 600,000 acres, and to be constructed at an estimated cost of about \$50,000,000, were initiated.

Distributing \$45,000,000 for Reclamation.

The West received the recommendations of the Board of Army Engineers, for the distribution of \$45,000,000 among the various Reclamation projects, with mingled jollification and disappointment. This report has been approved by the President, and presented to the Secretary of the Interior for execution. A big loop-hole was left by the President, however.

"But this approval," his letter states, "so

far as the amounts of the allotments are concerned, is not final and absolute, but is intended to be subject to change by adjustment and modifications of the amounts as may be necessary for the intelligent and proper prosecution of the work, and to the advantage of the Service."

The \$20,000,000 bond issue voted by the last session of Congress, it will be remembered, must be distributed in accordance with the recommendations of this Board of Army Engineers. But the supplementary report of the Engineers—distributing the regularly-acquired Reclamation fund of \$25,000,000—"was drawn at my request and for my information," the President adds.

To make the story complete, an action of Congress at the time of the approval of the Reclamation bond issue should be retold: the repeal of the section of the Reclamation Law requiring that not less than fifty-one per cent of the public-land-sale Reclamation funds be expended in the State contributing them. Hence the Army Board and the President are under no legal obligations to any particular section or State, in the distribution of this large reclamation fund, and their recommendations are supposed to be wholly impartial.

The most liberal allotment, in the distribution of the \$20,000,000 bond issue, was the sum of \$4,500,000 given to the Rio Grande project reclaiming 180,000 acres, 110,000 acres of which is in New Mexico, 45,000 in Texas, and 25,000 in Mexico. The second largest allotment—grouping all of the projects within each State—was to the Strawberry Valley and Salt River projects in Utah, they being given a total of \$2,767,000. The Montana projects, the Huntley, Milk River, and Lower Yellowstone, are third in the list, receiving a total of \$2,678,000. The Grand Valley and Uncompahgre projects of Colorado were allotted a total of \$2,500,000. The Payette-Boise project in Idaho, and the North Platte project in Wyoming and Nebraska, were allowed \$2,000,000 each; and the Sunnyside and the Tieton units of the Yakima project in Washington were given \$1,915,000. The sum of \$1,200,000 was allotted to the Yuma project in Arizona; and \$1,193,000 to the Truckee-Carson project in Nevada. A total of \$925,000 was allotted toward the extension of the Umatilla and the Klamath projects in Oregon. The last on the list is the Missouri pumping plant in North Dakota, which was given \$270,000.

Excepting California, Kansas and Oklahoma, all of the States of the West, it will be seen, are given some sort of allotment from the \$20,000,000 bond issue.

The Army Engineers recommend that the estimated \$25,000,000 that will accumulate in the Reclamation fund during the period, 1911-1914, be distributed as follows: the Huntley, Milk River, Sun River, and Lower Yellowstone projects, Montana, \$6,916,000; the Minidoka and Payette-Boise projects, Idaho, \$5,113,435; the Grand Valley and Un-

compahgre projects, Colorado, \$2,545,000; the Yuma project, Arizona, \$2,380,000; the North Platte project, Wyoming and Nebraska, \$2,185,000; the Shoshone project, Wyoming, \$2,000,000; the Rio Grande project, New Mexico, Texas, and Mexico, \$1,855,000; the Truckee-Carson project, Nevada, \$1,594,000; the Bell Fourche project, South Dakota, \$480,000; the Missouri pumping project, North Dakota, \$270,000; and the Okanogan project, Washington, \$13,000.

These two sets of figures, in the total, suggest the magnitude of Government irrigation in the West. Nearly sixty-two million dollars have already been expended on Government projects. The provisional recommendations of the President give an additional forty-five million dollars—which will complete eighteen of the Government projects. But the additional sum of forty-three million dollars will be required to complete the eleven projects that will still be unfinished at the close of the year 1914.

The recommendations of the Army Engineers, as outlined, have been received with marked dissatisfaction by some of the States. The disappointed sections are those that have received small allotments; and the most fiery protests are from the States whose proportional allotments fall short of their proportional contribution to the regular Reclamation fund. Judging by comparative percentages, the greatest grievances are held by Oklahoma, California and Kansas, who received no allotments at all; though they contributed largely to the Reclamation fund. Also, North Dakota contributed 15.66 per cent of the Reclamation fund, and was given but .595 per cent of the distributed fund; Oregon gave 14.16 per cent, and her allotment was but 2.04 per cent; South Dakota, 6.74 per cent, and received 1.06 per cent; and Washington, 9.79 per cent, and was allotted 4.25 per cent.

It is thought that these protests will result in a reapportionment of the regular Reclamation fund of \$25,000,000. As one example, the Secretary of Interior has ordered the completion of the final survey of the West Umatilla project in Oregon.

One of the ridiculous phases of the controversy has been the seizure of the occasion by the political opponents of both Oregon Senators to attack them for their alleged somnolence "at the switch," whereby Oregon "failed to get its share."

Western Oil for the Navy.

The future of the oil industry in California and the West seems assured by the recommendations of the general naval board of the United States that the next Government battleships should use oil rather than coal for fuel. The construction of oil-carrying vessels to accompany the battleships is also urged, and the general conclusion is reached that the entire navy should in time

use oil fuel. The chief advantage of oil over coal is that the ships are made independent of home bases. The dreadnaughts will thus be able to remain indefinitely at sea, and become wholly independent of coal- ing stations, since oil can be pumped from one ship to another while an average speed is maintained, and in all kinds of weather.

These recommendations are made only after a careful investigation by naval experts. Special agents announced more than a year ago that the Government would not undertake to burn oil unless it could be shown that California had not less than 12,- 000,000 barrels of oil annually in storage. Figures for the past year show that more than 11,000,000 barrels were in storage for this one period alone, regardless of the millions of barrels stored during previous years. In the total, California produced nearly 80,000,000 barrels of oil during 1910, the production for 1909 being about 58,000,- 000 barrels.

California is the only oil-producing State of the Coast, though promising oil pros-

pects are being tested in a number of sec- tions of the Northwest.

Regulation of Grazing in the National Forests.

That the Secretary of Agriculture has authority to prevent the grazing of live- stock in the National Forests without a permit, is the decision of the Federal Courts in New Mexico, in three distinct cases. These are test cases of importance, due to decision of the Supreme Court of the United States last March. At that time an even division of the Justices affirmed the find- ings of the United States Court of Southern California, to the effect that violation of the grazing regulations is not punishable as a crime. A rehearing of this case has been granted by the Supreme Court, in order that a full bench may authoritatively settle the point. The latter case, however, does not invalidate the right of the Government to bring civil suit against wilful trespassers in the National Forests.

OREGON.

Portland's Factory District Growing.

It is announced that Portland has been selected as the Northwest location of a second large meat packing-plant. The original factory—one of the greatest of the West—is being constructed by Swift & Company. The newcomers, who promise to erect an equally large factory, is the independent firm of Schwarzschild and Sulzberger. The new plant is to be as modern as any in the country, and the size is shown in the fact that twenty acres of land will be demanded for a building site. It is further stated that modern independent stockyards will probably also be built in connection with the plant.

Another step toward the growth of Port- land's factory district is the recent purchase of 800 acres of land on the "Peninsula" by Portland and Seattle capitalists, who plan to develop a great factory district. Options are said to have been secured on other tracts that will increase the total holdings of the company to 1,300 acres. The loca- tion of this property as a factory site is especially advantageous. It has a frontage of a mile and a quarter on the Columbia River, and is located within a five-mile radius from the heart of the city. The wa- ter is deep along the shore and requires no dredging to afford good landing for ocean- going craft. A large sawmill is reported as one of the possibilities on this land.

Electric Line From Eugene to the Coast.

Construction work will soon begin on an electric road from Eugene, at the head of the Willamette Valley, west to the Pacific Coast, it is announced. The proposed route leads across the Coast Range, and at a dis-

tance of forty-four miles reaches the head- waters of the Siuslaw River. From this point it is sixty miles to the seaport of Florence. It is stated, also, that the road may later be extended south seventy-five miles along the coast to Coos Bay. The new region traversed contains much valu- able timber, and has splendid dairying pos- sibilities. Vegetables, cereals and fruit crops are also especially prolific in the mild coast section.

Branch Railway to Prineville.

A company has been organized to con- struct a branch railway, from a point on the Hill and the Harriman Deschutes River roads through Central Oregon, east up the Crooked River Valley to Prineville. Final surveys have been made and rights-of-way secured, it is stated. The branch road will be nearly twenty miles in length, and it is thought that it will later be extended further east to the valuable timber belt in the foothills of the Blue Mountains. It is probable that gasoline motor cars will be used. The section traversed is one of the first settled and richest portions of interior Oregon, and Prineville is the present larg- est town in that part of the State.

Oregon Development Notes.

Three thousand acres of timber land near Cottage Grove, Lane County, have recently been purchased by Portland and Idaho cap- italists, who will erect and operate a mill with a daily sawing capacity of 100,000 feet of lumber. It is estimated that there is a total of 100,000,000 feet of fir timber on the land. After the timber is cut it is planned

to devote a considerable part of the logged-off area to fruit growing.

The reported largest sale ever made by the Government from the National Forests, with one exception in Montana, has been consummated in the Crater Lake National Forests of Southern Oregon. Forty-six million feet of timber have been transferred,

the consideration being \$365,460, it is stated. Twenty-five per cent of this amount, as provided by law, passes into the school and road funds of the counties in which the timber land is located.

A 666-acre Willamette Valley farm, located near Coburg, is reported sold to a Eugene man, who will colonize the tract.

WASHINGTON.

Washington's Growth and Development.

The assessed valuation of property in Washington has trebled during the past ten years, and the population has doubled, states the chairman of the State Board of Tax Commissioners. During the past five years four million acres of land have become subject to taxation, through patents issued. This authority also reports that six million acres of land were under cultivation in the irrigated and dry-farming districts of Eastern Washington in 1910, as against 3,600,000 acres in 1906. The four greatest products of Washington during the past year have been lumber, grain, fish and fruit. The estimated value of the fishery and the fruit products is between fourteen and fifteen million dollars each. The grain crop for 1910 is placed at nearly thirty-eight million bushels, twenty-five million bushels of which is wheat.

Reclaim 20,000 Acres in Klickitat County.

A company has been organized to reclaim 20,000 acres of land in the Camas Prairie country, in Klickitat County, in the south central part of the State. In addition to draining, provision will be made for the irrigation of the land. Also, it is estimated that 40,000 water horsepower can be generated along the narrow drainage canyon, and it is planned to erect an electric plant. The production of clover, alfalfa, and other forage

crops, and dairying, are expected to be the chief industries of the new section.

Washington Progress Notes.

A large electrical power corporation announces that it will build a new transmission line that will make possible the irrigation of 18,000 acres of land near Walla Walla, Southeastern Washington, and between the towns of Freewater and Gardena. More than sixty farmers, it is stated, have agreed to take power for the pumping of water. The new electrical transmission line will be fifteen miles in length. The twenty-eight square miles thus made irrigable include some of the best of the Walla Walla Valley fruit belt.

It is the plan of a newly-incorporated company to convert their recent purchase of 1,800 acres of raw land near White Salmon, South Central Washington, into small orchards. The land has fifty million feet of merchantable timber, and is within the well-known Columbia River fruit belt. Minnesota men are among the chief stockholders of the promoting company.

Four thousand acres of the Methow Valley bench lands are reported to be irrigated by a project that will take water from the Methow River, above Winthrop, and carry it through a seventeen-mile ditch. The Methow Valley is in the north central part of Washington, and has won many prizes for its fruit products.

IDAHO.

Plans to Utilize Fire-Killed Timber in the Northwest.

State and Government officials are active in trying to save and use the large amount of timber that was fire-killed during the past summer. In the Idaho-Montana region, where the heaviest fire losses occurred, Government experts estimate that more than one and one-fourth million acres were burned over within the National Forests alone, and that six billion board feet of timber was either killed or completely destroyed. This is equal to the total amount of timber that would be cut from the National Forests during a period of twelve years, at the present rate of cutting. Also, it is about one-sixth of the annual cut in the entire United States.

The Department of Agriculture is making every effort to dispose of the fire-killed timber within the National Forests, while it is still merchantable. It will be sold in the stump to millmen, who will log it in accordance with forestry principles. In order that this timber may not go to waste in the woods the price will be lower than ordinarily asked. Also, future sales of green timber within the forests that were most seriously damaged will be cut down. The policy of the Department of Agriculture, in general, is not to sell the National Forest timber until there is a reasonably good demand, since all of this timber will be needed by the Nation later.

An ingenious method has been suggested by a State official of Idaho toward saving the fire-killed timber. The plan is to pre-

serve the logs in water until they shall have become marketable. The idea is said to be meeting with encouragement among timbermen, and on the part of the State and Government officials. Should such a plan be adopted, early next spring natural reservoir sites will be co-operatively developed into lakes, and the logs rolled into the water and kept there until disposed of through sales.

Great Irrigation Projects in Idaho.

Idaho has 5,003,833 acres of land under irrigation canals, according to reports from the State Land Department. More than half of this total acreage—2,630,833 acres—is being irrigated or will be reclaimed by the forty-two Carey Act projects of the State. The estimated total cost of all these projects is \$75,667,540, of which amount more than seventeen million dollars have been expended to date. A total of 713,894 acres of this Carey Act land is reported sold; and of the unsold acreage, 270,184 acres are open to public entry. The largest of the Carey Act projects comprises 580,000 acres in

Owyhee County, which is to be reclaimed at an expenditure of \$17,000,000. The main canal of this project will be 140 miles long. The reservoir will cover 70,000 acres of land, and will be the reported largest body of artificial water in the United States.

In addition to the Carey Act land, 373,000 acres are to be reclaimed by the United States Reclamation Service; and 2,000,000 acres are irrigated by private projects.

Pump Water to 8,000 Acres.

It is the announced plan of Denver capitalists to utilize the power afforded by The Thousand Springs, on the Snake River, in Southern Idaho, to pump water for the irrigation of 8,000 acres of land along the river benches. It is estimated that 14,000 horsepower may be developed, though only 3,000 of this will be at present transformed into electrical energy. The pumping plant will be located about fifty miles from The Thousand Springs, and the water for irrigation lifted to benches from thirty-five to a hundred feet above the water-level of the river.

MONTANA.

Great Falls, the Power City of Montana.

The available water power within and adjacent to the town of Great Falls, in the north central part of the State, is estimated at 348,000 horse power. Besides this vast water power, Great Falls is surrounded by rich agricultural and mineral resources, all of which seems to insure that the place will continue to grow in importance as an industrial center. Great Falls is already the second city in size in the State, having an estimated population of about 30,000. A part of the large adjacent water power of the Missouri River is being used to smelt ores brought from the mines at Butte. The smelter is the second largest in the country, and the smelting cost is said to be the lowest in the world. The annual product of the smelter is 100,000,000 pounds of refined copper, besides gold, silver and lead. Between 1,200 and 1,600 men are employed; the payroll, alone, would insure the prosperity of a fair-sized city. Iron works and mills of various kinds are also important

industrial works of the city and the locality.

Great Falls has become, chiefly because of its water power and its central location, one of the important railway centers of the Northwest. It is down-grade from all of the chief mines of the State, which gives promise of increased manufacturing possibilities in the future. Nearby coal mines produce a million and a half tons of coal annually, and hundreds of acres of coal lands are as yet untouched. Also there are quantities of iron ore, and manganese and calcium nearby; and other mineral mines being opened in this part of Montana as fast as railway transportation permits.

Great areas of wheat and irrigated lands are also tributary to Great Falls. The city is one of the most important primary wool-shipping points of the West, and the stock-raising industry in the section about is still important. Great Falls is a county seat, and the location of a United States Custom House which collects large revenues from imported Canadian coal.

ARIZONA.

Milo Maize a Promising Crop for the Salt River Valley.

Experiments conducted this year near Phoenix seem to prove that milo maize will be one of the profitable crops of the future in the irrigated valleys of Arizona. A field of forty-seven acres of this particular variety of corn was planted during the early summer, and reported results have been very encouraging. The estimated yield in grain will be between 3,000 and 5,000 pounds to the acre, besides the fodder which is considered valuable stock feed. The chief present demand for the milo maize grain is

said to be for use as seed, the market price varying from three to five cents per pound. There seems to be little doubt but that the price will be maintained, since the grain is a valuable food, having many of the qualities of wheat and other common grains. The crop is especially adapted to the section since it can be planted and will mature after a previous crop has been harvested during the same year. Some of the grain on the experimental tract was irrigated once and some of it twice. It has not been demonstrated as yet what are the best methods of irrigation and cultivation for this new Salt River Valley crop.

CALIFORNIA.

Harvesting Flower and Vegetable Seeds in California.

The world's greatest flower and vegetable seed farms are found in the Santa Clara Valley in California. It is estimated that 15,000 acres of fertile land are devoted to this use, the product being shipped in carloads to all parts of the United States and the world. It is reported that ninety-five per cent of all the commercial lettuce seed of the world is grown in this valley, the annual shipments being about a million and a half pounds. Three thousand acres are devoted to sweet peas, and four million pounds produced. Four thousand acres are used for onions, necessitating the planting of twenty million pounds of sets. Other vegetable seeds produced by the ton are: radish, carrot, collards, celery, asparagus, mustard, kale, leek, parsley, spinach and tomato.

Among flower seeds the sweet pea is most important, and in the production of this and several other varieties California leads the world. Holland and Germany excel in the production of certain varieties of flower seeds. California grows many varieties of bulbs, and large quantities of nasturtium, balsam, calendula, pink, aster, cosmos, candytuft, mignonette, poppy, phlox and verbena.

Another surprising feature of the California seed-growing industry is the great number of different varieties of each kind of seed grown. One hundred and twenty-five varieties of sweet peas are produced on one large farm; and seventy-four different kinds of lettuce seed. Thirty-five varieties of onion seed, and thirty-two of lettuce will be delivered by another seed grower.

The reason why California excels in the seed-growing industry is entirely a climatic one. The Santa Clara Valley is entirely without rain from May until the middle of September—as are also some other parts of the State—and this gives opportunity to harvest and cure the seed entirely in the open. A rain in the middle of the seed harvesting time would mean a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars; but it never rains, summer moisture being supplied by irrigation.

The rule in California is to plant one acre to a certain variety of flower or vegetable for so many hundred pounds of seeds ordered. Thus the farmer will plant ten acres to onions, for every four hundred pounds of seed ordered; one acre for five hundred pounds of lettuce seed; eight hundred pounds of carrot seed, or eleven hundred pounds of sweet peas. On these seed farms, January and February are planting months, and harvest lasts from July until early September. Modern machinery is used wherever possible, and Japanese, Chinese and Hindus perform the chief hand labor.

Irrigate 70,000 Acres in the San Joaquin Valley.

Final surveys for the construction of a system that will irrigate 70,000 acres of land near Stockton, in San Joaquin County, are being made, it is stated. An irrigation district has been formed, and bonds to the amount of \$1,875,000 voted, a part of which have been sold. Water will be taken from the Stanislaus River; and by means of a long series of tunnels and conduits will be brought to the proposed reservoir site near Eugene. The reservoir will cover between 5,000 and 6,000 acres.

Large Tracts to Be Colonized.

A company capitalized at two million dollars has been organized to irrigate and colonize 16,000 acres of land near Red Bluff, in the upper Sacramento River Valley. The tract is known as the Finnell grant, and its irrigation will be made possible by the construction of a large reservoir on Elder Creek, in the Lowrey section. A part of the land is along the Sacramento River and is reported very rich.

A second large colonizing enterprise has been announced by one of the railway systems of the West. This Bureau has purchased 10,000 acres of land in Sutter County, in the vicinity of Nicolaus, and will prepare it for irrigation and subdivision early in the spring. A townsite will be established in the center of the ten and twenty-acre tracts. Water will be pumped by electrical energy.

Electrical Power Development Notes.

A 65,000 horsepower electrical generating plant—said to be the largest of the kind in the United States—has recently been completed at Los Angeles at a cost of \$1,000,000. The plant is located at Long Beach, near the ocean. Two thousand barrels of oil are required daily to operate the plant, whose product will be used chiefly in Los Angeles.

A new electrical power company, capitalized at \$10,000,000, is announced formed at San Francisco. Smaller companies that have not less than 100,000 water horsepower have been taken over, it is stated. The most valuable of the acquired power sites are located on the branches of the Tuolumne River, 110 miles from San Francisco, which city will be the chief objective distribution point.

The chief celery supply point for the entire United States, during the period from the middle of December to the middle of February, is Orange County, Southern California. More particularly, the celery district centers about the town of Smeltzer, from which approximately 2,000 cars of celery will be shipped this year.

[Continued on 338f]

Miracles of the Desert

By Frank Carleton Teck

IN THE LAST week of January this year I left Seattle for a trip through the Richland region of Eastern Washington. In Seattle, the day I left, the weather was cold, drizzly and windy, and I was cautioned to take with me plenty of heavy clothing, as it would likely be zero weather in the heart of the Inland Empire. But I was willing to take a chance, so I fared forth in my customary raiment.

Richland is 252 miles east from Seattle, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and at present about three miles from the North Coast railway. After crossing the Cascades—at Ellensburg, North Yakima, Toppenish and Kiona—there was a light layer of snow on the ground, but the sky was clear and the air mild and still. At Kiona the conductor told me that this snow fell on January 25—and on that date Richland was baptized by a light, warm rain. East of Kiona there was no snow, yet Richland is but 21 miles by rail from Kiona and about 15 miles away overland. At the same time I was told that there was snow at Spokane, which is east of Richland.

Never have I experienced more delightful weather in April or October than Richland enjoyed in the last week of January. There was slight movement in the atmosphere, the sky was clear, the sun shone brightly and warmly, there was no snow visible save on the timbered cone of a distant mountain, and all the earth was free from the slightest trace of frost. In the virgin fields men were at work with shovels, mattocks, horses, rails and plows, and scrapers getting the ground in shape for the future orchard.

There is but one explanation of this ex-

traordinary mildness of climate that I can offer: The Richland district, embracing the beautiful peninsular area formed by the junction of the Columbia and Yakima rivers, is shielded from the cold northerly winds by high hills and mountains near enough to be really protective, while the warm breezes and chinooks from the south reach all parts of the Richland region without interruption. Early in January about half an inch of snow fell at Richland, but it melted and disappeared in three or four hours. That is the only suggestion of winter they had up to the time I was there.

The village of Richland is ideal in several essentials. It is beautifully located on gently sloping ground on the west shore of the Columbia. The town is supplied with water for domestic purposes from a huge well equipped with a pumping plant and the water is piped to the houses throughout the town. The water is absolutely pure, clear and cold. The altitude above sea level at Richland is only 365 feet.

Although Richland has a population not exceeding 500, it boasts four new concrete business blocks, each two stories high, and a public school system and equipment equal to that of any other town of twice that population. It has an accredited high school with four teachers and thirty-three students, and grade schools with six teachers and 207 pupils enrolled. Although the present handsome combination school building has seven spacious rooms and a well-equipped gymnasium, it has been found necessary to build a separate high school building this spring. At Fruitvale, also in the Richland district, six miles north on the Columbia River, there is a fine four-room school building. The sudden



Raw Sagebrush Land.

and substantial growth of the Richland district may be judged from the fact that four years ago for the entire district only one teacher was required and sixteen pupils were enrolled. The district furnishes free transportation to and from the Richland and Fruitvale schools. comfortable busses being used.

Richland is but three years old, yet it has a bank with a paid-up capital of \$200,000, and one of its general stores carries a stock invoicing \$25,000.

It is claimed that the Richland orchard lands comprise the largest and best irrigated district in the State of Washing-

the conservative Richland Land Company, which has the properties for sale. Richland is unrivaled in climate and water supply. It has an irrigation system that supplies more water per acre to this district of 16,000 acres than is supplied to any other irrigation project in the Evergreen State. It is a perfect gravity flow brought down from the dam and head-gates on the Yakima River, at a point twelve miles northwest from Richland village, and distributed to all parts of this immense tract by canals, laterals and flumes, delivering 44½ inches of water per acre. This equals about one cubic



The Lower Yakima Irrigation Company Distributes the Water Supply Over the Richland Valley From This Dam. Nothing Is So Important From an Irrigation Standpoint as the Positive and Sufficient Supply of Water.

ton, and my personal investigations and travels over the property failed to disclose anything to the contrary. The lands lie advantageously in all parts of the district and everywhere the wild lands are covered with a luxuriant growth of sagebrush, which several outfits were removing by dragging with railroad rails while I was there. The soil is an unusually rich blend of volcanic ash and sandy loam, with a substratum of gravel, insuring clean tree roots and perfect drainage.

Richland is very proud of its four-year record, and the men who have secured small orchard tracts and are improving them are far more outspoken and unserved in their praise of the district than

foot of water per 120 acres, whereas the usual irrigation project receives but one cubic foot to every 160 acres. Amplitude of water supply is of the most vital importance to fruit growing in the arid regions having proper drainage soil. The Richland system delivers practically one-third more water per acre than the other leading irrigation projects of Eastern Washington.

Richland's beginning dated from the completion of the Benton Water Company's canal four years ago, irrigating about 2000 acres where the village now stands. The success of the first project was so surprisingly pronounced that the Lower Yakima Irrigation Company secured the adjoining

land on the north, the projects were merged and 14,000 acres were added to the irrigated area, part of the new tract being brought under ditch two years ago and the remainder last year. This spring nearly 2000 acres will be added by pumping from the lateral ditches.

The district is remarkably favored in the length of its growing season. The irrigating season in the Richland district opens not later than March 15, at a time when most irrigated orchard tracts are still frozen and covered with snow. That is why Richland has become recognized as the earliest and best fruit district of the State of Washington.

The growth of young trees and grape vines in the Richland country is marvelously prolific. I saw yearling apple trees as high as a man, and three-year-old pear trees that were laden with first quality fruit, this past season, so I was informed.

It is an ideal grape district, both for American and European varieties, and many vineyards are already started. North of the village of Richland, the first Richland Land Company tract, and as far up as Fruitvale is literally dotted with new cottages, clearings and innumerable young orchards on five-acre and ten-acre tracts, where less than two years ago all was wild sagebrush prairie and not a house in sight.

Both Richland and Fruitvale are regular ports for four steamboats running on the Columbia and Snake Rivers from Celilo Falls, where portage is made for Portland steamers, to Priest Rapids and Lewiston. The new North Coast railroad reaches Richland, and it is generally understood that the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound railroad, now building to Hanford, about 30 miles north from Richland, will continue down the river to connect with the North Coast at or near Richland.

Many of the present residents of the Richland district are paying for their keep as well as for improvements, with crops of vegetables, small fruits or alfalfa grown between the rows of growing trees. Alfalfa yields four crops a year, an average of



Cement-Lined Canal.

about ten tons per acre, and sells for from \$8 to \$12 per ton in the stack. Berries of all kinds are always a successful crop, ripen very early and command the highest prices in the markets.

Under the circumstances, I was not surprised to find many prospective buyers going over the properties still available and that the tracts are being snapped up so rapidly that the entire district must soon be transferred to future orchardists. Last year only 30,000 trees were set out, but this year, I was informed, the Richland Nursery Company has prepared to set out at least a million young trees. Apples are the staples, but there are considerable numbers of peach, pear and cherry trees to be set out. In a low valley about half a mile from Richland, George Stetson, a prominent pioneer sawmill man of Seattle, has a beautiful farm of 100 acres on which until and including last year he maintained a prosperous hop field for several years. Henceforth the Stetson place will be a fruit farm.

There is not an undesirable tract in the district so far as I was able to observe, and the prices at which the remaining unsold tracts are offered are amazingly low—from \$150 to \$375 per acre, including perpetual water rights. The Richland Land Company, which has its headquarters at 18 21 Downs Building, Seattle, has issued some admirable illustrated literature describing the Richland country in detail, and all of the information is scrupulously true, so that the reader really gets more actual information than he could secure by visiting the district. The company sends this literature free by mail to any address upon request.



Two-Year-Old Orchard at Richland.



SOUTH FORT GEORGE, OCTOBER, 1910.

The Land That Lures Men

A Study of the Next Great Center of Population

By Leigh H. Irvine

EVERY story of adventure tells of the joy that possesses men when they behold a new land, as when Columbus and his crew first saw the New Continent. Observe the frequency of *new* and its appeal in all things that are to stir men and women.

Human nature tires of the old scenes, the worn-out lands, the ruts of ancient opportunity. That men are more or less nomadic has long been known to great writers. Few men are too old to enjoy the delights of Robinson Crusoe, the pleasures of a sea voyage, the mysteries of mountaineering.

We like stories that begin this way: "There goes your island," said the captain, as he blew out the binnacle lamp, adding: "and it's a *new*, clean world that you'll find just beyond the breach of the surf, where the sea thunders on the coral reef."

Under such circumstances every able-bodied passenger will peep with eagerness, and some will clap sea glasses

to their eyes to learn all they can about *new* lands and people.

It is true today, as it was in the days of Homer, that the search for *new* lands is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of mankind. Every progressive man and woman, unless so old as to look only for the nurse and the undertaker, longs for the opportunities that go with broad acres, new towns and rich districts where opportunity lies hid and expectant.

This is a little story of a wonderful country that is soon to pass from the crude stage of the trapper and hunter to that of modern commerce and agriculture, with cities and farms, orchards and homes where solitude now prevails.

Comparatively few people yet know what an empire of wealth awaits the pioneers of the New Time, whose leaders are already feeling the lure of Central British Columbia. Those who have investigated the country realize that

there is a *destiny spot* where the Nechaco River flows into the great Fraser. That point is, in fact, the very vortex of the greatest system of inland waterways on the American Continent. It is hardly necessary to point to the manifold advantages of such opportunities, for everybody understands the value of water transportation.

Throughout the United States millions of farmers are deeply interested in dredging the rivers, little and big, and great conventions are held to expound the benefits of water transportation; yet here in the South Fort George country, an empire of fertile soil, with an ideal climate, are open channels that lead to an empire to the east, west, north and south. For example, to the eastward from South Fort George steamers will soon traverse the mighty Fraser for 315 miles, being stopped only by the Rocky Mountains at Tete Juane Cache.

The size and importance of the Fraser River may be understood when it is considered that the Willow, the Bear, the Big Salmon, and the Clearwater—all navigable at certain seasons—pour their waters into its ample channel. To the south, boats now run as far as Soda Creek—160 miles from South Fort George.

In addition to this superb advantage the land is to be girdled with railroads, for the giants of the iron highway are already planning to bring the world into close touch with the wonderlands of the New North.

The throb of industry is already felt all through the region. It is inevitable that South Fort George will be the busiest town in British Columbia this spring; a city of destiny passing from the baby stage to that of buoyant youth and thriving manhood.

Poets, artists, scientists and lovers of that idle sweet-do-nothing which leads to nowhere will not be seen in the country for some years to come; but men who do things—merchants, farmers, manufacturers, shrewd investors—these have already begun to center their energies and hopes in South Fort George.

It would make a good magazine

story if the right man were to be on the scene this spring to chronicle the incidents of human endeavor that will be enacted when navigation opens on the Fraser River, whose waters will be traversed by several steamers crowded to capacity with passengers and freight. These steamers will run until November and will carry empire-building people and materials from Soda Creek to South Fort George, the throbbing center of this wonderful country's activity.

The extent of opportunity here may be gauged by the fact that the town itself was a wilderness ten months ago, while today it has banks, general stores, sawmills and other business enterprises. It is destined to be the largest city in the interior of Northern British Columbia, this at an early date. To this end the river transportation, the railway systems now under construction, and the wonderful awakening that the world has heard of have contributed in a remarkable way during the last three or four months.

In seeking to learn why capital has a wide interest in this country one must not overlook the mineral resources that have made the district famous. In a recent speech Mr. John A. Fraser, a member of the legislative assembly from the Cariboo District, as reported in the *Vancouver News-Advertiser* of January 22, said that the country possessed the richest placer mines ever found in the world. Not only so, but it abounds in coal. With arable land to the extent of millions of acres, richly timbered, and with big game in abundance, the country around South Fort George possesses the lure of diversified industries and wealth in sundry forms.

Mr. Fraser said there was enough water power running to waste to supply the industries of the entire globe.

Wise observers know that such facts point inevitably to the greatness of South Fort George, which must ever remain the metropolis for this mining, timbering, agricultural and grazing region. Toward it all sources of wealth must flow, and from proximity to such gi-

gantic industries future fortunes are to be made by those who realize that *now* is the time of opportunity.

Three great facts point to South Fort George as the coming metropolis—geographical location, water transportation, and the coming of transcontinental railroads, with branches. Some things in this world can be foretold, provided that we still believe in the example of experience. Judging this new land by the course of events in older countries, South Fort George is destined to be a great center of population. Men who have studied the growth of cities, the distribution of industry and the effect of natural advantages on human conditions feel sure that every reason points to the conclusion that South Fort George will be the center of population in Central British Columbia.

Consider that this town is certain to be the railroad center for roads that radiate north and south through the interior of the Province, a land of manifold resources and growing population; a land with a prospect that has appealed to the railroad builders themselves and caused the expenditure of fortunes in making the roads. Then reflect on the fact that there are more than a thousand miles of navigable waterways, these waterways furnishing cheap transportation for the farming, mining, stock raising and timber industries. Then consider that the great railroads are almost certain to build north and south branches from South Fort George, tapping the fertile Peace River country and other wonderful regions in Canada's new northland, so that South Fort George will be the interior railroad center of the richest province in Canada. After reflecting as to the meaning of these facts, ask the simple question, "Can this country fail to be a place for men of foresight?"

In the light of these facts those who predict that the population of South Fort George will be enumerated well up in five figures within five years, or when the main line and these branches are in operation, are not dreamers. They are practical men who know what

natural advantages and land hunger mean when the people get started for the land—the right land, at the right prices, in the right place.

There is much to reflect over in the fact that investments made ten months ago have increased from 200 to 400 per cent. Not only so, but those who know the situation best say that investments made now will increase at least 200 per cent during the next six months.

Shrewd men and women dwelling in almost every part of the world, with their eyes on the map of the world, bearing in mind the facts of commercial geography, have bought property at South Fort George and are today happy because they have shared in the almost unbelievable profits that have already been reaped from their investment.

The men who constitute the Northern Development Company, which is the organization that founded South Fort George, know the land as the Indian knows his hunting ground. They speak of the new British Columbia region as more attractive than any country they have ever seen.

Every fact set forth in the foregoing account is susceptible of proof—the richness of the soil, the vastness of surrounding timber and coal lands, the navigability of the great rivers, the building of transcontinental railroads, and the prospective construction of their branches. Not only so, but the winter climate has been misunderstood and the beauty and growing value of the long summer days—sunshine for about eighteen hours, almost continuous daylight—has not been emphasized.

If the rich country now opening to civilization is not to be all that this article predicts for it, the facts of development, as exemplified the world over, are to be overthrown. It is the judgment of wise men that here is truly a land of opportunity. If you want further particulars, address

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Victor



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Learn how to use the changeable needles in playing the Victor, and you will find in it new charms and beauties.

Loud

Victor Full-tone Needle gives great volume of sound, that fills a large hall, and is heard above ordinary conversation. It makes music loud enough for dancing.

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Victor Half-tone Needle gives a volume that fills an ordinary room. Its reproduction is as *perfect* as that of a full-tone needle.

Soft

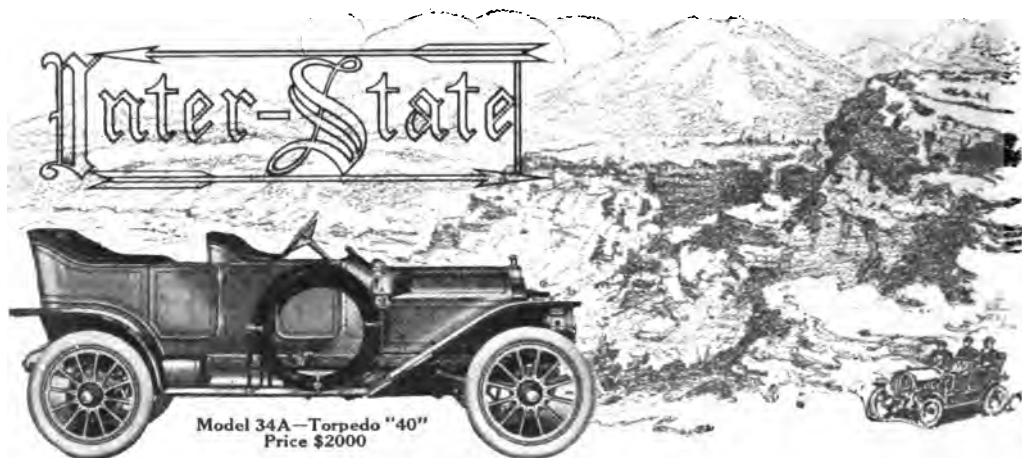
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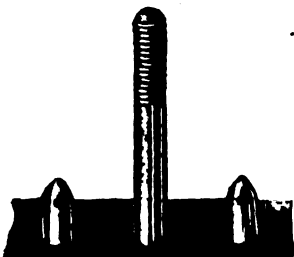
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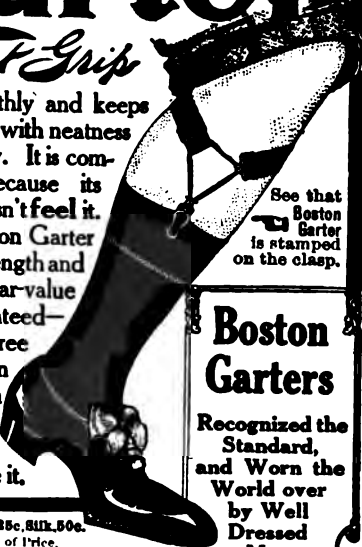
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ALASKA.

Alaska's Unexploited Resources.

The United States Department of Agriculture credits Alaska with 40,000 square miles of tillable land. This land lies in the same latitude as Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden, and climatic conditions are very similar. This agricultural area exceeds the cultivated area of the Scandinavian Peninsula, one-half of whose population are farmers. The summer growing season in this far Northern latitude is short, but the sun shines almost continuously and forage plants and the vegetables and fruits that will mature grow rapidly. The most promising agricultural section is along the Southern and Southeastern parts of Alaska where red-top, bluestem, and timothy will often yield from two or three tons of hay to the acre.

Cheap hay and a great abundance of summer grazing lands would probably enable the raising of livestock to be carried on with a good profit in spite of the long severe winters. Two of the most promising of the agricultural valleys of Central Alaska are the Susitna and the Kuskokvim, through which the Alaska Northern Railway is projected. Those who are most enthusiastic concerning the agricultural possibilities of Alaska assert that on a comparative basis with Sweden the tillable valleys of Central Alaska can support a population of 9,000,000 on agriculture alone, and that the farms and the mines south of the Yukon will sustain 15,000,000 people.

Other Alaskan resources that are little utilized are the fisheries and the timber. Alaska supplies nearly one-half of the salmon of the world, and its waters contain great quantities of herring and halibut, and its unfished codbanks are reported larger than those of Newfoundland, which have been fished for 400 years without exhaustion. The forests of Alaska are said to equal those of Scandinavia, which have been yielding lumber for a thousand years. Clearly the resources of Alaska will sustain a considerable population, when they are made available by capital, which in turn is so controlled that the common rights will be protected.

Gold From Alaska in 1910.

Alaska yielded \$16,360,000 in gold during 1910, according to estimates made by the United States Geological Survey. Four million dollars of this amount is credited to Nome; nearly \$1,600,000 to Iditarod; about \$5,000,000 to Fairbanks and the Tanana district; and the remainder to thirteen gold quartz claims and scattered placer mines.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Government to Construct Highways.

The Government of British Columbia, with a population of a little over 300,000, during the past year expended about \$4,-

[Continued on 338h]



The Howard Watch

Sometimes you see a prosperous looking passenger inquire the time, and you wonder why he does not take out his own watch to compare with the conductor's.

It is not that he has no watch—but because he is ashamed of the time he is carrying. He has no confidence that it is anywhere near correct and he tries to save his dignity by not making a comparison.

What do you think of the type of

man who will carry a cheap and uncertain timepiece because it doesn't have to be seen?

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The HOWARD is the closest rating watch in the world—and worth all it costs to any man of accurate habit and orderly mind.

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Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. Y, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

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500,000 in the building of public roads. One of the chief of these roads is being constructed across the island of Vancouver, reaching from within sixteen miles of the east coast to the extreme west coast of the island. These roads open up new fertile land, consisting of river valleys, timbered areas, and sections that can be drained. Many scenic wonders are made accessible, and the section will doubtless be popular with interior-traveling tourists.

HAWAII.

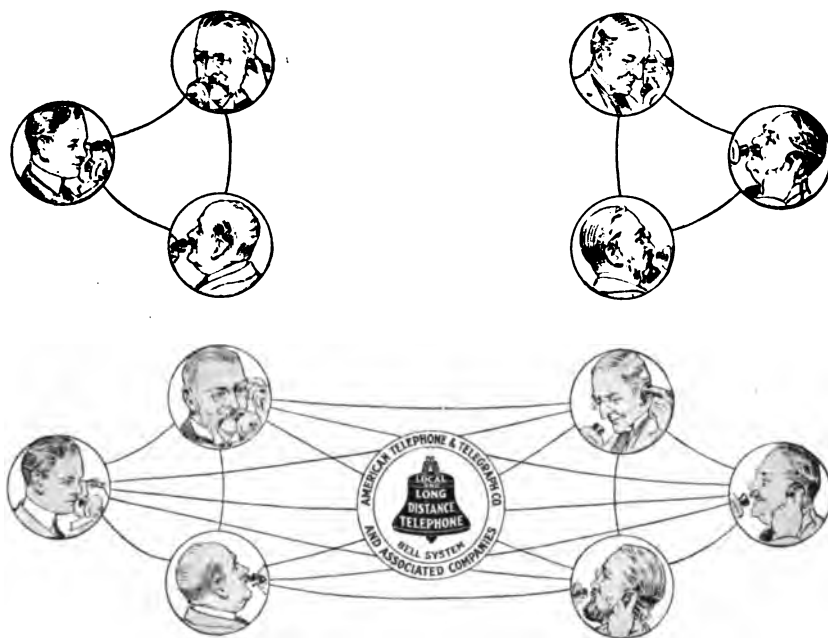
Profits in Pineapples in Hawaii.

One of the most profitable industries of Hawaii is the growing of pineapples. If the present development of pineapple-growing continues this industry will soon be second only in importance to sugar-raising. Prior to 1890 the pineapple was grown merely as a garden curiosity and a native dainty. Following that date a few small plantations were started and the ripened fruit was shipped to San Francisco on the irregular steamers. The losses in shipment, however, were great, and since the bulk of the crop often ripened within a week's time the continental markets were glutted and prices could not be maintained.

The commercial importance of the pineapple in Hawaii began with the establishment of the first cannery in 1900. At the time of the annexation of Hawaii to the United States the boom in sugar production caused practically all pineapple lands to be planted to sugar cane. A few persons, however, recognized the superiority of the Cayenne pineapple of Hawaii and the first commercial plantation was begun in 1898. Two years later the cannery was placed in operation, and the shipments of pineapples for that year amounted to 1,200 cases. In 1905 51,300 cases were shipped to the United States, and in 1909 a record shipment of 510,000 cases was made. About one-tenth of the crop is also shipped fresh to the continental markets. The superiority of the product and the discovery of better methods of preservation have greatly broadened the market for canned pineapple and left it almost without competition.

Director Wilcox, of the Hawaiian Experiment Station, says that "the pineapple growers are making flattering profits from this business." Usually a good profit can be had by producing pineapples at fifteen dollars a ton. From four to twenty tons is an average yield from an acre, and about five dollars a ton will be the net profit to the grower. The market for canned pineapple is rapidly extending, and "the area which could be cultivated to pineapple might be largely increased," he says. The chief problem toward the development of Hawaii, it seems, is to get the right kind of farmers on the immense unimproved areas. Another problem is that of marketing facilities, for they tend to follow behind production, which is not encouraging to the small producer who is just beginning. With the further development of the Islands new lines of fruit boats will be added and markets extended.

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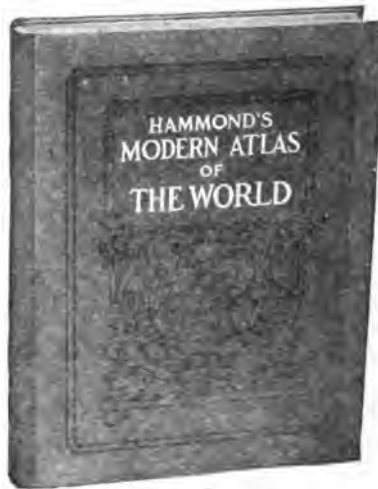
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THE TIMBER-CLAIMER'S SHACK.

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ON THE SILVERY SNOHOMISH.

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WHEN THE LOGS CAME DOWN.



Copyrighted Photograph by William Leon Dawson.

THE SEA GULL.



VOL. XXV

APRIL, 1911

No. 4

Hunting Seal and Polar Bear on the Ice Floes of Bering Strait

By Captain F. E. Kleinschmidt

IT had been dark for two hours and yet the clock showed only six P. M. I had just arrived from a 200-mile stampede, a new discovery of gold, and was now sitting comfortably in a big arm-chair, listening to the wood fire sputtering and crackling in the Yukon stove. What a comfort this is, after a man has had to sleep for weeks in snow-drifts, traversing a country where there is n't a stick of timber. Cold lunch is no picnic. As the smoke of my pipe curled in rings to the ceiling, I vowed that this comfort would last for some time. No more wild-geese chase for me this winter. Outside the wind was tearing on stovepipes and stormshed and piling the snow up in high ridges.

There! A dog fight; right in front of my door. I listened and hearing steps slowly feeling along the dark storm-porch, I opened the door. There stood a figure in furs and calico parka, covered

with snow and ice. Though long icicles were hanging from the fur of his hood, and his face was muffled up to the eyes, I recognized him at once: Oack-ba-ock, the chief from Cape Prince of Wales, the largest Eskimo village on the coast.

"Well, well, Oack-ba-ock, you here? Come in and take off your things and make yourself at home. Got your dogs unharnessed?"

"No, not yet; my nephew outside. Him fix 'im. You got place to put sleigh? So no dogs can ketch him bacon?"

"Yes, certainly. Where do you come from?"

"Nome."

After we had sled and outfit safely stored, and the chief and a bright-eyed boy were finishing supper, I learned that the chief had been on a trip to Nome with a load of furs, mucklucks, ivory and curios, traded them for cash and provisions, and was now on his way home.

I had n't seen him for a year and we had much to ask and tell each other. I

wanted to know how the hunting was at the Cape this season. The chief then recited the result of the last four months' hunt; walrus, ougaruck, seal, fox, white whale—

"How about the polar bear, Chief; many there this winter?"

"Yes, kill him altogether, sixteen. Three bear kill him one man" (This means in plain English that one man had killed three bear).

"Me kill him one. See three, but only ketch him one.

"One day last big moon I was out on

could get a shot at a polar bear if I should stay three weeks with you at the Cape?"

"Maybe!"

This was all the assurance I could get for the hunting of this scarce animal that requires more hardship to get near than almost any other on the globe. It looked like another "wild-goose" chase.

The chief then explained at length that if I would come up we would go out together, about ten miles north of the Cape, erect hunt of ice cakes and snow. take our sleeping bags, seal-oil lamps and such provisions as would not freeze or



OACK-BA-OCK AND FAMILY.

ice—hunt seal. I see three bear come. I lay behind big ice cake, when pretty close I fire, kill him one, then my cart-ridge (:38 Marlin) stick. I no can lose 'im. Other two bear run. No ketch him. You like come this winter hunt white bear? My wife and boy say 'what for Kata-chli-la no come?' This winter plenty north wind, plenty bear."

"Well, Oack-ba-ock, do you think I

take too much cooking. Then, being on the safe ice, we could quickly reach the floe ice, covering quite an area walking every day; thus our chances would be very good.

He said he hoped I could go with him; we would have "a good time." I knew what a good time meant. Wake up in the morning before dawn, have a battle with yourself to leave the warm sleeping-



Photograph by Loman Brothers.

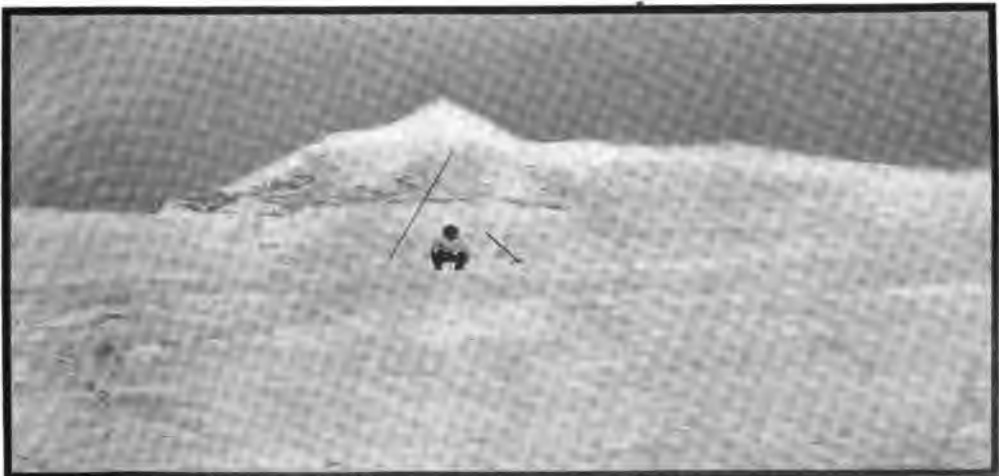
NATIVE DRUMMERS FOR THE CEREMONIAL DANCES.

They are wearing ancient jade labrets in holes pierced below the lower lip.

bag and shake off that tired feeling, put on your muckluks and outer parka,—for the rest you don't take off for weeks. Your teeth are chattering and your finger-tips frozen; then out for a twenty-mile mush, climbing ice hummocks and

jumping from floe to floe. But the worst of all is the coming home dead tired, famished and without game, into that cheerless ice-house.

Yet, I decided to go. My resolution to stay at home and in comfort was forgot-



CAPE PRINCE OF WALES, WESTERNMOST POINT OF THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA. A NATIVE FISHING FOR TOMCOD THROUGH THE ICE OF BERING STRAIT, IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE CEREMONIAL DANCE PRELIMINARY TO THE HUNT. THE ORCHESTRA IS AT THE RIGHT, WITH FAN-LIKE DRUMS OF STRETCHED SEAL HIDE.

ten. What is this magnetic force that so irresistibly draws a man, makes him sever all ties with home and civilization, endure hardships and take chances with his life? Is it the brute desire to match his cunning and skill with that of a stronger animal, and then stand over the huge carcass and view his work of destruction? Or is it primitive man's lust for blood? Why does he view with pride the scalps and heads hanging about his dwelling?

The Eskimo was eagerly scanning the guns hanging on the wall, and told me that he had bought a :30-40 like mine, having seen the execution mine did the year before, and said that no more bear would get away from him now. The following day I got my outfit ready. I had a team of nine fine huskies and malamutes, and the chief had seven fairly good ones. The chief having a heavy load while I traveled light, I offered him four of my dogs so we might keep together. He said we could do so the first day, but the second day we must travel several hours apart. Asking him

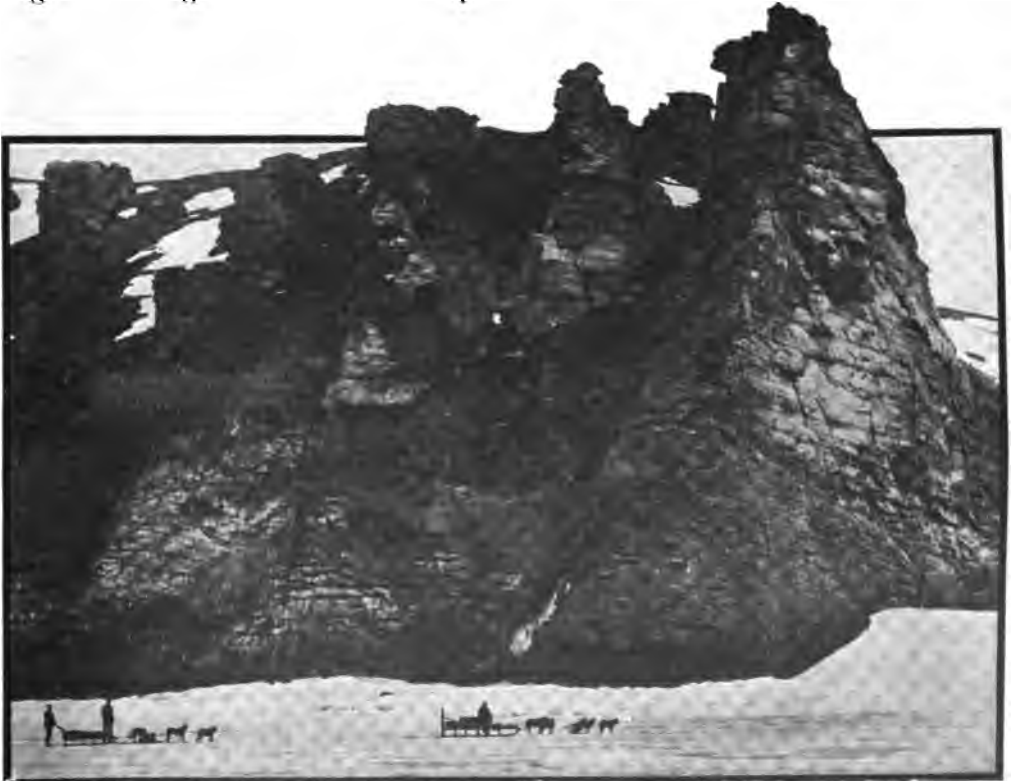
the reason he reluctantly told me that I-tack, the second chief, had threatened to kill him; that he expected to be way-laid and he would not have me get mixed up in the scrape. I told him I would take chances with him. He did n't seem to like it, but acquiesced. Evidently he wished to have it over with, while prepared to meet it, rather than to have the sword of Damocles hanging over his head all the time. There is a law of vendetta among the Eskimos, that when a man is murdered, his brother or nearest relative is to be his avenger. The chief's elder brother, Kokit-tuck, had been shot by E-re-he-ruck. Oack-ba-ock, though at first unwilling, by his father's urging him to do his duty, had encountered E-re-he-ruck while hunting on the ice and shot him and so avenged his brother's death.

Next morning about six A. M. we started, having first gorged ourselves with as much food as we could stow away, for there was no telling when we would get our next meal, at least not before late that night. I have been many

times astonished at how much food an Indian can get away with, and it is strange how long he can go without anything to eat. We started by a fine moonlight; the storm had died down and the snow stopped drifting, but trail there was none. So the boy took the lead, running ahead of the team to insure a straighter course, until he would be relieved by either of us. Thus we traveled at the rate of six miles an hour. We soon covered the level ice of Port Clarence Bay. The next thirty miles to York lay over rough ice and pressure ridges, across a gap in the mountains through which nearly all the year a fierce wind is blowing. We already saw the blizzard looming up in front of us, like a fog bank. The nearer we came the more the wind increased. The icy blast cut through our linen parkas and we soon had to put on heavier furs.

Most people have in mind a picture of dog-team traveling in Alaska: a man sitting, bundled up in furs, in a sleigh, cracking a long whip behind a string of dogs. Such a sight is never seen—except

in drawings by artists who never saw Alaska. A good dog-musher is a good foot-racer. You are dressed according to the temperature and the gait you are running with your team. It's as dangerous to dress too warm as it is not to have enough on. Your usual full dress for traveling or hunting consists of the following garments: Beginning with a suit of heavy woolen underwear, you put on a pair of woolen stockings, next a pair of sealskin or deerskin pants (some men use blanket-lined overalls); next you slip on a pair of socks that reach a little over your ankles, made of deerskin (fur inside) or sheepskin; next a pair of Eskimo boots called muckluks, made of sealskin or reindeerskin; then you put on a sweater; next a light fur blouse with a hood, usually made of squirrel or fawn, fur inside. This is called a parka or artega. Over this comes a like garment, but made of heavier fur, such as deerskin or muskrat, fur outside; over this again a white linen or drill parka to keep the snow from blowing into the fur, which will melt and rot it. A knit woolen, or



SLEDGING THROUGH BERING STRAIT; UNDER THE CLIFFS OF CAPE PRINCE OF WALES.

very light, fur cap completes the outfit. You can readily see you have here a combination of garments that will allow quick interchange to suit the conditions you meet on the trail. Much of the time, of course, you will not need all of the parkas.

We were soon in the center of the blizzard. The boy had become tired and had to ride. The leader would not face the wind and we had to change dogs, a thing a man hates to do under such conditions. The snow was whirling in

from giving way, and this you feel is now coming on too, for already the tortures of Tantalus are upon you. You see roadhouses and tables laden with food, see dog-teams and hear the shouting of drivers; then with a shock you realize they are not there. You are coming to the last stages of succumbing to the white death that howls mockingly around you. Every physical and mental effort grows more painful. You not only have to fight the physical forces without, but the mental temptation within to give up, or at least rest awhile, but you know the moment you stop you sign your own death warrant. Yet the white demon argues against the uselessness of wander-

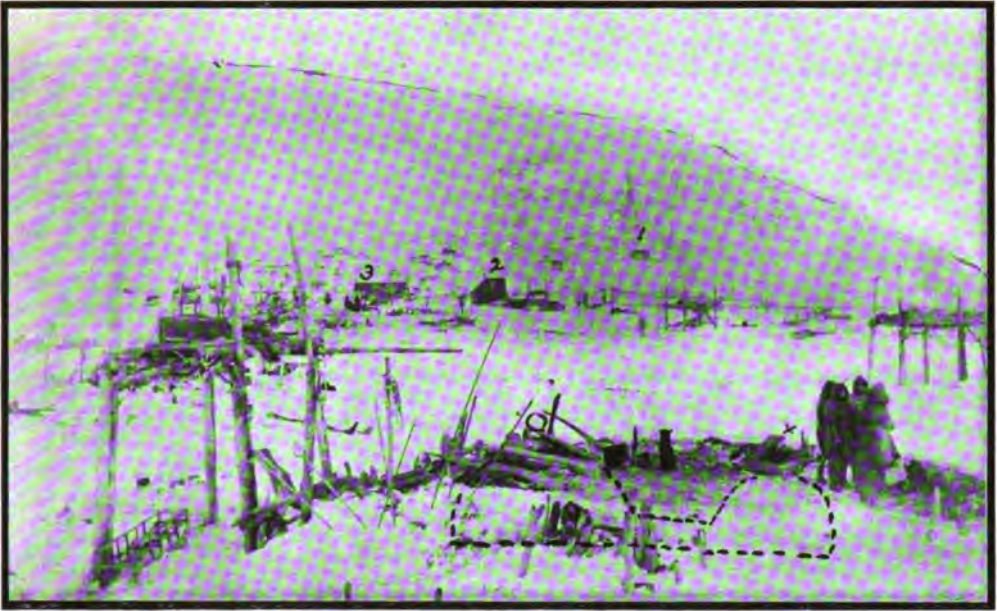


THE AUTHOR AND HIS BEAR.

fury around us, the wind choking us. We could hardly face it and could barely see thirty feet ahead of us. The strength from our morning meal was at low ebb and in its place came a feeling of emptiness and a weakness in our legs.

Have you ever been in a blizzard? Battling with a fierce storm that whirls the snow and ice in a seething mass around you, blotting out everything beyond twenty feet of you? You have been straining to make a roadhouse for days and intolerable nights; hunger gnawing; the cold sapping your strength, till nothing but will-power is keeping your knees

ing and brings home to you the terrible fact that you are irretrievably lost. You now see your companion walking as though he had wooden legs or is mounted on stilts. You know his feet are frozen. Now he is hanging onto the handle-bars of the sled by his elbows. His hands are frozen. Now a dog drags in the harness; you cut him out. In passing he gives a plaintive whine, throws his head around and looks so pitifully at you; he has been your inseparable companion since puppyhood; you throw him on the sled, but after a few minutes he is stiff. He can not stand the stopping.



CAPE PRINCE OF WALES, BERING STRAIT, VILLAGE IN WINTER.

No. 1: The Mission house where Mr. Thornton was killed. No. 2: The chief's house. No. 3: The schoolhouse. In the foreground is a typical igloo, the dotted line indicating the underground construction; outer entrance or storm shed (under X), tunnel and main room (under skylight at O). A group of women are gossiping at their "front door."



HUNTERS RETURNING WITH SEAL SLAIN ON THE FLOE.

In accordance with Eskimo etiquette the rear man holds the line in a peculiar manner, which indicates that he killed both seals.

As soon as he ceases to exert himself the cold and wind finish him. This will be your case and you feel the end is not far off.

Now another dog drops! Now another! You have long since thrown away everything, even the most necessary articles, but the two remaining dogs cannot even pull the empty sled, with the half-weight of your companion resting on it. You leave the sled and stumble on with him. You stagger now and then; he staggers very frequently and finally can-

We passed Lost River gap and crowded close to the high bluffs of Cape York, gaining some shelter, but our noses and cheeks were nipped. The dogs tired and the pace grew slow, but a few hours after dark—about six P. M.—we reached York and had the first day and forty-five miles behind us.

The next day a heavy wind was blowing and we did not start until nine A. M. for we had but twenty miles more to make. Eight miles from York we passed the Eskimo village of Po-la-se-ruk. The



DIOMEDE ISLAND BOY, AS HE WAS FOUND BY THE AUTHOR, STARVED AND FROZEN ON THE ICE.

not get up. You drag him to a snow-drift, cut a hole in it, set him in and cover him up, telling him you must go and get help; you will soon be back—words you don't believe yourself. He hardly hears, or understands; a handshake—thank God if you never have had to give one under such circumstances—that limp, huddled-up form with its frozen, ghastly white up-turned face is a nightmare, recurring and suggesting still. One of the dogs stays by him. It is his. The other follows you. This is an experience one would forget.

chief silently pulled the rifle from its cover and I followed suit. Then I took the lead while the chief sat astride the sled looking backward. the boy kept sharp lookout to right and left, so we were protected on all sides. Our trail now led over very rough ice, high hummocks and pressure ridges under the tall, steep granite cliffs of Cape Prince of Wales. We met two women picking up driftwood, stopped and the chief inquired how things had gone since he had left.

We now met hunters dragging their seal home, and the trail was smeared

with the blood of this animal, the mainstay of the Eskimo during the winter months.

One of the hunters, upon being questioned by the chief, told him he had seen three white bear that day, but was unable to get a shot at them. He eagerly transmitted the news to me and said we would try to get one tomorrow.

The dogs had smelled the village and, although only a little before they had seemed weary, they now strained in the harness and started with such speed that we all had to jump on the sled to keep up. We soon reached the village, and a crowd of dogs came to meet us. Though we were prepared for them, they nevertheless pitched into our team and in a second there was a snarling, howling, biting, slashing and yelping Gordian knot of fifty demon-like wolf dogs, which we tried to separate with clubs, whips and kicks, beating some of them into insensibility before we succeeded in untangling the snarl. Our dogs had suffered most, having become entangled in their harness. The native dog does not hang on like a bulldog, but slashes; hence our dogs showed knife-like cuts on shoulders, legs and heads. This is the custom the four-legged Eskimos have of welcoming strangers.

We stopped before the chief's house, not an underground igloo like the others, but a story-and-a-half "white man's house," with crude letters in front: "STORE." The chief with a courteous "My men will fix-im your things," bade me enter. We were heartily welcomed by everyone, especially his wife and boy, the former a very bright and good-looking young woman of almost white complexion. I noticed the chief greeted his boy by rubbing noses. He caught my glance and said: "This is the way Eskimos kiss." Then to the boy: "Give me a white-man kiss" to which the boy responded; but when he tried the experiment on his wife, she bashfully eluded his grasp and fled behind the fur curtains at the back of the store, from which came sounds of giggling and struggling.

A crowd of Eskimos soon filled the room, all shaking hands with us. Old acquaintances from former hunts reminded me of their presence, and soon a

large meal was served to all, the chief's family and I sitting on chairs before a table covered with oilcloth, eating roast reindeer, rice, tomatoes and "white-man's bread," baked by Sicabruna's own hands and sold in the store at two-bits a loaf. The others were squatting in groups on the floor, with heaps of frozen tomcod in their midst, which they would tear to pieces with their fingers and teeth, or put in their mouth and then with a dexterous sweep of their long hunting-knives, cut off a morsel, barely missing their noses; then they would dip their fingers into a bowl of seal oil and lick them off.

During the following three days the wind blew a gale; the snow had been whirling and drifting so that "scarcely from his buried wigwam could the hunter force a passage." But the fourth morning was calm.

The sun is just gilding the tips of the Cape mountains when we step into the open. We are late, having cooked breakfast. The Eskimo hunts without breakfast.

Before us lies the vast expanse of drifting floe-ice. The air is so clear this morning that "Fair Way Rock" seems to lie within rifle-shot. Apparently it is a single stone. Further to the right are the two Diomed Islands, fifteen miles distant, but you can plainly trace the crevasses in the rocks. Here the international boundary line crosses, dividing the Islands between Russia and the United States. Still further to the right and in the distance lies East Cape, the rocky promontory of another continent. The ancient and the new world seem to meet here in a stone's throw.

Looking toward York, you see to the left, perched on a steep side-hill, a modern building—the mission house, now vacant, but once inhabited by a missionary. W. Thornton, who met his death in that house at the hands of the Eskimos. Three young hoodlums had threatened to kill him, and on the night of August 13, 1893, they came to his house armed with a whaler's bomb-gun and an old musket. Knocking at the door they asked admission. When Mr. Thornton went to open, they fired the bomb through the door, the charge thence passed through his

body and exploded in the ceiling of the bedroom. He staggered into the bedroom and as he uttered the words, "I am shot," fell into his wife's arms and expired in a few minutes. Mrs. Thornton and her little baby were the only white people for several hundred miles around, excepting a lone missionary at Port Clarence, sixty-five miles distant. The suffering and agony of the lone woman can better be imagined than described. In the spring the Revenue Cutter *Bear* arrived, trained her guns on the village and investigated. The natives present showed that they were guiltless of the deed and had resented it, by producing the bodies of the three murderers. One of the boys had fled to another village. He was followed by his uncle, caught, told to walk twenty paces, and was then shot. The uncle brought the body back as evidence of the execution. A little way from the house stands a marble monument, which bears the epitaph:

"Died. A Good soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ."

We leave the chief's house and make our way south. For the last three days a southeast wind has increased the current through the Bering Strait to the rate of five miles an hour. So we have to go south about ten miles, then go out on the drifting floe to be carried by the current to a little north of the village, and there get off onto the safe shore-ice again, for there is always danger of taking an involuntary journey to the Pole. One such ride on the ice-floe constitutes a day's hunt.

We at last have gone far enough south and now make our way over pressure ridges, high hummocks and gigantic up-turned blocks of ice to the edge of the safe ice, against which the floes with Titanic force push, grind and batter, the grumbling and roaring of which has been continuously rising in our ears as we have been advancing. Standing here a wonderful sight opens to our vision. From the top of a high hummock we see the vast floe-ice compressed to a solid mass, advancing, not in a mad rush but with measured movement, whose irresistible force is not realized until it comes in contact with some solid obstacle like a

rocky promontory or the solid shore-ice, a hundred feet thick and frozen to the rocky bottom. Then comes a rumbling crushing sound accompanied by a shock, as of an earthquake. The edge of the mighty battering ram has to give way; parts of it are raised high in the air, pushed and pressed higher by each succeeding block, thus forming the high-pressure ridges; others are emerged, pressed under and blanketed by their own parts. Huge blocks twenty to thirty feet thick are lifted, rolled over and juggled with, while a rout of lesser pieces, turning, heaving and sinking, rush along the edge of the safe ice.

We have been waiting for just such a solid floe to come along. We quickly buckle on our short snowshoes and make our way over it. Now a large slab is rising in front of the chief. He quickly mounts it. With my heart in my mouth I follow suit. We are raised high in the air and quickly slide down the inclined plane onto the floe; here a large piece is just sinking under our feet. We have to leave it quicker still. The long eight-foot spear with which each is equipped here comes into much needed use. We have now passed the pressure zone and are on the floe-ice, joining a group of six hunters who watch from high ridges for spaces of open water amongst the floes.

Our equipments are alike. Besides the aforementioned full-dress suit of the Arctic hunter, we carry a pouch, made of the whole skin of a seal, slung across both shoulders by a broad band across the chest. It contains a 300-foot rawhide rope, on one end a pear-shaped piece of wood with three barbs, used to throw out to hook in and pull ashore the killed seal; another 300-foot harpoon line, with detachable barb; a strap and sling to drag the seal home with; bladders to carry blood or inner parts, if a bear or "ougaruck" (sea lion) has been killed; a pair of short snowshoes. On top of this bag, in a sealskin cover, is carried the rifle. In the right hand you carry an eight-foot spear. Both ends are tipped with twelve-inch ivory; one end is used as an ice staff, the other end to attach the harpoon. Everything *light and indispensable*.

The Eskimos have sighted open water; that is, ponds in the ice-pack made by heavy floes, their shape preventing them from being pressed tight together. Here the seal comes up to blow; here the polar bear stalks around to kill him, and the Eskimo sits at the edge to bore his head with a rifle ball. All of the men make a dash for the open water. Five men are sufficient to cover the area; the others must look for other hunting grounds.

We are after polar bear and mush on. There is one large and one small set of tracks around the edge of this pool, but it's no use trailing here. The floes ever moving, shifting and turning, will not allow your own tracks to remain intact for any distance. I ascend many high hummocks and scan with my glasses, the waste of ice, where, in the brightness of the snow and ice, all other objects look black. Though all the hunters have white linen garments over their furs yet they are dark dots scattered over the wide white expanse.

We traveled all day against and with the current, ever on the lookout, around open water, finding tracks, but sighting no bear; we had drifted past the village and seeing in the distance the ice leaving the shore, made our way home. We intended to take a seal home, but having refused them during the day, now at dusk we never got a chance. Arriving home we heard that a bear had come close to the village, was attacked and cornered by the dogs and killed by a poor, crippled boy who never had been able to go on a hunt. Such is luck!

The following morning, to our surprise, we found that the ice, with the exception of the solid, anchored shore-ice, had completely vanished, due to an off-shore wind over night. As far as the eye could reach was clear open water. There was no chance for a seal or bear hunt that day, so everybody stayed at home.

I employed a native, who had reputation as a fine carver, to make me a set of ivory chessmen. Then the chief and I spent the day making calls on acquaintances in their igloos. An igloo, or Eskimo house, described in a few words, is a log-cabin with storm-porch, built half under ground; the other or upper

half is banked up or surrounded with blocks of sod to make an air-tight, thick-walled dwelling that no Arctic cold or wind can penetrate. Space is sacrificed for warmth; thus a family of parents and four children will build a single-room house, twelve by fourteen, with a shed or storm-porch, eight by ten. A site is generally chosen on the shore of the sea or bank of a river. A hole is dug out according to this size and about six feet deep. Split logs of driftwood, five feet long, are placed perpendicularly or at an angle of seventy-five degrees, in this square. This palisade is topped or surrounded by a girder; then a second row of poles is placed on top of this girder at an angle of forty-five degrees. The upper ends of this second row are converging in the center and leave a hole about two feet square in which a window frame is placed. The substitute for a pane of glass is walrus-gut or salmon-skin sewed together. The outer igloo, or storm-shed, is built in the same manner, only with less care and of poorer material; sometimes sod only being used. The aperture or window left in this outer igloo is the door or entrance to the dwelling. Through this hole you descend a few steps on a rough ladder and stand in a low, small shed which is crowded with household goods, frozen meats, etc. Then you lift a skin curtain and crawl through a tunnel left in the thick wall of the main igloo; lift again a skin curtain and enter on your hands and knees the single dwelling room. Sometimes the tunnel goes clear under the floor of this igloo, and then you enter through a hole in the floor. This arrangement, you will notice, shuts out completely all draft, all fresh air. Much of the sickness the Eskimo is heir to is engendered and propagated by this unsanitary mode of living. The wealthier the family the better of course is his dwelling. The very poor in their hovels lead but a beast-like existence.

The usual sights on entering are: on the wall opposite you a steamer-like berth covered with skins—the sleeping quarters of the family; underneath, or in front, sit one or two women, busily sewing; to the right, a man making hunting gear. Never will you find an Eskimo family idle. All occupants are naked to the waist, some-

times only covered with a loin cloth. Along the wall on either side burn several lamps. These lamps are shallow soapstone basins filled with the oil of the seal, whale or walrus; along the edge is placed a little ridge of moss which answers the purpose of the wick in our lamps. The lamps do not smoke and besides illuminating, throw a great heat. Above the flame hangs a piece of blubber to replenish the oil; also a teakettle.

You are cordially invited to take off your things and stay awhile. This means disrobing to the same extent, for the air is foul and the temperature that of a Turkish bath. If you come during meal time, which is at any hour of the day, you are cordially invited to partake; you decline and no offense is given. If the meal consists of frozen fish, blubber, or something they know the white man abhors, some joker will especially entreat you to join his dish and then there is a great laugh all around. The Eskimo loves to laugh, play practical jokes on his friends, respond in witticisms and is of a happy, childlike disposition. Treachery, stealing and lying are practically unknown among them; the two latter only since some of them have imitated the white man. I am not including the Siberian, Greenland or Labrador Eskimo.

In the evening I was invited to attend their ceremonies, songs and dances held in a large igloo built for that purpose and called "kosga." Here the men congregate in the daytime exactly as we do at a club, play games, talk over business, hunts and work. Shortly after close of navigation, usually during December, feasts and festivities are indulged in here in the kosga, sometimes to such excess that winter supplies are exhausted in a short time.

About six o'clock I was escorted to the kosga with my presents (a box of crackers, canned fruit and meat), by the chief and several men in their best furs and finery. Entering through a long, high tunnel, I waited until announced; then I was bidden to enter through a hole in the floor. This igloo, or kosga, was a large log cabin, forty by fifty feet, built underground. About 120 men and women were closely crowded along the walls or sitting on shelves surrounding

the walls. One wall was taken up by sixteen musicians sitting in two tiers; they were beating drums made of seal-skin stretched over a fan-shaped frame, in a slow measure, but keeping perfect time. The seal-oil lamps and two large Rochesters cast flickering and dancing shadows over ceiling and walls; the chanting noise of the large crowd in this small space, the beating of the drums, the swaying and nodding forms of the naked musicians, the strange costumes, grotesque head-dresses and the expressions on the dusky, perspiring faces, made a wild and weird scene never to be forgotten. The opening dance was a grand march by all the women and men around the hall, accompanied by a swaying of arms and bodies, keeping perfect time with the drums and chant.

The next dance performed by two men was an illustration of the rabbit hunt, one man hopping around imitating the rabbit coming out of his hole, the other man was the hunter stalking and killing the rabbit, all done by jerking and stretching of arms, legs and head like a mechanical toy and in perfect unison and time with each other, the drums and the chant. I saw at once the meaning the actors tried to convey. Then followed a dance, in like manner, hunting the polar bear, with the diversion of the fierce growl and snarl of the bear. Next followed a dance by two masked men, which was so grotesque and comical we held our sides for laughter. Then followed the salmon dance and a number of others in which the men and women brought in furs swinging in their hands, then meats and fish which were all deposited in a pile in the center. Finally, nearly worn out with continuous dancing, stamping and chanting, all sat down to consume the dainties and exchange the furs.

It was two A. M. when I stepped into the open, clear starlit night, twenty degrees below zero. Never before seemed air so pure to me as when coming from that crowded, stifling, ill-smelling room.

Five hours' sleep and we were off again for another hunt. When we neared the edge of the shore-ice a different view presented itself to us than on the previous day. As far as we could see, the ice was one level plain. The walking figures of

hunters a mile or two distant seemed to float in the air on clouds of vapor high above the ice. Now they would take on fantastic shape, rise to a gigantic height, then flirt away and gain in breadth. Sometimes a head would be cut off and raised high in the air, then the body would follow leaving the legs far below, striding over the ice. The Diomed Islands, and the distant shore, also would flirt, waver and change like the curtain of the aurora, or change form like a kaleidoscope.

The ice had grown eight inches in thickness over night, presenting the grandest boulevard for motoring in the world. No trouble to cross Bering Strait on a day like this. We had traveled about half a mile out to sea when we saw a front of ice eight inches thick coming to meet us, sliding along over the top of the ice we were walking on, at the rate of a slow walk. We jumped on top of it and took a ride. A little further out the same thing was repeated; layer upon layer came sliding inshore, pushed by the onshore wind, and if they had been large enough we should have gone backward instead of forward. There being no chance for bear on this young ice, we took a seal hunt. To the left we heard a fusillade of shots, the dearest music to a sportsman's ear. There came the loud, cannon-like roar of the :45-90 and the lesser barks of the :38-55, old :44 mingled with the whiplike crack of the :30-30, :30-40 and :303.

We could see, in this direction, patches of blue sky, indicating open water, and found several rents or open lanes in the ice. After a half-hour's wait, a seal showed its head near the chief. He missed it four times, all good line shots, but not being used to his new :30-40, light-front balance compared with the under-the-barrel magazine Winchester, he overshot every time. An Eskimo came rushing up and killed the seal right before the chief's nose. Sportsman's etiquette seems to be unknown to them. The rule is, get the game no matter how. As I came around to the chief, he expressed his indignation at the new rifle, but having had the same experience, I told him not to fret but to keep on practicing and get used to the gun.

We then sat down together on the edge of the ice and, while the native threw out the pear-shaped piece of wood on the long rawhide to pull in the seal, the chief explained to me how this instrument was an invention of a Diomed Island native and only about twenty years old, or since they had used firearms. The way this inventor realized on his patent is interesting. He saw the usefulness and indispensability of the implement, took a friend into his confidence and sold the first hook for fifteen dollars, its real value being but an hour's work. He continued this until it became so widely known that his patent ran out and its value now is nil.

All at once two shots rang out. A bullet zipped past us and another chipped a piece of ice from the blind behind which we were sitting. Oack-ba-ock made a lightning side-jump and his rifle flew to his cheek, covering a hunter behind us. I hastened to do the same, but saw immediately that no harm was meant. A lane had opened behind us and two hunters had squatted on the edge, firing at a seal coming up in line between them and us. Some heated words were exchanged and then we resumed our seats. There was no more story-telling. Oack-ba-ock sat silent, studying the ice between his feet; his dark face and contracted brows told me his brooding thoughts. It was here on the ice and in a similar manner he had avenged his brother's death; then ran for his life home; then the barricading and siege of his igloo for a week by E-re-he-ruck's family. Every time a garment or a dummy was thrust out of the igloo it was riddled with bullets, till finally the sentiment of the village overcame the enmity of the other family and they moved from the village.

To arouse him I whispered: "Ougaruck" (big seal), pointing over the water. He had his rifle up in a flash, aiming at—nothing! Then, looking at me, he saw the joke and was the jovial fellow again. Shortly afterward he killed a seal, but the day being fine and too early to go home, he hung the carcass in the water to prevent it from freezing stiff, hence too difficult to drag home. Later on he got another large one and with the assistance of another hunter

dragged both home. Now, instead of each native taking a seal, Oack-ba-ock hitched both seals to his shoulder strap; then his companion took a longer line, hitching it to Oack-ba-ock's line and then pulled ahead of him into the village. This is the etiquette, showing that the second man has killed both seals.

I was sitting alongside of a small lane which other hunters had deemed too small, for the seal is wary and, coming up, keeps away from the edge of the ice, when a bristled head appeared not sixty feet away. I promptly sent a ball through it, then seizing my spear and line hurried closer and hurled the dart into it before it could sink. It was an ougarock, or sea lion, which has not sufficient blubber to keep afloat when killed. He was so large I could not raise his head on the ice, so I gave the long-drawn hoot of the Eskimo, which means, help wanted—danger. Immediately a hunter came running over the ice, and like descending vultures four others were drawn to the scene. A certain hoot, close after a shot, usually means bear or large seal and consequently, meat. We put lines around the carcass and hoisted it on the ice. Then it was cut up in eight pieces, weighing about 200 pounds each. I received the head. The liver is as fine as any calf's, but having no receptacle to carry it home, I asked one of the natives to carry it home for me. He answered: "All right, you give me fifty cents." I felt like taking all the meat away from him and throwing it and him into the water.

When entering the village I took the place of honor, second in line, the man with the tail bringing up the rear.

The following day we went with a dog-team up the coast, Oack-ba-ock, the driver and myself, and ten days' provisions, such as would not need much cooking. We went about ten miles up shore then two miles out on the ice. There we found suitable snow for building material, and erected a hut, using first slabs of ice then blocks of snow. It requires skill in building these huts, especially the placing of the blocks of snow for the conical roof and the center key-stone in the roof. Then a hole is cut in the wall. A person enters with the goods and the entrance is sealed up be-

hind him. When he is thus immured, he first lights the lamp, the heat of which thaws the snow on the inside, settles the snow, filling up crevices and forming a crust on the inside. While this is in process, the person inside is making a couch of snow and covering it and the floor with deerskins and arranging the camp outfit.

Oack-ba-ock and I on the outside, in the meantime, build a lean-to or storm-shed. Then the signal from the inside is given and we re-open the entrance, through the storm-shed. The driver then departed with the team, returning to the Cape. I had brought a Primus stove and three gallons of coal-oil, and with it we heated our house and cooked our meals. Our main food was Boston baked beans, cooked previously and baked nearly dry and set out to freeze, so now we needed but to take a few spoonful and warm them up in the frying pan. *

From this hut we made excursions out to the floe-ice, drifting north or south with the current all day, and then came wearily and hungrily home. One day I came across a bear track, the largest I had ever seen; in the snow that had drifted so hard my steps made barely an impression, his feet had sunk in three inches. The ice was barely drifting, although once in a while a puff of wind would come off shore giving a fair warning. I heard the warning hoot from the Eskimos at the edge of the safe ice, but seeing others further out than I was, continued on. The tracks were made but a half-hour before and I felt sure I could overtake him. Finally, I heard shots and looking in that direction saw a number of Eskimos frantically waving their arms to attract my attention. I felt loath to go inshore but the off-shore wind had become a steady breeze and I was the only one in sight on the floe-ice. When coming near the safe ice I saw already a lane of several hundred feet between me and the shore ice. A number of Eskimos were running along the edge chattering like squirrels and excitedly gesticulating; some were standing on high hummocks pointing a way for me where a large, heavy floe was swinging around, perhaps reaching the other side. It was difficult to get onto the floe for the ice had relaxed its pressure and much slush and

mushy ice appeared among the floes, but using my snowshoes and spear, I finally reached the turning mass, only to see that as it swung around it fell too short. An Eskimo threw me the seal-hook and motioned me to fasten it around my body, then they would pull me in. I had no desire to jump into the cold water, be pulled out on the other end like a drowned rat and have them poke fun at me ever afterward. I left the floe and was motioned to go to another floe half a mile distant, to have the same maneuver repeated, only that the space was continually widening and the wind increasing. I put my rifle, camera and sealskin pouch on the rawhide and let them pull it in. It was an awful sight to see my camera dragged through the water and all the exposures on the roll spoiled. When the hook was again thrown and I tied it around my waist, I saw a small piece, the size of a table, close to me, and I kicked myself for not having thought of it before. I jumped on it and was thus ferried across. The congratulations and handshakes I received were as effusive and excited as if I had been a long-lost brother.

These accidents in getting taken offshore, or lost in a snowstorm and breaking through the ice, are very common; a seal or bear-hunter never knows if he will return to his family.

During my stay, a young man, Ne-tax-cite, who had been mourned by his relations for dead all winter, returned from the Diomed Islands, and told me how he and his brother raced for shore when they noticed the wind had turned. His brother succeeded, but he was too late. He wandered for four days until he finally reached the Islands. Two days later Oak-ba-ock and I found the body of a boy, native of the Diomed Islands. His body lay in a huddled-up position in the shelter of an ice hummock, his spear and Winchester alongside of him. In his wanderings he had worn the soles of his mucklucks in shreds and then tried to patch them with pieces from his parka to keep his bare feet from the ice. The suffering from starvation and slow freezing before he gave up were plainly written in his emaciated face. The Eskimos do not bury their dead, but wrap them

in canvas or in skins and lay the body on a platform raised high above the ground to prevent animals from molesting them.

We had spent twelve days in our snow hut. Our provisions were nearly exhausted and had to be supplemented with seal steaks. We had daily encountered fresh tracks of bear and every morning our hopes ran high, but at night they were lower than the temperature in our icehouse. On the thirteenth day, after being out all day and returning home on the safe ice, I encountered a fresh track. To my surprise it led for shore. It would be dark in a little while, so I hastily threw off my poke and spear and with only snowshoes and rifle, raced along, following the tracks which led straight into the wind, shoreward. I could n't tell how far I was from shore on account of the mist and gathering darkness, but knew by the direction of the wind that I must strike the shore some time. It grew darker. Still I raced on, carrying my outfit fur parka on my arm, to keep from perspiring. Being all day without food began to tell, when at last I stumbled across a piece of driftwood and knew that I had reached the beach. It was so dark now that I had to bend down to keep to the tracks. But I was certain now that I would find my quarry on the beach, probably attracted by a dead seal or something else washed up before close of navigation.

At last I was upon him. He was about fifty feet away and shrouded in mist and gloom. As I came a little closer, he noticed me and left off pawing something on the ground. He raised on his haunches, snarling at me and nosing about to get my scent. I raised my :30-40 for his head, but found I could not aim over the sights on account of the darkness, so I glanced along the barrel and held under the armpits to make surer. As I was about to pull the trigger, he dropped down on all fours, made a step forward and showed me his whole side. I guessed for his shoulder and pulled. He raised on his haunches with a savage snarl and growl, pawing his side furiously. I threw in another cartridge and wished I had soft-point instead of steel bullets, but there was no time now to

change. I had to strike the five blows as fast and best as possible in the darkness. He dropped on all fours again, when I fired the second time, point blank at his body. He dropped instantaneously. After waiting a little I stepped up to him. He raised his head and looked at me. To make sure, I gave him the *coup de grace* with a ball through the head.

There was no use trying to find, tonight, in this wilderness of snow and ice, a heap of snow called home, six or eight miles off. Sitting on the carcass and its warmth penetrating my furs, gave me the idea to make use of it. I took the long knife which I carried, Eskimo style, on my right thigh, cut out blocks of snow and built a windbreak in a half-circle around his back; then snuggled against his breast between his legs, one front paw over my shoulder, I was quite comfortable for half of the night, but later I began to draw myself up into a knot and finally had to get up and exercise till daylight, to keep warm. It

was n't my first night thus camping out, and not the worst either, for I had the bear and thoughts of my success to keep me cheerful.

At daylight I started out for camp and met Oack-ba-ock, with his nose near the ground, following my nearly-obliterated tracks. He had n't slept all night and was worried to death, and almost fell around my neck when he saw me. He had found and carried my spear and seal-skin bag and had also brought a lunch with him. So we went back to the bear, eating on the way. Having neither sled nor dogs at camp, we disemboweled him and stretched the body out so, when frozen stiff, we could handle him on the sleigh. We saw the wind had blown the snow clean off the beach, exposing the gravel and part of a whale carcass which he had scented miles off on the ice, and on which he was feeding when I overtook him. We got a dog-team from the village and hauled him in. He weighed 875 pounds and measured seven feet, eight inches.



ROUGH ICE AROUND CAPE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Glory Trail

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

'Way high up the Mogollons,
Among the mountain tops,
A lion cleaned a yearlin's bones
And licked his thankful chops,
When on the picture who should ride,
A-trippin' down a slope,
But High-Chin Bob, with sinful pride
And mav'rick-hungry rope.

*"Oh, glory be to me!" says he,
"And fame's unfadin' flowers.
All meddlin' hands are far away,
I ride my good top-hawse today
And I'm top rope of 'Lazy J'—
Hi, kitty cat, you're ours!"*

That lion licked his paw so brown
And dreamed soft dreams of veal—
And then the circlin' loop sung down
And roped him 'round his meal.
He yowled quick fury to the world
Till all the hills yelled back;
The top-hawse gave a snort and whirled
And Bob caught up the slack.

*"Oh, glory be to me!" laughs he,
"We hit the glory trail.
No human man as I have read
Darst loop a ragin' lion's head
And never hawse could drag one dead
Until we told the tale."*

'Way high up the Mogollons
That top-hawse done his best,
Through whippin' brush and rattlin' stones,
From cañon floor to crest.
But ever when Bob turned and hoped
The limp remains to find,
A red-eyed lion, belly-roped
But healthy, loped behind.

*"Oh, glory be to me!" says he.
"The glory trail is rough,
Yet even till the Judgment Morn
I'll keep this dally 'round the horn,
For never any hero born
Could stoop to holler—'nuff!"*

Three suns had rode their circle home
 Beyond the desert's rim
 And turned their star-herds loose to roam
 The ranges high and dim,
 Yet up and down and 'round and 'cross
 Bob pounded, weak and wan,
 For pride still glued him to his hawse
 And glory drove him on.

*"Yet glory be to me," sighs he.
 "He kaint be drug to death,
 But now I know beyond a doubt
 That heroes I have read about
 Was only fools that stuck it out
 To end of mortal breath."*

'Way high up the Mogollons
 A prospect man did swear
 That moon-dreams melted down his bones
 And hoisted up his hair.
 A ribby cow-hawse thundered by,
 A lion trailed along,
 A rider, ga'nt but chin on high,
 Yelled out a crazy song.

*"Oh, glory be to me!" cries he,
 "And to my mighty noose!
 Oh, stranger, tell my pards below
 I took a rampin' dream in tow,
 But if I never laid him low
 I never turned him loose."*

The Price

By Harvey Wickham



DO not ask you to believe in Hartwell's discovery," said the old, old man; "but only to believe that he, and later on the girl Rosalie, had faith in it."

The discussion had been of death, and we had said the usual things, gruesome, flippant, or sentimental, as befitted our several moods, when this, the oldest—oh, by far the oldest—member of our little group broke in with the statement that without death there would be no love or beauty in the world.

It was a lovely summer afternoon. There had been an interment which, without bringing real grief to any, had yet drawn us thither to pay our last respects to the departed. The church-yard where we lingered breathed with the languid scent of roses. Love, life, death—all had their part in the suggestions thrown out by the scene. It was Sunday. We had abundant leisure, and were sufficiently removed from the burial-ground proper to the shade of a spreading tree that crowned a little hill some distance from the church, to escape that consciousness of indecorum—I had al-

most said of inexpediency—which might have come from railing at the grim destroyer in the very midst of his fastness. Freely bandying the subject about, we united our various prejudices into a general denial that death had any part in producing the things worth living for.

It was then that the old, old man, sitting slightly apart, his left hand buried in his beard, his right plucking an occasional blade of grass from between his feet, began the story which, after a few interruptions, he continued thus:

Hartwell, we will say then, for the sake of the argument, was a hair-brained visionary. It cannot be denied that recent steps taken by scientists of recognized reputation—Doyden's claims for micolysine, for example—have put new arguments within reach of anybody who wants to uphold the other side of the case. But I am willing to concede that all searchers for the elixir of life, under whatever name, from Ponce de Leon down, are on a par with the would-be squarers of the circle and perpetual-motion inventors. You are to understand, though, that so far as Hartwell himself was concerned, it was for the time as if he had really succeeded in abolishing death.

When he first began to work seriously over the elixir—a lymph, he called it, but the idea is the same—he was a poorly-paid clerk in a small drug-store in the metropolis. He had dreamed of some such concoction from his earliest days; but fortunately, never being quite mad, and now wishing to keep his position, he had taken no one into his confidence.

There might have been less anxiety about the position had it not been for Rosalie—a dark-haired, slender girl of nineteen, whom he had seen tending the cash-register in the bakery opposite. She was, as one may say, a girl without an idea in her head, and had been designed to be attractive in a quite ordinary, commonplace fashion. But by some chance she had escaped the varnish of what is popularly termed education, and her life obeyed the primitive—or I might say the natural—instincts, to the exclusion of the more complicated and superficial impulses of modern life. She was

scrupulously neat and clean about her person—as neat as a cat or a panther. She loved to dress and to show off, and had thrifty, peasant notions about making income and expenditure meet. Given sufficient food, a husband, and a baby or two, she would have been content under any sort of roof common to her day and associations. Living in that particular year of Christ, she wanted a flat, with smoked-oak furniture and lace curtains. Notwithstanding this, the girl could have flourished in the stone age without changing an essential convolution of her soul.

As Rosalie lacked most of the blessings just mentioned—particularly the husband and babies—her eyes wore a perpetually wistful look, and her face was drawn in the straight, severe lines of unnamed desire, giving her the appearance of one who has come upon some rare and beautiful thing in dreams, and whose waking thoughts are forever troubled with the recollection. This led to the counterfeiting of a type to which she did not naturally belong, and endowed her with a certain distinction, a remote beauty quite unlike the frank, buxom prettiness of many of the girls whom Hartwell had casually encountered as they came into the drug-store for cosmetics, or other and more private mixtures. In fact, there was about this girl Rosalie an alien look such as is seen in an occasional portrait by some transcendent artist—a peculiar charm for any who had eyes to see it, or the heart to pardon the absence of red cheeks, a soft skin, and voluptuous breasts. Hartwell had such eyes and such a heart, and the first time she entered his employer's place of business—which was to buy not rouge but headache powder—he identified her as the one great thing thus far lacking in his life—a person as incomplete as himself, to whom he could therefore talk of the unusual, almost criminally extravagant hopes of his soul.

Do not imagine that the young chemist was in any ordinary sense a dreamer, or given to reverie and fanatic visions. On the contrary, a grosser materialist never lived. If he was silent, he was yet practical,—a man who analyzed everything, from chemicals to religion, and always thought in scientific

terms. He had, too, a pronounced genius for mathematics, and his skill in compounding medicines and in prescribing for the ailing was such that it might have made him the proprietor of his own shop. But fate had other plans. He was possessed by an unfortunate mental habit—the inability to stop at any place in a chain of reasoning save at the end. This soon led him to doubt half of the accepted truths, not only of everyday life but of the laboratory, and gave him the unsocial manner of the man who can find no common ground for conversation with his fellows even on the most ordinary subjects. As a clerk he was a failure. Nobody wanted him to wait upon customers, and he was only tolerated behind the prescription counter because he was one of those rare beings who never make mistakes. But the need of companionship preyed upon him, and the sight of the equally lonely Rosalie was to his inmost being like a lamp suddenly lighted in a windowless room.

Their first few accidental meetings were followed by others secretly planned for by both. Then they met by deliberate appointment. In short, they fell in love, courted, and married.

The change wrought in the girl by matrimony was immediate and profound, and could soon be detected. Most people thought her greatly improved, for she lost the drawn, haggard look; her cheeks filled out; and her eyes, no more surrounded by even the faintest suspicion of rings, seemed to have grown larger. Her color now was like that of a just-blown rose, and nobody—at least no woman, especially no woman of any age or experience—needed to be told that she was happy.

But the transformation, had he noted it, would have affected her husband as less favorable. Within three months of the wedding she had completely lost those qualities of mind and body which had drawn him to her. They had met on the common ground of a great need. But the need in their two cases was not the same. Hers he had filled as it were by a single stroke, and she was like a cup, brimming and running over with the one and only kind of liquor it was intended to contain.

His lack, which had come upon him gradually in the course of his studies, could only be supplied by the great discovery that he hoped some day to be able to announce to the world. Yet she could, and did, reduce this lack by sharing its secret. The loss of her wistful incompleteness, therefore, since it came after an intimate relation had been established, was of little importance. Hartwell had already learned to talk to her about his experiments; and as for her becoming commonplace, he always saw her even in the most unfettered moments of their intercourse, draped with that which supplied the ineffable touch—that strangeness and poetry which an ordinary man might have missed—the mantle, usually unseen of the observer, of inevitable mortality.

“Rosalie, my wife, must die!”

By the time the satisfaction of having a confidante had lost its novelty, this thought had obtained complete possession of the husband's mind. Death! It haunted him like a spectre. Other men lived as if there were no such thing as death. They laughed and sang. They kissed their women perfunctorily each morning before going to work as though certain of finding them living and well at night.

The young chemist had no such illusions. After parting from Rosalie, and getting half-way to the drug-store—now two blocks from where they had established their home—he would often come back—once, twice, three times, and lock her in a close, passionate embrace. Then he would hurry away, usually with some such exclamation as this:

“I must get on with the work. If I waste time it will be too late.”

He usually started out early in the morning, so that he might find a few spare moments for his experiments before the beginning of the day's trade. At night he would often stay long after hours for the same purpose, his desire to be with his wife battling unsuccessfully with his desire to discover a way whereby her life might be indefinitely prolonged. Thus he came to live in an atmosphere of perpetual emergency, as if every moment were to be the last.

It cannot be said that in his fierce

struggle against the elements which make for the dissolution of the human frame he was even at this time totally unsuccessful. As is proven by some of his remaining manuscripts, he was one of the first to discover the functions of the opsonins—those strange bodies in the blood which “prepare the feast” of the white corpuscles—that is, which work the first change in the invading microbes of disease, making it possible for the more squeamish corpuscles, the now universally recognized scavengers of the body, to devour them. How he found the opportunity for the accumulation of this knowledge is still a mystery, but some explanation is to be sought in his still-remembered predilection for what were supposed to be pets—especially for rats, rabbits and guinea-pigs.

He had already come upon signs which indicated to his bold intellect that old age itself is caused by the presence of a definite poison or organism lodged either in the veins or the intestines. From this, the idea of compounding a medicine which should rid the system of its enemies and render man immune save to gross external accident, was but a step. And he had already, as he believed, taken many such steps even before Rosalie appeared with her unfathomed face, giving him the opportunity to disburden his mind, and stimulating him to yet more strenuous efforts.

Rosalie did not trouble herself much to follow his reasonings, and it is probable that for a long time his technical jargon was Greek to her. He was merely the first young specimen of the opposite sex whose relations promised to be sufficiently primitive and wholesome to satisfy the longings of her nature. Yet the first conversation in which the magic lymph was mentioned must have brought her that delightful sense of power which revelations of any kind tend to produce in the mind of a woman. It was a pledge of intimacy, as would have been a confession to the former possession of a mistress. The name of a rival once betrayed, a wife ceases to regard the rival seriously. Rosalie let him talk—and went innocently on with her housekeeping.

It was his passionate and reiterated leave-takings which nurtured the latent

springs of jealousy. Had he acted from mere lover-like extravagance, she could have met him half way. But the persistent excuse of his work chilled her, though she was too wise to let the chill be felt. The fact that he was always conscious that she might die detracted from the value of his anxiety. Yet, after a brief struggle with herself, she accepted his scientific obsessions as the necessary accompaniments of their life, bearing with them as she would have borne with any other slight infirmity—say with a hooked nose or a bald head. And she knew by an infallible instinct that it was her knowledge of his secret hopes that made her place secure.

Years passed, and children took the center of her attention. Her thrift and good sense had made the home a comfortable little paradise. Hartwell's employer, who liked the wife immensely, had been induced to see once-unsuspected excellencies in his prescription clerk, and had twice raised his salary, besides allowing him an ever-increasing liberty and a gradually-growing corner of the store-room in which to keep his strange pets. Hartwell wore better clothes than formerly, and was respected accordingly. He, like the wife, seemed to have become an entirely admirable member of the great middle class.

But this appearance was deceptive. He still lived in a continual, almost tangible and face-to-face struggle with death. No valetudinarian ever fought so unrelentingly against his particular and individual malady as did the chemist—now a middle-aged man, with white hair, and eyes already requiring the strongest of spectacles—against that general and impersonal enemy which claimed him and all his race. The effect of the battle upon his nature was deep. When he saw a child, even one not his own, his eyes would often fill with tears; for he seemed to see, through the velvet skin of youth, the grim agents of age and decay already taking up their obscure stations. Even an animal or a flower would sometimes awaken the most extravagant emotions of tenderness. He came to love all living things in proportion to the increase of his hatred of death—death, his enemy and theirs! People began to speak of him as “that good Mr. Hartwell.” His

wife and family were the objects of envy—and justly so, though nobody guessed their secret.

Indeed, there had come something into their relations which they hardly understood themselves. The months were one perpetual honeymoon. Rosalie had long since lost that sense of jealousy which had once assailed her at the mention of his work. During the later years preceding the great event which brought affairs to a crisis, she had, without knowing it, been more and more influenced by those labors pursued by her husband with such heroic patience; and now the period of her motherhood had come and gone, and was as much behind her as the days of maiden longing. The brood—two boys and a girl—had left the nest to shift for themselves. Her physical cares and labors decreasing, she had more time to think. And so it was at this unwonted season, after she had lived more than twenty years in contented union, that her feelings toward her husband underwent a somewhat sudden change.

From being the man, the provider, the companion, the father, he became something infinitely more sweet and personal. It was as if the year, verging upon winter, had put forth a few unexpected days of Indian summer—as though a rose, having bloomed fruitfully in its day for the gardener's profit, had put forth one final and yet more exquisite flower all for itself. In short, her soul expanded into full bloom, and she fell in love.

Now, at last, she understood Hartwell's constant fear of extinction. The ordinary, healthy ignoring of the final hour was impossible in that household, where age and its causes and possible cure were the daily topics of conversation. And she found it impossible to think of death without clutching to her soul ever tighter and tighter the object of her affections. It began to be she who called back the man after he left her in the morning to repeat again and yet again the good-bye, which, for all they knew, might be the last.

Hartwell's insistent occupation with death and disease had been the lever that had pried her loose from the conventional rock of apparent security. His deep and almost anguished love for all things, and especially for herself, had

awakened depths in her spirit, which, in a more ordinary life, might have gone to the grave unstirred.

She was thus doubly surprised and troubled when she began to fancy that her husband's daily good-byes were becoming less and less fervent. Possibly, she thought, he too had put forth new shoots of affection; and they, unlike those of her own heart, might have found something new about which to twine. As she watched him with the microscopic eyes of ripened love, it became plain that beneath his restrained demeanor there was a hidden excitement. His eyes shone as from a fever. She felt that she no longer possessed the full depths of his confidence. He came home late, or not at all. He was moody, abstracted. One day she felt that she knew the worst. He left in the morning without even kissing her. Here, just when she needed it most, the long, happy marriage was breaking up. Like the body, it had its age germ, of which there was no champion to stay the ravages.

None but her husband.

He came home that night hours before the time. And one glance showed that he was a new man. Even before he blurted out the words, she understood. He had succeeded!

"Yes—I have it at last. The lymph is a success. It is the anti-toxin of disease and age—the veritable elixir of life."

They were standing together upon the porch of the suburban cottage that had long since taken the place of their flat. It was sunset. The landscape was flooded by a golden light streaming horizontally from the West. Birds twittered in the branches of the cherry trees that grew before the door—late autumn birds, bidding each other good-night. It was the sun's last kiss of the earth—the moment for the beginning of the advent of darkness, when life must make room for death and change. And there stood the man—a common-place looking drug-clerk—who claimed to have found the secret which would cry halt to Conquerer Worm. He took a shining instrument from his pocket—a tiny syringe of glass mounted with silver—and bared his arm. It was as if he had bidden the sun ascend from the bed of feathery clouds

upon which it was about to cast itself. And in that moment the wife's life-long secret skepticism gave way. She ceased to think of her husband as the chaser of bubbles—a good man but with a harmless mania which must be indulged. Suddenly she believed in him.

He lifted the syringe to the light, gave one exultant glance at its crystal-clear contents, and prepared to plunge the sharp point of the injector into his flesh. But the woman arrested him.

"Wait," she said; "wait! Dont—you cant know—"

"But I have waited—I *do* know!" he affirmed, misunderstanding her concern. "Dont be afraid. It is quite harmless. I shall inoculate you, too—not once, but many times, till we both grow immune. I am not yet sure that the lymph will make us young again, but it will enable our blood to resist the attacks of all diseases—especially of that horrible disease known as old age. We may not live forever, but our lives, I verily believe, will be indefinitely prolonged."

"But not tonight," she pleaded. "I want to take it when you do, and I am not ready."

He yielded to her entreaties, thinking that they sprang from a woman's foolish fear of poison, and the two spent a delightful evening reviewing the many steps of the career which had brought to this present triumph. To have wrested the last and greatest secret from nature—to be standing like a god and goddess among men! It needed time, as the woman said, to get used to the grandeur of the idea. The experiment could be put off, like an exquisite morsel laid aside by an epicure to be enjoyed at ease and after hunger had grown to the last possible edge.

"And to think," he said that night, raising himself on his elbow to give her yet one more kiss before resigning himself to sleep, "—to think that I will never have to fret over the possibility of losing you! You will always be young and lovely, just as you are now."

He had forgotten that she was already forty years old, but his extravagance was quite excusable. In the moonlight flooding the chamber through the open window, her beauty, already renewed within the last months by her re-

born passion—shone with the opalescence of some priceless jewel.

"To think that I will never have to lose you!" he said again, when the sun of the new day illuminated the room.

The pair sat up in bed and looked at each other—they who had no more need to think of loss. But something, some subtle element of charm—it may have been because of the garishness of the too strong light—seemed to have fallen from each.

Hartwell's face, released from the long tension of his research, was flabby and expressionless. Rosalie had the touch of old womanhood plain upon her.

It did not matter. Age would perhaps recede. Anyway, it would be arrested. The lymph in its vial on the mantel sparkled encouragingly. There was no necessity for haste. It might be well even to wait a few weeks, and to make doubly sure of its perfection. As Hartwell, cooled from his first impatience, said over and over again—they could always keep it by them. The fear of death would be driven away, and immortality could be grasped any moment merely by reaching out the hand.

They could live with it always by them—that was it. The constant certainty of life had taken the place of the constant fear of death. Rosalie soon began to notice how ugly her husband's baldness was. It would be a pity to prolong that particular stage of existence. He would better make certain that the lymph could produce youth as well as deathlessness. A premature experiment might fasten him forever to that stooped and decrepit body. She, too—she saw it the more plainly as she felt an unaccustomed critical glance upon her—she, too, was getting elderly, and unlovely.

The situation grew more and more unbearable every day. His great occupation gone, Hartwell spent much of his time at home, and his ceaseless talk upon his one achievement became unspeakably tiresome. Then he formed the habit of absenting himself for long periods, and would often leave the city without so much as saying farewell. The wife did not care. She had become sullen and morose, and given to eyeing the tube of lymph, and the animals in whose veins he maintained an always-fresh supply,

with an almost uncontrollable loathing. Her first instinctive reluctance to touch the stuff had become open revulsion.

Finally, a narrow escape from exposure to a contagious disease which had become epidemic, reminded Hartwell that he was trifling with the results of a lifetime of toil.

"We must begin the treatment today," he announced.

His wife laughed harshly.

"Treatment?—what treatment?"

"Why, the treatment which is to produce hyperphagocytose—which is to fortify our blood with colloids, and render us immune from age and disease and death."

"Do you want to live forever? Do you think that I want to live forever with you?" she demanded, approaching him and looking deep into his eyes.

He drew back.

"Rosalie!" he stammered. "What is this?"

"I hate you!" she almost screamed.

And rushing to the mantel, she snatched the tube of lymph and sought to fling it into the fire which blazed on the hearth.

He tried to prevent her, and a struggle ensued. Her dress, brushing the flames, caught fire. She seized the nearest object—which happened to be a flimsy lace curtain—and smothered the spark. Her dress was saved, but the curtain was ablaze. It was a windy day. Before the engines could get to the spot, the contents of the cottage, including all the

stock of lymph-producing animals and most of the records of his experiments, were a total loss.

After it was all over, the wife found herself clinging to her husband's neck as if she were drowning, and that were the only way of keeping her head above the waters. She trembled, as before a god whom she had wronged.

But Hartwell stared like one dazed by what had happened. Perhaps, after another long series of experiments, he could again produce the lymph. But that was not what filled his mind. It was his wife. Without a word, he looked into her face, seeing it as through a cloud. And he perceived that a shadow rested upon it—the shadow of death. Tear-stained and smoke-grimed, it was more beautiful than it had ever been—more beautiful even than on that first night after his success, when they lay bathed in moonlight and discussed the great discovery together. And he had come near destroying this lovely mist with his accursed lymph—this dark halo of her mortality, of which the price was that self-same shadow of death.

"And what became of her?" asked one of our group, as the old, old man paused and began to pull a blade of grass to pieces with his fingers.

"She is dead," he answered, after a long, sad glance across the cemetery.

"And the man—her husband?"

"He is still alive."



The Toll of the Tall Timber

By Fred Lockley

FIFTY years ago four-fifths of our standing timber was publicly owned. Today only one-fifth is publicly owned. Fifty years ago we owned eighty per cent of the vast timber wealth of our country. Today we—and that “we” means you and me—find our patrimony has dwindled to a bare twenty per cent of the forest wealth of the United States. What have we done with it? Have we, with supine indifference to the future, stood by and let shrewd and unscrupulous, but far-seeing, speculators rob us of our inheritance? Have we bartered away our birthright?

Roosevelt and Pinchot are charged with hindering the development of the West by tying up a large part of the forest area in the creation of forest reserves. Who are making these charges? Who is doing the protesting? Certainly not the owners. Who are the owners? Why the public—you and I. No, we are not objecting to having what is left of our inheritance preserved for ourselves and our children.

We, who have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage and failed to get the pottage, are not raising any clamor against a policy which will protect our property from further exploitation and plundering. The control of the standing timber is concentrated in the hands of a few speculators. Less than two hundred inter-related holders own not less than one-half of the privately owned timber.

As a matter of fact, we have had such tremendous assets in our minerals, water power, timber, and in our other undeveloped natural resources that we have paid but little attention to our publicly owned forest wealth. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and even though we and our children own a share in the Nation's timber, we have heedless-

ly allowed it to slip through our fingers.

The report of the Commissioner of Corporations shows that by our indifference we have allowed enormous railroad, canal and wagon-road grants, and thus alienated tremendous tracts of our best timber. We have co-operated with those interested in securing control by the making of laws permitting the sale of timber land at \$1.25 an acre. While on the face of it this may seem to have been a law for the poor man, it has resulted in the large holders securing control of our forests.

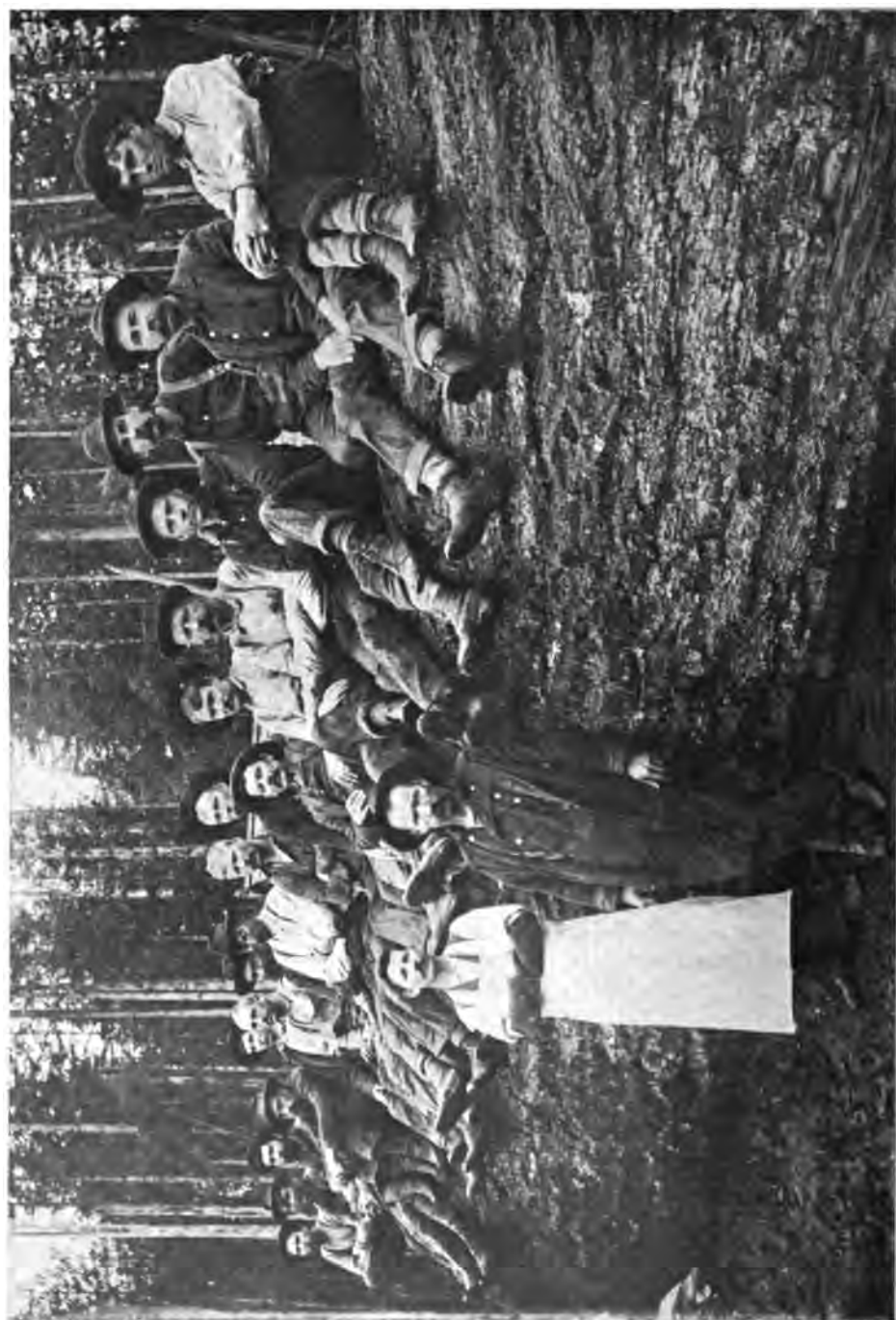
Thousands of Westerners who have taken up timber claims, paying the Government price of \$400, have found that their individual quarter sections were surrounded by the holdings of some big company. Even though one's claim cruised from four million to seven million feet, he could do nothing with it, and though timber sold at from seventy-five cents to one dollar per thousand stumpage, yet it was a case of taking what the owner of the surrounding timber cared to give, which was usually a fraction of its real value.

The Commissioner's report shows the following interesting figures:

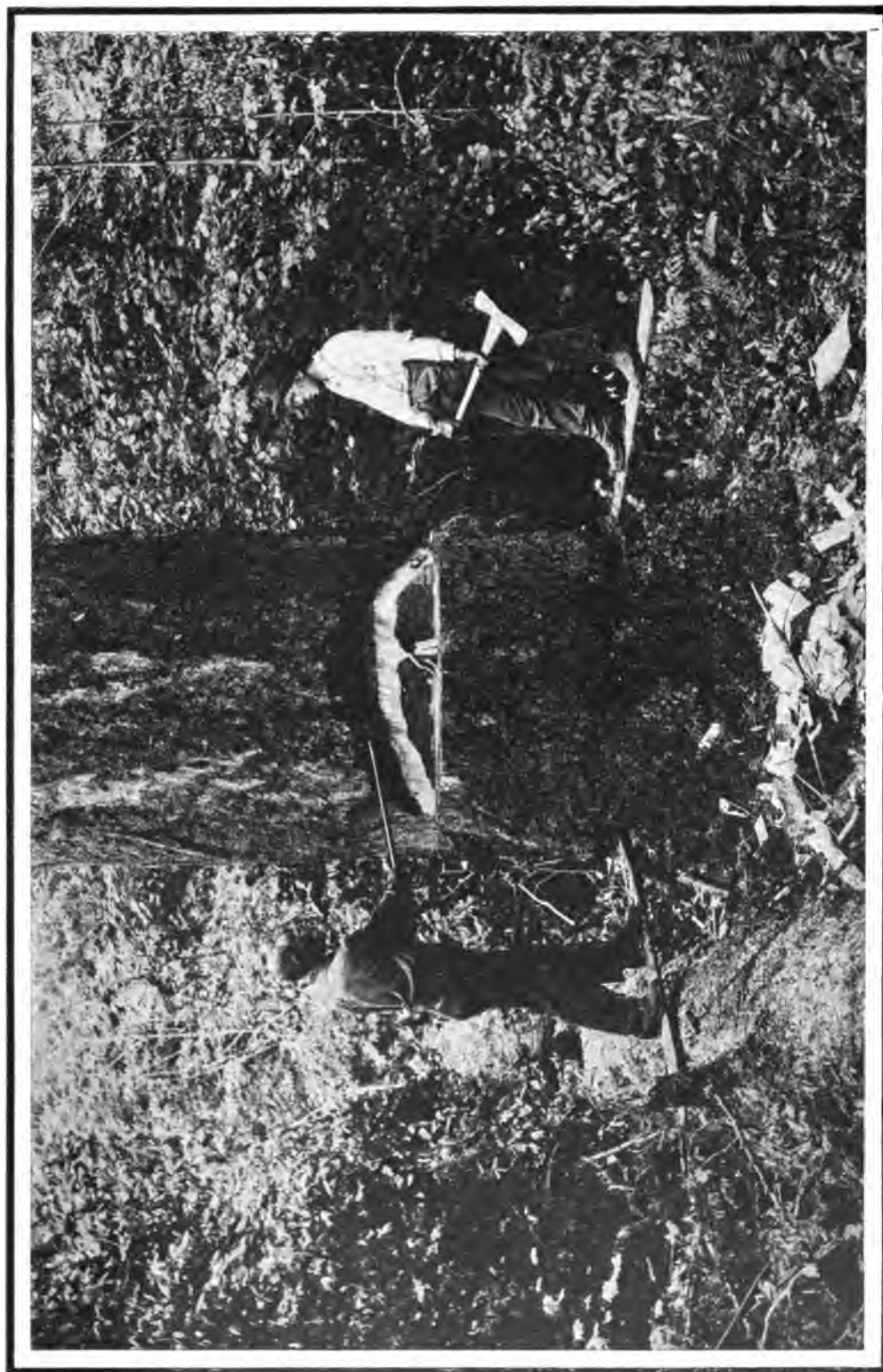
The total amount of standing timber in the United States is 2,800,000,000,000 board feet. The present annual drain upon the supply of saw timber is fifty billion feet.

One-half of the privately owned timber in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana is now owned by thirty-seven holders. This timber is being largely held for the future, when these owners will be the dominating influence in the industry.

We are beginning to realize more fully the value of our forest resources. Public sentiment has been created against the spoliation or the destruction of the vast timber tracts by fire. Detailed field examinations made by National Forest offi-



"ALL HANDS AND THE COOK."



"FELLERS" STARTING AN "UNDERCUT." THE TREE WILL FALL DIRECTLY TOWARD THE FRONT. EXPERTS CAN "DRIVE A STAKE" IN THE GROUND WITH THE TOP OF THE TREE, SO EXACTLY CAN THEY FELL IT.



FELLERS SAWING AN "UPPERCUT." THE UNDERCUT HAVING ALREADY BEEN MADE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE, THE TREE WILL FALL THAT WAY, AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE LINE OF THE CUT.



A FALL.

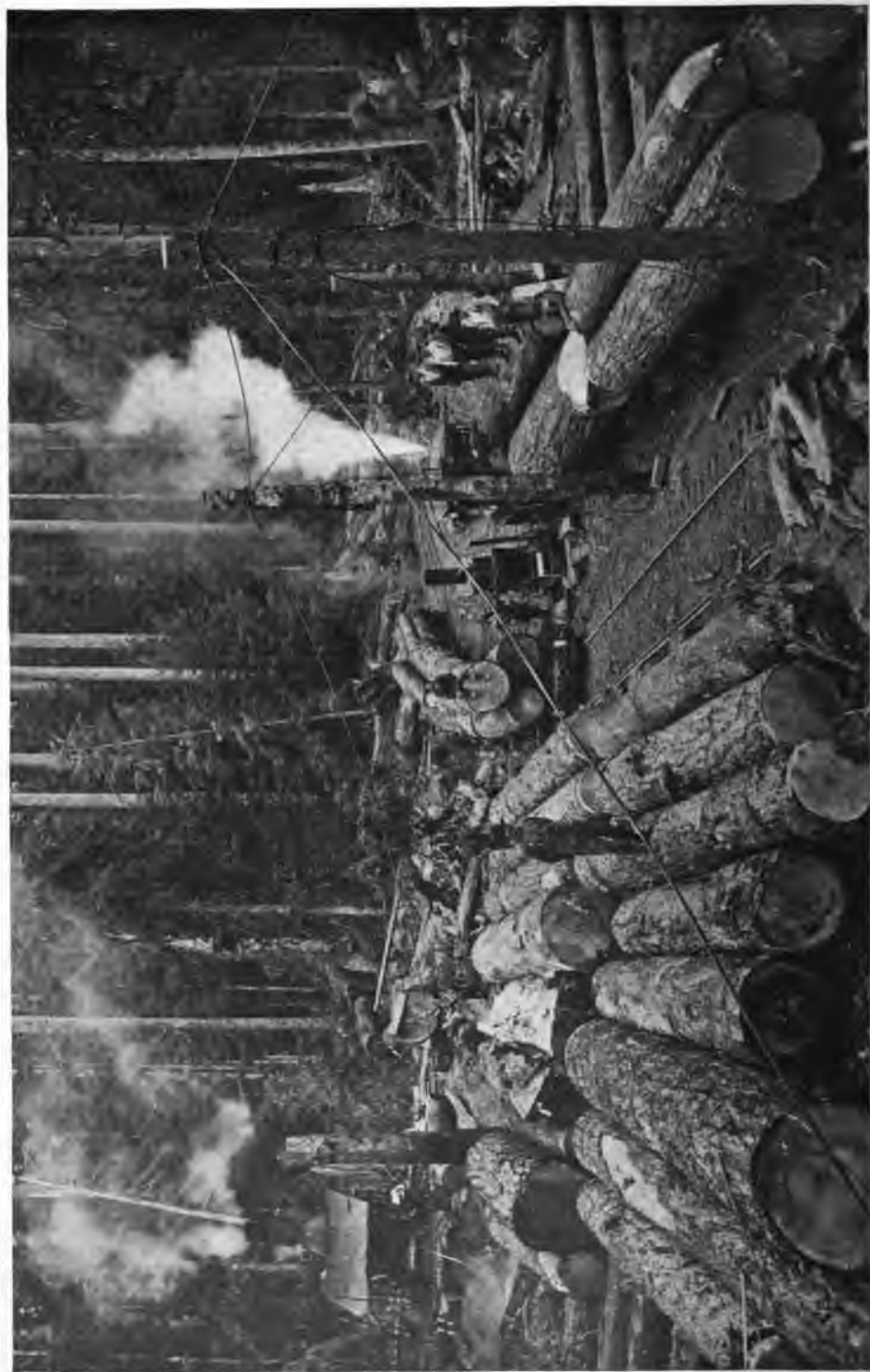
Photograph by R. F. Snaith.



GENII OF THE AX: AT HOME IN THE TALL TIMBER.
Photograph by C. A. Ruddr.



GETTING THEM DOWN TO THE LOGGING ROAD.



LOADING THE LOGGING TRAIN; SECOND STAGE OF THE JOURNEY OUT OF THE WOODS.

Photograph by C. A. Budder.

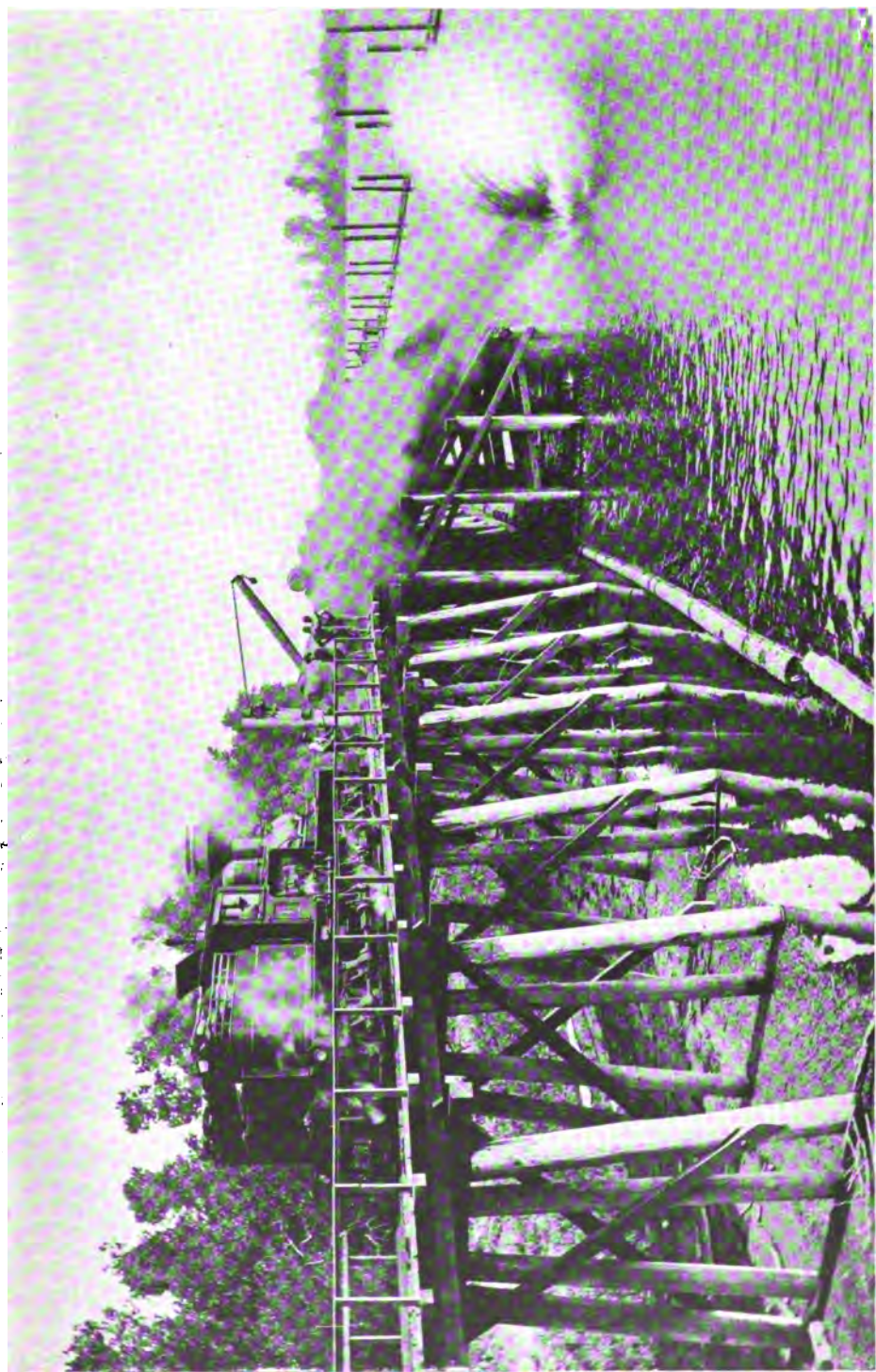


HUSTLING OUT OF THE WOODS.

Photograph by C. A. Ruddy.

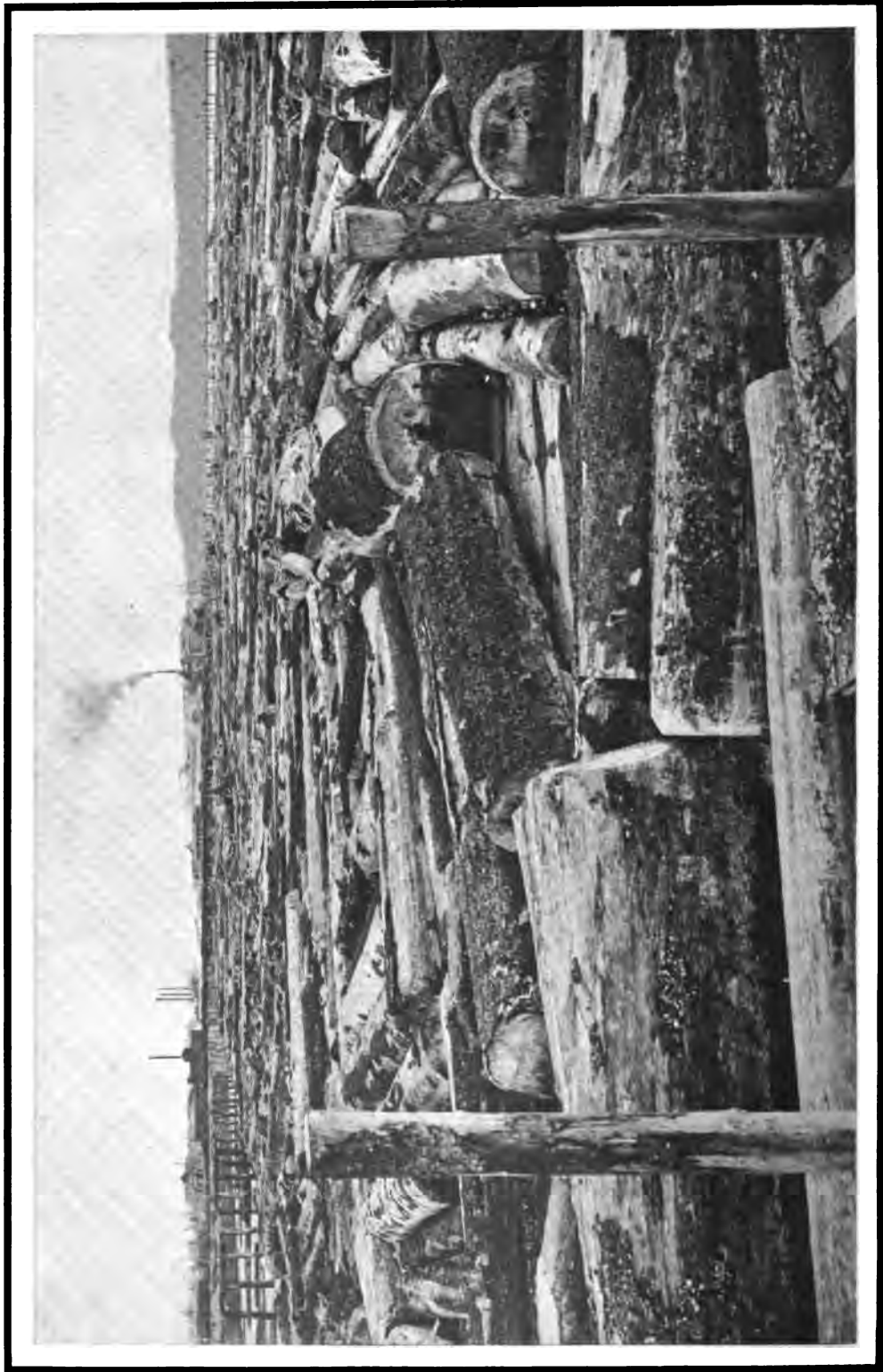


SHUNTING LOGS OFF THE TRUCKS INTO THE RIVER BY A SWEEP, WHICH OPERATES AS THE ENGINE PUSHES THE CAR AHEAD. Photograph by C. A. Ruddy.



Photograph by C. A. Ruddy.

INTO THE COLUMBIA AT LAST.



AWAITING THE BIG SAWS. THESE LOGS ARE FROM SIX TO NINE FEET IN DIAMETER.

cers show that during the forest fires of last summer in Oregon and Washington, there was a loss to the National Forest timber of over seven hundred million feet. This is equal to the amount cut by all of the Portland saw mills last year, which produced a revenue of thirty million dollars. In the Colville Reserve alone 160,000 acres were burned last year. The fire, however, in the Colville Reserve was mostly a surface fire and consequently was less destructive than one that travels through the crowns of the trees.

For years there has been a feeling of antagonism by the sheepmen and many stockmen for the National reserves and the forest supervisors. This animosity bids fair to be entirely wiped out by the recommendations of the forest reserve officers, who are urgently recommending the utilization of the range under proper grazing regulations. The forest officials concede that the ungrazed forest reserve, with its dry grass and other herbage, gives material for the flames, and makes the forest fires fiercer and more destructive than if the land had been grazed.

The National Forest Administration is endeavoring to open all available ranges to the fullest use of the stockmen, consistent with the protection of forest growth and water supply; in other words, to have each range properly grazed but not over-grazed. They plan to open such reserves as the Okanogan, the Chelan, and the Colville to stock, by the construction of driveways and the building of roads and trails to make this range available to the surrounding stockmen.

Of the fifteen and one-half million acres of land included within the boundaries of the forest reserves in Oregon, fourteen per cent is privately owned.

The Cascade Forest Reserve is a typical example of the character of the forest reserves. Slightly more than eighty-five per cent of the land in the Cascade Reserve is forested. About eight per cent consists of burned-over land. Five per cent is open land suitable for grazing or agriculture, while one per cent consists of barren rocks and glacial ice, the remaining one per cent including all culti-

vated land, water surface and logged-off lands. To put it more graphically, one acre in every twelve in the reserve is burned-over land, while one acre in every twenty is agricultural land.

Portland has the distinction of being the largest lumber-cutting city in the world. Seven hundred million feet of lumber was cut by the Portland sawmills during 1910. Some idea of the size of the industry may be secured by realizing that Portland's sawmills during the past year paid out for wages and supplies over six million dollars.

The harvesting of the forest crop is a most interesting sight. The lumbermen's crop is one that has taken from one hundred and fifty to five hundred years to grow. Under foot is a century-old carpet of fragrant pine needles and moss. Through the interwoven branches the sunlight makes its way, weaving fantastic and ever-changing Oriental designs on the forest carpet. It is as though you were in some vast cathedral. The light is dim and mysterious. Two hundred feet above is a roof of almost solid green, supported by a multitude of massive rough-barked columns. By your side rises a Douglas fir, six feet through at the base and straight as an arrow to the first limb, one hundred feet or more above you. The storms of three centuries have but given it added strength, beauty and symmetry. Undisturbed, it will be young when you and your children are old, but its time has come! Compared with its massive strength, the rough-garbed woodsman, who is examining it critically, seems insignificant. He has come to give it its death sentence. He is the "chopper" or "undercutter" and his woodcraft and judgment must be of the best. He examines the tree carefully and decides in which direction it shall fall. Where the trees are standing thickly this is sometimes a nice question, because if in its fall it deviates but a few feet from the chosen course, it may lodge against another tree and be hung up, or it may fall across a down tree or a stump and break, thus ruining one or more cuts. When the "chopper" has made his decision, he undercuts the tree and thus determines the direction of its fall.

He is followed by the "fellers" who

cut deep notches on opposite sides of the tree, in which they place their spring-boards and upon which they stand while sawing the tree. Like perfect working machinery, back and forth go the bare arms of the fellers. Under their close-knit undershirts you can see the rippling muscles play with each stroke of the saw, as the gleaming blade goes back and forth. Presently, the tree trembles slightly. The fellers sound their musical warning—"Timber, Tim-b-e-r," and stand back out of harm's way. Slowly the massive tree bows, there is a sharp cracking of rending wood as the unsawed fibres break beneath the strain. There is a cracking and snapping as the larger branches strike the ground and break with a sound like the rattle of musketry when a platoon is firing at will. Then comes a far-sounding boom like a salvo of artillery as the massive trunk strikes the earth, and with a shudder lies prone.

One of the fellers mounts the prostrate trunk, and, rendered sure-footed by his sharp-spiked shoes, paces along the trunk to the first limb. Forty yard-long steps he takes along the clean, smooth trunk, before he comes to the first limb, and he will have to measure thirty paces more before he comes to the delicate new growth at the crown.

Scarcely has the echo of its fall died away when the "buckers" appear. With his ax-handle one of the buckers measures the trunk into "thirties" or "forties" and notches it to indicate the length of the saw log. While the buckers are sawing the tree into thirty or forty-foot saw-log lengths, the "swamper" clears a path to the skid road, cutting down all brush and clearing away the large limbs or other obstructions.

When the buckers have reduced the tree into saw logs, the "knotter" comes to cut off any knots that might prevent it being easily dragged. Then comes the "sniper" who, with his keen double-bitted ax, rounds the butt of each log to prevent the front of the log catching on the skids as it is being snaked out. Lastly comes the "barker" to cut the bark from one side to make it travel on the skids with less friction.

When the knotter and sniper and

barker have prepared the log, the hook-tender, who is foreman of the rigging crew, sees that the rigging slinger fastens the rigging to the log properly. The hook-tender gives the signal to the engineer of the "yarder" as the donkey-engine is termed, and the log fastened to the wire cable is taken out to the skid road.

When from six to ten logs have been pulled out to the skid road and straightened up, one following the other in Indian file, the "dogger" drives in the iron dogs and "dogs up the turn." That is, by means of his dogs and chains he fastens the string of logs to the wire cable. When he has "dogged up the turn" and everything is ready, the hook-tender gives the high sign to the yarder and the "donkey" with many a snort and puff pulls the turn of logs over the skid road to the landing. Attached to the cable is a strongly made sled which follows the saw logs to the landing. When the logs are released and the dogs and chains removed, they are piled in this sled, which is taken back to the woods on the haul-back line.

In the old days before yarders were used, the logs were hauled to the landing by from six to ten yoke of oxen, but now the donkey-engine with its 150 horse-power has replaced ox-power, and one of the picturesque sights of the old logging days has followed the trail of the buffalo and the trapper into oblivion.

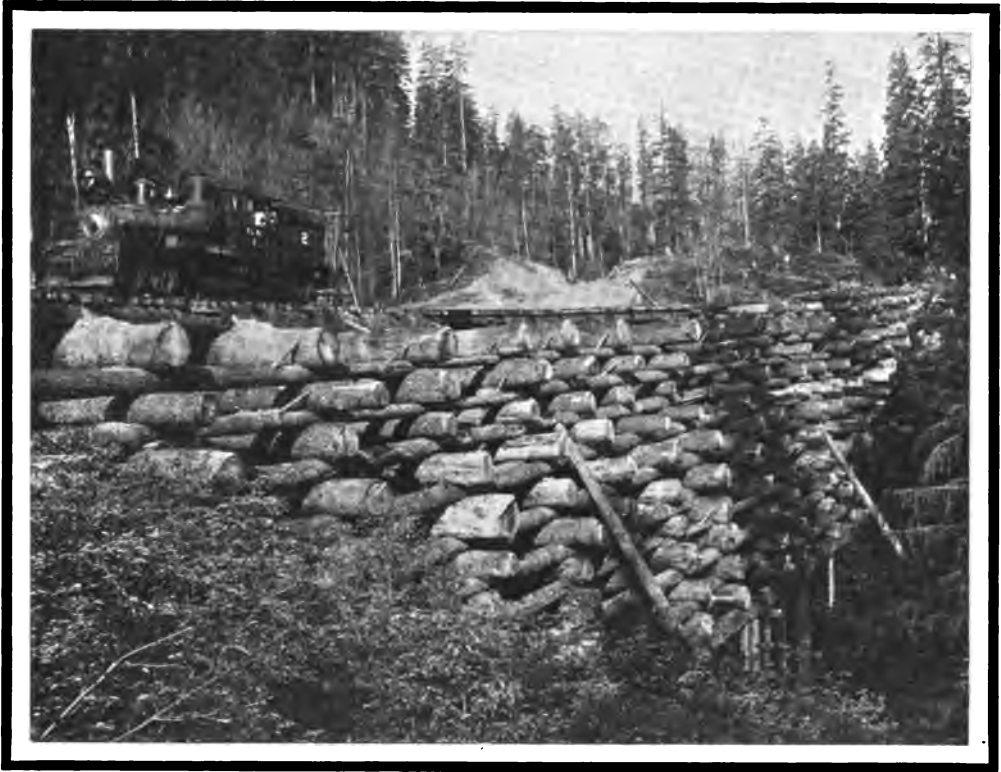
At the landing the logs are placed on flat-cars and hauled to the river or to the harbor, and dumped down the splash-way. Here the logs are placed in rafts, containing from 150,000 to 250,000 feet of lumber. At the boom the logs are separated, the cedar being rounded up into one raft for the shingle mills, while the spruce, fir and hemlock are also separated at the mill boom. Armed with cant-hook, peavey or pole, the blue-shirted lumber-jacks, sharp-shod and sure-footed, run back and forth upon the logs, pushing the logs to the foot of the incline, where "dogs" are attached to them and they are fastened to an endless chain which takes them up to the log-deck.

The lumber-jacks keep an endless procession of logs traveling to the log-

deck of the mill. When the log, rough barked and dripping, like some vast amphibious creature, brought reluctantly and protestingly from the deep, rests on the log-deck, huge steel arms rise through the floor, striking it on both sides, thus placing it upon the carriage. With a lever the sawyer operates the log-turner, placing the log on the carriage. It is fastened by means of dogs and the carriage moves steadily forward against

Without rest or cessation the lumber travels to the automatic trimmers, where a man located in a cage above the saws manipulates the levers and cuts the lumber into the desired lengths. From here it goes automatically to the sorting table, where the tally men mark each piece for the particular order upon which they are working.

Almost in less time than one can describe it the dripping log has been con-



Photograph by C. A. Ruddy.

ROUGH-AND-READY ENGINEERING IN THE WOODS. THESE LOGS ALSO WILL EVENTUALLY GO TO THE MILL.

the rapidly-revolving head saw. This steel ribbon, fourteen to sixteen inches wide, a sixteenth of an inch thick, and sixty feet long, seems to melt through the log as though the log were cheese.

From the head saw the heavier timbers are taken to smaller pony saws and cut up into dimension lumber to fill the regular orders. From the head and pony saws the lumber is taken to the "edger" where shifting saws are set to rip up the boards to the desired width.

verted into lumber, the slab-wood and waste has been shot to one side and the lumber made ready for delivery.

As time goes on, more and more of the waste is utilized. In the old days the log was cut high, leaving an eight- or ten-foot stump. The best logs were taken; the others left to rot in the woods. All of the slabs and pieces shorter than six feet were conveyed by an endless chain to a burning pile where they were consumed, and no attempt was made to

utilize anything but the best marketable lumber. Now, particularly near all large cities, the slab-wood is sold for fuel and much of the waste is converted into clothes-pins or other smaller wooden products.

Oregon has more standing merchantable timber than any other State in the Union.

There are approximately three hundred and sixty-seven billion feet, board

in Western Oregon present ideal conditions for the growth of the Douglas fir, which forms seventy-nine per cent of the forest growth of Western Oregon. Aside from the Douglas fir, the principal varieties of commercial timber found in the Willamette Valley, Southern Oregon, and the Coast districts, are: sugar pine, spruce, yellow pine, hemlock and cedar.

In Eastern Oregon the drouth-resistant yellow pine forms eighty per cent of



LOG RAFT, READY FOR THE SEA.

Photograph by C. A. Ruddy.

measure, of standing timber in Oregon, eighty per cent of which is located in Western Oregon.

Five-eighths of Oregon's forty thousand square miles of timbered area has been set aside as forest reserve.

Climatically the Cascade Range of mountains divides Oregon into two widely diverse districts: Western Oregon, with its moist, mild climate, and Eastern Oregon, with its almost perpetual sunshine.

A rich and fertile soil, an even temperature, and an abundance of precipitation

the standing timber, while the moisture-loving Douglas fir forms but eleven per cent of the forest growth.

In view of the fact that Oregon has more standing timber than any other State, it is easy to understand that lumber manufacturing is the leading industry.

The lumber output of the State brings in an annual revenue of over thirty million dollars. Sawed lumber, of course, forms the principal item of this revenue, the other income-producing forest products consisting of poles, piling, ties, cord-

wood, wood pulp, and shingles. Probably seventy-five per cent of this thirty million dollars of annual revenue from our forest products is spent for labor and supplies used in converting the living tree into the finished product.

The tremendous railroad expansion of the past few years is bringing many new timber districts into touch with the market. It has only been within the past few years that Oregon fir has come into its own, and has become recognized as one of the most desirable woods for finishing material, on account of its beautiful grain. Oregon fir is also largely replacing the woods formerly used in the construction of railway cars and other equipment, on account of its superior strength and lightness.

Oregon and the Northwest generally are sending more and more of their lumber each year to foreign markets. During the year just passed, 1910, Portland shipped to foreign ports 135,652,772 feet of lumber, valued at \$1,630,461.

February, 1910, broke the long standing high record for monthly shipments to foreign ports, 18,830,534 feet of lumber with a value of over \$200,000 having been shipped during this month. One of the largest single cargoes shipped was taken out by the British ship *Knight of the Garter*, whose cargo consisted of over five million feet of lumber.

Western Oregon and the other sections of the timbered Northwest have a serious problem to handle in their logged-off lands. Here and there a settler has moved in and established on a small scale the dairying industry on the logged-off lands, but the only solution of the problem is the removal of the stumps so that the land can be converted into farming and fruit land.

Heretofore considerable effort has been put forth to clear this land by means of blowing the stumps out by dynamite or blasting powder. Within the past year or two, however, a new method has been tried which it is believed will solve the problem.

The Agricultural College of the State of Washington, through its farm demonstration department, has been conducting tests on the logged-off lands which

have attracted great attention. The system used is called the char-pit method of burning stumps. At the meeting of the Southwestern Development League at Vancouver recently, Professor H. W. Sparks, supervisor of the Demonstration Farm of the Washington Agricultural College, conducted some very successful tests.

Where stumps are twelve or fifteen inches through it has been found more economical to pull them out with a horse and capstan, or with a donkey-engine. Where stumps, however, are too large for removal in this manner, the char-pit method has demonstrated its ability to clear the land of stumps at small expense. The method is very simple. The bark is removed from the stumps for a height of about two feet above the ground. Dry kindling wood, bark and litter are placed entirely around the stump. Earth is shoveled to a depth of from three to six inches over the wood and bark surrounding the trunk. An opening about a foot wide is left and the fire is started by means of pitch pine. When it is well started, the opening is covered, leaving a small crevice for draft. It takes from six days to two weeks for a stump to burn out completely by this method. The fire follows the roots to the very end, and if care is taken to keep the fire always covered with earth, there is little chance for failure.

Tests show that by this method it costs from thirty-five cents to fifty cents per stump to clear the field. This is on the basis of labor costing \$2.50 a day. In experiments conducted by Professor Sparks it was found that two men, in addition to caring for the already-burning stumps, could prepare and fire an average of about thirty stumps a day. The stumps averaged two inches less than four feet in diameter.

The char-pitting process will undoubtedly help to solve the problem of logged-off lands. Much of this land can be purchased at from \$5.00 to \$10.00 an acre, and by this process the poor man can move on to a forty or eighty of logged-off land, and with his own efforts and with little or no expense be able to clear the land.

To the Meadowlark

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Thou tiny, feathered chorister, so brave,
Exultant on the very edge of Spring;
Though clouds are pouring and the winds still rave,
Hark! In a lull, I hear thee blithely sing.
Perched on a topmost bough or rustic fence,
What though around thee dripping skies be drear,
Thou spendest joy with prodigal expense,
And fillest all the air with song and cheer.
Undaunted heart. I would that I might warm
The world as thou, and top with song the storm.

Bright first forerunner of the coming green,
Sprung like a spirit from an empty sky,
While earth is winter-dumb and no life seen,
Then sudden sounds thy joyous minstrelsy.
Thy careless music thrills th' enraptured ear:
Like Pan's pure pipe it flutes unto the skies,
Telling all things, "Soft-footed Spring is here";
And bidding ferns and violets arise.
Where hast thou learned thy rapturous bubbling glee?
Thou chosen bard of Spring's great victory.

Tell how through all the endless reach of Time
Thy thoughtless throat hath kept its dewy song,
Which sweetly speaks of life and love at prime,
With no dull note that love or life be wrong.
Wert thou some poet in that vernal tide,
When Earth was young, unmarried to Despair,—
Changed to a bird, with power to Man denied,
Forever with heartsease to lade the air?
Never to cease through all the years' annoy,
To sing thy heart-full psalm of love and joy.

Out in the jeweled fields thou hast thy nest,
And wak'st the morning with thy liquid note;
O, who could mar the gorget of thy breast,
Or give to Death thy limp and silent throat?
Thou music-making miracle struck dumb!
Bright, airy morsel of the fragrant fields,
I grudge that Death to thee should ever come,
So much of joy to man thy small life yields,
Glad minstrel of the Spring,—bold wayfarer;
Of buds and blooms, the earliest harbinger.

What medicine is in thy limpid strain?
Chant of the Springtime, never to grow old;
Gay frolic youth and fine twigs gemmed by rain;
Clouds, breezes, blossoms,—beauty manifold.

How poor are they who have nor eyes, nor ears
To drink this nectar of a sparkling world.
Thy sprite-song stirs me almost unto tears.
The wondrous spring has come, fresh and empearled:
Hills, waters, skies; bees, blossoms, buds and flowers,
And all Earth's glory, which is thine and ours.

I would that I could live as thou art,—free,
Bird of the open fields and morning-calm;
Without the clog and cramp of tyranny
By law or custom. Give me that rare balm,
More heavenly than dew, which frees the soul
And bids it soar on wings where'er it dare;
Let men live godlike free from men's control;
Then shall such heart-songs fret the morning air
As ne'er were heard; rare melodies divine,
With joy as deep, as reckless too, as thine.

The Man That Was Squelched

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," etc.

SECOND STREET is the main business street of Edgeville, and Willow Street only a sort of appendix, ending at Sam Wall's grocery store. Beyond that there are residences and then, unexpectedly, you come upon Henry Littlefinger's store. It is like a condensed index, indicating in an insufficient manner the contents of Main Street and lower Willow Street. Spool cotton mildly hints a drygoods store; a few jars of candy suggest a confectioner's shop; a case of cigars points to a tobacconist's; a couple of piles of canned goods, a cheese and some tins of crackers do duty as a grocer's; and the shoe shops are indicated by a few dozen shoe strings.

There seems to have been but one reason for putting a store so far away from all other business. It saves four or five old men the trouble of walking any farther down street to find a loafing place. As soon as Henry Littlefinger opened his doors the old men took possession, and there they stayed. Henry Little-

finger, tall and stooping, meek and black-bearded, had not the slightest idea how to get rid of them. Once, in a spurt of independence, he daubed a sign—"No Smoking Allowed"—on a sheet of wrapping paper, and pinned it on the wall, but no one seemed to pay any attention to it. None of the five old men paid much attention to Henry Littlefinger, anyway. None knew his presence irritated Henry Littlefinger, and least of all did old Billy Hankins know it.

Old Billy Hankins usually turned up about the time Henry was unlocking the door, but he was often on hand before Henry, and chided him mildly for being late. But what irritated Henry most was old Billy's everlasting all-knowingness; his high-handed cock-sureness. Although the five old men around his stove seldom allowed Henry to put in a word in their discussions, Henry's blood boiled as he leaned on his cigar case and listened to old Billy lay down the law. Every word old Billy said was diametrically opposed to all Henry's life-long beliefs and theories, and Henry boiled with the indignation of the man who has suffered too

long in silence and who is liable to explode. Sometimes he felt that he would like to sell his store, just for the pleasure of ordering old Billy Hankins out of it, but there was one difficulty in the way;—he could not have sold the store—he could hardly have given it away.

But Henry was not alone in his irritation. It cannot be expected that store-loafers, however great their solidarity as against the owner of the store, should enjoy being summarily shut up, on every occasion, by one of their number.

"Hold on there! Hold on, now, Edward!" old Billy would break in, pointing the end of his pipe-stem at the speaker; "you got that all wrong. You let me tell you how—"

"Why, Billy; I was just a sayin'—"

"Well, you aint got no call to say it! You let *me* talk—"

"Now, Billy, if you just let me say—"

"You can say your say when I get done," old Billy would declare, "if you've a mind to show off what fool notions you've got, Edward. Now, this here tariff bill—". And so on. He laid down the law for them from morning to night. All day his pipe-stem swung around the circle, like a deadly instrument, commanding silence, and he talked continuously, in a high voice, treating them like children.

It was not pleasant. It was distinctly irritating. When four or five men sit around a store stove they do it to talk, and it is an everlasting rule that each may talk his share. When a man has been bored awhile, it is his turn to bore. It is only at lectures that one man has the right to do all the talking; even at church the listeners are given a chance to sing once in a while. But old Billy would not have allowed any singing, if he had been the preacher. He would have pointed his pipe-stem at the choir—

"Hold on!" he would have shouted; "Hold on, now! You aint got that tune no ways right. You shut up. If there's any singin' goin' to be done here, I'll do it."

And if the tune was "Onward Christian Soldiers," he would have tuned up his voice and have sung a few verses of "America" to the tune of "Old Dog Tray." That's the stubborn, opinionated kind of man old Billy Hankins was. His

fluff of gray whisker stuck straight out in front. It looked as if it might bite you.

But a thing can be stood so long and no longer, especially silence. What is man but a talking animal? You can stuff his ears with cotton and he will be happy still, but he wants his mouth so it can flop open and shut unimpeded, or he pines away. The four old men at Henry Littlefinger's stood it as long as human nature could, and then they squelched old Billy. They squelched him hard.

The revolt began meekly enough. It began over that little war in South America; that interminable comic-opera war into which we seemed about to be drawn unwillingly, and of which the newspapers cackled, day after day—"We'll fight—we wont fight—we'll fight—we wont fight,"—while the Government sat up nights thinking with all its brains, trying to devise a way to end the war without taking a hand in it. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of State had quite opposite opinions, and the President was undecided. Only one man in America was absolutely sure just what should be done, and old Billy Hankins was the man. He not only spoke right out and said what should be done, but he also refused to let any one else say anything whatever about it.

"Well, I dont know, Billy"—said Edward.

Old Billy swung his pipe-stem at Edward, and nailed him with his eye.

"You dont know?" he sneered. "Well, I should say you dont. Nobody expects you to, Edward. You dont know nothing about it. An', what's more, the President dont. Nor the Sekertary of State you all brag about—he dont. They act like half-grown children, that's how they carry on. An' what about? About nothin'! About a little, half-baked, one-hoss, half-breed war. Talkin' about sendin' down warships, an' soldiers, an' army an' navy, an' land knows what all! Why, if the President was to say to me, 'Bill Hankins, you put down that there war,' I would n't ask nothin' better. An' I wouldn't ask no help. War! Huh."

It was then that Henry Littlefinger arose in his might and revolted. He leaned his elbows on his cigar case.

"If someone was to write that to the President—" he said.

Old Billy turned on him angrily.

"I wish't someone would," he shouted. "I wish't them Washin'ton fellers knew what I think of them."

"No doubt they'd be right put out, hearin' you was so sot agin 'em," said Uncle Richard Watts. Old Billy turned on him savagely.

"If they was n't they'd ought to be," he declared. "They aint got no more sense than you've got, Richard Watts. Which aint any."

"Billy," said Samuel Griggs, "I been a wonderin' you dont take a run down to Washin'ton, D. C., an' tell th' President just what you think 'bout that war."

Old Billy glared. His beard worked up and down with anger. For a minute he stared at Samuel, and then he turned to Eph Giffing, the mildest of all the old men.

"Whilst th' sheep is roarin'," he said sneeringly, "why dont you jine in? Seems like you was the only one what haint howled."

Eph stroked his long white beard thoughtfully.

"Well, Billy," he said, "if you was n't to go to Washin'ton, D. C., you might drop th' President a post-card. 'T aint right to leave him in the dark like he is."

Billy gasped. He looked around amazedly. He saw he was losing his prestige. He must regain it immediately, and there was but one way to do it. He must consolidate his friends and throw them in a crushing blow upon Henry Littlefinger; he must unite them against the common enemy.

"Henry," he said, with a smile, "we-all wish you would just write to the President. He'd be mighty glad to hear from you, I make no doubt. He'd be right down pleased to start up a correspondence with you. Wouldn't he, Edward?"

Billy pierced Edward with his eye.

"Why, yes!" said Edward slowly. "Yes, Henry. I think you *had* ought to write to the President. It aint fair not to let him know what a help Billy could be to him. He might send for Billy to put down that war."

Billy looked around the circle. The old men nodded.

"That's so!" they said solemnly. "That's so, Henry!"

Old Billy's beard straightened out, angrily. He fumbled as he filled his pipe, and then, without a word, he walked out of the store and slammed the door behind him.

Uncle Richard chuckled.

"I guess we squelched Billy that time," he said. But Eph Giffing stroked his white beard.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully. "I guess so. But I've known Billy, on an' off, for forty year, an' I reckon he wont stay squelched. Accordin' to my notion, Billy will be back here, talkin' loud, about tomorry mornin'."

He was partially right. Billy was back the next morning, but before he could resume his supremacy Henry Littlefinger spoke.

"Well," he said, to Uncle Richard, "I wrote off that letter last night to the President, about Billy. I sent it down to Washin'ton, D. C., to my wife's cousin, Luella. She married a Lowestoft—John C. Lowestoft—and he's advertising manager of that big department store down there. I guess he'll get it to the President if anybody can. Mailed it this morning."

"What'd you write, Henry?" asked Uncle Richard.

"I was writin' nearly all night," said Henry. "I told him all I knowed about Billy, an' what Billy reckoned he could do about puttin' down that war, an' all that. I told him the whole thing. I guess the' aint no doubt but what th' President 'll call on Billy."

"Henry," said Billy earnestly, "you did n't do that, did you?"

"I felt it was my duty," explained Henry.

Old Billy sank into a chair by the stove, but he did not enter into the ensuing conversation. He sat silent and glum and let the most un-Hawkinish statements pass uncontroverted. He seemed to be thoroughly squelched, and it was only as he departed for home that he aroused himself.

"Henry," he said, "I wisht you had n't wrote that letter."

"Too late now," said Henry lightly.

"Because," said Old Billy, "if the President does call on me to put down

that war, I'll feel in *duty* bound to do it. An' every time I sleep in a car I get a stiff neck."

"Edward," said Henry anxiously, when Billy had gone, "d'you suppose that old codger would actually start off to put down that war, if he got word to do it?"

Edward laughed a chuckling laugh, and his old face screwed up with merriment.

"If Billy got word to put down a cat fight," he said, "he'd crawl under th' barn an' stay there. That 's what I reckon Billy 'd do. But he aint goin' to get no word. You did n't really write no such letter, Henery, did you?"

"If you mean I did n't write no letter to the President," said Henry grimly, "I did not. But I wrote a letter, and I sent it to my wife's cousin, Luella, who married a Lowestoft, and told her to mail it there at Washin'ton, D. C., so it would come back here to old Billy. That's what I did. And this here is a copy of that letter Billy will get."

He laid on the cigar case a letter, and the four old men gathered around while Edward adjusted his spectacles and read it aloud.

"'Honorable William Hankins, Esquire,'" read Edward, "'Edgeville, Iowa, Dear Sir: It havin' been brought to my attention by sev'ral leadin' citizens of your town that you are able to put down an' suppress an' cause to cease an' discontinue, a war an' state of war now existin' in South America the existence of which threatens th' peace of nations, I do hereby appoint an' name you Sole an' Absolute Commissioner to stop said war. You will therefore proceed to do so. You will scrupulously observe the followin' conditions: First, absolute secrecy; second, immediate suppression of war. An' I feel, in view of some utterances you have made and that have been reported to me, that you will not fail your country, since such utterances as have been reported could only be made by a man sure of his ability, they bein', otherwise, words of High Treason, punishable by death. Yurs very truly, The President.'"

There was a moment of tense silence, and then the spell was broken by Eph Giffing, who chuckled aloud. Henry

looked at him doubtfully.

"I was a' thinkin' of what Billy 'll think when he gets that letter," said Eph, and the three other old men chuckled, too. Henry alone remained unsmiling.

"But if he goes—" he said uneasily.

"Billy wont go," said Uncle Richard easily. "When a man talks as much as Billy does he takes it all out in talk."

During the next few days Billy Hankins remained squelched. If he so much as opened his mouth someone would say: "Seems like the President wa'n't goin' to call on Billy," or "See anythin' in the paper this mornin' Henery, 'bout Billy bein' appointed to put down the war?" and Billy would close his mouth tightly. But the morning of the fifth day did not see old Billy at the store.

"I guess," said Henry lightly, "Billy 's 'shamed to show up, th' way we been layin' onto him."

The forenoon passed and Billy did not appear. The session met again after dinner, but Billy was still absent. But, an hour or so later, he entered Henry Littlefinger's store, and he was not smoking his old pipe. He was a changed Billy Hankins. He wore his Sunday best, and his old high hat set unsteadily on top of his red ear tabs, the tape strings of which were tied under his chin. His boots had been given their first polish, and showed, by their metallic glare, that he had used the stove-polish brush not wisely but too well. His red-mittened hands held the handle of a suitcase, on the end of which his daughter's initials shone in vivid black. His beard stuck out with an air of determination. He did not glance at the four old men beside the stove. He stopped at the cigar case and rapped on its top with a silver quarter. Henry stepped forward.

"Henry," said old Billy grimly, "hand me six of them five-cent, six-fer-a-quarter, cigars I been hearin' you brag about, time to time; them I heard you say was plenty good enough for the President of the United States."

Henry slowly lowered the lid of the cigar case, and as he reached for the cigars he eyed old Billy narrowly. The four old men leaned forward with their hands behind their ears.

"Goin' on a trip, Billy?" asked Henry as nonchalantly as possible.

"I dont know as it's any of your business, Henry, what I'm aimin' to do," said Billy pertly. "When a man's got private business he aint forced to tell it to every storekeeper in Edgeville, I guess. If I'm goin' on a trip that'll take me some smart ways, it aint nobody's concern but mine. All you're called upon to do, Henry, is to say the honest word—Is these cigars good enough for the President to smoke? Is they?"

"Well," said Henry hesitatingly, "in a way of speakin', Billy, they is. Them cigars is good enough for anybody, an' when I spoke of 'em bein' good enough for the President I meant that the President was n't no better than anybody else. But if you've got in mind makin' the President a present, Billy, I dont deny but what you might as well take them three-for-a-quatter cigars, instead of these. Not but what—"

Old Billy pushed the six-for-a-quarter cigars back and picked up his quarter. He faced Henry boldly.

"I guess, Henry," he said coldly, "I'll find some cigars somewheres else. When a man lies about six-for-a-quatters the' aint no tellin' but he might do the same about three-for-a-quatters. I aint much set on buyin' cigars, anyhow. Mebby I wont be able to use 'em."

"Billy," asked Henry seriously, "honest now, be you goin' to Washin'ton, D. C., to see the President?"

"Henry," said Billy, "the' aint no tellin' where I'll go. I got some private business I cant say nothin' about, an' that's all I'll say. If my business takes me round by Washin'ton, D. C., I dont say but what I might drop in an' see the President, comin' or goin'. Anybody would."

Billy picked up his suitcase, and Henry Littlefinger leaned forward and looked him straight in the eye.

"Billy," he asked squarely, "you aint calculatin' on goin' to South Ameriky to put down that war, be you?"

Billy returned the gaze. He looked Henry Littlefinger piercingly in the eyes, and his little gray beard pointed straight at him.

"Henry," he said slowly, "it aint none of your durn business!"

When Billy had shaken hands with the four old men and had closed the store door behind him, Henry Littlefinger walked over to the stove. He held his hands over it, rubbing his palms together silently. The four old men waited nervously.

"Taint but two o'clock," he said at length, "an' th' next train is th' Firefly, 4:02 P. M. goin' East. We got plenty of time to head him off, if so be he actually means to go anywheres."

"Well, Henery," drawled Uncle Richard, "do as you like; do as you like! *We* did n't have no hand in writin' that letter. *We* did n't sign th' President's name to it."

"You're *all* in it," said Henry scornfully. "You all knew all about it, an' you set there an' let Billy Hankins go off, an' you know it! Accessories after an' before th' fact, that's how you come in! Dont you go tryin' to blame it all on me! First thing you know I'll let you get out th' best you can alone. I aint worried. My wife's cousin Luella she married a feller by name of Lowestoft, and he's advertising manager—"

"We know, Henery, we know!" drawled Uncle Richard.

"So I aint worried. He's right there at Washin'ton, D. C., an' all I'd have to do would be to drop him a line an' he'd fix it up for *me*. But you fellers—you *conspirators*, by gosh; I'm only thinkin' about how to get you out of the muss."

"Billy Hankins is just fool enough to go to South Ameriky," said Eph Giffing nervously. "He's just pig-headed enough to think he could go down there *an'* put down that war single-handed."

"An' he might *do* it," said Sam Griggs. "He might just *put* it down, by jingo! Billy might go stumblin' into them countries an' say he was a private commissioner, an' show that paper you wrote, Henry, an' frighten them South Americans into fits."

"An' then," said Edward, "when th' truth come out, an' th' gov'ment traced it down to us—"

"Henery," said Uncle Richard, "I guess you'd better head Billy off!"

"Oh, yes!" said Henry scornfully.

"I'd better head him off! S'pose you do some headin' off yourselves! S'pose I go down an' stop Billy, an' he turns round an' laughs in my face an' says, 'You ninny! I called your bluff that time.' You go head him off. I dont care a dig whether he puts down that war or not. Them South American countries aint nothin' to me. I got a cousin of my wife's in Washin'ton—"

Uncle Richard settled back comfortably in his chair.

"Well, Henery," he said, "mebby we'd better let him alone. I dont feel like havin' Billy Hankins laugh in my face, either. I guess if he sees we dont foller him, he'll come back meek as Moses."

"Maybe," said Henry. "An' maybe he'll run right down to Washin'ton, D. C., an' see th' President, an' you know that smile of the President's. When a man with a smile like that gets mad he gets awful mad!"

"Billy Hankins has got to be stopped," said Uncle Richard positively. "I knowed a feller once what had a smile like that. Henery, you've got to stop him."

"I'd go in a minute," said Henry, "an' gladly, but I cant leave the store. Somebody might drop in." With hesitation he added: "To buy somethin'." It was a feeble excuse and he knew it.

"Now, Henery," said Uncle Richard, "they aint nobody likely to drop in to buy, an' you know it. Who'd be likely to drop in, an' what'd they be likely to buy?"

"Well, well," Henry hesitated. "Somebody might drop in to buy a spool of cotton thread. It's gettin' noised all 'round the neighborhood that I keep cotton thread—"

"Cotton thread's five cents a spool," said Uncle Richard. "I guess we could wait on that trade, Henery. You go."

"Well, s'pose somebody dropped in an' wanted to buy an ash-sifter," said Henry stubbornly. "S'pose somebody wanted to sift ashes right off, an' could n't wait. You would n't know where in the whole store to look to find ash sifters. I cant go!"

Uncle Richard crossed his legs comfortably and prepared to fill his pipe.

"You go, Henery," he said. "The' wont be no trouble about them ash-sifters. I know where they be. If any-

body asks for ash-sifters I can go an' lay my hand right on one."

Henry pointed an accusing finger at Uncle Richard.

"You do, do you?" he said. "You know where to put your hand on 'em? Well, I aint got an ash-sifter in th' whole store! And I never did have. I would n't sell an ash-sifter in a thousand years. You know a lot about this store, you do! If I was to go out for half an hour the whole thing would go to rack and ruin! Huh!"

"Well, Henery," said Uncle Richard placidly. "Mebby I ~~will~~ sort of wander down toward th' depot about train time. I feel like the exercise would do me good. Since that cheese of yours got so strong th' smell of it makes me kind of sick."

About two hours later Uncle Richard, followed by Eph Giffing, Sam Griggs and Edward, straggled across Front Street in single file. They were a subdued lot of squelchers. They wandered up and down the station platform, but saw no Billy Hankins. They posted themselves at even distances along the platform when the 4:02 pulled in, but no Billy Hankins boarded the train. Their melancholy gave way to growing pleasure. Billy Hankins had weakened at the last moment! They chuckled together.

"Georgie," said Uncle Richard to the combined ticket, express, freight and telegraph agent, "if old Billy Hankins comes down here, dont let on you saw us here. He aint been down, has he?"

"Old Bill Hankins?" said Georgie. "Why, yes, Uncle Rich, Bill was down here quite a spell ago. Two hours ago, I guess. Enquirin' about the first train East. Seemed like he was in a great hurry."

"He did n't buy no ticket, did he?" chuckled Uncle Richard.

"Nope!" said Georgie. "He said his business was so mighty important he could n't wait for the 4:02. He reckoned he could save an hour, an' catch the fast express on the main line, by drivin' up to the Junction. I seen him drive by about two hours ago in one of Schaeffer's rigs. He'd ought to be well on toward Moline by now, if Schaeffer's horse did n't drop dead on the road."

Uncle Richard's jaw fell. He turned

and gazed at his companions in a dazed way, and they gazed at him helplessly until he turned his back on them and began trudging doggedly and silently toward Henry Littlefinger's. Then they fell into line and followed him mutely. At the corner below Henry Littlefinger's Uncle Richard stopped and waited for them.

"If so be Billy should go right o Washin'ton, D C., an' talk to th' President," he said, "'twould be mighty bad—mighty bad! I dunno *what* would come of it. But if Billy went straight down to them tropic countries, that he aint been ever *acclimated* to, an' where everybody gets yaller fever an' all kinds of fevers, it would be—it would be—"

"It would be mighty sad," volunteered Edward.

"An' Billy dyin' away off there, where he dont know a soul nor a word of Spanish talk!" said Uncle Richard, "An' mebbly dyin' the day he gets there, or shot as soon as he lands, an' him' not even seein' th' President first, an' nobody but us knowin' where he went—It would be—"

"It would be mighty sad," repeated Edward more cheerfully.

"We got to be resigned to it," said Eph Giffing placidly.

"Well, from what I hear about them countries," said Uncle Richard, "it's as likely to happen as not. Chances is all in favor of it."

"We got to be resigned and bear up under it," said Sam Griggs more cheerfully. "Anyways, Billy died doin' what he felt was his duty. We'd better go an' tell Henry. An' there might be a train-wreck before Billy got to Washin'ton, D. C., if he's goin' there first."

Henry Littlefinger was deceived by their cheerful manner when they entered his store. He smiled at them for the first time since he had first seen them enter his place of business on the morning it began its career.

"Bill knuckled down, did he?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, no, Henery, no!" said Uncle Richard apologetically. "Fact is, we did n't see Bill. But we 'bout decided that the' aint much hope for Billy, once he gets down to that feverish country—"

Somehow the elation, that their resig-

nation to Billy's sad fate had brought them on the corner below, melted away beneath the gaze of Henry Littlefinger, and Uncle Richard's voice tapered off to a hesitating murmur.

"What's that? You did n't stop Billy?" demanded Henry. "You let him get away?" There was horror in his eyes. Uncle Richard put out his hand.

"It's a mighty sickly country," began Uncle Richard, "an' wars, an' battles, an' mosquitoes—"

"An' we got to be resigned," added Edward, weakly. "An th' train might get wrecked—"

"Yes!" said Henry Littlefinger harshly. "An' mebbly the jury would bring in a verdict of manslaughter, an' mebbly th' verdict would be murder in th' second degree, if he dies because you let him go. An' if he stops at Washin'ton, D. C., mebbly it'll be fogery, an' mebbly it'll be conspiracy for sendin' a man to commit treason! Go ahead an' be resigned if you want to. I wisht I'd gone to that train, 'stead o' lettin' you old mess-everythings go."

"Henery," said Uncle Richard meekly, "Billy did n't take that train. He drove up t' th' Junction an' got th' fast express."

What Henry would have said can never be known, for the door opened and a man entered. He was a stranger, and well dressed, and the same idea occurred to the four old men and to Henry Littlefinger at the same moment. The stranger looked at them with some surprise, as well he might, for all five men seemed suddenly stricken with paralysis. They huddled away from him, and Henry Littlefinger let his hand slide toward the two-pound scale weight. The man stopped before the cigar case.

"Give me a ten-cent cigar," he said, and laid a dime on the show-case.

In utter silence Henry Littlefinger took the cigar-box from the case and held it toward the man. The four old men behind the stove peered at him breathlessly. Not a sound! Not a breath! It was no wonder that when the stranger was once outside he turned and peered back into the store curiously. Henry Littlefinger voiced the common fear.

"Gov'ment detective!" he said fear-

fully, and the four old men nodded.

"I swan," said Henry after a silence of five minutes, "I swan that if I could find anybody fool enough to buy out this store I'd sell it to him an' skip!"

The following days were days of worry for the men in Henry Littlefinger's. Day followed day, and no news of Billy Hankins reached them. The uncertainty was depressing. Even the Government detective man did not reappear—perhaps that ten-cent cigar had been too much for him. A week passed—two weeks—and still no news, and the relief of feeling that probably old Billy had not stopped at Washington was more than overbalanced by the fear that he had by this time met his death in the fevered South. But Wednesday noon, of the third week, Henry met the four old men with a more serious face. He held the Chicago morning paper in his hand, and they stood before him anxiously as he read them a small telegraphic item that nestled on the second page among other small items that trailed the big war-story spread of the first page.

The item was dated from El Garmo, the capital of Panamagua, and merely said that a rumor was current there that a Special Commissioner, sent by the President of the United States to end the war, had arrived at El Garmo. Beneath it was another item, telegraphed from Washington, denying positively that the President had sent any Special Commissioner to El Garmo. When Henry had read the two items the four old men slid silently into their chairs. Then Uncle Richard sighed, and Sam Griggs, Eph Giffing and Edward sighed a chorus after him. There was utter silence. It was as if even in his absence the spirit of old Billy Hankins lorded it over Henry Littlefinger's store, commanding silence. And this was the freedom of speech for which they had squelched old Billy!

The next noon brought another surprise. The Chicago paper proclaimed, in huge headlines, the end of the Panamagua-Nicarama war! It said that on the very eve of his threatened defiance of the United States, Europe and the whole world, the blustering Panamaguan President had declared peace at any terms with Nicarama, had resigned his

office and boarded a steamer for Havre. Again, like a chirping addenda, the big story was followed by the El Garmo correspondent's little contribution. He insisted that the ending of the war was entirely the work of the Special Commissioner mentioned in his previous dispatch. And again Washington denied having given any such Commissioner credentials. Nowhere was Billy Hankins mentioned.

When Henry put down the paper he laid it on his cigar case so gently that it did not even make a mark on the dust that covered the glass. He put his feet on top of the pail of fine cut under the case and sat on the edge of the shelf back of the cigar case, and looked out of the window.

"If," he said at length, "If so be that Billy Hankins *dont* stop off at Washin'ton, D. C., an' this business dont get noised around, we've got a lot to be thankful for. I aint one to hold hard feelin's. I'm willin' to forgive Billy all the worriment he's caused us."

"So are we, Henery, so are we!" said Uncle Richard.

"An' th' probabilities is," said Henry, "that Billy 'll come back all wore out an' run down, like them boys that went off to th' Spanish war in Cuba. If so, I aint goin' to jump on Billy an' raise a row with him. I'm goin' to *ex-tend* the right hand of forgiveness to him, an' say to him, 'Billy, bygones is bygones!'"

"We all will," said Uncle Richard. "It aint but right we should, Henery."

"An I wont let on to him how we fooled him, sendin' him off that way," said Henry. "It wouldn't be kind nor Christian to do so, after all he's been through. I wont say nothin' about it."

"We wont none of us," said Uncle Richard. "Of course," he added, "we did make a fool of Billy, but it had to be did. Billy had to be squelched some way."

"The' was n't no other way, that we could see," said Eph Giffing. "We done it for his own good."

But somehow, as the days passed, this did not bring much comfort. The spirit of forgiveness they cultivated was mixed with a still larger portion of uneasiness. Every time the door opened they all started guiltily, and when, one Thursday

afternoon, it opened and old Billy Hankins entered. Henry Littlefinger quite forgot to extend the right hand of forgiveness.

Old Billy closed the door behind him, and set his suitcase under the counter. He still wore his Sunday best. He untied his ear tabs, and put them in his tall hat, which he placed carefully, upside down, on top of the cheese-box. Then he looked sternly at Uncle Richard.

"Aint that my chair you 're settin' in?" he asked sharply, and Uncle Richard arose hastily. Old Billy dropped into it. He glared around him, and took out his pipe. Henry Littlefinger dropped his eyes before the glare in the eyes of old Billy. For several minutes there was silence. Then Uncle Richard cleared his throat gently.

"Well," he said, "Well, Billy, I see that there South American war is ended. As near as I can make out—"

Old Billy's pipe stem slowly turned toward Uncle Richard and pointed straight at him. A frown gathered on Old Billy's brow.

"Richard," he said severely, "I aint asked you to say nothing' about that war, have I? If I want anything said about it, you let me say it."

"We was just wonderin', began Eph Giffing, gently, "if—"

Old Billy frowned at him.

"If you could n't tell us somethin' about th' war," ended Eph weakly.

"Eph," said old Billy, swinging his pipe stem at him, "I could. I dare say I could. I've listened to you fellers sit here day by day, doin' nothin' but talk an' talk, an' I guess th' aint a thing on earth that you could n't be told about. Here you sit, talkin' an' talkin' an' nobody on earth can squelch you, nor get a

word in edgeways. I swear, I got plum disgusted. I says to myself, 'I'm goin' away! I'm goin' away, an' leave 'em here. It aint no use for me t' try t' squeeze a word in edgeways 'mongst all these old cacklin' roosters. I'm goin' away an' leave 'em talk their talk out. An' when I get back, maybe they'll be willin' t' let me say a word now an' then.' So now," said the man that was squelched, "If you got done talkin', mebby you'll shut up, an' let me talk a few words that's got sense in 'em."

There was silence, and a light of triumph glittered in old Billy's eyes. But Henry Littlefinger made a last stand.

"Billy," he said, "*was* you in South Ameriky?"

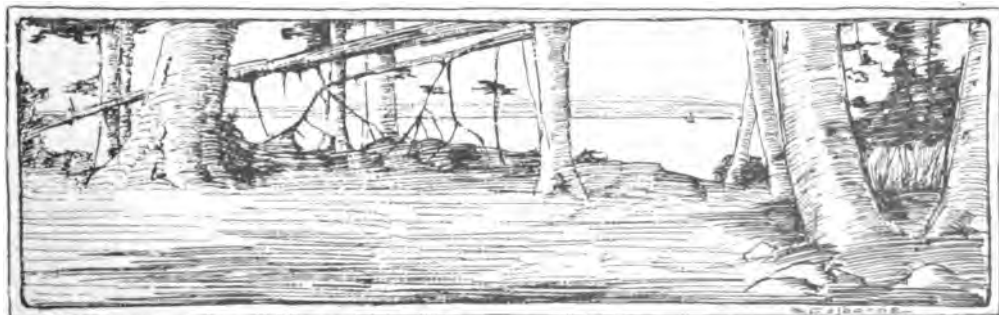
Old Billy turned to him.

"Oh, was that you talkin', Henry?" he asked. "I thought it was th' gas escapin'. Was I in South Ameriky? Mebby you dont know that South Ameriky's quite a big place, Henry. Some day I'll bring down a geography an' show you. You'd ought to learn some geography sometime, Henry. Geography or somethin'. It dont hurt a man to know somethin', Henry. But if I was you, Henry, I would n't talk about things you dont know nothin' about."

"Billy," said Henry pleadingly, "*was* you in Panamagua?"

"Henry," said the man that was squelched, "one reason you dont have no trade in this store is because you talk too much. I know a lot of things about Panamagua. And, Henry, if you keep on talkin' an' talkin' an' interruptin' me, some day I'm goin' to git mad an' tell 'em!"

Old Billy looked around again, eye to eye, but the last sign of revolt was gone. The rebellion was crushed!



The Swimmers

By George Sterling

We were eight fishers of the western sea,
Who sailed our craft beside a barren land,
Where harsh with pines the herdless mountains stand
And lonely beaches be.

There no man dwells, and ships go seldom past;
Yet sometimes there we lift our keels ashore,
To rest in safety 'mid the broken roar
And mist of surges vast.

One strand we know, remote from all the rest,
For north and south the cliffs are high and steep,
Whose naked leagues of rock repel the deep,
Insurgent from the West.

Tawny it lies, untrodden e'er by man,
Save when from storm we sought its narrow rift
To beach our craft and light a fire of drift
And sleep till day began.

Along its sands no flower nor bird has home.
Abrupt its breast, girt by no splendor save
The whorled and curving emerald of the wave
And scarves of rustling foam—

A place of solemn beauty; yet we swore,
By all the ocean stars' unhasting flight,
To seek no refuge for another night
Upon that haunted shore.

That year a sombre Autumn held the earth.
At dawn we sailed from out our village bay;
We sang; a taut wind leapt along the day;
The sea-birds mocked our mirth.

Southwest we drave, like arrows to a mark;
Ere set of sun the coast was far to lee,
Where thundered over by the white-hooved sea
The reefs lie gaunt and dark.

But when we would have cast our hooks, the main
Grew wroth a-sudden, and our captain said:
"Seek we a shelter." And the west was red;
God gave his winds the rein.

And eastward lay the sands of which I told;
Thither we fled, and on the narrow beach
Drew up our keels beyond the lessening reach
Of waters green and cold.

Then set the wounded sun. The wind blew clean
The skies. A wincing star came forth at last.
We heard like mighty tollings on the blast
The shock of waves unseen.

The wide-winged Eagle hovered overhead;
The Scorpion crept slowly in the south
To pits below the horizon; in its mouth
Lay a young moon that bled.

And from our fire the ravished flame swept back,
Like yellow hair of one who flies apace,
Compelled in lands barbarian to race
With lions on her track.

Then from the maelstroms of the surf arose
Wild laughter, mystical, and up the sands
Came Two that walked with intertwining hands
Amid those ocean-snows.

Ghostly they shone before the lofty spray—
Fairer than gods and naked as the moon,
The foamy fillets at their ankles strewn
Less marble-white than they.

Laughing they stood, then to our beacon's flare
Drew nearer, as we watched in mad surprise
The scarlet-flashing lips, the sea-green eyes,
The red and tangled hair.

Then spake the god (goddess and god they seemed),
In harplike accents of a tongue unknown—
About his brows the dripping locks were blown;
Like wannest gold he gleamed.

Staring we sat; again the Vision spoke.
Beyond his locks we saw the billows rave,—
The leap of those white leopards in the wave, —
The spume of seas that broke.

Yet sat we mute, for then a human word
Seemed folly's worst. And scorn began to trace
Its presence on the wild, imperious face;
Again the red lips stirred,

But spoke not. In an instant we were free
From that enchantment: fleet as deer they turned
And sudden amber leapt the sands they spurned;
We saw them meet the sea.

We heard the seven-chorded surf, unquelled,
Call in one thunder to the granite walls;
But over all, like broken clarion calls,
Disdainful laughter welled.

Then silence, save for cloven wave and wind.
 Our fire had faltered on its little dune.
 Far out a fog-wall reared, and hid the moon.
 The night lay vast and blind.

Silent, we waited the assuring morn,
 Which rose on angered waters. But we set
 Our hooded prow to sea, and, tempest-wet,
 Beat up the coast forlorn.


And no man scorned our tale, for well they knew
 Had mystery befallen: in our eyes
 Were alien terrors and unknown surmise.
 Men saw the tale was true.

And no man seeks a refuge on that shore,
 Tho' tempests gather in impelling skies;
 Unseen, unsolved, unhazarded it lies,
 Forsaken evermore.

For on those sands immaculate and lone,
 Perchance They list the sea's immeasured lyre,
 As sunset casts an evanescent fire
 Thro billows thunder-sown.

The Wyoming "Rustlers' War"

By S. S. Metzger

N the early 90's the golden era of the cattle business of the Middle West, from Dakota to Texas, had reached its height; in fact, it was fast declining. It had produced its cattle kings, its turbulent cowboys and a whole scale of humanity grading from bishops to murderers. A great roaring caldron of life it had been, fed by unlimited capital, stirred by strong American manhood. For the eager promoter no game, in the States, had as yet proven so lucrative, for all the East and much of Europe had succumbed to the spell of his words and had contributed. And it was a golden story. Nevertheless, the climax had been reached; the range had been exhausted. Homesteads, ranches, land claims of all nature, and

government and railroad property were overstocked. The great game had played itself out. Small ranchers now competed and interfered with the big stock interests that already controlled State and local National politics. The old days had passed. The breaking point had come!

As a result enormous profits had dwindled to actual losses. Trickery, thievery and murder, always elbow companions upon the frontier, here played their part. And from all this came the Rustlers' War, of Wyoming, a misnomer, so the unprejudiced must say, for both sides were equally guilty, but it left a dark stain upon the glorious annals of those picturesque frontier days. Yet it was in strict keeping with its time, a fitting climax to the grim old days.

To understand this struggle one must needs recall the history of the range; a

word that includes all the grazing ground from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border, over which, thirty, forty and fifty years ago, cattle were driven from winter to summer pasture, or to the nearest shipping point. In the primitive days of the business, when the Texas long-horn ran wild over the plains of the Southwest, stockmen had but to gather and drive them to market and the profit was theirs. The range was immense and free; the cattle seemed unlimited in numbers. But as livestock arose in value more men grasped the opportunity presented. Moreover, the transcontinental lines, pushing westward, gave ready access to new markets and accelerated the industry. Gradually all of these bands of cattle, strays and mavericks, were seized by one outfit or another and, to distinguish their own, cattle-branding and marking came into being. Still the range was free and sufficient and the cattle ran, for the most part, unmolested upon it.

Occasionally, at first, and then more frequently, cattle outfits from the Pan Handle, trailing northward to the shipping points, reached their destinations with largely increased numbers. Thus "rustling," or cattle-stealing, became an important feature of the business. To overcome this, brands and marks were registered, but without effect, for the rustling, especially of unbranded calves, continued unabated. A good many cowboys, learning the financial advantages of rustling while on the trail, found it decidedly more profitable, even if more dangerous, to rustle for themselves. Thus were a good many outfits started! Thus were a good many cattle kings made! Lynchings became quite common affairs, for such was the penalty imposed upon the captured rustler. Therefore a savage, though intermittent war spread over the range, reaching its utmost fury in the early '90's, when the business began to show deficits. It is true, efforts had been put forth to stamp out the practice, but with the cattle interests and their associations in full charge of the making and administering of the law, the small owner was bound to suffer. Undoubtedly the end had come. The old days were over! A new epoch was being heralded!

In Wyoming, which had become the

center of the cattle country, the two sides were well defined. In the Southeastern part of the State the stock interests held control, with Cheyenne, the State capital, as their center. In Johnson County, with the town of Buffalo as their headquarters, upon that beautiful and fertile sweep of range extending east from the Big Horn Mountains, the rustlers were all-powerful. And in that country, as well as in the adjoining ones, Natrona, Converse and Weston, rustling was undoubtedly practiced to a large extent.

Late in 1891 and early in 1892 the newspapers filled the country with stories of the depredations committed here, until it was finally asserted that the rustlers had effected an organization. And in retaliation the legitimate stock interests, it is believed (and the burden of guilt seems to rest upon them though they were never caught in the act), began a series of quiet assassinations and lynchings. In 1889 the first one occurred when Ella Watson, a notoriously lewd woman known as "Cattle Kate," and a nearby rancher, "Jim" Averill, were accused of rustling and were hanged by ten men, on the Sweetwater River, in Carbon County. Suspects were arrested but dismissed by the grand jury, no case against them having been made. July 4, 1891, Tom Waggoner was lynched near Newcastle, after having been accused of stealing horses, and November 1 an attempt to lynch the ill-fated Nate Champion and Ross Gilbertson, in the cabin of W. H. Hall, on Powder River, failed because of the telling gun-play of Champion, who wounded one of the assailants. On the twenty-eighth of the same month, Orley E., or "Ranger," Jones was shot from the rear while on the way to his claim from Buffalo, at Muddy Creek Fork; and two days later J. A. Tisdale met the same fate but three miles from Buffalo. These murders aroused the entire community and so incensed was the feeling toward the stockmen in Johnson County, that several of them had to flee under cover of night.

It is but fair to state the case of the stockmen.

They claimed that the rustlers stole so much beef that all of Johnson County lived upon it, and that they shipped a trainload of stolen steers to the Eastern

markets each year, one stockman, in an interview, naming 10,000 head of cattle as the number that had been rustled from this range. As proof that they could not find justice, the stockmen cited the fact that they had brought 108 suits in four years against the rustlers of Johnson County without a single conviction by a jury. But in answer to this charge the rustlers asserted that the stockmen made the laws favoring their own interests, and as an example they argued that the estray law did not mete justice to them, as their small herds might be seized as stolen stock, and the proceeds from their sale turned into the State fund, awaiting proof of ownership which they were unable to furnish, solely because they were too poor to travel to Cheyenne, which was necessary, to prove their brands. However, be that as it may, when the stockmen employed brand inspectors in the Eastern markets there was sufficient evidence of the amount of rustling being done, when these men returned to the Live Stock Committee, of Wyoming, \$127,000 of "estrays money," for which the committee found owners for all but \$14,000, though it refused part of this sum to several men, blacklisted as rustlers, who openly claimed dues therein. This law did much to bring the people of Johnson County together where they held control of the situation through the sovereignty of the people.

Such were the conditions in Wyoming in the spring of 1892, and it was early in that year that the large cattle owners met in Cheyenne to discuss the situation and take some action. This meeting was probably one of the most representative ever gathered in the State, as it was attended by State officials, legislators, stock commissioners and wealthy non-resident barons of the East, several Englishmen, two Harvard graduates and many of the local cattle owners. Possessing the names of 125 men whom they asserted habitually rustled cattle, they decided upon a general raid through the rustlers' country, for the purpose of driving away or killing off some thirty-five of the more prominent rustlers. To assist in this they hired some twenty outsiders, mostly Texans, one of whom, George Dunning, later confessed under oath that they were promised five dol-

lars a day and all expenses, with a fifty-dollar bonus for "each and every rustler killed." These were all "good gun men."

The invading party, under the command of Major Frank Walcott, was finally composed of forty-three men in all, including the twenty outsiders and a prominent Philadelphia physician, and it was equipped with three wagons, good cooks and all the comforts possible to make such an outing enjoyable. The raiders left Cheyenne upon the night of April 5 and arrived the following night at Casper. From there the invaders started the following morning for Tisdale's ranch, but were informed by Mike Shonsy, foreman of the Western Union Beef Company, of the presence of rustlers nearby, at Nolan's "K. C. Ranch," upon the North Fork of Powder River. April 8 was spent at Tisdale's waiting for the supply wagons to come up, and in the afternoon Shonsy, with a party, was sent to the K. C. Ranch, where he arrived before daybreak, immediately surrounding the house. As it happened there were at the ranch but two cowboys, Nate Champion and Nick Ray, and two freighters, Jones and Walker, staying overnight with them.

When the first freighter appeared for water in the morning he was captured, and immediately afterward his partner, who came forth to learn what caused the delay, was likewise seized. Ray then emerged from the door to be unceremoniously shot down, and as he staggered back, Champion, delivering a volley at the invaders, rushed out and carried Ray indoors amid a fusillade of bullets. Ray was again wounded in this rescue. Champion then set about defending the ranch and his heroism, throughout this long day, forms one of the most tragic and impressive events in our frontier history. While nursing a dying companion and resisting the attack of a large body of men, he found time to keep a diary of the day that proved him a man of stoic bravery, deserving of a far better fate. As a last resort the invaders pushed a wagonload of burning straw and pine pitch against the house, which set it on fire and drove him forth. Seizing his rifle and placing his revolver in his belt, he ran for a gulch south of the house.



THE "T. A." RANCH, ON CRAZY WOMAN'S CREEK.
Where the invading "Army" of cattlemen and hired gun-fighters were besieged by the so-called "Rustlers'" force.

Unfortunately his course took him directly to some of the invaders, who shot him down. Various stories are told of his death, but it is sufficient to state that he was found with twenty-eight bullet holes in his body, and with a paper pinned to him, bearing the inscription,

"CATTLE THIEVES BEWARE!"

His diary, which had been scrawled from time to time with a pencil, was found upon his body with the name of one of the besiegers scratched out, whom he thought he had recognized. It is as follows:

Me and Nick was getting breakfast when the attack took place. Two men were here with us—Bill Jones and another man. The old man went after water and did not come back. His friend went out to see what was the matter, and he did not come back. Nick started out and I told him to look out, that I thought there was some one at the stable and would not let them come back. Nick is shot, but not dead yet. He is awful sick. I must go and wait on him. It is now about two hours since the first shot. Nick is still alive. They are shooting and are all around the house.

Boys, there is bullets coming in like hail. Them fellows is in such shape that I cant get at them. They are shooting from the stable and river, and back of the house. Nick is dead, he died about nine o'clock. I see a smoke down at the stable. I think they have fired it. I don't think they intend to let me get away this time.

It is now about noon. There is some one at the stable yet. They are throwing a rope out at the door and drawing it back. I guess it is to draw me out. I wish that duck would get out further so I could get a shot at him. Boys, I don't know what they have done with them two fellows that stayed last night. Boys, I feel pretty lonesome now. I wish there was some one here with me so we could watch all sides at once. They may fool around here until I get a good shot before they leave.

It is about three o'clock now. There was a man in a buckboard and one on horseback just passed. They fired on them as they went by. I don't know if they killed them or not. I seen lots of men come out on the other side of the river and take after them. I shot at the man in the stable just now. Don't know if I got any or not. I must go and look out again. It don't look as if there is much show of my getting away. I see twelve or fifteen men. One looks like (This name was scratched out). I don't know whether it is or not. I hope they did not catch them fellows that ran over the bridge towards Smith's. They are shooting at the house now. If I had a pair of glasses I believe I would know some of these men. They are coming back. I've got to look out.

Well, they have just got through shelling the house like hail. I heard them splitting wood. I guess they are going to fire the house tonight. I think I'll make a break when night comes, if I am alive. Shooting again. I think they will fire the house this time. It is not night yet. The house is all fired. Good-bye, boys, if I never see you again.

(Signed)

Nathan D. Champion



JOHN R. SMITH. PROMINENT IN THE "RUSTLERS' WAR," SAID TO HAVE FIRST SUGGESTED THE "GO-DEVIL."

As Champion states in his diary, two men came along during the siege and were pursued by the invaders. They escaped. These men were "Jack" Flagg and his stepson, who owed their escape to the confusion incident to their unexpected appearance. The invaders immediately abandoned their supply wagons, now knowing that the news of their attack would be spread throughout the country, and decided upon a forced march, by night, to Buffalo, sixty miles away. This was done to prevent the civil authorities there from organizing a posse to hunt them down. But even before Flagg's escape, and unknown to them, the news was being carried to Buffalo by Terrence Smith, who had heard the attack upon

the K. C. Ranch and had immediately gone to Buffalo, where he gave word of it to Sheriff Angus, of Johnson County. Angus, with a posse of twelve, started at sundown for the scene of the attack. Flagg and his stepson, after their escape, proceeded rapidly to Grabing, thirty miles, where they secured a small party for the relief of Champion and Ray, which party started at once upon its mission. At midnight they met twelve men bent upon the same errand, who had learned of the situation, from Smith. Following the combination of these forces, they discovered the invaders approaching and determined upon ambushing them, but failed, owing to the accidental discharge of a gun by one of their party.

Meanwhile the invaders had been losing no time in their march toward Buffalo; but in the morning they became cognizant of the movements of Sheriff Angus, through a messenger from Buffalo. Plans were again quickly changed and the "army" started for the "T. A." Ranch, upon Crazy Woman Creek, twelve miles from Buffalo, where it prepared to defend itself. On the morning of

April 11 Jack Flagg and his followers, forty-eight strong, opened the siege at the T. A. Ranch by riding out from Buffalo and surrounding it. Sheriff Angus had, in the meantime, returned from the K. C. Ranch, after a hard ride of 120 miles in fourteen hours, reporting the killing of Champion and Ray. This news incensed the entire countryside, and during that day and the next, between three and four hundred men joined in the

siege of the T. A. Ranch. And indeed it was a formidable force, composed of the sturdiest, types of the frontier. Cowboys, rustlers, cattlemen, settlers and citizens of Buffalo constituted it, each armed with rifle and revolver. All had heard of the murder of Champion and Ray, and determined to seek revenge, especially for Champion, who was well known and liked. It has never been asserted that all these men were thieves, for they composed the backbone of Johnson County, resisting an invasion of their lands by men whom they believed to be wanton

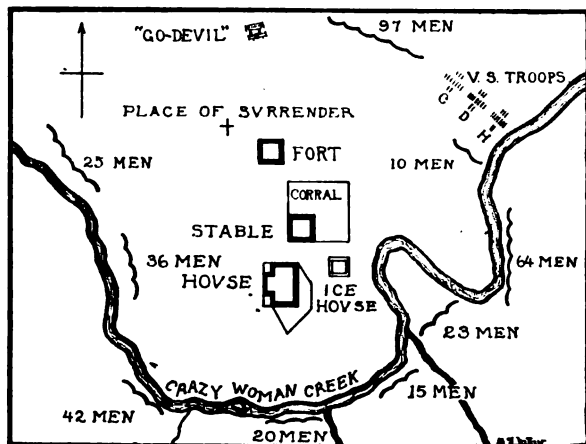
murderers. Because of the absence of Sheriff Angus, "Arapahoe" Brown and E. U. Snider were placed in command, the former an able strategist well fitted for the work. Rifle pits were dug and the entire ranch surrounded.

The T. A. Ranch buildings lay in a hollow, whose surrounding hills were fortunately a quarter of a mile away. Behind these Brown stationed his men, who kept up an intermittent fire for two days. He soon recognized the absurdity of this plan of siege and therefore planned his *coup d'état*, styled by him a "go devil." This he built

by lashing together the running gears of two of the captured supply wagons and erecting, on their rear, an eight-foot breastwork of logs. It was his plan to have five men push this contrivance down hill to the ranch buildings, while forty more followed closely behind it, all well sheltered. By moving this from one building to another he planned to blow up each one in turn with the dynamite his men had found in the invaders' wagons.



"ARAPAHOE" BROWN, LEADER OF THE RUSTLERS' "ARMY" DURING THE SIEGE OF THE T. A. RANCH.



PLAN OF SIEGE OF THE "T. A." RANCH.
The short, heavy, wavy lines indicate earthworks, from behind which fired the various groups of besiegers.

turned over to him, warrants having been issued against them by the civil authorities of Johnson County upon the charge of murder. They were, however, taken to Fort McKinney, while the army of the besiegers, disgusted at the escape of its enemy, immediately dispersed to its homes.

The prisoners were kept at Fort McKinney five days and then moved to Fort Russell, three miles from Cheyenne, where they were kept for two months. Upon application of Judge Blake to Governor Barber requesting that he deliver the prisoners to Johnson and Albany counties, the Governor

acquiesced by sending them to Laramie. July 5, where they were turned over to Deputy Sheriff Roles, of Johnson County. An application for a change of venue was made and after two weeks' arguing, Cheyenne was selected. Here they were taken to await the term of court. They had the freedom of the town and, with all the wealth and influence of the more densely populated area of the State behind them, it was a foregone conclusion that they could not be convicted. Great difficulty was encountered in obtaining a jury, as everyone was prejudiced. In fact, the affair proved too big for the State to handle, and as Johnson County was unable to meet the expense of holding the prisoners, Judge Scott's only alternative was to admit them to bail. This the defense refused to furnish, so the court was forced to release each one upon his own personal recognizance. The prisoners then signed their own separate bail bonds for \$20,000 each and were set at liberty, but ordered to appear at the next term of court in January, 1893. The Texans, acting upon the advice of counsel, "jumped" their bonds, so that when the case was called again, only the cattlemen appeared. The court then "nolle prosequed" the cases. The invaders were therefore never tried, never acquitted and yet cannot be arrested again upon the same charge. Wyoming generally rejoiced at the closing of this suit which was prov-

Thus they would be forced into the open, where they would be shot down in much the same manner as Champion and Ray had been.

During the progress of the siege it was reported by the daily press throughout the country, several newspapers having representatives upon the ground. As it was taking place but fifteen miles from Fort McKinney, the troops stationed there could clearly hear the firing. Governor Amos W. Barber, of Wyoming, in office at Cheyenne, learned of the plight of the besieged April 12, by way of Buffalo. He immediately communicated the state of affairs to President Harrison, at Washington, asking Federal aid. The President, through his Secretary of War, Stephen B. Elkins, promptly gave orders to General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., at Omaha, who in turn commanded Colonel J. J. Van Horn, at Fort McKinney, to move at once to the scene and act with prudence and firmness.

On the morning of April 13 Brown had his plans fully matured. Rifle pits had been dug during the night within 300 yards of the ranch and his "go devil" was ready to start. At this moment, just a little after sun-up, Colonel J. J. Van Horn came into camp with three troops of cavalry, the Colonel bearing a flag of truce and accompanied by the Governor's aide-de-camp, Captain Parnlee, and Sheriff Angus. Sheriff Angus attempted to have the invaders

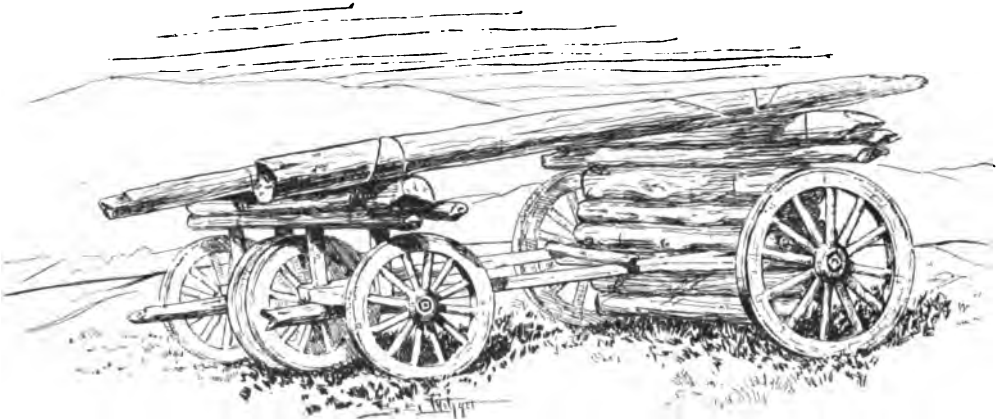
ing a much too costly joke, as there was little chance of justice being meted to either party. Yet the affair played no small part in the politics of the State for many years. Unfortunately it did little to suppress the murders of small stockmen that continued for many years afterward and for which the stock interests have been accused. But six years ago Tom Horn, in the pay of some of the large cattle interests, was hanged in Cheyenne for the assassination of certain small ranchers obnoxious to their interests. Horn was suspected of many other cold-blooded ambushes, many persons asserting that it was he who shot Jones and Tisdale, just previous to the Rustlers' War.

Fortunately conditions have altered in the range country today. Along the east slope of the Big Horn Mountains, noted for soil and climate, the wire fence and irrigation ditch criss-cross the lands where not long ago the cattlemen, cowboy and rustler fought their grim fight. Verdant fields of refreshingly green alfalfa and golden waves of wheat have

overcome the sagebrush and buffalo grass, and now at the historic T. A. Ranch one beholds pure-bred French draft horses grazing where once fed the bronco and longhorn. It is the story of the New West, the West of a new generation; a generation that indulges in scientific agriculture, not farming; in animal husbandry, not stock-raising.

Perhaps, reader, you will meet one of those old frontiersmen should you journey through this country today. One who fought the fight of the '90's, and before that, had helped subdue the frontier. His hoary hair and long beard will frame a bronzed face seamed and cracked by the weather of many seasons on the plains, yet his eyes are bright and true. His atmosphere now is that of peace and contentment with this new order of things, just as though he had known no other. No vain regrets, no wasted longings here! And ask him, stranger, as I did, to tell you of the Rustlers' War.

"Sonny," he will reply, "let bygones be bygones; we shure has sunk the hatchet."



From a Sketch by S. S. Metzger.
SMITH'S "GO-DEVIL," FOR THE ASSAULT OF THE "T. A." RANCH.

The
West

and the
National
Capital
by
John E. Lathrop



IMAGINE during a short session of Congress, in addition to routine business and the consideration of appropriation bills, a general and impassioned debate on these subjects: Popular Election of Senators, Canadian reciprocity, Ship Subsidy, the Lorimer Senatorial bribery case, the adding of \$45,000,000 to the Pension Expenditures, Conservation in several phases, the Mexican Revolution, the Magazine Postal Rate, the treaty with Japan, the Panama Canal and its safeguarding against railroad control, Coast and Canal fortifications.

Through all this was admixed intense interest in the approaching Presidential campaign, discussion being on as keen an edge of interest as usually

is to be noted in the spring before the National Conventions. The net result of the winter's activities was to show the Democrats more united than the Republicans, and yet, nevertheless, split into warring factions.

Both the Senate and the House have been rocked and swayed by the impact

of conflicting forces. Speeches have been delivered that would have done credit to the days of Sumner, Calhoun, Webster and Clay. Passions have been aroused, criminations and recriminations have been hurled, eloquence and bitterness have mingled in the utterances, but through all this apparent confusion rang the note of popular demand. As not before in many decades, Congressional and committee activities have been inter-shot with hopefulness for the future. Why? Because the



R. B. HALE, OF SAN FRANCISCO, WHO HEADED THE DELEGATION THAT WON THE EXPOSITION CONTEST FOR SAN FRANCISCO, AGAINST NEW ORLEANS.



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CONGRESSMAN HUMPHREY, OF WASHINGTON,
SHIP-SUBSIDY ADVOCATE.



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WILLIAM M. HUNT, OF THE COURT OF COMMERCE.



MOUNTING THE ROOSEVELT AFRICAN COLLECTION AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.



FREDERICK C. HOWE, SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

light of publicity has been shed brilliantly into the hitherto subterranean passages in Washington, and the people have known what was doing. I could cite the openness of debate and the clear exposition of contending factions as the most hopeful sign in American public life.

A BRILLIANT contest was waged all winter between San Francisco and New Orleans for designation by the Federal Government as the site of the Panama Canal Exposition. San Francisco won, and the date, January 31, was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the citizens of the Western metropolis.

New Orleans gained the first point of vantage, having a majority of the House Committee on Expositions and Industrial Arts. Early in the fight New Orleans had the victory seemingly assured. However, President Taft intervened, and personally asked members of the House to support San Francisco. Secretary

Knox, at the request of the President, did the same, and it was openly known that the White House was backing San Francisco's claims.

THIS friendly intervention by President Taft very cleverly placed San Francisco and the Pacific States generally under a measure of obligation to him, looking forward to the negotiation of the new treaty with Japan. In spite of this, however, such a roar of protest went up from the Coast, particularly California, when it was learned that the coolie-exclusion feature was omitted from the proposed treaty, that for a time the friends of the treaty were alarmed. President Taft, however, gave his word that the treaty is accompanied by Japan's assurance, in effect, of the continuance of coolie exclusion. This turned the edge of opposition, and the Senate promptly ratified the Japanese treaty in executive session February 24. A happy result, according to press dispatches, has already been manifested in Japan, by very general and enthusiastic approval of America's evidently friendly attitude. In con-



Photograph copyright by Harris & Ewing.

SENATOR HEYBURN, OF IDAHO.

He fought the efforts of his colleague, Senator Borah, to procure the adoption of the resolution for popular election of Senators.

sequence of this good feeling Japan will undoubtedly take very important part in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The prompt ratification of the treaty was of great service to Japan, as it permits that country to enter at once into the re-organization of its financial system, and the making of new tariffs with all nations. The former treaty did not expire for another year, and the United States was under no obligation, other than friendly consideration for its Oriental neighbor, to make the desired new treaty now. Had the treaty not been ratified, however, Japan would have felt justified in regarding its defeat as distinctly indicative of unfriendliness on the part of the United States.

SANCHEZ AZCONA, the Mexican editor whom the Mexican Government sought to extradite from Washington, was freed from custody on the order of Justice Barnard, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court. Azcona had been held in jail here forty days upon representations from the Mexican Government that he was guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses. At the expiration of that period, request was made for further detention. When demand on behalf of Azcona was made upon the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia that he be freed, it was shown that Azcona was not sought by the Mexican Government for the crime alleged, but that they desired to extradite him because he was a political enemy of President Diaz. Azcona easily proved that even under the laws of Mexico, good faith had not been shown by that Government, and that the charge was a subterfuge.

Prior to the freeing of Azcona by Justice Barnard, it was commonly known in Washington that the facts were as here stated. They were cited as a concrete illustration of the tyranny of Diaz, and the methods pursued by the Diaz Government to maintain its supremacy.

Mexico is in the midst of a revolution. The number of troops engaged has not been impressive, but a widespread revolt against the Diaz Government has shaken the foundations of the structure that he has built. Instance after instance has been brought to light of the most

outrageous denial of justice to accused prisoners, and it is commonly remarked in the National Capital that one would as well fall into the hands of the minions of the Czar, with Siberia awaiting him, as to fall under the displeasure of Porfirio Diaz.

The Mexican revolt is fundamentally and essentially inspired by the same causes as the revolt in the United States against the control of the Government in the interest of large aggregations of wealth. Diaz has controlled the machinery of the Mexican Government in the interest of those who desired to exploit the Mexican people, to gain control of their natural resources, and to create conditions against which the progressive forces in the United States are now rampant. Mexico, with which nature has dealt with lavish hand, has been a rich prize for which capital combinations have striven and are striving today.

Mexican reforms will be more easily achieved when the press of the United States ceases to treat the Mexican revolution as a joke. The struggle of an oppressed and poverty-stricken people for freedom and justice should not be regarded by the citizens of this Republic as a matter essentially ridiculous. Yet the press associations have conveyed dispatches which referred to "the opera bouffe" war. It furnishes an additional reason why the American people are turning more and more to the magazines.

POSTMASTER GENERAL HITCHCOCK, backed by President Taft, proposes to increase the postage rate on magazines for the professed purpose of wiping out the postal deficit. This will only serve to bring before the country the fact that the fundamental reason why the Post Office Department sustains a deficit from year to year is because we have not a modern parcels post, and Mr. Taft is destined to have these facts brought to his attention very sharply. If you wish to send by mail a package from one point to another in the United States, you must pay postage at the rate of sixteen cents a pound, and you must send a package weighing no more than four pounds; but, if you wish to send it from some point in the United States across

the ocean and then hundreds of miles inland, you need pay only twelve cents a pound, and may send a package weighing as much as eleven pounds. This eleven-pound package to a foreign country will cost you one dollar and thirty-two cents. If you send that eleven-pound package from a point in this country to another point in this country, you will pay one dollar seventy-six cents, and you will have to break it up into three packages, no one of them weighing more than four pounds.

If Mr. Taft desired to attack the postal deficit by seeing that *all* the facts are given to the American people to create an insistent public demand, he should have had a good deal to say about the express company trust, and here is the kernel of the whole question. At the present time, the express companies, finding it profitable to carry packages a short distance, will slightly underbid the postoffice service, and make the rate for the short distance low enough to get the business. However, on the long hauls, which are less profitable, express companies allow the Post Office Department to take the business.

Almost every foreign country has a parcels post, and it is known in Washington that the influence which has prevented the enactment of such a law in this country has been exercised by the express companies. They have piled up enormous profits so that, besides paying annual dividends on heavily-watered stock, they have, in addition, declared stock and cash dividends, in some cases from one hundred to three hundred per cent at a time.

The burden of Mr. Taft's proposal to increase the rate on magazines would fall most heavily on those which have conducted the campaigns for betterment of civic conditions. Mr. Taft would discriminate between those published "for purely artistic and literary purposes" and other magazines. In other words, he sought to have Congress place in his hands a weapon which he could use at will to punish "the muckrakers"; that is, the independent, progressive magazines and weeklies, for, under the terms of his recommendation, the Postmaster General would be the judge of the "purposes" of a given publication.

Taking the figures of recent reports to stockholders by the directors of express companies, the equipment actually owned represents not ten per cent of the total capitalization. The remainder of the securities is water, or the capitalization of surplus earnings.

The following figures are carefully wrought out from the records of the Post Office Department:

In 1860 the postal deficit was \$10,652,543; in 1910 it was \$5,848,566. The postage rate was four times greater in 1860 than now.

Coming down twelve years to 1872, the total weight of second-class matter was that year less than 65,000,000 pounds.

Now it is 817,428,141 pounds, more than twelve times greater.

Yet the deficit for 1910 is almost identical with that of 1872.

Then the postage rate was four times what it is now.

Then the gross revenue was \$21,915,426; now it is \$224,128,657, more than ten times as much.

Then there was no rural free delivery; now that system costs \$36,923,737.

Then there were no registered letters; now there are 42,053,574 a year.

Then there were issued \$48,515,532 of domestic money orders; now there are issued \$547,993,641.

Then postmasters were paid \$5,121,665; now they are paid \$27,514,362, and their clerks are paid \$38,035,456.62.

Then city delivery cost but little; now it costs \$31,805,485.28.

In 1872 there were issued of stamps, stamped envelopes and wrappers less than \$18,000,000 (there were no postal cards); now are issued, including postal cards, \$202,064,887.96, more than ten times as much.

The claim of the Postmaster General, that the magazines are carried at too low a rate and that this causes a deficit in the postal service, has been effectually answered by the citation of one fact alone: that the magazine advertisements stimulate the mail business by causing an enormous first-class letter correspondence between advertising sellers and buyers who are induced by the advertisements to correspond with the dealers. Beyond a doubt, all possible loss from

carrying the magazines at present rates is made up, over and over, by the profit from the first-class business which it creates.

The Farmers' National Congress, a powerful organization nation-wide in its scope, is demanding the establishment of a modern parcels post in this country as the best means of making up the annual deficit, and the literature sent out by the Farmers' Congress shows that the following foreign countries have already established it:

Australia, Austria, Bahamas, Barbadoes, Belgium, Bermuda, Bolivia, British Guana, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Danish West Honduras (British), Honduras (Republic of), Hong-Kong, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Manchuria, Karafuto, Formosa, Korea, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Mexico, Netherlands, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Peru, Salvador, Sweden, Trinidad, Uruguay, Venezuela, Windward Islands.

This list is the most effective answer to Postmaster General Hitchcock's plan of reducing the deficit. A parcels post will accomplish the desired result without resorting to the reactionary measure of repressing intelligence, and the free interchange of opinion and information through the medium of the American monthly magazines, admittedly the most brilliant in the world.*

THE advocates of ship subsidies realized this winter that if they failed to procure enactment of their proposed law at this session of Congress, they would be defeated for years to come. They therefore summoned all their resources to pass the ship-subsidy bill introduced by Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who, for many years, has been the most conspicuous representative in Congress of those who desire to subsidize American shipping. The bill passed the Senate by a majority of one, Vice-President Sherman casting the deciding vote to break a tie. However, the bill failed to pass the House.

Congressman Humphrey, of Washington, has been prominent in advocating ship subsidies. He has been largely depended on by the shipping interests to carry on the campaign.

This bill was only an opening wedge. It provided a subsidy of from two dollars to four dollars a mile, according to the ton register of the ship, and applied only to South American-bound vessels. Of course, it was understood that if the Government granted subsidies to vessels in the South American trade, the subsidies would later be extended to other lines and the advocates of ship subsidy were not frank in arguing that it was only to build up trade in South America.

The opponents of ship subsidy cite that our navigation laws are archaic. They argue that if American shipping is to be upbuilt, it will be necessary only to amend the law and permit foreign-built vessels to be registered under the American flag. The present shipping laws embody the most exclusive high-protection doctrine, and were enacted for the purpose of giving to American shipyards the building of *all* ships flying the American flag. Were the principle of protection as now applied to ships to be applied to clothing, for instance, the law would read that no American may wear a foreign-made suit of clothes.

THE most conspicuous political event which had transpired since the PACIFIC MONTHLY was last issued was the formation of the National Progressive Republican League, which purposes to battle for the control of the Republican National Convention in 1912. Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., was elected president, Governor Johnson, of California, Senator Poindexter, of Washington, Congressman William Kent, of California, Senator Dixon, of Montana, Congressman William L. La Follette, of Washington, Senators La Follette, Cummins, Clapp and Bristow; Representatives Norris, Murdock and Lenroot, and Gifford Pinchot, Amos Pinchot, Louis D. Brandeis, Ray Stannard Baker, Charles R. Crane, and a hundred others of National importance were charter members, citizens from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Progressive League was formed primarily for the purpose of inducing the adoption throughout the United States of the main features of the Oregon popu-

*This interesting scheme to cripple the popular magazines was defeated in the closing hours of the session.

lar government laws, and as a means toward this end they seek to control the next National Republican Convention. Many whose names did not appear on the charter roll confess to be in sympathy with the movement, among these being Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Borah, of Idaho. While it would be manifestly presumptuous to assert at this time what will be the precise effect of the activities of this League, probably one of two things will result. Either the renomination of President Taft will be prevented, or his defeat insured in the event the Democrats nominate a progressive against him.

A most remarkable political situation has existed during the past few months. The leaders of the Republican Old Guard, or reactionaries, have been perfecting an organization to enforce the renomination of President Taft. Yet most of these reactionary leaders in private conversation admit the probability of Mr. Taft's defeat if nominated. This reads like a grossly inadequate report, because it would seem to be most improbable that men would seek the nomination of a candidate whom they believe cannot be elected, and yet that is precisely what has taken place.

The question turns, of course, largely on what the Democrats do in 1912. It is becoming the settled conviction that the line of demarcation will be drawn sharply between the reactionaries in support of Judson Harmon and the progressives in support of Woodrow Wilson and Champ Clark. That always potent argument—bribe of promised offices and political power—is being used by time-serving Democrats to force into the background considerations of public good and civic righteousness. Those who have objected to Judson Harmon, on the ground of his connection with "the interests," are met with reproof and a plea for harmony. In other words, Democrats are asked to support any man for President who might be elected, regardless of the character of the man supported. This is the method employed by those who would use the bribe of political power as an offset to the motive of civic betterment and the bringing in of needed reforms. At this time, it is easy to eliminate Folk, of Missouri; Marshall, of In-

diana; Dix, of New York, and Foss, of Massachusetts, from the list of Democratic probabilities, and no one who boasts a moderately comprehensive knowledge of politics will question that the three names most seriously to be considered are Wilson, Clark and Harmon.

In the organization of the incoming House of Representatives, Mr. Clark's organization was so completely dominant that opposition faded away, and did not find even effective expression. Yet it is all but settled that Congressman John J. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, is to be Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. This is a position of tremendous power, next in importance to the Chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means.

John J. Fitzgerald was the political creature of the late Patrick McCarren, of Brooklyn, who was the acknowledged representative of the Standard Oil interests. In March, 1910, an alliance of the Democrats and progressive Republicans in the House had procured votes enough to overthrow Speaker Cannon, provided the Democrats voted solidly. The Cannon machine served notice on the brewing interests that, unless they came to the help of Cannon, the tax on beer would be increased. The brewers appealed to Tammany Hall and the Boston Democracy. Charles Murphy, the head of Tammany Hall, called all the New York Democratic members on the long distance telephone and ordered them to go to the assistance of Speaker Cannon and desert the alliance between the Democrats and the progressive Republicans. Twenty-three Democrats obeyed, the Tammany Democrats, three Democrats from Boston, and several from the South. They were led by John J. Fitzgerald and accomplished their design—Speaker Cannon was upheld, and the old, corrupt organization which had so long dominated the House was given a temporary lease of life. Be it said to the honor of Congressman William Sulzer, of New York, that he was the one lone Democrat from that city who refused to obey the orders from Charles Murphy.

And Fitzgerald was actually agreeable to the Clark Democrats, at least to the extent that he was highly favored for the

Chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee and had only one rival, Burleson, of Texas. It should be noted that the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations would have a club in his hands with which at any time he could punish progressives in either party.

A BRILLIANT illustration of the difference between the Oregon plan of electing United States Senators and the old system has been afforded this winter, to the edification of the solons in the National Capital. The old system prevails in New York, Massachusetts, Delaware, Ohio, Iowa, Tennessee, Kentucky, Colorado, Montana, Connecticut, West Virginia, and other states. In each of these named, a prolonged struggle over the election of United States Senators took place, with disgraceful scenes and approximate anarchy enacted in several of them. In New York, Charles Murphy, of Tammany Hall, who holds no public office, sought to force on the Democratic Party William Sheehan, formerly of Buffalo, now of New York City. A band of insurgent Democrats, headed by State Senator Frank Roosevelt, a cousin of Theodore Roosevelt, bravely resisted the commands of Murphy and day after day the business of the people, which should have been attended to by the Legislature, was held up, while private interests battled to secure the vantage point of taking their men to the Senate.

In Massachusetts, while the struggle was not so prolonged, the same situation was presented. In Ohio, where Governor Harmon prevented the adoption of the Oregon principle which would have called for a primary to settle the Senatorship, a fierce conflict was witnessed. In Tennessee it was the same, and in Kentucky, Colorado, Montana and Iowa.

In New Jersey, where Governor Wilson insisted on honoring the popular choice, James Martine, of Plainfield, who had received the majority vote in the State election, easily triumphed over the representative of the special interests, James Smith, Jr.; Mr. Martine, backed by Governor Wilson, announced that, the people having spoken, their wishes must be respected. In California

the popular choice resulted in the election of Judge Works; Senator La Follette, in Wisconsin, and Congressman Poindexter, in Washington, were elected Senators without struggles in the Legislature, and, in fact, wherever the principle of the Oregon law had been adopted, the election of United States Senators was quickly cleared from the calendar of legislative business, and the state legislators were able to proceed normally to attend to the public concerns.

In no State in which the people had been given an opportunity to express their wishes was there a suggestion of corruption, and no man's reputation was ruined by the taint of dollar influence. In most of the states in which the Oregon plan was not in operation, there were surface indications, to say the least, of the use of money and improper influences in the interest of Senatorial candidates.

By happy coincidence, while all the newspapers were carrying daily accounts of these fierce struggles, the Senate was considering the resolution of Senator Bristow, of Kansas, for a constitutional amendment providing for popular election of Senators. Brilliant speeches were delivered in the Senate for and against the Bristow resolution, but the most brilliant argument in favor of that resolution came from the news-clipping bureaus and the columns of the daily press which told of these bitter struggles in states which had not adopted the Oregon system. Western Senators who favored the Bristow resolution were: Bourne and Chamberlain, of Oregon; Jones, of Washington; Dixon, of Montana; Borah, of Idaho, and Newlands, of Nevada. Those who opposed it were Flint and Perkins, of California; Piles, of Washington; Heyburn, of Idaho, and Nixon, of Nevada. Carter, of Montana, spoke against it, but said that he expected to vote for it in some form because the Legislature of his State had commanded him to do so. The line-up on this resolution was a criterion whereby to judge the affiliation of United States Senators. Root and Depew, of New York; Lodge and Crane, of Massachusetts; Bulkeley and Brandegee, of Connecticut; Kean and Briggs, of New

Jersey, Penrose and Oliver, of Pennsylvania, Hale and Frye, of Maine, Gallinger and Bournham, of New Hampshire, Dillingham and Page, of Vermont, Du Pont and Richardson, of Delaware, Cullom and Lorimer, of Illinois, and other Senators bitterly opposed the Bristow resolution, while, on the other hand, Senators who were not elected by the influence of the special interests fought valiantly for the adoption of the resolution.

It was in charge of Senator Borah, of Idaho, and day after day he sought to induce the Senate to agree on a date of vote. Almost invariably the one objecting to the unanimous consent which it was necessary to obtain, under the rules of the Senate, was his colleague, Senator Heyburn. At last, after the complete "line up" had been carefully ascertained in advance, and further jockeying being inadvisable, a vote was secured February 28, resulting in the defeat of the resolution by four votes less than the necessary two-thirds majority in its favor. But it will come up again at the next session of Congress, and will then doubtless pass, as many of its enemies will be replaced by friends.

A STRANGE discrepancy is noticed between the brave assertions of the foes of Theodore Roosevelt and the secret quakings over his proposed tour of the country. The reactionary press proclaimed Roosevelt "a dead one," but quite inconsistently they admit in private that they are much disturbed over the journey which he will take this spring through the West. It would naturally be assumed that no sane man would be disturbed over the prospect of a corpse being hauled from city to city to be exhibited to the people. So that the perturbation of the reactionary press over Roosevelt's tour is but an illustration of the insincerities which so often are noted in the expressions of many modern newspapers. I believe that the warmest friends of Mr. Roosevelt will not deny that his influence is not quite so powerful as it was a year ago, but to assert that he has lost all his influence with the American people and that he is not a world figure today is absurd, and does not comport

with the claims of the fossilized part of the press that Roosevelt's influence is dead. He is and will continue to be a very large factor in our National life, and that man will not be forwarded in any political venture who enlists the antagonism of Mr. Roosevelt.

However, Theodore Roosevelt is to be reckoned with in all our larger National concerns, and it requires no supernatural prescience correctly to predict that his journey through the West will reveal in how large a measure he still possesses the affections of the American people.

Interest in Mr. Roosevelt's tour will be increased by the authorized assurance that he will support a progressive candidate for President in 1912. He will not take the field as an active fighter for or against Taft or anyone else, but his influence will be exerted along the lines laid down by the National Progressive Republican League.

AN important issue arose during the winter, much to the surprise even of close observers, when a fight was made on the confirmation of Judge William Hunt, of Montana, who had been appointed to the new Court of Commerce. Judge Hunt had been on the Federal bench in Montana and had gone to Portland to try land-fraud cases. He had later been appointed to the Customs Court and at his own request was transferred by President Taft to the Court of Commerce. Senator Borah, of the Senate Judiciary Committee, was one of those who assisted in holding up the confirmation.

Charges were filed from Montana that Judge Hunt had favored the Amalgamated Copper Company improperly, in cases involving injury to homes and agricultural lands by the fumes of the copper smelters in Montana. It was difficult to get a clear definition of the issue, and, in the absence of it, considerable surprise was expressed that the judicial probity of Judge Hunt had been questioned, because he had been accepted when appointed to the Commerce Court as a man who would come with clean hands to the consideration of transportation causes. However, he was confirmed.

This is but one feature of the trou-

bles which broke out over Federal appointments. It was quite apparent in most instances that President Taft planned official preferment for the conservative faction of the Republican Party and did not purpose to carry out the terms of his letter issued from Beverly last summer, in which he said he would respect the wishes of insurgents in patronage matters. The President ignored Senator La Follette's recommendation in appointing a District Attorney for the Eastern district of Wisconsin; ignored Senator-elect Poindexter's recommendations; and did likewise with Senator Bourne, of Oregon, with whom Senator Chamberlain joined in opposing the nominations by the President of Elmer Colwell, to be United States Marshal, and Philip S. Malcolm, to the Collectorship. The protest of Senators Bourne and Chamberlain was sufficient to induce the Judiciary Committee of the Senate to suggest to the President that he withdraw Colwell's name. This was done and later the same adverse action was taken with Mr. Malcolm's nomination. The Oregon Senators raised the question of the fitness of Colwell, and Senator Chamberlain added as an additional reason that Colwell belonged to the reactionary political forces in Oregon, was not in touch with the dominant thought of the State, and should not be recognized.

These facts are mentioned to indicate the political trend of Mr. Taft, who seemed not to understand the meaning of the November elections, and to cling to his allegiance with the reactionary forces of his party, which were engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the progressives for the control of the organization. They are cited also to furnish the basis for the statement now well-known to be true that President Taft, in disposing of patronage, was redeeming the promise made by Frank Hitchcock, as National Chairman in 1908, to the Fulton faction, in Oregon, the Ballinger-Piles faction, in Washington, the Stevenson faction, in Wisconsin, and the conservative factions in other states. These promises of patronage were in return for support given the Taft delegates to the National Convention.

Senator Bourne, in a recent speech in the Senate, bluntly criticised President

Taft's use of the appointive power to influence members of Congress. He denounced it as bribery, if patronage were used as a reward; and as intimidation, if withheld as punishment. He added that the statement made in the famous "Norton letter," if undenied, "makes a deplorable and despicable subservience on the part of the legislative branch and a dangerous and demoralizing usurpation on the part of the Executive." That such misuse of the appointive power "sets a precedent for corrupt methods in all official life, and marks the beginning of dictatorship and decadence of the Nation."

AT this writing victory for the Canadian reciprocity pact seems to be assured, if not in the last hours of the short session, certainly in a special session which the President will call about the middle of March. The Democrats in Congress were solidified on this issue, while the Republicans were riven asunder. The Republicans who opposed President Taft's reciprocity agreement, peculiarly enough, were the extreme high-protection standpatters, and some of the Middle West progressives. The standpatters opposed it because they are opposed to any measure which threatens to disturb the existing system of protective duties which they desire to be prohibitory. The progressives, while admitting that the abstract principle of reciprocity is sound, opposed the particular plan of reciprocity which President Taft laid before Congress and the country.

They pleaded that Secretary Knox, of the Department of State, a Pennsylvania high protectionist, had induced the President to draw the reciprocity agreement so as to protect and benefit Eastern manufacturers, at the expense of the agricultural producing classes; that the agreement called for free admission into Canada of goods manufactured by Easterners, in return for which the United States was to admit free of duty the products of Canadian farms, fisheries, ranges and forests.

Western lumbermen opposed the agreement on the ground that they would have to compete with Canadian rough lumber to the detriment of their industries and the waste of American forests, because the cheaper parts of trees would be left

in the woods unmarketable. Pacific coastwise owners of ships argued that the agreement would let Canadian lumber into San Francisco ports in ruinous competition with lumber produced in Pacific States. Pacific Coast fisheries opposed it on the same ground.

There is, however, a weakness in the argument of the opponents of this plan of reciprocity, in that it seems to be absurd to regard the free admission of Canadian grains as a menace to American agriculture. Canada produces one-sixth of one per cent as much corn as the United States produces, a negligible quantity. As to wheat, normally the price is made in Liverpool, based on Europe's demand for our surplus and the surplus of Argentina. It was apparently true that the bringing of Canadian wheat would amount to simply milling in transit of the surplus which would go to Europe from both the United States and Canada. The farmers have always been fooled by the claim that they receive benefits from a protective duty on grains, and I believe the fears of the agriculturalists were as groundless as the claims of the high protectionists have been, that the system of protection which has obtained has been of direct benefit to the farmer through protection on his products.

Although the agreement negotiated by President Taft and Secretary Knox may be open to some criticism, it is likely that any agreement negotiated by anyone would be subject to criticism. However, the fallacy of the President's arguments was that he offered it, first, as a measure to reduce the high cost of living by reducing the price of foodstuffs; and, second, that the farmers need not fear because the price of their products would not be reduced. Just how the President was going to harmonize these two conflicting claims did not appear.

When the reciprocity agreement unamended passed the House, 221 for and 92 against, it was instantly predicted that here was a refection of public opinion. Had not the Democrats, with the exception of five, voted solidly for the agreement, it would not have carried. Three hundred and thirteen voted that day, of which a majority was 157.

Only 78 Republicans voted for it, while 143 Democrats supported it, and 87 Republicans opposed it. California was equally divided; Ellis and Hawley, of Oregon, opposed it, as also did Humphrey, of Washington, Hamer, of Idaho, and Pray, of Montana. The only Northwest Congressmen who supported it were Poindexter and McCredie, of Washington.

WHEN this article was written, it was the general belief that no Alaska coal-land leasing bill would be passed at this session. A measure had been introduced by Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, providing a plan for leasing, but when it was examined, it was found to be utterly inadequate, and would not in any measure have defended the people against the machinations of the Guggenheim Alaska syndicate. It is admitted that public sentiment supports the demand that possession of Alaska coal fields shall be obtained only through the medium of a leasing law.

The friends of conservation are exceedingly anxious that a leasing bill, properly drawn, shall become law, but they rightfully insist that the people shall not be made to forfeit all the results of the terrific battle which has been fought between them and the Guggenheims.

Senator Nelson is not in sympathy with the conservationists, and, by introducing the bill favorable to the Guggenheims, threw himself open to the charge that he was seeking to serve the interests of the monopoly, rather than the interests of Pacific Coast consumers. It is generally deplored that members of the House and Senate continue apparently to use their authority and opportunities to resist the rational demands made by the conservationists, and that they seem to seek to remove all obstacles from the monopolization of Alaska by the \$25,000,000 corporation which already is in a fair way to control Alaska copper, and which desires to control Alaska coal. Every factory, steamboat, locomotive and fireside owner upon the Pacific Coast is vitally interested in seeing the enormous stores of Alaskan mineral wealth safeguarded against these monopolists, and if, as at this time seems likely, no coal

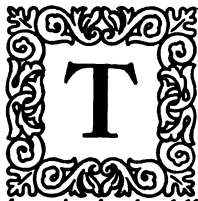
leasing bill is to become law at this session, the fault lies at the door of those who proffer measures designed not to protect consumers of the Coast from the rapacity of would-be plunderers.

At this time it is likewise believed that the bill to refer the Cunningham coal claims to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals will not be enacted into law. It, too, was killed by the conservationists. There was no precedent or argument of necessity advanced in favor of this bill, excepting that the Taft administration desired to evade responsibility for deciding the cases. I have on my desk a

copy of a letter written at the White House, in which the President took responsibility upon himself for examining the evidence and deciding these cases. Already the Government has made out a case which, the President knows, forces him as a lawyer to cancel the Cunningham claims. The proposal to refer them to the Court of Claims would simply give the coal claimants a new opportunity through technicalities to win their case. In other words, the Government has everything to lose and the claimants everything to gain by the proposed procedure.

The Gift of the Lamp

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.



HERE was a small house of weathered, gray adobe. Behind it rose a low range of mountains, bare and gray like a series of gigantic ash-heaps; before it the huddled foothills sloped away into the far purple reaches of the desert. Beside these things there were the sun and the stars, the wind and the silence,—and Garrett.

Garrett stood in the door of the adobe house and watched the soft, blue shadows flow into the hollows of the desert, as the flaming orange of the winter sunset faded from the west. He noted the silver thread of the new moon and waved to it, as was his custom, then turned thoughtfully to the familiar task of cooking supper on his untidy kitchen stove. With the lone man's habit of personifying, he had made friends of many things about him, from the rifle that stood in the corner to the great constellations that wheeled above the desert at night, and now, as he was preparing to leave them all, his eagerness for the outer world of men and women was mingled with regret for this bright, lonely country whose very thorns he had learned to love.

His desert days were nearly over. Last week the representatives of a great mining company had come up the trail to investigate certain holes in the ground which were the result of Garrett's labors in the past seven years. After the exploration of the holes there had been much argumentative interchange of stony wisdom, some wary haggling and, finally, an agreement at a figure that staggered the prospector, accustomed though he was to dreaming in millions. He felt no impatience now at waiting a few weeks for the formal conclusion of the great sale. He spent his first few days of wealth in splendid laziness, wandering among the familiar cañons and ridges with his gun, or sitting in the sunshine and reviewing a thousand wistful old dreams that were soon to come true.

Tacked against the black wall of his kitchen was an advertising calendar bearing the picture of a girl with a roguish smile and very pink-and-white shoulders. In the past the contrast between the pink-and-white girl and his shaggy self had sometimes caused him to swear, but now, as he munched his evening bacon and *frijole* beans, he winked at her with great good humor and mentally grouped vague, bright pictures of the future about

her florid loveliness. In Garrett's opinion, his twenty-five lean, roving years of manhood had brought him much less than his rightful share of pleasure. As with most lone, hard-living men, there had been occasional nights of wild excess in some mining camp to break the bitter monotony of existence, but he now looked back upon these with something of self-pity. He had sometimes listened to tales from the lips of sleek city men; gleeful, well-told tales that had made him feel ashamed of his own crude debauches, and had looked from afar into the strange, luxurious world of which they spoke as an envious mortal might watch the revelry of Olympus. A prospector lives mainly by the youthful quality of hope and, for all his forty-five years, Garrett was still a boy in many respects. The hard work and dogged patience of a man had won his "big stake," but now he looked forward to spending a few of his new thousands in places of light and laughter, rare liquors and rare women, with an ardor that was boyish in its freshness.

So, as the pink-and-white calendar girl smiled down at him through the light of his smoked lamp, he ate abstractedly and dreamed dreams, after the manner of prospectors. His hand fell upon his coffee-cup and, smiling, he raised it in a sweeping curve toward the girl before bringing it to his lips. Then he glanced around quickly and lowered the cup without drinking. The rapping upon the door was very soft, but Garrett's ears were desert trained and the sound broke his reverie as effectually as a thunderclap. He sharply gave the usual invitation to enter, and was surprised and rather relieved when the door creaked back and revealed a little girl of eight or nine, who stood blinking timidly at the lamp and keeping one hand on the door-knob, ready for instant flight. She reminded Garrett of the trembling baby rabbits which he sometimes picked up among the mesquite in the springtime.

"Well, sister?" he said, smiling to reassure her.

"Will—will you please tell me the road to Blackly's ranch?" The question sounded as if it had been rehearsed.

"You're about three mile off, sister,"

he said gently. "You took the wrong road down at the big sand-wash. Who's with you?"

"Nobody," said the child simply.

"What! alone and afoot!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now," said the prospector, puzzled. "How'd that happen? Where you goin' to, anyway?"

The child gave a little sigh and, with her hands behind her, leaned wearily back against the door-jamb.

"Papa and me, we went to town this morning," she said. "We came out this afternoon and when we were 'bout half way back he put me out of the wagon and told me to walk home. Then he went back to town. You see," she concluded, sighing again and shaking her head earnestly at Garrett, "he was so full this time that I just could n't do anything with him."

Garrett barely managed to shut his teeth upon an oath. The drunken habits of "Old Man" Blackly, since the death of his wife, had caused much talk in the far scattered neighborhood of the range and the prospector had heard scraps of it through the cowboys who now and then spent an hour with him while they rested from their interminable riding. This, then, was the child whose life, alone with her sottish father, had aroused so much indignant pity among the good women of the ranches. Garrett's face softened as he watched the drooping little figure in the doorway. He felt a desire to comfort her, as he had sometimes picked up the baby rabbits and held them between his big hands till they ceased to tremble.

"What's your name, little sister?" he asked.

"Billy," she replied, and then added: "Papa calls me that. He hates it because I aint a boy, you know."

"Well, well," said Garrett, chuckling. "That's a right funny name for a little girl, aint it? My name's Jim. And now, Billy," he went on, rising, "you better come and eat with me and shake down here for the night. We'll see about gettin' you home in the mornin'."

He filled an enamelled-ware plate with bacon and *frijoles* and poured out a second cup of black coffee, while Billy slipped out of her threadbare little coat

and seated herself quietly at the oilcloth-covered table. During the meal Garrett neglected his food in his efforts to put the child at her ease. He had known few children, but he possessed a ready tongue and, to entertain his small guest, he kept up a flow of whimsical banter such as he imagined would be pleasing to her ears. At first there was little reply to his sallies beyond a glance and a shy smile, but when, on one of his journeys to the stove, he trod upon the cat's tail and then offered the animal an elaborate apology, she giggled delightedly and they finished the meal as good comrades. When the dishes had been washed and the fire replenished to keep out the chill that follows the golden winter days of the border country, Garrett fell silent over his evening pipe while his guest, sitting with her chin in her palms, gazed at the glowing grate of the stove. Every line of her suggested weariness, but the wide brown eyes, brooding upon the coals, were too thoughtful and troubled for those of a tired child. His eyes, as he watched her, were thoughtful also. One of the dusty stockings showed a "darn" which his own horny fingers could have improved upon, her braids were tied with bits of blue tape such as generally secures the wrappings of certain brands of bacon and, noting such details, Garrett slowly parted with little scrolls of tobacco smoke, each of which might have been blazoned with a profound imprecation upon "Old Man" Blackly.

"Billy, come here," he said suddenly, knocking out his pipe on the rocker of his chair.

She came over to him and he gently pulled her down on his knees. She nestled against his faded flannel shirt without hesitation and, as his arms closed about her, he said, a trifle huskily: "You're plumb done out, aint you, pardner?"

"Um hm," she replied, closing her eyes.

"I wish I could sing you to sleep," he continued, "but if I started to sing, you'd go out that door and never stop this side of the Coloraydo."

She smiled at this pleasantry. "Dont you know any stories?" she suggested.

"Mama used to tell me stories."

Garrett thought of the stories he sometimes swapped with other guests, and avoided the child's eyes, feeling, somehow, a trifle uncomfortable.

"Do you know that story about Aladdin and his lamp?" she went on. "That's a good one."

"Aladdin?" said Garrett, wrinkling his brows. "Was that the feller with a lamp that would get up and beat Wall Street every time he rubbed it?"

"Yes, and the lamp had slaves, you know," said Billy eagerly. "It's an awful good story and I have n't heard it for ever so long."

"Well," said her host, still frowning, "I have n't heard it since I was your size, but I'll tackle it and you can drive me back when I get off the trail. Let me see. Well, once there was a boy named Aladdin. His mother was a widder,—a good woman but so poor she had to take in washin'. Aladdin was n't a bad boy, but he ran with a no-account bunch and had a way of hangin' around the livery stable and smokin' cigareets, when he ought to 've been home turnin' the wringer."

Garrett's rendering dissipated the Oriental atmosphere of the tale like a blast of Western wind sweeping through the incense of a joss house, but Billy was not a stickler for style. She listened with great content, interrupting him only when his memory missed Aladdin's trail altogether, and he stumbled off through the underbrush of pure invention. Together they followed the ancient boy's adventures, from the magician's cave to the royal marriage feast and there, like a discreet romancer, Garrett stopped.

"So they were married in big style," he concluded, "and that's the end of the story, because a good man never does anything reckless or interestin' after he's married."

"They dont have any lamps like that nowadays, do they?" said Billy after a moment's thought.

"M—m yes, I reckon they do," he replied.

"But nobody ever finds them," she added skeptically.

"Yes, some find the lamp and the rest of us put in our lives huntin' for it," he

said, smiling at her surprise. "We hunt for it and work for it, starve and fight and die for it. W'y, Billy, I've put in twenty years huntin' for that lamp. Thought I'd find it underground like Aladdin did, so I made an old prairie-dog of myself all the way from Alaska to this country. And it was only last week that I finally found it."

"Found it!" cried Billy, sitting upright and looking incredulous. "Honest?"

"Yes, cross my heart. I hope to die."

"And has the lamp got slaves?"

"Thousands of 'em."

"And will you marry a princess?" The tired little eyes regarded him with awe.

Garrett laughed. "I'd look wavy married to a princess, would n't I? W'y, she'd make me live out in the corral."

"But wont you make the lamp build you a palace?"

"I had n't planned on it," he teased. "You see, palaces are so big and on-handly."

"Then what *are* you goin' to do with it?" she asked, with obvious disappointment.

Garrett glanced at the pink-and-white calendar girl smirking down through the smoky lamplight and became suddenly sober.

"I—dont know, Billy," he hesitated. "I got to think about it."

For the past hour he had quite forgotten the calendar girl and that side of life which, to his mind, she represented. Billy's soft arm about his neck had drawn him far from his daily self, back into a bright old country he had left behind long ago, and for a time the undying child in him had been happy with such simple pleasures as a playmate and a fairy-tale. Now, as the wonted thoughts of rough, careless man-life came back to him, they were like the taint of starved carcasses that drifts up the wind after the blessed rains of July have brought life and greenness back to the desert range. He eyed the calendar girl without favor for a moment and then turned once more to the innocent face at his shoulder.

But Billy was silent, while the drooping eyelashes and the limp weight of the little body in his arms suggested to him that another Oriental character, the Sandman, had come to take Aladdin's

place in their company. Muttering a word of self-reproach for having kept her awake so long, the bachelor began to rock slowly, watching his charge for signs of deepening slumber. An owl had settled in the liveoak below the house, boomed his hoarse query many times, and departed before the floor boards ceased to creak under Garrett's rocker, and he was sure that the child's unconsciousness was restful and complete. Carrying her into the adjoining room and laying her lightly on his bed, he labored for several careful minutes unlacing and drawing off the worn little shoes, and then covered her with the blankets till only her face remained visible, a white blur in the dimness of the room. He bent over her, listening to the soft, regular breathing; bent closer, then caught himself up sharply and tiptoed out into the kitchen with a slightly sheepish air.

Closing the bedroom door, he noiselessly mended the fire and was lighting his pipe when his ear caught the ring of hoofs coming up the trail. They approached rapidly, stopped with a scuffle outside, were succeeded by the clanking tread of spurred heels, and the door was unceremoniously kicked open by a cowboy, who seemed to bring half the noise and bustle of a large town with him.

"Hello! Damn cold—" began the newcomer heartily, kicking the door shut behind him and striding toward the stove.

"Shut *up!*" hissed Garrett, with a fierce emphasis that halted the astonished cowboy in the midst of a step.

He stared at the prospector, slowly ventured that trite conjecture as to his soul's future by which men express wondering surprise, and then added: "Are you holdin' meetin', Garrett, or a funeral?"

For answer Garrett picked up the lamp and moved toward the bedroom. "Come here," he growled, "and come quiet."

The cow man suppressed an exclamation as the light showed him the little white face among Garrett's blankets. "It's Billy," he whispered. "Pore little Billy!" Then, raising his eyes to Garrett, he added: "You aint heard about it. I reckon. Come out in the kitchen and shut the door."

"I've been keepin' a eye open for Billy all the way out," he said a moment later, as he warmed himself at the stove. "The old man was a-tellin' in town how he lost her somewhere on the road."

"Lost her!" exclaimed Garrett wrathfully, "he threwed her out of the wagon six mile from home and told her to walk, the old—"

"Wait!" interrupted the cowboy, raising his hand quickly; "wait a minute! Don't cuss 'im. Here's what I was goin' to tell you. Blackly stayed in town tonight till about dark. Then he took old Charlie into the wagon with him—you mind old Charlie—and the last we seen of 'em they was lopin' them old Spanish ponies out the street like hell-after-a-man. After that it seems they was travelin' too fast to make the turn on the big hill and the whole outfit went over the bank into the gulch. The fall knocked some sense into old Charlie and he limped back and told us, and then a bunch of us went out and found Blackly under the wagon box, with his neck broke."

"Dead?"

"Yes, he was plenty dead," said the cowboy gravely, "and I'd 've reckoned he was drunk enough to come through a thing like that without a scratch, too. Pore old Blackly! He was a right good cow man in his day."

"Has he got any kin beside Billy?"

"No, none that he's heard from for the last twenty years. Told me so, himse'f. I've been studyin' about Billy on the way out. Blackly's ranch is all mortgaged up. There's nothin' left for her. I kaint think of anybody around here that might take her to raise, so it looks like some sort of asylum for her. I hate that, too. They'll raise her like a dogey calf—just give her feed and corral room till she's half started and then turn her loose to fight for herse'f. Pore little Billy! Well, I got to hit it home to bed. Hawse-work begins tomorrow and I'll lope all over seven counties after that wild bunch. You kin be thankful you aint a workin' man no more, old goldbug. Lord! I wish I'd been born with your luck instead of my beauty."

Garrett followed his guest to the threshold and stood in the doorway while he mounted his half-broken horse in the

dark, with the usual scuffling of hoofs and admonitory maledictions.

"Say, Garrett," he drawled, as he finally settled himself in the saddle, "before you start givin' away public libraries, why don't you build a orphan's home for that pore little dogey inside there? That's a notion for you. *Buenos noches.*"

The prospector stood in his door musingly until the sound of the hoofs had died away up the trail. The stars above the desert had wheeled to their midnight stations, but tonight he paid no heed to their admonition. Closing the door at last, he stealthily made sure that Billy slept, but, instead of seeking his own rest, he settled himself by the fire and, while the still hours slipped away, smoked and dreamed dreams, after the manner of prospectors.

The habit was an old one, but tonight the dreams were new. They had to do with a certain house on a certain street in a Western city. This house of the dream was pretty and prosperous looking, as were all the other houses on the street. It was a street of substantial and respected citizens and P. A. Garrett, owner and occupant of the dream house, was as substantial and respected as the best of them. Garrett, the unkempt prospector, contemplated this first vision with great satisfaction. Then he pulled down the sun, as a dreamer can, filled the street with pleasant, electric-starred darkness and entered the dream house. In a large, homelike room three persons were seated about a table. One of them was P. A. Garrett, smoothly shaven and shorn, clad in rich but comfortable raiment, and reading a newspaper. The second was Mrs. Riley, a motherly old lady who had formerly been a boarding-house keeper in one of the northern camps but now the capable and kindly manager of the Garrett establishment. The third was a little girl who resembled Billy, except that she was plumper and rosier and much better dressed. She was seated opposite the master of the house, with her elbows on the table, intent upon a copy of the "Arabian Nights."

The Garrett of the flannel shirt let his pipe go out as he lingered over this picture. Back in his younger days, he had sometimes dreamed of domestic scenes,

but they had always been dim and far, shut off from him by the iron bars of hard conditions. Now, standing by his side in the dream house, was the mighty genie of that lamp which he had dug from the grim Arizona hills, and the genie waited only his word to make these shadows real.

Garrett awoke some time after sunrise and, having "slept cold" in his chair, shiveringly started a hasty fire and then ran down the trail to a clear pool below the spring, where he splashed and grunted vigorously till he was somewhat warmed and refreshed. He was just concluding this ablution when a voice hailed him from behind in a tone of loud cordiality and, brushing the water from his eyes with his shirtsleeve, he turned to meet the outstretched hand of a man on horseback. He took the hand mechanically and, as he did so, recognized the smooth face above it as belonging to a faro dealer, whom he had known, not always to his profit, in past years.

"Is that you, Keenan?" he said, without enthusiasm. "How's luck?"

"There is n't any of the old sort," said Keenan, showing his excellent teeth. "The Sunday School legislatures ruined the business, so I hit the straight and narrow and went to handling mines two years ago. Just been over looking at a group of claims and stopped at Taylor's shack last night. Say, old man, he tells me that you have grabbed the big roll at last."

"Yes, I made a little sale," said Garrett, in a tone that contrasted sharply with the aggressive friendliness of the other.

"It'll be little old New York for yours,

now, I suppose," said Keenan, eyeing him with curiosity and not a little envy.

"No; I aint got any business that far off. I'll run up to 'Frisco next month, I guess."

"Well, 'Frisco is n't bad—in spots," said the gambler, grinning. "I'll be there next month myself and dont you forget to look me up." He scribbled an address on a card and handed it to Garrett. "Dont lose that, old pal. It's your ticket to Paradise. I'm wise as a treeful of owls about that town and if you follow my trail you'll travel right. Sorry I cant stop and talk over old times, but I've got to catch that nine-thirty train in town. So long, and dont forget me next month. Travel with me and I'll show you—life!"

Garrett shook the white hand half-heartedly and then stood watching the man as he rode down the trail. The cañon was still in shadow but the grim peaks above shone with the fresh glory of the morning and, down the trail, the desert brimmed to its purple margin with the golden flood of the sunshine. On a near hillside the first February mockingbird, teetering ecstatically on a mesquite, sang straight through his little repertoire while, within the house, Billy was singing quite as cheerily and making a pleasant clatter among the pots and pans as she went about preparing breakfast. Garrett felt all these things and took joy of them, but he continued to gaze after the receding form of the gambler until a turn in the trail hid him from sight. Then he shook his head, slowly crumpled the gambler's card, dropped it to the ground, and moved toward the house.

"That poor devil!" he said gently.

"That's all the life he knows."



Ante-Mortem

By Berton Braley

When I cash in and my game 's all played,
With the last white chip stacked up and paid;
Dont shove me under the smug green turf
In the town where I am an office serf,
Dont put me down in a dinky plot
Where they bury 'em several to a lot.

No, ship me back to the hills I knew
Where I was a Man and a good man too,
A sort of a king in a vast demesne
Not simply a cog in a huge machine;
And plant me up on the mountain side
Where the cliffs are high and the view is wide
And the wind blows swift and keen and thin,
When I cash in.

When I cash in, though my ears will be
Quite deaf to the wind's shrill minstrelsy,
And the sounds I love I shall not hear,
I want to lie where the trail is near,
That the tread of the old prospectors' feet
May shake the walls of my last retreat;
And the puncher, humming a careless song
May stir them too as he rides along;
And even the thud of the miner's blast
May rock the ground where my bones are cast;
And I shall share in the miner's quest
And know their luck in my place of rest
Whether they lose the game or win,
When I cash in.

When I cash in—but I sure cant tell
If you 'll do the job as I tell you. Well,
There aint nobody that I kin trust
To do as I want with my "dust-to-dust"
Except myself, and that seems to show
If I want to lie where the mountains grow,
That I 'd best hike back of my own free will
And *live* in the country I love until
I play the wheel for a last good spin,
When I cash in.

A Program of Social Reform for a Democracy

By Dr. Stephen S. Wise

Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York



WE have long had shreds and patches of social reform, but no program. If the cause of social reform is to be furthered, we must have such a program as represents a co-ordination of views, the ordering of the visions of men. If we are to frame a program, we must needs see life steadily and see it whole. Strangely enough, it is the attempt at co-ordination and especially at formulation of the undertakings to reform the social mal-adjustments of our age that evokes protest and dread.

Social reform is the re-ordering and re-forming of neighborhood relations. A democracy ought to be a magnified neighborhood, a neighborhood upon a vast scale, the vastness of which need not diminish the sense of interdependence and neighborliness. A program of social reform worthy of a democracy is not a task to be pottered over by the dillitante. It is not for those who would engage in the skirmish of an hour, or the adventure of a day. It means a life-long campaign for the unwearied of heart and the undismayed of spirit. Social reform is not socialism. It does mean the socialization of the unsocialized conscience of our age. It is a protest against the morally anarchic and anti-social tendencies of our time.

IT will not be well with the Republic unless we are wise and statesmanlike enough to enter upon a large program of social reform. Men of large affairs are to concern themselves therewith as they have long concerned themselves with the possibility of arranging with the managers of political parties for tariff laws

that should be most largely profitable to themselves. The shaping of a program of social reform is infinitely more important than the program looking to the conservation of the natural resources of the land. Nothing less than a well-considered, steadfastly maintained social program can put an end to the human wastage and anti-social exploitation which disfigure the life of our times. In the absence of comprehensive social program we shall continue to shift to the shoulders of *over-worked charity* the burdens which can be borne equitably only by *under-worked justice*.

A democracy, which is but a name for the government of a self-determining people, cannot endure unless men are constantly bent upon enhancing their efficiency in citizenship. Such deterioration as is entailed by national indifference to the welfare of the many, is inevitably preliminary to the impairment and ultimate destruction of democracy. We cannot permanently have a democracy without such a program of social reform as makes for an enfranchised and truly self-determining citizenship. People are not made for governments, but governments are made for the people. Government is *of* the people primarily, and implicitly *by* the people that it may finally and permanently be *for* the people.

Theodore Parker once declared that democracy meant not "I am as good as you are" but "You are as good as I am." Generous and stirring as is his word, it is not certain that we can ever make democracy mean just that. But what democracy must mean, and failing to mean that, is not democracy, is,—whether you are as good as I am or I am as good as you are does not matter, but it does matter that you shall have the

opportunity to have as good and full a life as it is possible for you to attain. Democracy means the realization of the potentialities of human life under the forms of law and within the restraints of order. Henry Van Dyke has well put it that fair play is what a democracy means, not that every man shall count alike in the affairs of State, but that every man shall have an equal chance to make himself count for what he is worth.

ATENDENCY in the Republic which threatens to obstruct a program of social reform has taken the form in our day of an unusual type of lawlessness. This most dangerous type of lawlessness is quasi-legal in form and therefore doubly insidious and endangering. The lawless sale of "delicatessen" on Sunday is not as serious as the legalized bestowal of pardons on Monday, or the outwardly legal sale of franchises, at special rates, on Tuesday. The confidence of the masses in the justice of law is impaired when it is felt that the forms of law are sufficiently pliable and plastic in the hands of hypershrewd and not underpaid legal counsel to cover any violation of the spirit of the law. The most dangerous form of lawlessness is that which seeks to win for lawless practices and anarchic concepts the name and sanction of the law. The history of the disenfranchisement of the negro embodies the peculiarly lawless endeavor to gain the warrant and sanction of the law for fundamentally anarchic courses.

A program of social reform worthy of the name is incompatible with another tendency which is rife in our democracy today. This tendency would leave too much to the individual on the one hand, and is prone to place the blame of the many upon some convenient scapegoat. Hero-worship is not bad in itself, but it is very hurtful when it results in an unheroic attitude on the part of the worshippers. It is essentially undemocratic to have left to one individual, however plethoric his purse and splendid his generosity, the pensioning of the college and university teachers of the Nation, with the resultant power of shaping the destiny of every beneficiary institution.

What if the vast fortune which has been dedicated by another individual to the cause of negro education were to be withdrawn tomorrow, would the individual States or Nation collectively undertake this greatly-needed work?

SOME months ago, it was announced that former President Roosevelt would discuss with the rulers of England and Germany the possibility of a joint limitation of armaments. The announcement was hailed throughout the Nation with great rejoicing, especially by those who know to their sorrow that England and Germany may justly be styled two mighty armed camps. The leading journals of the Nation voiced public opinion in declaring that a successful outcome of this plan would nobly crown the great career of former President Roosevelt. Before the chorus of praise had died away, a report reached these shores to the effect that former President Roosevelt had vigorously denied that he had harbored any such purpose. My question is,—if it was wrong in the former President to venture to suggest to the heads of two foreign powers the possibility of limiting armaments, the American people should not have hesitated to register their conviction to this effect. If, on the other hand, as we hold, it would have been the crowning achievement of an almost unequalled career for former President Roosevelt to have used the power of his one-time office, and the prestige of his massive personality to urge upon the European powers the madness of ceaseless piling up of armaments, then ought the American people seek to do that which they rejoiced to learn former President Roosevelt had planned to do. In other words, are we to abandon what might be called the American plan, or are we to persist in presenting it to the conscience of the world, even though that plan be not supported by the authority and personal force of the recent President of the United States.

AGAIN and again we find that the many in the Republic are ready to shift to the shoulders of one or a few the burdens which can alone be supported by the whole people. Since the appointment

of the recent Governor of the State of New York to the Supreme Court Bench, it is becoming increasingly clear that the politicians assume that with the removal of the tremendous moral power of former Governor Hughes from the State Capital, they will be safe in plotting the defeat of his wise plans to minimize the power of the political machines and their oft-times corrupt bosses. But it is not the part of democracy to fasten its task and the burden upon any one man, however strong and commanding. A democratic people must be greater than its greatest leaders. The restoration of the power of self-government to the people of the State of New York is not the business of one man, though that man be as efficient and consecrated as former Governor Hughes. It is the business of the whole people. It ought to be the constantly cherished ideal of a democracy to further and magnify the power of initiative in the individual, but not to bring about the surrender of the prerogatives of the many to the purposeful one or a resolute few.

The reverse tendency is equally unwise and equally undemocratic,—that scapegoatism which piles the burden of blame upon an individual. We may rid ourselves of our elected scapegoats, but that is a very different thing from ridding ourselves of the evils which we associate therewith. Often our chosen scapegoats are not the cause and creator of the evils we charge to them, but rather their victims. Harmful as may be the public conduct of certain men held in execration nowadays, the important thing is not so much that we shall unmake these men as that we shall remake ourselves. It is ours to make impossible the conditions which have made these sin-laden scapegoats inevitable.

Time was when we rejoiced in the stability of the foundations of the Republic. The time has come for us to recognize that certain foundations may undermine the Republic. It is not for a private foundation, however wise or sage, to determine what shall be done or left undone in the interest of the citizenship of our democracy. A democracy must not cease to be self-determining, self-governing, self-emancipating, even at the behest

of ten or one hundred million dollars. No gifts, however great, must secure for their donors, living or dead, immunity from the consequence of moral judgment. A democracy must insist upon the right to judge men and evaluate their acts, irrespective of their gifts and benefactions. A democracy must not suffer so-called benefactions to confound and confuse moral standards.

A PROGRAM of social reform is the surest safeguard of a democracy. Professor Devine has rightly said that democracy in the merely negative sense of kicking out the kings, the hereditary law-makers, and the aristocracy, is after all a very paltry thing. "The democracy to which we would pledge our faith is the rule of the many with standards." The only National defence worthy of the name is a comprehensive and well-co-ordinated program of social reform. Ceaseless and senseless military preparations are not so much a national defense as an international offending. The true spirit of national defence informs the agencies, National and State, which are combating the terrible iniquity of child labor, underlies the efforts of such organizations as the Consumers' League with its daring National program looking to a maximum ten-hour work-day for women, and the creation of Minimum Wage Boards. Great Britain, Germany and our own land as well, map out naval and military programs covering a score of years. Such National defence as may ultimately result in man-slaying is arranged with prevision. But who deigns to take the long look ahead in the matter of social reform, which is another name for man-saving and man-serving? What city or State in the Union has mapped out a program of social reform covering a decade?

When such a man as the Chancellor of the English Exchequer eloquently protests against the social or anti-social heresy that poverty is an incurable disease, that pauperism is an immedicable woe, he is thinking, as we are thinking, of the futility and sterility of poverty, not only of the wrongs which make poverty possible, but of the deeper injustices which poverty makes inevitable. A pro-

gram of social reform that would dare to strike at the needless root-causes of country-wide poverty is not so much bent upon giving men more abundant means of livelihood, as, in the wise word of Canon Barnett, upon giving men the means of more abundant life. Countless may be the workers who are prepared to say, as did a witness to an English Commission, "If it only were a living wage. We only want to live." But the workers shall not forever be suffered merely to live. Lloyd George declared in the course of a notable address at the City Temple of London some months ago, "I never realized until I came to administer the old-age pensions the appalling mass of respectable, industrious, independent, proud poverty there is." He omitted to add,—needless.

AN ordered program of social reform is needed in our democracy in order that it may have the effect of checking the process which is going on with appalling swiftness of widening the boundaries of the realm of charity. There is infinitely more of so-called charity today than ought to be needful in a self-determining democracy. Too much of charity is a vain attempt to repair the ravages wrought by injustice. A constructive and statesmanlike program of social reform would not only lessen the number of philanthropic and remedial agencies, but would go far to render unnecessary and even impossible the conditions which, up to the present, continue to extend the field of charity. Nothing could be more false nor fatal than the arbitrary grouping of families into two kinds,—as is commonly done,—the one kind that earns enough to live, and the second kind that does not. Such people as lack nothing more than the capacity for thought and the faculty of imagination lightly assume that nothing need be done for the family that earns enough to live, and, as for the family that does not, they may be commended to the tender mercies of private and public philanthropy. But no charity reports can annul the fact that charity at best but makes good the inadequacy which has been brought about by insufficiency of income. Charity does not and cannot, save in the

rarest instances, do more than temporarily restore the social equilibrium that has been disturbed. When lately after an examination of a mill where little children were employed as laborers, I commented upon the greed and cruelty of the millowner, I was reminded in his defense that he never failed to distribute turkeys to the toilers for the Christmas season even when turkeys were "high." It is this that moves Masterman in his "Condition of England" to sneer at that variable and random philanthropy which can never be a substitute for social reform, those large organized charities which are less a sign of our compassion than of our indifference.

WE need in our own land a program of social reform in order that these United States of America may not be permanently backward in comparison with European countries in the march toward the goal of industrial democracy. Germany has been far more wise and foresighted in caring for its workingmen, in providing workingmen's insurance against unemployment, old age, accidents, disease, death, than have we. Belgium and France have, with high statesmanship, taken the lead in a number of more important undertakings of a constructive program of social reform. Denmark has within a generation dealt upon so large and ordered a scale with the problem of co-operative farming that it has achieved veritable miracles of plenty and prosperity for its husbandry. We are sixty years and more behind England in the matter of factory legislation. Before 1850, laws were enacted in England touching child labor which are more merciful than are the statutes of some States in the Union. Alas that we lag behind! We do not march abreast of European nations, even of those nations which nominally are monarchic and imperial in character, but actually far more democratic than are we.

One of the foremost social workers in the Nation has said that the objects of social reform are clearly formulated, its methods becoming crystallized and understood, its watchword efficiency, its half-way station prosperity, its foundation justice. He offers us, though he does

not so style it, a program of social reform worthy of a democracy, and without which democracy is not worthy of the name. Sound heredity, protected childhood, a prolonged working age, freedom from preventable disease and from professional crime, indemnity against economic losses occasioned by death, accident and compulsory idleness; rational education, charity, normal standards of living, and a social religion. The anti-tuberculosis campaign may be cited as a worthy item of a great social program. But this campaign must not only forbid spitting in the streets, but must prohibit the evil of sweating in the tenements. It must deal with the fundamentals of underpay, overwork, insanitary housing, malnutrition. A program of social reform must not only protect the worker from death-dealing accidents in industry, but it must save him from the deadly incidents of industry which are to be found in the long hours and the small wage, in overemployment for one season and unemployment for another.

WE urge a program of social reform, because we covet for our country the honor that comes not through military prowess and feats of arms, but the honor which comes to a Nation that is nobly just to all peoples without its borders as well as to its own people within its borders. We must put away the blundering notion that the truest of patriots is the most irresponsible of National megalomaniacs. It is as true today as it

was a hundred years ago that mere bigness unmatched by moral greatness is not to be the making of America. No democracy is worthy of the name unless we can say of it, as did Julian touching Constantine, that it widens the boundaries of the dominion, but does not fix the narrow boundaries of the National spirit and the National will.


Speaking upon a similar theme, a great English statesman said not very long ago: "The greatest asset of any country after all is a virile and contented population. That is the problem of civilization. Let us face it like men." In the word of a noble Russian exile, Breschkovsky, to George Kennan, we may not see it nor our children, nor our children's children, but something will come of it yet. The industrial democracy shall yet arrive. We need a democratized and socialized religion and a religionized and socialized democracy. Knowing, as has well been said, that the future has great allies, Americans must dare to be the "Pilgrims of the Invisible." If we dare not be such pilgrims, and if we fail to address ourselves to the high task of working out a large, forward-looking, reconstructive program of social reform, it is for us to remember that the American democracy may well be apostrophized in the word of an unlaurelled English poet to his loved land:

Should'st thou one day fall
Justice were thenceforth weaker throughout
all
The world, and truth less passionately free
And God the poorer for thine overthrow.



The Heart of a Dictator

By D. E. Dermody

N a room of the palace, Manuel Pilar Azurpan, fallen, or falling, dictator of Oronagua, paced nervously back and forth beside the long table at which sat the yet loyal members of his cabinet. Squat, alert, middle-aged; olive-skinned and bald of crown, it was significant of the usurper's mentality that he did not lower his head to look at the paper in his hand, but lifted the blood-scrawled letter to the level of his steely eyes. The missive read:

Fugitive but loyal, sore wounded but undaunted, I write in m blood with the left hand that remains to me. I am in hiding near Hidalgo. My hair is burned from my head. A jaw, an arm, a leg, are broken. I cannot talk, walk or crawl. Viva Oronagua! Viva Azurpan!

Will you send for me a carriage? Four hours will suffice for the journey here and there. The bearer knows the way.

I salute you.

VIROTI,

Commander-in-Chief.

"I must not lose him," reaffirmed the dictator. "He is worth many regiments, and must be at my side when I come back. He will be here within the hour."

"And the army of the revolution within two hours," suggested the Secretary of Finance. "It is a risk to wait, your excellency."

"I have risked more for less worthy men," commented his excellency dryly; whereat the Secretary visibly winced. "We will wait the coming of our lion. Have all needful preparations been made for boarding the steamer, Masquenual?"

"The preparedness is perfect, your excellency. You will be on the water before the populace becomes aware that you have left the palace."

Hoary Masquenual, arch-contriver and human depository of state secrets through three regimes, was in fulsome fettle. Republics rose and fell, but he

remained, knowing too much either to be ousted from office or silenced by death.

"It is well," his master told him. "Gentlemen, I would be alone for a little while—half of an hour."

As the cabinet members filed out, Azurpan caught Masquenual's eye, and beckoned him to remain with a barely perceptible lift of a forefinger.

"You will have the three prisoners in the cellars brought in to me one at a time; also the American, and the lady, Senora Viesca. Do not let the lady and the American meet."

An hour later the dictator was chafing under the importunities of his cabinet, the members of which, grouped without his door, had commissioned Masquenual as their spokesman.

"Board the *Alceste* at once, your excellency," pleaded the wily statesman. "You can wait for the general on board. Should the army of the revolution come in sight, the populace, already wavering, would probably envelop the palace and demand your appearance. On the vessel, should the popular tide turn thus against you, there will be another tide at your discretion whereon you can ride to safety until the more propitious hour."

"It is well," agreed Azurpan. "I will go aboard the *Alceste*." He stood framed in the doorway. "Depart each of you as has been planned. Masquenual, this way. I have a few words to say to you before leaving."

One by one the five cabinet members went down the palace steps, but one overtook another on the way; one paused here, another there. At the foot of the steps the five had drifted together, and they remained there for some time in an apparently earnest discussion.

Word of their appearance passed swiftly from mouth to mouth and from street to street, and the separate groups of the neighborhood mob rapidly coalesced on the *plaza* and *calle* fronting the palace, so that these public spaces,

previously crowded, were soon jammed. The sparser knots of people on the side streets thinned rapidly. In the rear of the palace there was nobody left but some women and children, and sentries of the loyal soldiery who were hardly better clothed than were the war-ridden civilian innocents. From here and there amid the denser masses came broken, meaningless cries, diversified by an occasional distinct "Viva Azurpan!" But wherever this note of loyalty sounded, there followed a slight commotion in the press, and that voice was not heard again.

The cabinet members were not without a sense of being within the shadow of this ominous human cloud, nor did they fail to catch the rumblings of its incipient thunder. Assuming the expression and mannerism of masterly unconcern, they summoned their carriages to the curb at intervals, and each, passing leisurely through the palace-yard gate, was driven away in a direction different from that taken by any of his colleagues.

But while the human storm-cloud swelled and muttered in the foreground, a man—squat, alert and inconspicuously cloaked—emerged from the palace through a servants' door in the rear and strode into the back street, where, unobserved in a city of which the entire population was out of doors looking for him, he stepped into a closed carriage and was driven, without undue haste, toward the waterfront.

A small unpainted pinnacle, sails lowered but unfurled and flapping, lay alongside the wharf, held fast by boat-hooks in the hands of two unkempt civilian sailors. Into this boat the dictator stepped, and as if by magic the five cabinet officers appeared in a group walking rapidly down the dock. They also boarded the pinnacle, the patched canvas sails of which were instantly hoisted and, with the assistance of a stern scull, carried it glidingly out into the bay. A rising tumult of voices caused the dictator to stand up, a dignified figure, and look back. Already the wharf was thronged with people who surged to and fro with angry cries and gesticulations. His defiance was to shake his fist, not at his countrymen in whom was manifested this national climacteric, but at a more re-

sponsible agent—an American gunboat anchored in the shallow offing.

"Spawn of mob tyranny!" he grated through flashing white teeth. "I go to my Elba, but I will return."

Aboard the small coasting steamer, the dictator paced the quarterdeck impatiently, looking landward, until the increasing tumult on the wharf caused him to study the situation for a moment through binoculars. Then he turned with a satisfied smile toward his uneasy followers grouped near the gangway.

"Masquenál," he called, and paused discomfited. "I forgot that we left our fox behind, but our lion has arrived. Truly, he has been at bay; he is a mere bundle in the boat. But the mob has permitted his departure, probably out of sympathy for his wounds. It is a safe stone to shelter behind, that sympathy of the mob; before now, I have won a lost cause by making it my bulwark. That man's strength is twofold who has learned to weep at will."

The gangway ladder was at once hauled up after Viroti, splinted and bandaged to resemble a mummy, had been lifted aboard. The battle-torn chief was immediately carried to his stateroom, and was not seen again until he left the ship. About midnight, sixty hours after the government's flight from the Oronaguan capital, Azurpan, his private secretary, Edeman-Dulana, and the disabled general, with three horses and a large supply of water and provisions, were set on the beach of a desolate cove close to the Mexican border. The remainder of the party proceeded to Mazatlan, whence they would go on to Mexico City or to the region of the Rio Grande, as subsequent news from the South should determine them.

In the sickly shade of a mesquite clump, the first camp was made by the exiled dictator and the two trusted lieutenants whom he had honored by selection to attend his person to the end, good or ill. Toward the mountainous North wound the mountain trail into populous Mexico; to the South a roadless desert intervened between the fugitives and their native land.

Preparatory to broaching a bag of foodstuffs, Edeman-Dulana, not a sol-

dier, leaned his rifle against a big boulder and laid his revolver and belt on the flat top of it. Azurpan set his rifle alongside the other, and laid his hand on his revolver butt, but withdrew it with fingers spread fan-like. Habits born of thirty years of bloody intrigues, battles, murders and sudden deaths, are not instantly cast aside.

Viroti had been disposed as comfortably as might be in the shadow of the rock. Edeman-Dulana was piling twigs for a campfire under the overhang of another boulder. Azurpan, one hand in his medal-sown coat front, the other on his sword hilt—his habitual reflective pose—watched the Secretary quietly for a moment, then abruptly faced about, conscious of a faint sound of creaking gravel behind him. He looked into the muzzle of a revolver, distant not three feet from his face.

"Hands up, Azurpan."

Beyond the revolver loomed what should have been the mummied general. Every bandage had been knife-slitted, and the loose ends of them hung fantastically about the militant apparition from head to feet; draping the shoulders in the semblance of the withered leaves of a great white flower, above which the shaven head bobbed like that of a drunken Peirot. The uncovered visage was not that of Viroti, the lion of the Azurpan regime; but it was nevertheless a lion's face, lean, snarling, American. Azurpan's hands went up quickly, but he spoke slowly and calmly.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he asked.

The apparition, without answering, stepped forward and plucked the pistol from the ex-dictator's belt, backing away with both weapons presented.

"Dulana, come here," he called. "Sit down, gentlemen. I will sit here facing you, and tell you a story. But first, Azurpan, I would ask you, where is the Senora Viesca? and what is her condition?"

"You are Henry Klackit?" countered Azurpan, his eyelids narrowed.

"It is plain that your spy system was all that it was renowned to be, Azurpan. It is true, I am Loretta Viesca's brother. Does that interest you? To my tale, Azurpan. Your soldiery ravaged

my brothere-in-law's plantation in the fashion of Apache savages on our American plains. They killed Otoro Viesca, young, noble and a non-combatant, with the lash, because he would not tell what he did not know. Viroti, knowing your wishes, brought my sister to the palace, for that purpose which God, I and you know. Other people, when told of it, say they are beyond adolescence and ogre tales. Azurpan, the vultures are picking Viroti's bones where I left them, in the wilderness near Hidalgo. The thread on which you are hanging between Mexico and hell is stranding fast, Azurpan. Before it parts, tell me, where is my sister?"

"May I reach into my breast pocket, senor?" queried Azurpan.

There was no quiver in his voice; no faintness or faltering. Instead, it carried a certain note of quiet confidence savoring of a superior self-restraint.

"You may," snapped Klackit. "But if there is a weapon there, you will only have hastened the end."

Azurpan drew from an inner pocket a little packet of letters.

"The third from the top, the side where there is no knot," he directed, tossing the packet between the feet of Klackit, who, seated in the sand, rested a forearm on either up-crooked knee, pointing the revolvers at the two men seated similarly in front of him.

He laid the revolver carried in his left hand on the sand beside his left foot, picked up the package, and with deft contortions of the single set of fingers, drew the third envelope from the packet and the letter from the envelope, which he spread out on his left knee. With glances alternating lightning-like between the knee and the two men, he scanned the writing, which it shocked him to recognize as that of his sister. Klackit was reading:

Will this sad uncertainty never end? The revolutionaries are ravaging El Principe province, but I fear no personal danger from them. My fears and tears are all for you, beloved. Every day your enemies are spreading more cruel calumnies abroad. People believe now that my former husband was murdered by you, and that I am held a prisoner in your palace—I that never knew what tenderness and nobility were until experiencing them at your hands; what love was until you taught me; what happiness was until you gave it to me.

Beloved, you must fly, or be taken by your enemies, and for my sake you will not let that happen. I go tomorrow to the refuge you have named, and will await your coming. The money is safe. Be not cast down, beloved. LORETTA.

The Oronaguan exile had not resumed the uplift of his hands after producing the packet of letters. He sat now with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, a position not natural to him. There was no remonstrance from the man with the gun. The latter stared at the human anomaly before him with introspective eyes, the weird nightmare of the last month resolving itself, as do all unhealthy dreams, into kaleidoscopic involution of myriad shapes and colors. Was there no truth, no honor, no conception whatever of the higher things, in this realm of nellish heat and heavenly beauty, of slime, shine, treachery and spoliation? Was it for this that he had anointed himself a Nemesis and had come, fast as modern miracles of locomotion could bring him, to rid the earth of this master reptile?—despoiler alike of men and women, each in the manner most meaningful to the sex; assigning, with reputed equal relish, manhood to the lash and womanhood to slavery. He had personally inspected the ashes of his brother-in-law's hacienda. He had heard, from lips of men who professed to have witnessed what they related, the story of young Viesca's humiliating death, inconceivably cruel. He had been told how his sister was dragged from her burning home, chained in a cart like a whimpering lamb and borne away to be sacrificed by a living death in the whited sepulchre that was Azurpan's palace. These things, as was usual with the dictator's alleged atrocities, had not come to light until six months after their occurrence. Now they had been detailed to him fully and passionately by men of the revolution. But what manner of men were they?—ragged, ignorant, shift-eyed; furtive animals, subjugated by centuries of torrid heat and tyrannous blood-letting. And what manner of man was this who had mastered them?

"Senor, my arms ache intolerably."

It was the voice of Edeman-Dulana, soft and supplicatory. Klackit was start-

led into recollection of the presence of that unimportant personage.

"Lower them," he granted curtly. "Azurpan, look at me."

The ex-dictator looked up. His face was suddenly drawn, cream-pallid, old. There was a question in his rheumed eyes, which his lips did not interpret. And Klackit saw that it was not rheum that rimmed the black, and now vacant, eyes, but wet sediment, where the edges of the lids had been soiled by pressure of muddied palms.

"Are you married to my sister, Senor Azurpan?"

This was the first time that Klackit had used a title with the dictator's name. The latter, without lifting his elbows from his knees, presented his palms in the fashion of the Latin.

"Señor, chance has honored me in making me brother-in-law to so brave, so resolute, so resourceful a man as yourself."

"Why has Loretta not written to me of these things?"

"I am uninformed. On occasion I have hinted to her—never more than that—my desire to know you; but it seemed to me that she harbored an unspoken reason for not wishing a family affiliation. I have feared that possibly she comprehended the odium attached to my name abroad, and was too considerate to express her thoughts to me. That odium I have cheerfully borne for my country, but for my country also I would have had it removed, and hoped through you to re-establish myself in a measure in the opinion of your countrymen, among whom the low slanders of my enemies have made my name a byword, and have materially assisted in my downfall by inciting your government to bring pressure against me. But I have held my wife's private purposes inviolate, too sacred to be encroached upon by my public policies."

"And what provision have you made for her future?"

A gentle smile wavered across the war-worn face.

"In that be at peace, Señor Klackit. My country was my idol, but over it a woman has been given preference. For her sake I have fled. She has with her

all my private fortune; passports countersigned by the American representatives in Oronagua under both my administration and that of the provisional government; she has a home to go to in Mexico City, and my last word advising her to go there and await my coming. There likewise you may meet her, señor, if that be your resolution."

As he listened, a strange light came into Klackit's face, dubious, impalpable, but illuminative.

"Do you then, Señor Azurpan, cherish so deep an affection for the—the Señora Azurpan?"

Azurpan did not answer. His jaws clicked, but no speech followed. His vacant stare strove hard to hold the regard of his inquisitor; but, despite a visibly resolute effort to hide his emotion, a rivulet of tears gushed from the otherwise unblinking orbs, and he bowed his head, his stout form shaking.

Klackit, too, shivered as with malaria that had aforetime racked him in this accursed country. He lowered his head in a kind of shamed awe, his broad Panama concealing his own moist eyes, the revolver swinging loosely, point down, with the hang of his limp forearm.

Swiftly and soundlessly as the shadow of a darting hawk, the dictator leaned forward and plucked the weapon from the inert grasp.

"Be not cast down, señor," he admonished softly, as Klackit, only half-sensing the stealthy movement, looked up inquiringly.

"Edeman-Dulana, you will do this gentleman the courtesy to restore the bandage that he has so unadvisedly removed from his injured face, *and let it cover his eyes.*"

* * * * *

The ex-dictator was staring out over the desert sands with reminiscent eyes as he and Edeman-Dulana rode away.

"A very clever, very daring fellow," he mused aloud. "I love such men. Their mouths curl at the corners neither up nor down, whether drinking their verjuice or their champagne. But unless they are in one's service they are better dead."

"And the letter, your excellency?" ventured the Secretary, his eyes twinkling with admiration of this latest exploit of his iron-souled master.

"Ah—the letters! Saw you the package? All—all of them were written at the pistol's point by prisoners in the palace, at my dictation, within the hour of our departure. I wish I could have brought the girl with me; but, yes, she is a prisoner—a pampered one, I'll allow you. In no other way could she be made and kept mine. She was divine, but an obstinate witch. I turned her over to old Masquenal when I left, on his promise to tame her against my return."

Azurpan turned in his saddle and looked back toward the sea, lifting a hand in air.

"*Viva Oronagua!*" he cried hoarsely. "I will come back to you, my country."

One not knowing him would have believed him to be dissolved in tears.



The Spirit of His Youth

By Adolph Bennauer



ACROSS the gray-colored sand waste toiled a line of cumbersome vehicles, — road-worn salamanders, relics of a passing era,—and the song of their chirping axles was the requiem of the West. Within the canvas-covered structures sat an aged brood,—withered, peevish, garrulous,—the inmates of the Fremont County House, which was no more. For the spirit of unrest had smote the Indians on the reservation and they had donned their war-paint and savagery. Fremont, by this time, must be smoking in ruins. From time to time the drivers gazed anxiously to the rear. Barton was still a hundred miles distant and ere they reached it the Indians might be upon them. Able-bodied men were scarce in the party,—there were not more than eight,—and in their charge they had thirty helpless old paupers, the youngest of whom was over sixty.

In the fourth and last wagon sat Emory Coggs. He was a veteran of the Civil War, a private who had served in twenty battles, and yet had not a medal or a scar to show for it. He was declaiming at length in a high and querulous voice.

"Ef I was twenty year younger," he cackled, "an' did n't hev the rheumatics, ye would n't see *me* runnin' from no bunch o' redskins. I've seen the time when I c'ud handle a dozen, alone. Why, back in sixty-eight—"

"Some uh them people wants tuh sleep, Emory," rumbled one of the drivers over his shoulders.

The veteran eyed his back balefully for a moment.

"Fer a chaw o' baccy I'd lick him," he muttered. He then resumed his discourse, addressing a quiet, pleasant old lady who sat opposite him. "Back in sixty-eight, jest after the war was ended, I come out

yere with m' folks in a emigrant train. Afore we got to Boise we was attacked by a passel o' redskins as obstructed the sky-line. They was only ten wagons in the train an' not more'n twenty able-bodied men in the outfit. But *we* did n't show no white feather an' run. No, sirree. An' we had women an' childern in the wagons to boot. We jest stayed there an'—an' knocked hell out of 'em."

"Emory," snapped a horrified nurse. "The idea, usin' such language among ladies."

For awhile she glared at him. The old man, confused at his shocking remark, sought to hide his embarrassment in a newspaper. The young woman, assured of her triumph, arose wearily and made her way forward.

"My laws," she declared impatiently, "I believe that old fool 'll drive me distracted. Always,—*always* harping on what he's done. He never done nothin'."

One of the drivers laughed.

"He's a wind-jammer," he grunted. "We got lots uh them old codgers down home. Bluffin' the gover'ment out of a pension, an' never smelt powder."

The young woman became communicative at this show of sympathy.

"He's awful," she vouchsafed in a low tone. "He's worse than ten of the rest." She turned her head furtively. "Why, there he is, talkin' again," she exclaimed angrily. "He'll make Sarah Higgins deaf. I dont see why on earth she stands for it. But she'll sit there day after day and listen to his line of nonsense without sayin' a word. Poor, old thing; I feel sorry for her sometimes. She's so sweet and patient."

The young man nodded and by a clever side allusion sought to turn the conversation into other and more agreeable channels. Emory, in the meanwhile, cackled on, now and then glancing surreptitiously over the edge of his paper at the autocratic young woman.

"What these b'ys need, Mrs. Higgins," he assured her earnestly, "is trainin',—trainin' an' a leader. They wont mind what *I* say, but ef I c'ud jest take 'em out fer a bit an' drill 'em it'd make all the difference in the world. We'd be safe then, 'cause they'd know *how* to fight. They're willin' unuf now, but they dont know how."

At which the old lady smiled and nodded thoughtfully.

"Ye see," he resumed tremulously, his eyes sparkling with the spirit of reminiscence, "I ben in the war myself an' I kin appreciate trainin'. There was the time we was retreatin' before the 'Federates at Cumberland. We was fearful outnumbered, for we had sprung onto them without warnin'. But General Brockton, who 'was commandin' our forces, did n't git no ways flustered. He says to us—"

And so he continued, his voice rising higher and higher, vibrating with enthusiasm, until he forgot entirely the young woman with the brittle tongue.

The forenoon wore on. The line of vehicles rumbled and clattered on their way, the chirping of their axles voicing their age. They stopped at noon in a wooded coulee through which ran a pleasant stream. The end wagon, the one in which Emory sat, was drawn down into the creek and left there, for the heat had loosened the tires so that they were threatening to come off. The rest were bunched together in the center of the coulee. Then, while lookouts paced the higher ground, the nurses set about preparing the noon-day meal. As yet there had been no sign of Indians. The men could only conclude that they had been satisfied with the pillaging of Fremont, and had not taken the trouble to set out after them. So, as soon as the meal was ready, the lookouts left their posts and came down in a body to assist in disposing of it.

Emory sat on Mrs. Higgins' right and undoubtedly would have entertained her with a further account of his experiences had not the presence of so many aliens restrained him. But, the meal over, they set off by a common assent in the direction of the creek, she leaning on his arm and he supporting her with the air of a gallant. Led by a common impulse they

crossed the narrow wagon-tongue that rested half its length on the bank and sat down on the wide, blanketed seat of the vehicle. It was cool and shady here and the water gurgled pleasantly in and out among the wheels. Drawn together by a common age and environment, they opened their souls to each other, and Emory forgot about the Civil War and chatted sociably.

Farther up in the coulee they could hear the men hitching the horses and preparing to depart. Any minute they could expect their own team to come down and draw the wagon away. Suddenly, to the west of them, beyond the rim of the little valley, arose a long, piercing scream. Then followed in quick succession the report of rifles and the charge of hoofs.

"Injuns!" Emory pronounced the word with an intake of breath that was almost a gasp.

Mrs. Higgins screamed and buried her head in her apron.

But after his first shock of surprise the old veteran seemed to get himself under control. The shots and cries still continued and he was in the act of descending from the vehicle and hastening in that direction when a glance to the westward stayed him. All three wagons were in full flight, making toward the south end of the coulee. The team belonging to his own wagon were racing behind them with their drivers upon their backs. Together with a man in the rear of each wagon they kept up a spirited fire at a troop of Indian horsemen who were after them in full cry.

In a flash the old man had taken in the situation. His eyes were sparkling, his aged hands clenched.

"Sarry, git back in the wagon," he cried hoarsely. "They haint seen us yet, an' mebbe they wont."

He set her an example by clambering back into the vehicle, though he waited patiently till she had chosen the safest place of concealment before seeking cover himself.

"Oh, Emory," she sobbed, "they'll kill us sure. Why did they leave us, oh, why did they leave us?"

"Dont be afeerd, Sarry," he whispered anxiously, "they wont git ye,—not whilst I'm alive. Like as not, the drivers

thought we was in one o' the other wagons." His fingers were groping about under the seat for the repeating-rifle that he knew had been left there. He discovered it at length with a sigh of satisfaction. "Only, dont holler er make a noise, er they 'll locate us sure."

The woman's stifled sobs indicated that she was doing her best to restrain herself.

"There they go, over the ridge," Emory informed her, peeping stealthily out from beneath his cover. "Now, ef they haint left any behind we're safe. I got a notion to crawl out an' take a peep."

"Dont, oh, dont," she gasped, clutching his sleeve with a withered hand, "dont leave me."

He stroked the hand and pressed it tenderly.

"I'll be careful, Sarry," he whispered, "an' I wont go fur."

He slipped noiselessly from beneath his blanket. And just as he rose unsteadily to his feet a rifle cracked from the shore and a bullet *pinged* through the rear of the vehicle. Two Indians sat their horses on the farther bank.

Emory dropped so suddenly that the woman thought he was shot and let out a wail of anguish.

"Sh-h," he whispered hoarsely. "Never teched me. Wait 'll I git a sight on the devils. I'll show them."

He was actually chuckling as he crawled back on his belly and took refuge behind the tail-board. His poor, shriveled hands trembled over the breech and trigger. Then he laid the barrel through a knot-hole and steadying the butt against the floor, fired. The concussion dazed him for a moment and he blinked his eyes stupidly. When he looked toward the bank again one of the Indians lay stretched out at full length upon it, and his horse was racing madly up the slope. The other rider was nowhere in sight. He advertised his presence, however, almost immediately. A tiny puff of smoke appeared in a clump of bushes to the north, and another bullet tore its way through the opening in the rear of the wagon.

"I got one of 'm, Sarry," the old man chuckled.

He sent an experimental shot in the direction of the bushes, but without re-

sult. As he expected, the Indian had already changed his position. For half an hour longer he lay there, with eyes and ears wide open, returning the occasional fire of his enemy. At the end of that time affairs grew more complicated. Simultaneously, three shots were fired at him from different points, and he concluded that two more Indians had joined in. The dead man still lay on the bank across from him and he seemed to serve as a warning to the others, for not once did they venture to show themselves in the open.

Slowly the afternoon wore on. Sarah remained quiet, stilled with fear, and Emory lay on watch in the rear of the wagon. Only occasionally did his enemies fire, and then it was from such unexpected quarters that he had no chance to come back at them. Once, however, he was sure that he had wounded one, for, immediately following his shot, arose a howl of surprise and pain, and Emory knew that an Indian does not cry out unless he is hit. As evening approached the enemy's fire dropped altogether, a fact which worried Emory greatly, for he knew enough of Indian tactics to realize that they were only biding their time till night, when they would make a concentrated attack upon him in the darkness. He said nothing, however, of his fears to his companion.

"Aint it time the wagons was returning, Emory?" she asked fearfully, when night began to close about them.

"I dunno, Sarry," he returned thoughtfully. "Mebbe the Injuns haint left 'em yet. An' if they has, mebbe they haint missed us. But they 'll be back afore mornin'."

Leisurely he feigned sleep and succeeded in inducing the tired woman to take some rest herself. As soon as he saw that she slept tranquilly he cleaned his gun, opened a carton of cartridges and loaded the weapon and stuffed his pockets. He then lay and waited in grim silence, prepared for he knew not what. A bald quiet held the woods, so poignant that it could be felt. The moon was not due for hours, and the trees lay steeped in velvet shadows. Emory kept an eye on either bank, for he knew not from which quarter the attack would come.

It must have been ten o'clock when

he saw two crouching forms, visible only as deeper blotches of shadow, creep along the nearer shore and make their way stealthily toward the wagon. He looked quickly over at the other bank. Except for the dead man it was deserted. The attack, then, was to come from this side. He noted with surprise that the enemy numbered but two. His shot, then, had proven fatal. They carried guns in their hands, ready to use, and he let them get as far as the wagon-tongue. Then, trembling with excitement, he opened fire.

He was not affected by the concussion. He saw the foremost Indian toss up his hands, emit a grunt and pitch forward into the water. Sarah's scream came as an aftermath. Emory paid no heed to her, but rose to his full height and leveled his gun at the remaining Indian, who was fleeing for cover. Twice, thrice he pulled the trigger, and the last shot got the savage just before he reached the shelter of the woods. The veteran turned about, his heart swelling, his aged limbs trembling, when a dark, savage face came up over the tail-board and a rifle-barrel was pointed at his breast. Sarah's scream appraised him of it instantly. Like a flash his gun came up from the impulse of a skill once learned, and he fired from the hip.

The two shots blended as one. While their echo still trembled along the little valley the Indian slid back, his grasp on the tail-board relaxed and he followed his gun with a heavy splash. Emory, swaying unsteadily in the center of the wagon, was not aware of the white-hot furrow across his cheek till the loss of blood told on him and he sank unconscious to the floor.

Almost at dawn the two drivers were back. Their party had routed the In-

dians, they had not lost a man and the pair were jubilant. But it was with hushed mein and blanched faces that they hurried forward to where the huge, uncouth vehicle lay. They had got within a hundred feet of it when they halted and looked at each other blankly. Then both faces burst forth into a grin of relief. A high, querulous voice was declaiming aloud from the interior of the wagon.

"An' then the general, he says to me, 'Coggs, you take ten men an' go an' worry 'em on the left. While you're gone—'"

"Whoopee," yelled the jubilant drivers, and the next moment they were off their horses and piling into the wagon.

Emory lay on soft blankets. His head, nicely bandaged with a strip of clean white chemise, rested in Sarah's lap and she was gazing upon him with tender eyes. At the drivers' entrance they looked up, startled.

"Good mornin', sirs," the old man cackled with grave dignity. "I was expectin' you."

But they had caught sight of the dead Indians on the bank and could only gape.

"Why,—what the—"

"*He* done it," said Sarah simply, but in her tone was all the pride of a human heart.

The drivers stared at her stupidly. Then one of them bent down and addressed the veteran.

"All right, old timer," he said warmly, clasping the thin, shriveled hand. "I'll bet you was a hell of a fighter in your day, an' you kin talk yerself tuh death fer all I care."

Coggs blushed like a school-girl.

"It,—it aint thet," he cackled tremulously, "though I thank 'e jest the same. But now,—I got my scar to *prove* it."





"YOU MUST HELP ME," SHE PLEADED; "I CANNOT SEE THE WAY
A SINGLE STEP AHEAD."

The Elbow Canyon Mystery

By Francis Lynde

CHAPTER XV.

THE RETURN OF THE OMEN.

LOUDON BROMLEY'S principal wounding was a pretty seriously broken head, got, so said Luigi, the Tuscan river-watchman who had found and brought him in, by the fall from the steep hill path into the rocky canyon.

Ballard reached the camp at the heels of the Irish newsbearer shortly after the unconscious assistant had been carried up to the adobe headquarters; and being, like most engineers with field experience, a rough-and-ready amateur surgeon, he cleared the room of the throng of sympathizing and utterly useless stone "buckies," and fell to work. But beyond cleansing the wound and telegraphing by way of Denver to Aspen for skilled help, there was little he could do. The telegraphing promised nothing.

Cutting out all the probable delays, and assuming the Aspen physician's willingness to undertake a perilous night gallop over a barely passable mountain trail, twelve hours at the very shortest must go to the covering of the forty miles.

Ballard counted the slow beats of the fluttering pulse and shook his head despairingly. Since he had lived thus long after the accident, Bromley might live a few hours longer. But it seemed much more likely that the flickering candle of life might go out with the next breath. Ballard was unashamed when the lights in the little bunk-room grew dim to his sight, and a lump came in his throat. Jealousy, if the sullen self-centering in the sentimental affair had grown to that, was quenched in the upwelling tide of honest grief. For back of the sex-selfishness, and far more deeply rooted, was the strong passion of brother-loyalty, reawakened now and eager to make amends—to be given a chance to make amends—for the momentary lapse into egoism.

To the Kentuckian in this hour of keen misery came an angel of comfort in the guise of his late host, the master of Castle 'Cadia. There was the stuttering staccato of a motor-car breasting the steep grade of the mesa hill, the drumming of the released engines at the door of the adobe, and the Colonel entered, followed by Jerry Blacklock, who had taken the chauffeur's place behind the pilot-wheel for the roundabout drive from Castle 'Cadia. In professional silence, and with no more than a nod to the watcher at the bedside, the first gentleman of Arcadia laid off his coat, opened a kit of surgeon's tools, and proceeded to save Bromley's life, for the time being, at least, by skilfully lifting the broken bone which was slowly pressing him to death.

"Thah, suh," he said, the melodious voice filling the tin-roofed shack until every resonant thing within the mud-brick walls seemed to vibrate in harmonious sympathy, "thah, suh; what mo' there is to do need n't be done tonight. Tomorrow morning, Mistuh Ballard, you'll make a right comfo'table litter and have him carried up to Castle 'Cadia, and among us all we'll try to ansuh for him. Not a word, my deah suh; it's

only what that deah boy would do for the most wo'thless one of us. I tell you, Mistuh Ballard, we've learned to think right much of Loudon; yes, suh—right much."

Ballard was thankful, and he said so. Then he spoke of the Aspen-aimed telegram.

"Countehmand it, suh; countehmand it," was the Colonel's direction. "We'll pull him through without calling in the neigbuhs. Living heah, in such—ah—close proximity to youh man-mangling institutions, I've had experience enough durin' the past year or so to give me standing as a regular practitioneh; I have, for a fact, suh." And his mellow laugh was like the booming of bees among the clover heads.

"I dont doubt it in the least," acknowledged Ballard; and then he thanked young Blacklock for coming.

"It was up to me, was n't it, Colonel Craigmiles?" said the collegian. "Otto—Otto's the house-shover, you know—flunked his job; said he would n't be responsible for anybody's life if he had to drive that road at speed in the night. We drove it all right, though, did n't we, Colonel? And we'll drive it back."

The King of Arcadia put a hand on Ballard's shoulder and pointed an appreciative finger at Blacklock.

"That young cub, sah, has n't any mo' horse sense than one of youh Dago mortah-mixers; but the way he drives a motor-car is simply scandalous! Why, suh, if my hair had n't been white when we started, it would have tu'ned on me long befo' we made the loop around Dump Mountain."

Ballard went to the door with the two Good Samaritans, saw the colonel safely settled in the runabout, and let his gaze follow the winding course of the little car until the dodging tail-light had crossed the temporary bridge below the camp, to be lost among the shoulders of the opposite hills. The elder Fitzpatrick was at his elbow when he turned to go in.

"There's hope f'r the little man, Misther Ballard?" he inquired anxiously.

"Good hope, now, I think, Michael."

"That's the brave wor-rd. The min do be sittin' up in th' bunk-shanties to hear ut. 'Twas all through the camp the minut' they brought him in. There is n't

a man av thim that would n't go t'rough fire and wather f'r Misther Bromley—and that's no joke. Is there annything I can do?"

"Nothing, thank you. Tell the yard watchman to stay within call, and I'll send for you if you're needed."

With this provision for the possible need, the young chief kept the vigil alone, sitting where he could see the face of the still unconscious victim of fate, or tramping three steps and a turn in the adjoining office room when sleep threatened to overpower him.

It was a time for calm second thought; for a reflective weighing of the singular and ominous conditions partly revealed in the week ago talk with Elsa Craigmiles. That she knew more than she was willing to tell had been plainly evident in that first evening on the tree-pillared portico at Castle 'Cadia; but beyond this assumption the unanswerable questions clustered quickly, opening door after door of speculative conjecture in the background.

What was the motive behind the hurled stone which had so nearly bred a tragedy on his first evening at Elbow Canyon? He reflected that he had always been too busy to make personal enemies; therefore, the attempt upon his life must have been impersonal—must have been directed at the chief engineer of the Arcadia Company. Assuming this, the chain of inference linked itself rapidly. Was Macpherson's death purely accidental?—or Braithwaite's? If not, who was the murderer?—and why was the Colonel's daughter so evidently determined to shield him?

The answer, the purely logical answer, pointed to one man—her father—and thereupon became a thing to be scoffed at. It was more than incredible; it was blankly unthinkable.

The young Kentuckian, descendant of pioneers who had hewn their beginnings out of the primitive wilderness, taking life as they found it, was practical before all things else. Villains of the Borgian strain no longer existed, save in the unreal world of the novelist or the playwright. And if, by any stretch of imagination, they might still be supposed to exist. . . .

Ballard brushed the supposition im-

patiently aside when he thought of the woman he loved.

"Anything but that!" he exclaimed, breaking the silence of the four bare walls for the sake of hearing the sound of his own voice. "And, besides, the Colonel himself is a living, breathing refutation of any such idiotic notion. All the same, if it is not her father she is trying to shield, who, in the name of all that is good, can it be? And why should Colonel Craigmiles, or anyone else, be so insanely vindictive as to imagine that the killing of a few chiefs of construction will cut any figure with the company which hires them?"

These perplexing questions were still unanswered when the graying dawn found him dozing in his chair, with the camp whistles sounding the early turnout, and Bromley conscious and begging feebly for a drink of water.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DERRICK FUMBLES.

BROMLEY had been a week in hospital at the great house in the upper valley, and was recovering as rapidly as a clean-living, well-ancestored man should, when Ballard was surprised one morning by a descent of the entire Castle 'Cadia garrison, lacking only the Colonel and Miss Cauffrey, upon the scene of activities at the dam.

The chief of construction had to flog himself sharply into the hospitable line before he could make the invaders welcome. He had a workingman's shrewd impatience of interruptions; and since the accident which had deprived him of his assistant, he had been doing double duty. On this particular morning he was about to leave for a flying round of the camps on the railroad extension; but he reluctantly countermanded the order for the locomotive when he saw Elsa picking the way for her guests among the obstructions in the stone yard.

"Please—oh, please dont look so inhospitable!" she begged, in well-simulated dismay, when the irruption of sight-seers had fairly surrounded him. "We have driven and fished and climbed mountains and played children's games at home until there was positively noth-

ing else to do. Pacify him, Cousin Janet—he's going to warn us off!"

Ballard laughingly disclaimed any such ungracious intention, and proceeded to prove his words by deeds. Young Blacklock and Bigelow were easily interested in the building details; the women were given an opportunity to see the inside workings of the men's housekeeping in the shacks, the mess-tent and the camp kitchen; the major was permitted and encouraged to be loftily critical of everything; and Wingfield—but Ballard kept the playwright carefully tethered in a sort of moral hitching-rope, holding the end of the rope in his own hands.

Once openly committed as entertainer, the young Kentuckian did all that could be expected of him—and more. When the visitors had surfeited themselves on concrete-mixing and stone-laying and camp housekeeping, the chief engineer had plank seats placed on a flat car, and the invaders were whisked away on an impromptu and personally conducted railway excursion to some of the nearer ditch camps.

Before leaving the headquarters, Ballard gave Fitzpatrick an Irish hint; and when the excursionists returned from the railway jaunt, there was a miraculous luncheon served in the big mess-tent. Garou, the French-Canadian camp cook, had a soul above the bare necessities when the occasion demanded; and he had Ballard's private commissary to draw upon.

After the luncheon Ballard let his guests scatter as they pleased, charging himself, as before, particularly with the oversight and wardenship of Mr. Lester Wingfield. There was only one chance in a hundred that the playwright, left to his own devices, might stumble upon the skeleton in the camp closet. But the Kentuckian was determined to make that one chance ineffective.

Several things came of the hour spent as Wingfield's keeper while the others were visiting the wing dam and the quarry, the spillway, and the cut-off tunnel, under Fitzpatrick as megaphonist. One of them was a juster appreciation of the playwright as a man and a brother. Ballard smiled mentally when he realized that his point of view had been that of the elemental lover, jealous of a possible rival. Wingfield was not half a

bad sort, he admitted; a little inclined to pose, since it was his art to epitomise a world to *poscurs*; an enthusiast in his calling; but at bottom a workable companion and the shrewdest of observers.

In deference to the changed point of view, the Kentuckian did penance for the preconceived prejudice and tried to make the playwright's insulation painless. He invited Wingfield into the office adobe for rest and a smoke. There was a home-made divan in the office quarters, with cushions and blanket coverings, and Ballard found the tobacco-jar and a clean pipe; a long-stemmed "churchwarden," dear to the heart of a lazy man.

"I've felt it in my bones all along," began the playwright, "that I was missing the best part of this trip by not getting in with you down here. But every time I've tried to break away, something else has turned up."

Ballard was ready with his bucket of cold water.

"You have n't missed anything. There is n't much in a construction camp to invite the literary mind, I should say." And he tried to make the saying sound not too inhospitable.

"Oh, you're off wrong, there," argued the playwright, with cheerful arrogance. "You probably have n't a sense of the literary values; a good many people have n't—born blind on that side, you know. Now, Miss Van Bryck has the seeing eye, to an educated finish. She tells me you have a dramatic situation down here every little so-while. She told me that story of yours about the stone smashing into your office in the middle of the night. That's simply ripping good stuff—worlds of possibilities in a thing like that, dont you know? By the way, this is the room, is n't it? Does that patch in the ceiling cover the hole?"

Ballard admitted the fact, and strove manfully to throw the switch ahead of the querist to the end that the talk might be shunted to some less dangerous topic.

"Hang the tobacco!" snapped the guest irritably, retorting upon Ballard's remark about the quality of his pet smoking mixture. "You and Miss Craig-miles seem to be bitten with the same exasperating mania for subject-changing. I'd like to hear that rock-throwing

story at first hands, if you dont mind."

Having no good reason for refusing point-blank, Ballard told the story, carefully divesting it of all the little mystery thrills which he had included for Miss Dosia's benefit.

"Um!" commented Wingfield, at the close of the bald narration. "It would seem to have lost a good bit in the way of human interest since Miss Van Bryck repeated it to me. Did you embroider it for her? or did she put in the little hemstitchings for me?"

Ballard laughed.

"I am sorry if I have spoiled it for you. But you could n't make a dramatic situation out of a careless quarryman's overloading of a shot-hole."

"Oh, no," said the playwright, apparently giving it up. And he smoked his pipe out in silence.

Ballard thought the incident was comfortably dead and buried, but he did not know his man. Long after Wingfield might be supposed to have forgotten all about the stone catapulting, he sat up suddenly and broke out again.

"Say! you explained to Miss Dosia that the stone could n't possibly have come from the quarry without knocking the science of artillery into a cocked hat. She made a point of that."

"Oh, hold on!" protested the Kentuckian. "You must n't hold me responsible for a bit of dinner-table talk with a very charming young woman. Perhaps Miss Dosia wished to be mystified. I put it to you as man to man; would you have disappointed her?"

The playwright's laugh showed his fine teeth.

"They tell me you are at the top of the heap in your profession, Mr. Ballard, and I can easily believe it. But I have a specialty, too, and I'm no slouch in it. My little stunt is prying into the inner consciousness of things. Obviously, there is a mystery—a real mystery—about this stone-throwing episode, and for some reason you are trying to keep me from dipping into it. Conversely, I'd like to get to the bottom of it. Tell me frankly, is there any good reason why I should n't?"

Ballard's salvation for this time personified itself in the figure of Contractor Fitzpatrick darkening the door of the

office to ask a "question of information," as he phrased it. Hence there was an excuse for a break and a return to the sun-kissed stone yard.

The engineer purposefully prolonged the talk with Fitzpatrick until the scattered sight-seers had gathered for a descent, under Jerry Blacklock's lead, to the great ravine below the dam where the river thundered out of the cut-off tunnel. But when he saw that Miss Craigmiles had elected to stay behind, and that Wingfield had attached himself to the younger Miss Cantrell, he gave the contractor his information boiled down into a curt sentence or two, and hastened to join the girl.

"Mr. Wingfield?" she queried, "—you have kept him from getting interested in the—in the—"

Ballard nodded.

"He is interested, beyond doubt. But for the present moment I have kept him from adding anything to Miss Dosia's artless gossip. Will you permit me to suggest that it was taking rather a long chance?—your bringing him down here?"

"I know; but I could n't help it. Dosia would have brought him on your invitation. I did everything I could think of to obstruct; and when they had beaten me, I made a party affair of it. You'll have to forgive me for spoiling an entire working day for you."

"Since it has given me a chance to be with you, I'm only too happy in losing the day," he said; and he meant it. But he let her know the worst in the other matter in an added sentence. "I'm afraid the mischief is done in Wingfield's affair, in spite of everything."

"How?" she asked, and the keen anxiety in the grey eyes cut him to the heart.

He told her briefly of the chance arousing of Wingfield's curiosity, and of the playwright's expressed determination to fathom the mystery of the table-smashing stone. Her dismay was pathetic.

"You should never have taken him into your office," she protested reproachfully. "He was sure to be reminded of Dosia's story there."

"I did n't forsee that, and he was beginning to gossip with the workmen. I

knew it wouldn't be long before he would get the story of the happenings out of the men—with all the garnishings."

"You *must* find a way to stop him," she insisted. "If you could only know what terrible consequences are wrapped up in it!"

He waited until a stone block, dangling in the clutch of the derrick-fall above its appointed resting-place on the growing wall of masonry, had been lowered into the cement bed prepared for it before he said, soberly: "That is the trouble—I *dont* know. And, short of quarrelling outright with Wingfield, I *dont* think of any effective way of muzzling him."

"No; you must n't do that. There is misery enough and enmity enough, without making any more. I'll try to keep him away."

"You will fail," he prophesied, with conviction. "Mr. Wingfield calls himself a builder of plots; but I can assure you from this one day's observation of him that he would would much rather unravel a plot than build one."

She was silent while the workmen were swinging another great stone out over the cañon chasm. The shadow of the huge derrick-boom swept around and across them, and she shuddered as if the intangible thing had been an icy finger to touch her.

"You must help me," she pleaded. "I cannot see the way a single step ahead."

"And I am in still deeper darkness," he reminded her gently. "You forget that I do not know what threatens you, or how it threatens."

"I cant tell you; I cant tell any one," she said; and he made sure there was a sob at the catching of her breath.

As once before, he grew suddenly masterful.

"You are wronging yourself and me, Elsa, dear. You forget that your trouble is mine; that in the end we two shall be one in spite of all the obstacles that a crazy fate can invent."

She shook her head. "I told you once that you must not forget yourself again; and you are forgetting. There is one obstacle which can never be overcome this side of the grave. You must always remember that."

"I remember only that I love you," he

dared; adding, "And you are afraid to tell me what this obstacle is. You know it would vanish in the telling."

She did not answer.

"You wont tell me that you are in love with Wingfield?" he persisted.

Still no reply.

"Elsa, dearest, can you look me in the eyes and tell me that you do not love *me*?"

She neither looked nor denied.

"Then that is all I need to know at present," he went on doggedly. "I shall absolutely and positively refuse to recognize any other obstacle."

"There is one, dear friend," she said, with a warm upflash of strong emotion; "one that neither you nor I, nor any one can overcome!" She pointed down at the boulder-riven flood churning itself into spray in the cañon pot at their feet. "I will measure it for you—and for myself, God help us! Rather than be your wife—the mother of your children—I should gladly, joyfully, fling myself into that."

The motion he made to catch her, to draw her back from the brink of the chasm, was purely mechanical, but it served to break the strain of a situation that had become suddenly impossible.

"That was almost tragic, was n't it?" she asked, with a swift retreat behind the barricades of mockery. "In another minute we should have tumbled headlong into melodrama, with poor Mr. Wingfield hopelessly out of reach for the note-taking process."

"Then you did 'nt mean what you were saying?" he demanded, trying hard to overtake the fleeing realities.

"I did, indeed; *dont* make me say it again. The lights are up, and the audience might be looking. See how manfully Mr. Bigelow is trying not to let Cousin Janet discover how she is crushing him!"

• Out of the lower ravine the other members of the party were straggling, with Bigelow giving first aid to a breathless and panting Mrs. Van Bryck, and Wingfield and young Blacklock helping first one and then another of the four younger women.

Ballard accepted his defeat with what philosophy he could muster, and explained the technical detail. Then the

others came up, and the buckboards sent down from Castle 'Cadia to take the party home were seen wheeling into line at the upper end of the short foothill cañon.

"There is our recall at last, Mr. Ballard," gasped the breathless chaperon, "and I daresay you are immensely relieved. But you mustn't be too sorry for your lost day. We have had a perfectly lovely time."

"Such a delightful day!" echoed in unison the two sharers of the common Christian name; and the king's daughter added demurely: "Don't you see we are all waiting for you to ask us to come again, Mr. Ballard?"

"Oh, certainly; any time," said Ballard, coming to the surface. Notwithstanding, on the short walk up to the waiting buckboards he sank into the sea of perplexity again. Elsa's moods had always puzzled him. If they were not real, as he often suspected, they were artistically perfect imitations; and he was never quite sure that he could distinguish between the real and the simulated.

As at the present moment: the light-hearted young woman walking beside him up the steep cañon path was the very opposite of the sorely tried and anxious one who had twice let him see the effects of the anxiety, however carefully she concealed the cause.

The perplexed wonder was still making him half abstracted when he put himself in the way to help her into one of the homeward-headed vehicles. They were a little in advance of the others, and when she faced him to say good-bye, he saw her eyes. Behind the smile in them the trouble shadows were still lurking; and when the heartening word was on his lips they looked past him, dilating suddenly with a great horror.

"Look!" she cried, pointing back to the dam; and when he wheeled he saw that they were all looking! standing agape as if they had been shown the Medusa's head. The third great stone had been swung out over the dam, and, little by little, with jerkings that made the wire cables snap and sing, the grappling-hooks were losing their hold in mid-air. The yells of the workmen imperilled rose sharply above the thunder

of the river, and the man at the winding-drums seemed to have lost his nerve and his head.

Young Blacklock, who was taking an engineering course in college, turned and ran back down the path, shouting like a madman. Ballard made a megaphone of his hands and bellowed an order to the unnerved hoister engineer. "Lower away! Drop it, you block-head!" he shouted; but the command came too late. With a final jerk the slipping hooks gave way, and the three-ton cube of granite dropped like a huge projectile, striking the stonework of the dam with a crash like an explosion of dynamite.

Dosia Van Bryck's shriek was ringing in Ballard's ears, and the look of frozen horror on Elsa's face was before his eyes, when he dashed down the steep trail at Blacklock's heels. Happily, there was no one killed; no one seriously hurt. On the dam-head Fitzpatrick was climbing to a point of vantage to shout the news to the yard men clustering thickly on the edge of the cliff above, and Ballard went only far enough to make sure that there had been no loss of life. Then he turned and hastened back to the halted buckboards.

"Thank God, it's only a money loss, this time!" he announced. "The hooks held long enough to give the men time to get out of the way."

"There was no one hurt? Are you sure there was no one hurt?" panted Mrs. Van Bryck, fanning herself vigorously.

"No one at all. I'm awfully sorry we had to give you such a shock for your leave-taking, but accidents will happen, now and then. You will excuse me if I go at once? There is work to be done."

"H'm—ha! One moment, Mr. Ballard," rasped the Major, swelling up like a man on the verge of apoplexy. But Mrs. Van Bryck was not to be set aside.

"Oh, certainly, we will excuse you. Please don't waste a moment on us. You should n't have troubled to come back. So sorry—it was very dreadful—terrible!"

While the chaperon was groping for her misplaced composure, Wingfield said a word or two to Dosia, who was

his seat-mate, and sprang to the ground.

"Hold on a second, Ballard!" he called. "I'm going with you. What you need right now is a trained investigator, and I'm your man. Great Scott! to think that a thing like that should happen, and I should be here to see it!"

And then to Miss Craigmiles, who appeared to be trying very earnestly to dissuade him: "Oh, no, Miss Elsa; I sha'n't get underfoot or be in Mr. Ballard's way; and you need n't trouble to send down for me. I can pad home on my two feet, later on."

(Continued in the next number)

Dawn

By Gustave Korter

Sweet-lipped April's morning fingers cool,
Caress my brow and usher in the day,
The vaporous earth an opaled limpid pool,
Lark answers lark, now near, now far away;
The jeweled Eastern gates swing slowly through the grey.

Once more I see Day's triumph over Night,
And drink the mystic dawn's awakening wine
Unto a thrill of life's serene delight,
In this pure hour, which hath a balm divine
To wash away the world's gross thoughts—and mine.

In the vast desert, silent and sublime,
The sun-god cometh glorious to his spouse;
Man sleeps; the birds and beasts they know the time
When comes the keeper of the crystal house,
And join him in his luminous carouse.

The air is musical as if it rang
With jangling tinkle of ten thousand bells;
Saluters of the dawn—man never sang
So recklessly and free, nor wrought such spells,
O, for the joy which in these wild notes dwells!

Ah, let us hasten that triumphant hour,
The day dawn of the glad and perfect time,
When man shall strive for love and not for power.
When Justice shall make every life sublime.
Hark to the larks! they strike the morning chime.



(Continued from March.)

Demos—Let me say, Socrates, that I consider a Right something which by the common opinion of men is naturally inherent in the individual and in every individual alike, as the right to live and to own those things which he himself has created or purchased with his labor—and a privilege is a special and particular power or enjoyment usurped by the favored individuals, or conferred on them by some one claiming power to do so.

Socrates—What have you to say to this, Pluto?

Pluto—I say, as before, Socrates, this thing of rights and privilege is all nonsense. All rights are privileges and all privileges are rights. It is all a matter of the will of the State.

Socrates—I suppose you will admit that there is such a thing as stealing? even where there is no society—as one from another, if there were only two persons living.

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—And if there were only two persons on earth, one might wickedly kill the other?

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—Are stealing and murder right or wrong in themselves?

Pluto—Wrong.

Socrates—Then if it be wrong to steal another's property the owner must have a right to it?

Pluto—Yes. But, Socrates, you yourself are a witness that a man has not a right even to his life if the State decrees that he must die. So he has not a right to his property if the State decrees that he must give it up.

Demos—You admit though, Pluto, that the State is the only power that has a right to take his life or his property?

Pluto—Certainly. I admit that, and it is the State which gives these rights which you call privileges.

Socrates—The question to be first examined is whether the State has a right to take life or only the power to do so; whether, because the State takes his property from one and gives it to another that makes it right, or only compels it and calls it lawful.

Demos—But Socrates, Pluto admits that these privileges rest only in the power of the State, or as he calls it, the consent of society, so I say that the same power which gives them has the power to take them

away—and I have the right to persuade society to do so.

Socrates—You speak very practically, Demos, but suppose the State says, as it often does, that you shall not agitate. What then?

Demos—The State cannot suppress thought and speech. It has tried it many times and there are many martyrs to its tyranny, but it cannot do it.

Socrates—But suppose it does? Is that right?

Demos—Well, Socrates, as we agreed some time ago that the whole progress of mankind lay in discovering the truth and that this could only be done by free thought and free discussion, I would think you would see that to suppress thought and speech is not right.

Socrates—In former times they hung men for stealing a few shillings' worth of property. Nay, men were slaves and could be killed at the master's pleasure. Later, though they did not kill them, they bought and sold and used them as cattle. Now, was this right or wrong?

Pluto—Wrong.

Socrates—But the State sanctioned it.

Demos—The State has sanctioned torture and burning alive for opinions' sake and for studying the truths of Nature. The State has given to a few it called lords all the lands—and the people who tilled the land were called serfs—and it has imprisoned and sent to exile or death any who raised voice against this iniquity.

Socrates—Well, I suppose Pluto will admit this is all wrong.

Pluto—Yes, I admit it; but we don't do that any more.

Socrates—I am not so sure. But let us stick to the question. When the State drove men into exile for speaking against injustice or held men in slavery—these things were lawful—were they not, Demos?

Demos—Yes, lawful, for the State; that is to say, the ruling classes make the law as they wish it to be.

Socrates—And the majority of the people accepted these things as right—for example slavery. Did they not, Demos?

Demos—Yes. Most of them accepted it and thought it was right; even most of the slaves thought it was right. The thinkers, the rebels, are always in a minority. But we now have caught up with the rebels and know it was all wrong and it never was right.

Socrates—How do we know it?

Demos—By agitation and discussion which bring us to a better understanding of right and justice; and then by actual practice.

Socrates—Do you mean that man's standard of right and wrong is made by man himself, and what is right at one time is wrong at another?

Demos—Yes, that is what I mean. Of course right and wrong are only relative terms.

Socrates—But we have changed our notions about slavery and about hanging men for petty thefts—and now we know these things were never truly right when measured by the ideal Right and ideal Justice toward which man is groping. How is that, Pluto and Demos?

Pluto—That is true, Socrates. As we now see it, it was never right.

Demos—Of course it was not.

Socrates—Then the State and the majority cannot make wrong right. It can only declare wrong to be "lawful" and compel it by force. Is that so?

Pluto—It seems so.

Socrates—But is it not so? Does might alter wrong into Right, or does might simply compel acquiescence in injustice?

Pluto—Of course it only compels acquiescence, but the people of the time, most of them, acquiesce, because they believe it is right.

Socrates—Compared with Ideal or Eternal Justice, was slavery or wilful slaughter by tyrants ever right?

Pluto—No, it was never ideally right.

Socrates—Might does not make right then, but only makes things lawful or unlawful?

Pluto—Measured by Ideal Right or Eternal Truth, that is correct.

Socrates—Therefore it is not necessarily true that what is lawful is also right—slavery, for instance. What do you say, Pluto?

Pluto—I see no other answer, Socrates. A thing may be lawful and yet prove to be not Right.

Demos—I go further. I say things forced by law are most apt to be unright because decreed by the will of the Ruling Classes for their own benefit. And what a few declare for their own selfish purposes cannot be for the good of the many.

Socrates—Well, it is enough for us to know that Might (or the State) may make the law but cannot change the inherent and eternal wrong into the ideal and eternal right. Lawful and Rightful are not synonymous terms. How does this appear to you, Pluto?

Pluto—It is true: Many unrighteous

things have been lawful in their day, I freely admit that, Socrates.

Demos—And the most inherently wicked of all murders is the murder of free thought and free speech.

Socrates—Now then, Pluto and Demos, I think we are prepared to discuss your question, for if I am not in error we have agreed that what is created by law and accepted by society is not necessarily Right, and that it is the duty of all men to discover and follow the Right and that the only road to truth is free thought and free speech—to discover the theory and then actual practice to test the theory. Is this what we have agreed on?

Demos—It is, Socrates.

Pluto—Yes it would appear so, Socrates.

Socrates—You never seem quite sure. Pluto, even after we have tried every door and found only one which opens to us. Now if you desire to re-argue any point—

Pluto—No, Socrates. That is the last thing in the world which I desire.

Socrates—Pluto, how are we to determine which babies ought to be killed every year?

Pluto—I do not understand you, Socrates. Do you mean which infants will die?

Socrates—No, I mean are there any babies which by the rules of Society are better entitled to live than others? If so, which ones are they and which are the ones to be killed?

Pluto—I still don't understand you, Socrates. Some babies are healthier and stronger than others. Some have better surroundings and a greater hope to live and grow up; but every child has the same right to live; that is to say, in civilized society.

Demos—That shows your ignorance, Pluto.

Socrates—Your remark, Demos, does not help toward the truth. Let us examine this question like philosophers, not politicians. You say, "civilized society," Pluto.

Pluto—I don't know how it might be among savages, Socrates.

Socrates—Well, let us begin with savages, for civilization rests on savagery. Even among savages, or among wild animals, how can you determine at birth or before birth which has better right to live?

Pluto—You cannot do it.

Socrates—Then even among savages the right to live is in all equally, but this right in the weaker may be invaded by the stronger. Just as Society by its strength may invade the rights of the individuals. Is that so?

Demos—You mean all have a right to live if they can, but the stronger will prey upon the weaker, so that the weaker will really be exterminated and the stronger will survive.

Socrates—Well, does not that seem so to you?

Pluto—That is correct, Socrates. And I claim in Society it is the fittest who survive.

Socrates—Who are the fittest in Society, Pluto?

Pluto—Those who rise to the top, who

lead society, who control things, who succeed.

Socrates—Succeed in what?

Pluto—In their business; in life.

Socrates—Who are looked up to as powerful?

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—Who dictate the laws and who really rule?

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—Who have risen above the great common mass so that they really sway the destinies of the masses?

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—Then those are the ones who best understand and conform to the existing conditions of Society?

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—The ones who do this in our Society, and who are everywhere singled out as the shining marks of success are the great capitalists. They control the law-makers and the laws. They possess the real power, for they control the capital or accumulated wealth of Society.

Pluto—Certainly they do. It is right.

Socrates—These men are then, in your opinion, more worthy to be crowned by Society than the great leaders of thought, John Brown, Garrison, Lincoln, Emerson, or the great poets, or writers, or teachers, or inventors—is that what you mean?

Pluto—No; I do not mean that. These others have also succeeded.

Socrates—Yes, but not in the conditions of our present Society. They live and die poor. They neither have nor seek power over their fellows. They have no destinies in their hands. As we reckon matters today, which would you say was the successful man—Walt Whitman or J. P. Morgan?

Pluto—Who is Whitman?

Socrates—He is dead. He was a poet who lived in a bare room and died poor.

Pluto—Why, Morgan, of course. I never heard of Whitman. Such a question shows to me, Socrates, that you, too, do not understand our Society.

Socrates—Well, now we know your idea of the fittest to survive in our Society. It is the richest. But tell me, Pluto, which in your opinion is the most desirable on a farm—a flock of hens or a flock of hawks?

Pluto—Socrates, sometimes your questions seem to me absurd. Hens, of course.

Socrates—But often the hawk, which preys on the hens, shows he is the fittest to survive in a struggle where the conditions give a premium to mere powers of prey. I only wanted to get a definition of your words, "In Society it is the fittest who survive." You mean, I suppose, that our present conditions make the man with greatest power to accumulate the fittest to survive. But you will agree that those who may be fittest under some conditions will not be so fit under other conditions. For example, the men who can ride horseback but cannot swim will be the fittest in a cavalry raid and the least fit in a shipwreck?

Pluto—Yes, I admit that.

Socrates—Then when you say the great Industrial Chiefs are the fittest to survive, you mean in Society as it is now ordered?

Pluto—Yes, certainly.

Socrates—So in a savage society the fittest to survive will also be those who kill and take, and we come back to our starting point, that by the laws of Nature each has an equal right to live.

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—And in this struggle, where each has the same right to keep his own life and all cannot live, each has the right to take the lives of others to keep his own.

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—And in this struggle the weaker will be sacrificed?

Pluto—Probably.

Socrates—This last and highest right of self preservation then wipes out all other rights?

Pluto—Yes; certainly.

Socrates—So that if the masses find out that to live they must overthrow the present conditions, and abolish Industrial Chieftains, they have the right of self preservation to do so?

Pluto—Well, I suppose so if absolutely necessary to their self preservation. But I deny this—

Socrates—Wait, Pluto. We will take that up later. Let me ask you now, if a stronger savage meets a weaker savage carrying a deer he has killed, and, not needing it that he himself may live, takes it away from him; is that right or wrong, Pluto?

Pluto—Wrong as we look at it, but perhaps not as he looks at it.

Socrates—We are concerned, and must be, with our own conception of the Ideal Right. As we look at it, is it Right or Wrong?

Pluto—Wrong.

Socrates—Why?

Pluto—Well, because the deer was his.

Socrates—Why?

Pluto—Because he had killed it.

Socrates—Then it was any man's while it ran free?

Pluto—Certainly.

Demos—And became the rightful property of him who secured it by his labor and skill.

Socrates—Suppose the weaker savage discovered a natural meadow of edible roots—and while he was digging, the stronger savage came and began to dig also—whose roots are they?

Pluto—They belong to the discoverer.

Demos—I don't think so. He did n't create them.

Pluto—But he found them.

Demos—Someone might have been there before.

Pluto—Then he should have stayed or fenced the meadow or put up a notice.

Demos—The roots existed in Nature and the discovery was an accident. All the discoverer could claim was what roots he could dig.

Pluto—Not at all. The whole meadow was his.

Socrates—For how long?

Pluto—Why, for always.

Socrates—Then he owned all the roots?

Pluto—Certainly.

Socrates—Every year—against everybody?

Pluto—Certainly.

Socrates—He had n't planted them?

Pluto—No.

Socrates—He had n't made the soil in which they grew?

Pluto—No.

Socrates—He had merely set eyes on them first?

Pluto—Yes; but for him the meadows might never have been known.

Socrates—Suppose he had discovered a great lake or a sea, would he have a right to all the water and all the fishes?

Pluto—No; but that is different.

Socrates—How?

Pluto—Well, it is water—and larger.

Socrates—Does your rule of right depend on size? Suppose the meadow was exceedingly large?

Pluto—Well, that might make a difference. He might be allotted only a reasonable amount for his use.

Socrates—Who would allot it?

Pluto—The State.

Socrates—Yes, but either one rule is true or the other—either the first discoverer should have all he discovers or he should never have more than his reasonable portion. Now which is right?

Pluto—Well, I think the discoverer should own it because he discovered it, and the State gives it to him as discoverer.

Socrates—If some men who were not born when he discovered it came in his absence and, as they thought, re-discovered it, what then?

Pluto—It would still be his.

Socrates—Really, then, his perpetual ownership depends on his having been born first?

Pluto—Socrates, you make it seem absurd, but nevertheless I am of the same opinion I was.

Socrates—As I understand you, Pluto, the man's right to the meadow was because he first saw it?

Pluto—Yes.

Socrates—Then the first man who discovers a new star owns it?

Pluto—No one can own a star, Socrates.

Socrates—Why not?

Pluto—Because you cannot get near it or put it to use.

Socrates—Well, suppose a man sees a deer first and another man kills it. Who owns it?

Pluto—I think, as I said once before, that the man who kills it owns it because the mere seeing it could not prevent the deer from escaping. Killing it gave it into his possession.

Socrates—So if to own a star depends not on seeing it first, but the ability to get it and put it to use, and the ownership of the deer depends on getting possession of it, what have you to say about the roots

in the meadow? Does not their ownership depend on getting possession of them and putting them to use?

Pluto—No; I think the man who discovered the field is entitled to all there is in it, especially if the State gives him the title.

Socrates—The State cannot make Wrong Right?

Pluto—No.

Socrates—Suppose the stronger savage must have the roots to keep him alive. We are agreed he may take them?

Pluto—Yes, but only by that necessity.

Socrates—And if the men who were not born when the State gave title to the meadow to the discoverer, need the meadow that they may live, they may rightfully take it, may they not?

Pluto—Oh, I suppose so. But they ought to pay the discoverer.

Socrates—For what?

Pluto—For taking what is his.

Socrates—Ah, yes we must examine that. If the meadow be truly his, they ought to pay him if they can. We will look into that. Let us examine this discovery a little further. If a man on a distant mountain had first seen the meadow and recognized the plant growing in it whose root was desirable, and had started toward it, but the other man had arrived first, though seeing it last, who would have owned it?

Pluto—I think each should be allowed to share in it.

Socrates—Yes, but one saw it first. And you have either a right rule or nothing. Which is it?

Pluto—I will then abide by my rule that he who discovered it. The man on the mountain is entitled to the meadow.

Socrates—Suppose, Pluto, some other men had planted the meadow but for the tops of the plant and knew nothing of the root. Could the man who first discovered the root was good to eat take it away from those who planted it?

Pluto—No; he could not rob those who planted it.

Socrates—But it seems to me to discover that the root was good to eat was a real discovery.

Pluto—That might be a mere accident.

Socrates—Well, what was the discovery of the meadow? But let us drop that for the present. If the stronger man digs some of the roots, in spite of the discoverer, has he taken from him anything he planted or created?

Pluto—No, Socrates.

Socrates—Or anything he ever had of his toil taken into his possession from the hand of Nature?

Pluto—No; but he has taken what the laws of Society would give the discoverer title to.

Socrates—Never mind Society and the laws. We have seen they do not always make a right. We are still dealing with the savages. If the stronger does not take from the weaker what he created or had reduced to his possession, but only side by side with him takes from the breast of

Earth—a natural offering to all men, what natural right has he violated?

Pluto—Well, Socrates, it always ends up, as I tell you, I find it difficult to answer you. It doesn't seem to me any natural right has been broken, but we are not savages, and I do feel as if one of our rights of property, as we view it, would have been taken away from the natural owner, the discoverer.

Socrates—Perhaps that is not a right, but one of those privileges which exists not as a just right but only by force of law and the conditions of our society.

Demos—Exactly.

Socrates—Well, let us return to our savages. You admit, Pluto, it would not be right to rob the man of the deer he had killed merely because the robber was a more powerful savage?

Pluto—Yes; it would not be right. I do not think Might makes Ideal Right in one savage any more than in the State. I am certain of that and admit it.

Demos—Pluto, sometimes you are sensible.

Socrates—But if it were a question which of two must die that the other might live, then you think the stronger would prove the fittest to survive?

Pluto—Probably.

Socrates—If the weaker proved more intelligent and scooped from a log a canoe, and wove from fine roots a net and watched for the runways of the fish and caught many of them for himself and his family, and the stronger watched him and robbed him, would this be right?

Pluto—No; it is the same thing—unless he robbed the weaker to save his own life.

Socrates—But if the weaker invented a bow and arrow and slew the stronger, then it would appear as if mere strength were not always the fittest to survive, would it not?

Pluto—Yes, it would; and that is what I now claim—only the best minds rise to the top.

Socrates—Well, we have been through that as to what are the best minds. We have seen what are best for some conditions are not best for other conditions—

and for our present Society it seems they are the minds skilled to acquire capital, or Society's store of wealth; but perhaps if there be a shipwreck it will be found the minds skilled to swim will be better than the cavalry riders. So let us leave the question of who are our most desirable citizens for another solution and stick to this question of Privilege. What would you say if all the tribe got together and agreed that the skilled and cunning fisherman, who labored over his nets and caught many fish, must pay eighty fish out of each hundred to the stronger man, who lay on the rocks and watched the fisherman, doing nothing himself but organizing the tribe so that it would vote him eighty per cent of the fish? Would the vote of the tribe make this robbery of the fisherman of eighty per cent of his toil any more right?

Pluto—No, Socrates; it would still be wrong. The tribe could not make right what was not right for the single man to take by force.

Socrates—But if this tribute was voted by the tribe so that all the fishermen of the tribe paid over eighty per cent of the fruits of their labor to ten of the chief men of the tribe, would that alter the Right of the matter?

Pluto—No; we know it would not, Socrates. The man who toils and captures has a right to his capture. It is all his and while force—

Demos—Or say Law—

Pluto—May take it from him, it is not right.

Socrates—What would you call this tribute to the ten chief men from all the fishermen, Pluto?

Pluto—I would call it a tribute or forced tax.

Demos—I call it a Special Privilege given to the ten men—

Pluto—Of course, it is a privilege and is wrong. But I deny that there is any such in our Society. Show me such a privilege and I will join Demos in denouncing it.

Demos—Good for Pluto. Now, then, to show him.

(To be continued.)



Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada,
Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska,
Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD

GENERAL.

The Panama Exposition at San Francisco.

Congress has voted that the next great National exposition, celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal, will be held at San Francisco. The contest between the winning city and New Orleans was largely sectional—the metropolis of the West against the largest city of the South. But a fair majority in the House and the unanimous vote of the Senate has decided in favor of the West.

San Francisco displayed remarkable energy in the contest for the Exposition. Its citizens have pledged the immense sum of \$17,500,000, as a nucleus fund toward the success of the national and international celebration. And the final resolution passed by Congress does not ask for a single dollar of Government appropriation.

The celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal was first suggested in San Francisco as far back as January, 1904. Even the disastrous earthquake and fire of 1906 did not check the plans for such an international exposition. Only a year after the \$500,000,000 fire-loss the matter was again before the California Assembly. The definite and serious launching of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915, as it is officially designated, came with the public subscription of nearly \$4,000,000 in two hours time at a mass meeting in San Francisco in April, 1910.

San Francisco had competition at home as well as abroad. San Diego, as the extreme-southern Pacific Coast port, was also anxious for the honor of the International Exposition; but this friendly municipal and district rivalry was adjusted in favor of the larger city and port. The most active rival from the first has been the city and port of New Orleans. The competition was strong enough to prevent the official recognition of San Francisco at the last session of Congress, though the claims of the latter were vigorously presented by a special train-load of prominent Californians.

The exposition habit is world-wide and need not be defended. And San Francisco will celebrate the greatest engineering accomplishment in the history of the world. The military and the industrial importance

of the Panama Canal is perhaps greater than we can fully appreciate at this time. The whole world and every portion of America will be affected and influenced.

The greatest expected change, however, will come to the Pacific Coast. This has been the leading argument in favor of the Western Coast as the scene for the promised great exposition. The Panama Canal will insure to the West a commercial revolution, and a vast and rapid increase in population.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915, will in itself be of great educational value. Thousands of people from all parts of the world will visit the Pacific Coast; and nearly all of them will see the other Coast cities, as well as San Francisco. The exhibits from the Orient will doubtless be the most complete ever brought to the Western Hemisphere. The whole world will join in the celebration of the completion of a nation's greatest engineering monument.

Salmon Wealth of the Northwest.

One of the most valuable of the resources of the Northwest is the fisheries. The annual output does not equal that of a number of other products, but there is this difference: mining and timber-cutting must sometime reach its maximum and then decline; while the fisheries wealth, with intelligent culture and due conservation, can be made perpetual.

The most valuable of the fisheries products is salmon. The total worth of the salmon output of the Pacific Northwest in 1910, according to recent reports, is about \$19,000,000. Nearly three-fifths of this total catch came from Alaskan waters, this being the largest output of the territory since 1902. It is stated, however, that the last year's run in Alaska was about twenty-five percent below normal. Reports would indicate that the salmon industry of Alaska can be greatly expanded, many of the streams where there are large runs having no fish-catching apparatus. A few years ago there was little market for the salmon product of the Far North, but there is now an extensive demand.

Several conditions combine in Alaska toward the preservation of the salmon supply. The fishing season is short, only about six weeks; and the streams are not, and most probably never will be, polluted as is the tendency in the Pacific Northwest States. Also, there are no irrigation-ditch outlets, which have worked great destruction along the smaller streams of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. A large part of the Alaskan catch of salmon is salted, due to the shorter fishing season and the lesser valuation of the product, as compared with further-south sections.

The value of the salmon pack from Puget Sound, for 1910, is placed at over three million dollars, which is considerably more than the average annual return for the past ten years. British Columbia, just to the north, also made a new record in its salmon catch. The Columbia River is the chief salmon-fishing grounds in Oregon, and the product for 1910 is placed at \$3,500,000. Many of the individual fishermen along the Columbia River, it is stated, earn from \$1,500 to \$2,000 during the open season. The individual catches are not as large as during previous years, yet there is a market for all the catch, and the selling price has greatly increased.

Artificial propagation is supposed to have done much toward checking the threatened extermination of salmon in the Columbia River. Large hatcheries are being operated by the States of Oregon and Washington, and by the Federal Government. Last year a total of forty-four million salmon fry were liberated in the Columbia River and its tributaries. More than forty million of this number were of the Royal Chinook variety; three and one-third millions were Silverheads, and the remainder Steelheads. Only a small percentage will mature, however, and return from the ocean to fill the nets of the fishermen. The total number of salmon caught in the Columbia River during 1910 was 28,804,537, according to report, 18,000,000 of these being Royal Chinooks.

Other proposed means of protecting the salmon are to lengthen the spring and fall closed seasons, and to establish dead lines in the upper waters of the streams. Also, it is advocated that certain of the best spawning streams should be entirely exempted from fishing; and that the size of the meshes of the nets and traps should be so fixed that the smaller fish can escape.

Millions for Transportation Development.

A fair barometer of the industrial conditions of the West is the extensive railway and water transportation developments just completed and under way.

A new trans-continental railway, the Western Pacific, has recently been finished to San Francisco. The executive head of the Harriman System announced a few weeks ago in New York, that extensive double tracking had been authorized on the

Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific. The new construction will complete the double-tracking already under way between Omaha and San Francisco, a distance of more than two thousand miles; will add a second track from Granger, Wyoming to Huntington, Oregon, a distance of over five hundred miles. Also, their main railway line down the Columbia River to Portland will be double-tracked for a distance of two hundred miles and more. The estimated cost of this new construction work is placed at \$75,000,000, the amount to be expended during the next five years.

"The entire country served by these roads," the chief executive is quoted as saying, "is developing rapidly—indeed, is only in its infancy—and we are convinced that its growth in population and its agriculture and commercial development must continue."

The improvement of the waterways of the West, though much less advertised, is of very great importance toward the commercial advancement of the Pacific Coast. Nearly all of the harbors of importance are being deepened and enlarged in anticipation of the completion of the Panama Canal. And a few years more will see the inland waterways greatly extended. The removal of obstructions from the river channels, chief of which is the Columbia River, will greatly increase transportation facilities, and will be the means of lessening freight charges.

The Period of the Colonist and the Homeseeker.

The greater part of the new-comers to the West arrive during definite spring and fall periods. The exact periods are determined by the Transcontinental Passenger Association, and they are uniform for all of the great railway systems reaching to the Pacific Coast.

During these times liberal discounts are made on the price of one-way tickets. Extra cars and even special trains are necessary to care for increased traffic. It is thought probable, this year, that several roads will even run through trains from Eastern traffic centers to the largest Coast cities. From these Western population centers the homeseekers or "colonists," as they are often called, will sift themselves out among the surrounding communities that afford opportunities. It is estimated that nine-tenths of the colonists decide in advance just where they will locate, and they go there direct. The railways facilitate this distribution and prevent the over-filling of the cities by their policy of selling tickets to the smallest station as cheaply as to the large traffic centers.

When the homeseeker has not decided just where he will locate—only knows that he wants to migrate—he is assisted by the commercial clubs of the terminal cities. Usually, the city commercial club, or

chamber of commerce, is a sort of sectional clearing house, and is able to give unbiased information concerning the diverse resources of each individual community. The city gets its reward in that its supremacy depends upon the advancement of the surrounding country.

The spring and fall colonist periods—the first from March 10 to April 10, this year—have been in vogue with the transcontinental railways for ten years. The idea has proved a great traffic and business-producer for the railways, as well as a money-saver for the migrating families.

In addition to the one-way, or "colonist" tickets, the railways have made a practice of selling special round-trip "homeseekers" tickets during certain months of each year. According to recent announcement, the homeseeker special-rates period for 1911 has been extended to include the entire year. These special round-trip homeseeker rates are to encourage trips of inspection to the West, previous to migration.

Will the Antelope be Extterminated.

Eight head of antelope have recently been shipped from the Yellowstone National Park to the Wichita Game Refuge in the State of Oklahoma. This is an incident and an experiment toward the Government preservation of the big game of the West. Antelope are fast disappearing from the open plains, and unless protected, they will most probably go the way of the buffalo.

The prong-horned antelope is peculiar to the West, it is stated, and is unlike any other family on the face of the earth. It cannot be successfully bred in close captivity, but may be preserved within large enclosures, and that is what is being attempted in the two national game refuges within the United States. It was estimated by the Biological Survey, in 1908, that there

were but 17,000 antelope yet remaining in the United States. About 10,000 of these were in Montana, Wyoming and the Yellowstone National Park, and the remainder in twelve other states.

The Wichita Game Refuge was set aside by Act of Congress, because of its proximity to the plains and the lower Rocky Mountain regions, and its special suitability as a breeding place for wild game. In reality, it is also a National Forest, but its greatest function is the preservation of game. It is the policy of the Department of Agriculture to give every protection to the game within all of the National Forests of the United States. But outside of the two game preserves, this is only secondary and incidental. In many cases the forest rangers are also appointed deputy State game wardens, and they assist in enforcing the game laws of the particular State. In exceptional cases, this cooperation with the states in the preservation of game may make necessary the closing of small areas of the National Forests to livestock grazing, since the wild herds must have sufficient food supply for the entire winter.

A Magazine Devoted to Conservation.

A monthly illustrated magazine wholly devoted to the popular conservation movement has just been successfully launched. It is called "American Conservation," and will be published by the National Conservation Association, of which Gifford Pinchot is president. The announced object of the new publication is to give accurate information concerning the natural resources of the whole nation, how they are being used, and how they may be preserved. Also, the progress of the conservation movement in the various states, in the nation at large, and in the remainder of the world, will be followed.

OREGON.

Malheur County Land Open to Entry.

Notice has been given through the Interior Department that 171,000 acres of land in Malheur County, in extreme Eastern Oregon, have been restored to settlement and entry. This land was withdrawn some years ago by the Government under the proposed Malheur Reclamation project. The project was delayed, however, because of disagreement among the large landholders of the district; and a later lack of reclamation funds caused its complete abandonment.

But the greater part of this restored-to-entry land, it is stated, is under the proposed ditches of a large irrigation project now planned by the farmers of the section. A cooperative company has already been organized for the final survey of the new reclamation scheme.

It is stated in the official circular of information that the described lands "will be subject to settlement under the public land laws of the United States on and after March 27, 1911, but shall not be subject to entry, filing or selection until April 28, 1911, at the United States Land Office at Vale, Oregon, warning being expressly given that no person will be permitted to gain or exercise any right whatever under any settlement or occupation begun after December 27, 1910, and prior to March 27, 1911, all such settlement or occupation being forbidden."

Says Klamath Project Will be Completed.

It is reported from Washington that the Secretary of Interior has "stated unequivocally that the Government would proceed with the construction of the Klamath irri-

gation project and carry it to completion with the probable exception of the marsh lands." This official further thinks, according to the report, "that the apportionment of the Reclamation fund as recommended by the Army Board of engineers, cannot stand, but the funds must be used as needed."

About 30,000 acres of the land under this project have already been reclaimed at a cost of about \$2,000,000, and the total project includes between 150,000 and 180,000 acres which can be reclaimed for an estimated \$5,000,000. Including the recent appropriations, about \$1,000,000 is now available for use on the Klamath project. The plans for 1911 contemplate the completion of the Lost River drainage canal, the completion of the east branch, and canal extensions to irrigate 9,000 acres of the Poe Valley.

Colonize 30,000 Acres of Coast Lands.

Twenty thousand acres of land in one tract, in Lincoln and Benton counties, in extreme Western Oregon, are to be colon-

ized by an Oregon corporation, it is stated. The reported purchase price of the tract is \$200,000, the land formerly being a part of the Corvallis and Yaquina Bay military wagon-road land grant. The land is included in what is termed the "burned-over" section of the western slope of the low Coast Mountains. Indian tradition states that the great forest fire which destroyed practically all the large timber occurred 150 years ago. The district is especially adapted to dairying and stockraising. The mild climate is also favorable for nearly all kinds of vegetables and many varieties of fruit.

Profits in Beans.

A farmer in the Applegate Valley, of Southern Oregon, three years ago, paid forty-one dollars an acre for a small tract of land. From six acres, he last year reported a harvest of 14,000 pounds of beans, which were sold in Medford for five and one-half cents per pound, giving a gross return of \$770, or nearly \$130 an acre. The beans are grown on black gravel land under irrigation.

WASHINGTON.

Irrigate 50,000 Acres Along the Columbia River.

Active preparations have begun for the irrigation by a pumping plant of approximately 50,000 acres of land along the Columbia River, near Pasco, it is announced. The water will be raised two hundred and fifteen feet from the surface of the river by means of electrical energy, 12,000 horse-power having been contracted for that purpose. The power will be taken from the Pasco-Priest Rapids high tension cable, and carried across the Columbia River near Richland on cables.

The land lies along the Columbia River above Pasco and is a part of the Palouse project that at one time was contemplated by the United States Reclamation Service. The project was abandoned by the Government after several years of surveying and preliminary examination, the claim being that it was not feasible for reclamation by a gravity system.

Poultry Raising and Dairying Experiments.

The shipment of poultry and eggs into Washington has increased almost ten times as fast as the population growth of the State, says an official of a State Experiment Station. Washington has increased in population 120 per cent during the past decade, while the poultry and the poultry-products shipments into the State have grown by 1,200 per cent in twelve years.

James J. Hill, in one of his trips to the Puget Sound country, asserted that there were great possibilities in dairying and poultry-raising activities. Toward the end of scientifically testing and encouraging

such industries a branch State Experiment Station has been established at Puyallup. Poultry experiments have been conducted for more than a year, and dairying experiments will also be undertaken soon. The plant was paid for during the first year by the poultry at the station. When the first hatched chickens were but nine months old their eggs had paid for enough feed for a year and a half. No attention is being given to the production of fancy poultry, but effort is made to develop good layers.

"This plant," the assistant superintendent states, "is aiming to increase the number of poultry farms in Western Washington, and is demonstrating, what I have demonstrated on my Jefferson County farm, that better returns for the investment are to be had from poultry than from the dairy or from hogs."

Seattle Port Gains in Vessels During 1910.

The report of the warden for the Port of Seattle shows a gain in tonnage and the number of vessels that visited the harbor during the past year. It is stated that during 1910, there was an increase of one hundred and twenty-eight steam vessels and twenty sailing vessels over the total for 1909. The tonnage increase was 206,792 net tons. The vessels departing also show a gain of one hundred and eight steam, and twenty-four sailing, a tonnage increase of 203,978 tons. The passenger traffic shows a general falling-off, however, due most probably to the fact of the heavy travel during the Exposition of 1909. But the passenger figures for 1910 show an increase of 65,529 in-bound passengers over the year 1908.

IDAHO.**What the Last Census Report Shows.**

Idaho has more than doubled its population during the past decade, according to the last census report. The increase is 101.3 per cent, a larger gain than is credited to any other State of the Union, with two exceptions, Oklahoma and Washington.

The report shows the greatest population gains to have been made in the new irrigated sections of the extreme south and southwest, and in the mining sections of the north. The greatest numerical increase in population is in the northern part, but the south-central section of the State leads in percentage increase, with a growth of 207 per cent. The southwestern division of the State has increased 120 per cent; the

northern mining division is next with eighty-two per cent; and the southeastern part had seventy-seven per cent greater population in 1910 than in 1909.

Lincoln, Twin Falls and Cassia counties, which include some of the largest of the new irrigated regions of the south-central part, show the highest percentage increase among the counties, a growth of 610 per cent for the first named, and an increase of 420 per cent for the other two combined. The counties of Kootenai and Bonner, in the extreme northern part of the State, also have a percentage increase in population of more than 225. The largest numerical increase of all counties of the State was made by Canyon County, on the southwestern border. This county also includes some of the richest of the irrigated lands.

CALIFORNIA.**Danish Colony Purchases Large Tract of Land.**

One of the largest recent land sales in California is that of nearly 9,000 acres located near Santa Barbara, reported made to a Middle Western Danish Colony. About one hundred families are included in the colony, they having selected Southern California after nearly a year of searching for a location to which to migrate. The stated consideration in the land purchase is forty dollars an acre, one-fourth cash, and the remainder in one, two, and three-year payments. It is expected that the colony will immediately begin improvements, including the construction of buildings for homes, churches, and schools.

San Francisco as a Manufacturing Center.

The city of San Francisco is credited with one thousand and three manufactories. And within the limits of the nearby towns that are expected within a few years to be a part of the Greater San Francisco, are an additional three hundred and ninety-five manufacturing firms. Seven hundred and forty-seven different commercial articles are manufactured within the limits of San Francisco. These include nearly every form of machinery, ornament, textile, foodstuff, and drink used by man.

The report of the California Development Board for the fiscal year ending September 10, 1910, places the total annual value of the manufactured products at \$115,706,500. Seven hundred and eighty-five leading manufactories are classified, and the number of employed men at that time was 23,272. The sugar industries lead in the total value of the products, with a value of more than twenty-three million dollars. Slaughtering and meat-packing products are second with a valuation in

excess of twelve million dollars; and foundry and machine-shop products and flour and grist-mill products are third and fourth in the list, with a production of more than ten million dollars each.

Says California is to Have Land Boom.

"I believe that California will have the greatest land boom during the next five years that has ever been known," states one of the prominent railway officials of the State after an extensive tour of the State and the East. "I mean a general land boom," he continues, "including an appreciation in values, great influx in population, increase in the size of the towns, and general progressive attributes of a thriving state."

The reason given for this opinion is the breaking up of the large grants of land within the State, and the chance to secure small acreage at a reasonable value.

Tobacco Growing in Southern California.

For more than a year experiments in the growing of high-grade "Turkish" tobacco have been conducted in Orange County, in Southern California. The test on sixty acres of land has resulted in the removal to Los Angeles of one of the three large tobacco factories of the Pacific Coast, and the promise that two hundred acres will be planted to tobacco next season. The experiments have been under the supervision of an expert tobacco-grower from Armenia.

One of the officials of the company states that "We now know that we can raise tobacco, equal in every way to the imported product." In the matter of the duration of the season, especially, tobacco-growing conditions in Southern California are thought by this investor to be superior to those in the Eastern tobacco states.



SEYMOUR ARM.

The Undiscovered British Columbia

By John C. Hammersley



ABOUT twenty-five years ago the thousand inhabitants of a certain fishing and lumber-shipping village on the North Pacific Coast watched a raging fire obliterate practically every building of the town. But the Councilmen of the newly-incorporated place held their regular meeting and strangely enough, not a single reference to the holocaust can be found on the pages that record their official proceedings. A year later the rebuilt town became the terminus of Canada's first transcontinental railway. And today Vancouver is one of the six most important cities and ports of the Pacific Coast.

The growth of Vancouver during the past few years has been very exceptional, even startling. Some of the most

surprised people are the Vancouverites themselves. Four years ago, the boosting citizens of the place assembled themselves at a meeting to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the town. And, as is usual at such times, one of the local bards had an inspiration. The boosters sang:

"In nineteen and ten
Vancouver will then
Have 100,000 men."

The dream was a big one, even as booster dreams go. The average booster slogan is merely something to work toward, a mark set so high that it cant possibly be overreached. And nobody is disappointed when it is only half-attained. In the average case, it might be thought absurd for a town of between forty and fifty thousand to hope to double its population in five years.

In 1886 Vancouver's population was

1,000. The Dominion Government census of 1891 shows the number of people to have increased to 13,685; and another census in 1901 credits the town with 26,133 inhabitants. In 1909 the City Assessment Commissioner places the number at 78,900; and a conservative estimate in 1910 gives Vancouver's population at 115,000. Besides, there are some twenty or thirty thousand other people just outside the city limits, that includes but eight and three-quarter square miles, that are an integral, if not an official part of the city. The 1911 Dominion census is expected, because of most rapid recorded growth in other directions, to show a good increase over the 1910 estimate.

The story of Vancouver's progress during the past few years has been told at length just as a convenient beginning point for the bigger story about British Columbia; for there must always be a reason for exceptional city growth. The visions of early fisherfolk and lumberjacks, and the establishment of railway terminals and oceanic steamship lines do not entirely account for the Vancouver of today, nor measure the city of tomorrow. Railway millions are not expended idly, and steamship lines up and down

the Coast and across the Pacific to the Orient do not build new docks and great warehouses merely to please the boosters, and to give the pioneers a chance to show the visitor a ten-story or fourteen-story building that now stands on a spot that a decade and a half ago was stump-and-bramble wilderness on the edge of a sluggish slough.

A few years ago a traveler through the West described British Columbia as a land "three-fourths on the perpendicular." The phrasing of his car-window impression has been widely quoted. But the thought is original only in the wording, for doubtless the average outsider believes scenery to be the chief asset of the great Province of British Columbia—which, by the way, is large enough to contain the three Pacific Northwest States of Washington, Oregon and Montana.

And maybe future generations will agree that scenery is one of British Columbia's chief items of wealth, for its scenery is perhaps unexcelled. As the tourist comes West on his trans-Canadian railway trip, the almost limitless, and monotonously-alike plains of Saskatchewan and Alberta may tire him, even with their beauty of broad wheat fields and



VIEW OF VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, MANUFACTURING DISTRICT



RAILWAY TERMINALS AND OCEAN VESSELS AT VANCOUVER, B. C.

the rolling prairie lands and grazing herds. So, when these have been left behind, and the engine has settled down to the long pull up the eastern slope of the Rockies, the grandeur of the new scenery will be doubly inspiring. A wonderful panorama is then ever before him. The shining steel parallels point through deep valleys, and circle the feet of some of the highest snow-capped peaks of the continent; then above the clouds and past glistening glaciers that can almost be touched. So steep is the grade at times, that extra engines are needed to lift the passenger train over the divides of the several mountain chains that cut through British Columbia, north and south.

During a part of this distance the tourist is only from a score to a little more than a hundred miles north of the international boundary line. The train traverses broad, exceptionally fertile valleys, but the tourist also studies them from the scenic viewpoint. The wonders of British Columbia, to him, are the mas-

sive glaciers, the mountain passes, the steep valleys, the roaring streams.

Thus, the extreme southern mountainous fringe is the best known, the remembered, and even the advertised and the exploited part of British Columbia. Nor is it different after the traveler has reached bustling, half-American Vancouver, the largest city of Western Canada, clinging as it were on to the most southwestern point of mainland. At Vancouver the tourist most probably transships to a luxurious passenger boat, and either tours north on the "inside-passage" Alaskan trip, or goes south among the beautiful islands toward "the States." Down the protected channels he passes Victoria, the quaint all-English capital of the Province. And this latter city, also, is located at another extreme southwestern corner of the Dominion, at the end of Vancouver Island, that juts almost down into the mouth of the Puget Sound.

So are made up the impressions that the average American has of British

Columbia. He has seen and he remembers the natural wonders of the rugged Rocky and Cascade and Coast Mountains, and the scenery of the Pacific Ocean and the Puget Sound. And the traveler may have seen or heard little that would tend to dislodge certain pessimistic stories that have been told about Canada in general.

Touring Americans are not alone in knowing little about the great latent resources of British Columbia. One of the booster pamphlets of the Province admits that this section of the Dominion is only one-fifth known. It is certain, too, that many a Canadian hardly realizes that there is a Central British Columbia. Even an official Government report tells us that "the area of British Columbia has been variously set down from 375,000 to 395,000 square miles." And the bulletin on "Agriculture in British Columbia" states that "of the third area (the northern half of the Province) comparatively little is known."

Vancouver, as the chief port and the commercial center of British Columbia,

has seen its most rapid advancement during the past five years. This period roughly agrees with the launching of the most audacious and possibly far-reaching railway-building enterprises that America has seen in late years. The story of the early struggles of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been told innumerable times, but it is always interesting. The announcement of the dreamers who told the world of plans to build a trans-Canadian railway was received with head shaking and implications of "dippiness."

"It's too far north," the critics said. "There will be nothing to haul out, nothing to haul in."

How far afield the critics were is well enough indicated by reports at the last Board of Directors meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railways when this great system was placed on a ten-per-cent dividend-paying basis.

But the early dreams of the Canadian Pacific were almost trifling as compared with the ambitious enterprises now in the air in Western Canada. The western coast of British Columbia will soon be



LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOR AT VANCOUVER, B. C.

the terminus of not less than four great transcontinental railway systems. Two of these new roads, now building across the plains and the valleys of British Columbia—the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern—are Canadian enterprises. The plans for a third and a possible fourth road are credited to Jim Hill and other Americans.

The daring thing about the new Canadian roads, of course, is the fact that they are pushing across the continent far

other words, one engine on this road, in the mountainous section will be able to do the work. Furthermore, the terminals of these roads will be, because of the earth curvature, hundreds of miles nearer to the central ports of the Orient, which will in time drain much of the surplus manufactured and raw products from America.

But these big points are not the only ones. Through freight, alone, will not maintain a great transcontinental road.



ONE OF THE MAIN BUSINESS STREETS OF VANCOUVER, B. C.

to the north of the beaten transcontinental zone for steel rails.

"Where will they get their traffic?" the always-concerned critics again ask.

The doubts were partially silenced when it was shown conclusively that the Grand Trunk Pacific, for example, had found a pass through the Rocky Mountains that is much lower than that of any other road that reaches the Pacific Coast over that range. The new route can be maintained, it is asserted, at a maximum grade of four-tenths of one per cent. In

There must be populated stations and cities and local freight for interior collection and distribution.

There was only one other possible question to be answered—the question that is the big one in the Northwest to-day: "What is Western Canada; what is Central British Columbia?"

Evidently the great railway systems that are building westward through Canada satisfied themselves on this question a number of years ago—for the investing public and the traffic magnates are



VANCOUVER IS BEAUTIFYING THE RESIDENCE SECTIONS.

not philanthropists, and nothing else.

"What is Central British Columbia?" The average American, and not a few loyal-to-the-Union-Jack, might very honestly broaden the query and ask: "What is British Columbia?"

The geographers venture that British Columbia is "seven hundred miles long and averages four hundred miles in width." And the tiresome man with head full of figures adds that all of the

New England States and New York and Pennsylvania could be dropped into the quadrangle, and there would be enough scraps left to make half-a-dozen small Eastern States.

The agricultural expert admits that there are sections in British Columbia, both south and central and north, that will always be most noted for their scenery. The out-of-doors and sport-loving man modifies the statement to include



BEACH SCENE WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS OF VANCOUVER, B. C.

outing and hunting and trapping possibilities, adding that there is perhaps no other section in the whole of North America where both big and small game and fish are so plentiful as in Western Canada. And he tells of the unequalled outing possibilities along the western coast where a rowboat can paddle a thousand miles from Puget Sound to Alaska, and never be in the open sea but twice for short distances—but the Coast description must be reserved for the article that will follow. Also, much of the mountain-scenery land is known to be filled with the precious and the useful metals, such as gold, copper, coal and many others.

There are waste and unfertile spots in British Columbia, just as there are in every land under the sun. Contrarily, there are greater unused agricultural areas in British Columbia than in any other part of the Northwest. But the whole situation, every quality and possibility of the land, and especially every objectionable feature that could

be raised must have been considered by the great railway magnates who risk fortunes and reputations on the successful outcome of their great enterprises. And still they are going ahead, spending their efforts and their millions of dollars, building hundreds of miles of tracks, plating towns, and preparing for settlements along the way and to either side.

The time is past when wheat and oats and barley "cant be grown north of the American line"; Canada has taken too many first premiums at district fairs and great world expositions. Indeed, it is

now an established agricultural principle that the farther north that wheat can be grown the better is the milling quality and the better is the price paid to the producer. Further north, the summer season is short, and the winters are colder, as everybody knows, but Nature has added compensating features. The summer days are longer, hence, also, the periods of sunshine which is the life of the agricultural plant. In some of the

established grain-growing sections of Canada, one can read his newspaper on the lawn at ten o'clock at night, and again read it a couple of hours after midnight. The period of darkness and sundown is so short that the ground does not have time to cool off, hence a quick-growing season.

And the day is coming when civilized man will know more about crops that are adapted to the North. For instance, agents sent to Siberia by the United States Department of Agriculture found several species of alfalfa growing wild

and luxuriant at degrees of latitude farther north and in much colder climates than any section of Canada that has yet been advocated as adapted to profitable agriculture.

There is also another big compensating fact that applies with force to British Columbia. On the eastern coast of the United States and Canada icebergs come hundreds of miles farther south every year, than on the Western Pacific Coast. And for the same reason, of course, that England is a land of fog and mild climate, while other countries in the



ONE OF THE MODERN OFFICE BUILDINGS OF VANCOUVER, B. C.



UNIMPROVED LAND NEAR SEYMOUR ARM.



GARDEN AT FORT ST. JOHN, PEACE RIVER, SEPTEMBER 16, 1910.



STAKERS IN PEACE RIVER VALLEY, B. C.

same latitude are snow-bound and frigid, several hundred miles north of Vancouver, at New Prince Rupert (which will be an important terminal city when the Grand Trunk Pacific lines are connected up in a few years), the inhabitants might welcome a considerable larger fall of snow during the winter than is customary. Instead of snow, there is rain.

The public-school lad knows all about it, of course; about the warm-washing Japanese current, and the Coast and Cascade Mountains that condense the moisture and increase the rainfall as we go north. Southern California has much less rain than is wanted; some sections farther north have more than they need. So it is that the southwestern coast of British Columbia and the islands along the Coast do not differ appreciably in climate from Western Oregon and Western Washington. Back of the Cascades in British Columbia there are the same conditions, in a measure, that have made a semi-arid Eastern Washington and Eastern Oregon. In this section irrigation is helpful, except in favored spots, but by the practice of dry farming crops can be matured without irrigation.

Certain of the streams of British Columbia break through the Coast Mountains and leave gaps through which the ocean moisture, and to a certain degree, the mildness, is carried. The Fraser River, for example, from its outlet near Vancouver, leads several hundred miles to the interior. Along the valley of this river and its tributaries are rich fruit lands, and farther inland are lakes, such

as the Adams, and the Shuswap, with its many arms, the most favored of which is Seymour Arm, some thirty-two miles north of Sicamous. The Seymour Valley commencing at this arm of the lake, has only come into prominence during the last year. This is mainly accounted for by the fact that there is absolutely no irrigation required in this section and all the fruit experts of British Columbia have pronounced its conditions

as ideal for the cultivation of all classes of fruit. Because of the mountain gaps, some of these areas do not require irrigation, yet they are so protected and the soil of such a quality that a large variety of fruits are being produced, and can be produced.

It has already been intimated that there are immense areas long the new railway lines through British Columbia, east and west, that will see great development within the next few years. There are thousands of acres of high-quality agricultural land along the route of



EXCELLENT OATS IN CENTRAL BRITISH COLUMBIA.

the Grand Trunk Pacific road between Edmonton and Prince Rupert. Midway along this road that is being extended from both ends is the historic old Hudson Bay post of Fort George. Fort George is located at the junction of the Fraser and the Nechaco rivers, with an estimated eleven hundred miles of waterway navigable with light-draught river boats during the open-water season. The Fort George district includes great areas of land of proved agricultural worth. Large crops of grain and vegetables have been produced on the few farms in cultivation, little farming having been previously attempted because of the great



POTATOES, DIAMOND D RANCH, BULKLEY VALLEY, B. C.

distance from railways. With the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway the Fort George section will without doubt support a large population; and Fort George itself, because of its strategic location, will become one of the important cities of British Columbia.

There is still some homestead land in British Columbia, but like all other parts of Canada, and the West in general, this open land has been culled many times. Thus, the homesteader must go miles back from the present constructed railways and even those that are announced and projected. A great part of the fertile land of British Columbia has already passed into private hands, chiefly in large tracts. Also, many large selections were granted to the railways in an early day. These tracts are now being generally subdivided, however, due to the rush of land-seekers and the pressure of new set-

tlers. During the coming summer there will be a number of land rushes to interior British Columbia. These sections include the Peace River country and the Lillooet district.

The Lillooet district includes the fertile valley of the Upper Fraser River, where the best of agricultural crops are produced. There is a variety of land here, some of it needing to be drained, and other sections to be irrigated. Expected transportation will make this a most prosperous farming and dairying section.

The Peace River country is a general term which includes a great empire in the central and the northeastern parts of British Columbia. According to the Government report on "Agriculture in British Columbia," "the great Peace River Valley contains between 6,000,000 and 10,000,000 acres, practically all of



ON THE SALMON RIVER, NEAR FORT GEORGE, B. C.

which is available for agricultural purposes." A handful of settlers have gone into this great area during the past few years, but there will be a more pronounced land rush during the coming summer than ever before. Stock-raising has been the chief industry, because of lack of transportation, but grains and vegetables have been successfully grown in a number of places. Also, few sections excel in hay-raising and dairying possibilities. It has been announced that the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Canadian Pacific roads are contemplating the building of rail-

the great elements that have made the West, and that will make the new West. Man is a land animal, but he also wants and needs other things. For example, timber and minerals, and water for irrigation and power and domestic and city use, and opportunities to forget the heavy cares of existence in pleasurable diversions with the canoe and the camera, the gun and the alpenstock.

The varied resources and the awakening and the rapid advancement of British Columbia are reflected in the city of Vancouver. This city is today pulsating with the life and the vigor of ambitious



TIMBER SCENE, WESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

way extensions into this great district. It is generally expected that at least one road will be extended into the Peace River Valley within the next three years.

British Columbia is thus on the verge of being discovered and made vastly more useful to civilized men. Nor is the whole story of this great province on the western side of Canada, and just north of Washington and Montana, told when land possibilities and the calls to the homeseeker and the agriculturalist have been recited. Land is only one of

youth. A great destiny is assured and it is building for the future. No city in the Northwest is more modern, for none other is so new. Besides more than doubling its population during the past five years, as the new census will doubtless show, there are other undisputed evidences of growth.

For example, the building permits increased from \$7,258,565 in 1909 to \$13,150,365 in 1910; and the customs receipts in these two years grew from \$348,388 to \$573,949. The bank clear-



RANCH HOUSE, BULKLEY VALLEY, B. C.

ings for Vancouver in 1908 totaled \$183,083,446, for 1909 this total increased to \$287,529,994, and the clearings for 1910 reached the sum of \$444,988,818.

Another interesting evidence of Vancouver's growth is the increase in the percentage receipts of the city from the street railway company. The average monthly amounts of these receipts for the period, 1901 to 1905, was \$343.77. In 1906 the city received a monthly average of \$846.94; in 1907 an average of \$963.90; in 1908 an average of \$1,931.86; in 1909 an average of \$2,807.90; and in 1910 the average sum received each month was \$3,951.64.

Vancouver is well-paved, well-lighted, has a splendid water system, wide streets

and a number of new modern office buildings from ten to fourteen stories high. It is the most important banking and distributing center in Western Canada and one of the most important on the Pacific Coast. Also, within easy transmission distance for Vancouver, is between 100,000 and 200,000 water horsepower. This available waterpower and the raw materials of timber, coal and other minerals, the fisheries wealth of the sea and the agricultural products that are tributary, insure a later manufacturing epoch for Vancouver. Manufacturing activities are already to be noted; for example, the making of boilers and engines, stoves, carriages, saws, boots and shoes, and many other articles.

Whatever else the Vancouver of the



LAND-STAKERS IN CAMP IN THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY.

future may or may not be, it will always be a great ocean port and railway terminal point. William E. Curtis, one of the greatest travelers of the day, and one of the highest salaried journalists of the times, has said that "Vancouver is the Liverpool of the Pacific." Certainly it has one of the largest, best-protected and most beautiful harbors in the world. The width in front of the chief wharves is more than two miles, while the low-water depth within the channel is fully thirty fathoms.

One of the first industries of British Columbia was lumbering, and it will be one of the last, for some of the greatest virgin forests of America are found here. Fir, cedar, spruce and the pulp woods are among the most important species. The pulp-wood areas are among the most extensive to be found in the world, and the future demand for such raw materials is assured in the fact that there is but little remaining pulp wood in the United States.

The mineral possibilities of British Columbia can scarcely be over-stated. It is something to say that the northern part of the Province is next door to Alaska, which summarizes the greatest mineral wealth of the states and territories of the United States. Gold has been mined in British Columbia since an early day. One of the planned developments of British Columbia is the construction of a railway line north from Prince Rupert to Dawson City, in the heart of the mineral wealth of the Klondike.

Coal is one of the most valuable of the minerals of British Columbia. There are a number of deposits of proved worth in the interior of the Province, one of these coal mines being credited with an output of about two thousand tons per day.

Also several of the islands along the

western coast are important coal producers. In fact, these islands, chief of which are Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte group, are among the most interesting and wealthy portions of British Columbia. They have fine agricultural and fruit land, and great areas of valuable timber. But their detailed description must await the second article of this series.

Coal has been mined for a number of years on the Island of Vancouver, the mines of one district extending two miles under the bed of the Pacific Ocean, mining being made possible by the close structure of the over-hanging rock ledge.

As to the coal possibilities of the Queen Charlotte Islands, Government reports indicate a number of places on Graham Island, for example, where high-grade coal croppings may be seen.

An incident will illustrate the studded mineral possibilities of British Columbia. A few years ago, so the story is told, a number of Japanese fishermen along the shore of Moresby Island, of the Queen Charlotte Group, were driven by a severe storm into a sheltered bay. The storm continued and the restless Orientals wandered about over the island. They were evidently at sea for the dollars end of the game, for when some valuable-looking metals were kicked up in their ramblings, they immediately were attacked by the get-rich germ. Though they did n't know anything about mining, they immediately smelled a fortune and exchanged their fishing gear for mining tools. They did not mine, for they were not miners, but they scratched around and made a copper clean-up and had more money than they had ever before seen. Eventually, the Japs lacking business genius, a white-man brother took over the enterprise, and took unto himself the future profits.





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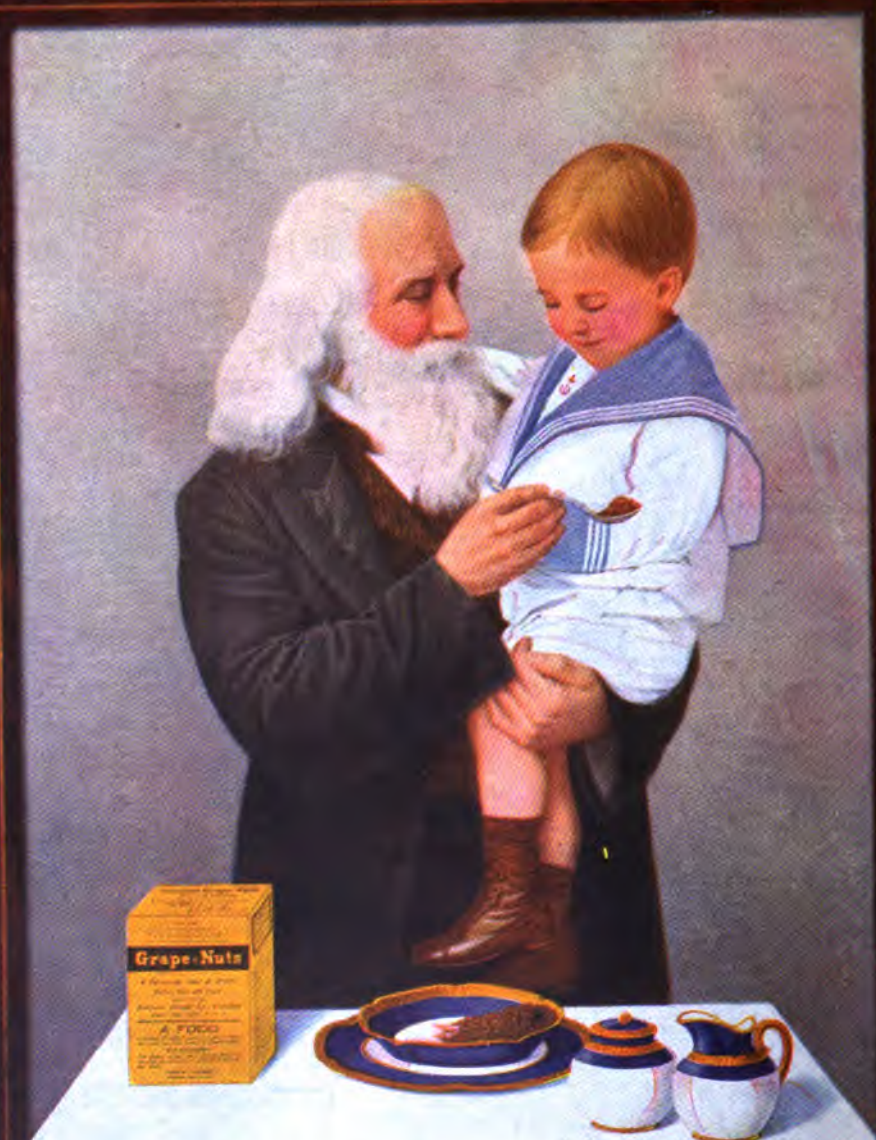
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MARY SHAUGHNESSY

GOVERNMENT BY FRIGHT

IMPRESSIONS

SUCCESS WITH LIVE STOCK

Lewis R. Freeman

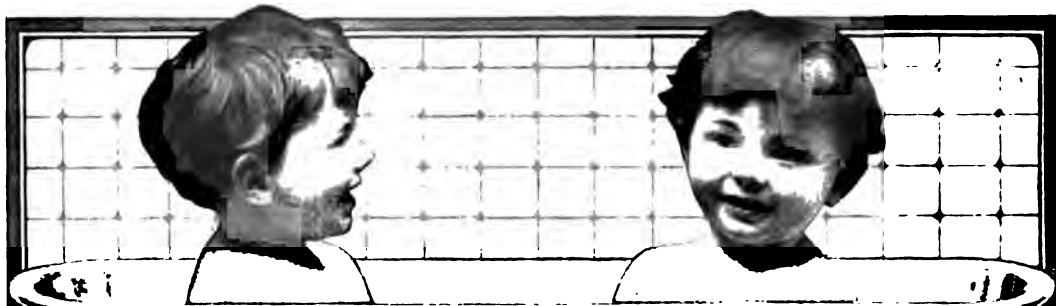
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The Pacific Monthly

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY FOR JUNE, 1911

To Our Readers

JOHN K. TURNER, about whom lately has been published a good deal of newspaper misinformation concerning his activities in connection with the Mexican revolution, is preparing an article for the June number, in which he will tell a lot of interesting things about the revolution, the revolutionists, Diaz and other personages of the Mexico embroglio. This will be the most important and authoritative magazine article to date on this topic, by a writer in close touch with it. "My idea," said Mr. Turner, "is not so much to write a history of the revolution to date as to discuss it; to make the reader understand fairly well where it came from, how far it has gone, how it is likely to end, the difficulties, shortcomings, etc. * * * I shall be very frank as to the weaknesses of the revolution. * * * If the struggle succeeds in giving to Mexicans half the liberties that we Americans have, then I shall be delighted."

June is the month of Portland's famous Rose Festival. CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD has promised to write upon this subject from a certain viewpoint of his own, which may be counted upon to be interesting. A beautiful Rose Festival cover, and a number of full-page pictures of roses, will give to this number an unusually festive character.

"Volcanic Cave Wonders of the Northwest," by Randall R. Howard. Do you know that the Northwestern States, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, doubtless possess the most extensive and remarkable system of caverns on the American continent? Some of the largest never have been fully explored, though a man has followed one cavern in Idaho a distance of twenty-two miles. Vast regions, the scene of the greatest lava flows known to geologists, are known to be honeycombed with weird, fantastic underground passages that tell interesting geological stories.

Dr. Stephen S. Wise contributes a strong plea for eugenics: *"Race Suicide Versus Race Culture."*

"The Confessions of a Reporter," by "Howard Ardsley," is the third of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY'S series of intimate studies of real life. Written by a well-known newspaper man of wide experience, it gives an impressionistic picture of the inside life of a profession, which is as honest and honorable as any other profession, but which, like all other professions or trades, has its "tricks" or its closets for certain kinds of skeletons. The author, for obvious reasons, keeps his identity from the public.

"The 'Cow-Chilly' Zion," by Herman Whitaker, is a delightful story of the Southwest by the author of "The Settler," "The Planter," etc. It is a long time since we have had a short story by Mr. Whitaker, as he has been busy writing a new novel.

"A Little Klondike in the Dooryard," by E. J. Steele, is a fascinating account of one man's success in raising pansies, both for pleasure and profit. In the midst of a region of great orchards, stock farms and grain fields, this man has done "something different" and struck it rich.

In *"The Pioneer Reminiscences of George Collier Robbins,"* the first installment of which was announced for the May number, but which had to be deferred until June, we have found an exceedingly interesting and valuable mine of early-day history. Mr. Robbins, a pioneer of '52, was in touch with many of the historic events of early days, and knew a large number of the picturesque figures of the times, and having a keen feeling for what is essentially worth preserving in memory, his writings will be found very fascinating. There will be four of these articles, beginning with the June number.

Other features of this very entertaining number are short stories by Elwood S. Brown, James M. Spencer, Samuel Barclay and others; also poems by George Sterling, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Berton Braley and H. W. Noyes.

The Trail of Man

By Ralph W. Crosman

Westward, forever westward, sweeps the trail,
The world-old, race-worn trail of migrant men,
Led on by tented car, by whited sail,
Still on and on beyond the farthest ken.

Up and ever up earth's vast and wheeling arc,
As if to grasp the gold of setting sun,
Man broke his unknown trail into the dark,
'Till here his golden goal at last is won.

On western slope of western world, serene,
The ancient East and newer East between,
Man builds the last and final state of earth:
Let flash afar news of this nation's birth.



Mount Tacoma with sunset reflection, on Spanaway Lake, in one of Tacoma's Suburban Parks
"From The Mountain that was God," (By Courtesy of John H. Williams)



VOL. XXV

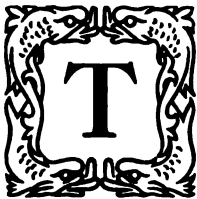
MAY, 1911

No. 5

New China's Invitation

By Lewis R. Freeman

(Member of the American Business Delegation to China)



THE opportunity of striking while the iron is hot was never more favorably offered to a commercial people than that in the chance presented to the United States to take advantage of the stupendous wave of good feeling and pro-Americanism that has swept commercial China, as a result of the visit of the Pacific Coast Chambers of Commerce Commission a few months ago.

The gates of the Chinese wall of foreign prejudice, as far as American business is concerned, have swung back upon their rusty hinges, and the man who establishes himself within them now need never be dislodged. They may be—probably will be—open to us for many years, but there may never again come so favorable an opportunity as now for accomplishing that most difficult of trade feats, the establishment of a footing.

The American Business Delegation, as it has been commonly called in China, or, to give it its full title, "The Honorary

Commercial Commission Representing the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Coast and the Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu," made a six weeks' tour of the principal provinces of China, the visit being at the invitation of the Chambers of Commerce of a number of the treaty ports of the Empire, headed by that of Shanghai, in which body the idea had its inception. The invitation was for three delegates each from Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and San Diego County, and two from the Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu. The invitation set forth that a visit from a representative body of Pacific Coast business men was desired for two reasons: First, to further the friendly relations already existing between the two countries, and, second, to stimulate trade relations between them.

The delegation included several men who had been on a similar mission to Japan two years previously, or were with the Japanese party which toured America in 1909. To these men—all of them

from the Northwest—was largely due the credit for the elaboration of a plan of organization of the party for the work in hand, which, although it had to be altered somewhat to meet the unique and unexpected conditions afterward encountered, proved a weighty factor in making the tour a complete success.

One valuable feature of the previsionary campaign was the allotment to, and the preparation by, each member of one or more speeches, the aggregate of which covered practically every subject of mutual interest between China and America. Several of these it later became expedient to withhold from delivery, numerous others were prepared while en route through China to meet the exigencies of local situations as they arose, while on several occasions speakers of the party came through in masterly manner with extemporaneous replies to questions which developed with the suddenness of bolts from the blue. In this way questions which have stood for years as obstacles to a complete amity between China and America

were threshed out in a conciliatory spirit by both parties; an endless lot of information of all kinds was given and received, while all the time, in our constant intercourse with the brightest, the most forceful and the most progressive men of China, the seeds were sown for an international friendship that must be a most potent and propitious influence in all future dealing between the two countries.

The "commercial quizzes," which were instituted early in the trip, will also be found to have proved of great value in collecting and disseminating information on trade matters, and bringing the Chinese merchants to a better understanding of the aims and desires of the Commission. A morning or afternoon was set aside in each city visited in which our "Trade and Commerce" Committee could

meet with a similar body from the local Chamber of Commerce. These gatherings were held at the point best calculated to suit the convenience of the committee in relation to the formal functions immediately preceding and following the conference, and it is my impression that more than half of them were held on house-boats or in temples. Any one present was at liberty to ask or answer questions, and a vast amount of ground was thus covered in a comparatively short time, while the informal intermingling of the parties to these conferences went far toward swelling the tide of good feeling between the Commission and its hosts.

During the week in Shanghai visits were made to the most prominent industrial plants of that vicinity and a full opportunity was given us to note the astonishing strides that the Chinese have made in a short decade in adopting foreign methods of manufacture. Cotton, woolen, paper and flour mills, employing from one to six thousand hands, and in most instances, as up-to-date as any in



MR. MA, ONE OF CHINA'S GREATEST SCHOLARS,
WHO ADDRESSED THE COMMISSION
AT CHINKIANG.

the States, were seen, and in the success of these first tentative efforts we read clear the message of the future. There was found in every factory from two or three times the number of employees that would be required for a similar establishment in America, but we of the Pacific Coast who have employed the Chinaman and know him to be the superior in intelligence and the equal in physical capacity of any laborer whatever, saw in this only an added sign of the underlying potentialities of an overcrowded country, and could therefore forecast the

ber and wheat, and of slightly elaborated ones such as flour, are numbered, through the fact that their steadily increasing price in America is already putting them beyond the reach of the Chinese consumer who must find, and is finding, local substitutes for them; that a great trade cannot be built up in the cruder manufactures from raw materials of which China herself has practically a limitless store, such as rails, steel plate and the like; that the market for such commodities as oil and tobacco, which are handled and controlled by monopo-



AFTER-TIFFIN GROUP ON THE STEPS OF THE PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY AT CANTON.

more certainly what it will mean when China commences to manufacture and export in real earnest. Wages are from one-tenth to one-twentieth of those paid for similar labor in the United States.

As a result of our investigations in the mills and factories of Shanghai, and the mines, mills and steel works of Hankow and Tongshan districts I have come to these conclusions regarding the ultimate trend of trade between America and China: The days of the profitable exportation of raw products such as lum-

ber, will grow increasingly better; and, finally, that the greatest opportunity exists for the introduction of such lines as factory, mining and electrical machinery; locomotives and the higher classes of other rolling stock; electric car line equipment; many classes of lighter agricultural machinery, and the endless list of other things, such as typewriters, cash registers, sewing machines and the like, in which occur the fullest expression of American ingenuity and which, therefore, will always keep ahead of imitators

and independent of competitors. These conclusions are advanced as entirely personal and quite independent of the report of the Commission on the subject.

The evenings of the week at Shanghai were given over to banquets, receptions or theatrical performances, and notable among these affairs was the dinner given the Commission by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce at Chang Su Ho's Gardens. Outside of a confused blaze of lights and color, and a blended blare of Chinese and foreign music, my recollec-

strutted through a half dozen classic Chinese plays; the shark's fins cost three dollars a plate and the bird's nest soup five—all of these things I remembered, but as to what they meant I had no idea. Was it the perfunctory hospitality of a people that is not able to do things by half? Was it a political play for American friendship at a critical period, the strings of which were skillfully laid and pulled from Peking? Or was it a spontaneous outburst of friendship on the part of the Chinese for the representatives of the only nation that has ever pursued a disinterested policy in its relations with them?

It is possible that the good Colonel North never came to learn the meaning of his costly masterpiece, but to us enlightenment was not long to be denied; for when Nanking followed Shanghai's lead, and Hankow that of Nanking, when deputations with gifts and kindly protestations met our train at every important city along our route, and when even stations where our train could not stop were lavishly decorated and crowded with people, it did not take many days to make us realize that our visit meant something more to our hosts



A WAY-STATION WELCOME ON THE KIANGSI-CHE-KIANG RAILROAD.

tion of this, the most pretentious dinner ever given in Shanghai, was somewhat like the description given by Colonel North, the Chilean nitrate king, of a new picture which he had bought for his London gallery. The canvas was twelve feet long by eight feet wide, he told a friend, and it cost £8,000, but what the meaning of the picture was he was quite at a loss to say. There were two miles of specially-made lanterns—crossed American and Chinese flags with the word "Welcome" in both languages painted upon them—5,000 yards of silk woven into fanciful designs among the lofty lacquered galleries; \$4,000 were spent for new costumes for the actors who

than the coming of a party of business men; that it was not ourselves, but what and who we stood for that was being greeted; that a nation was speaking to a nation; that China was thanking America for the way in which we had stood by her in the past, for the way that she hoped we are to stand by her in the future.

And in addition to these unprecedented demonstrations of friendship, we had repeated assurance from the Chinese of every province we visited that they desire our goods as well as our sympathy. A single instance in point will illustrate the feeling.

We had spent an hour threading the

mazes of the Yangtse Engineering Works, near Hankow, and marvelling at the wonders that had been wrought in the short two years since the plant was established. We had seen boilers and barges and marine engines and railroad cars being built from Chinese steel, by Chinese workmen, under Chinese supervision and according to Chinese designs. We had seen what had been done, and listened to enthusiastic outlines by the young Chinese engineers who accompanied us of what was going to be done,

British trained and with a good two inches of British degrees trailing his name upon his card, arose and said: "Gentlemen, I am flattered at your interest in our works here, but I have noticed your surprise and disappointment that, with one or two unimportant exceptions, all of the machinery we are using is of British or German manufacture. There are a number of reasons for this, not the least of which is the fact that American manufacturers have made no effort to sell to us. Even the small amount of



A "TRADE CONFERENCE" IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.
O. M. Clark, of Portland (center), addressing the meeting.

and finally had been led to a prettily flag-draped pavilion to rub the cinders from our eyes and partake of the inevitable cup of tea—in fact, a ten-course tiffin. The thunder of the overhead cranes, the clang of the anvils, the sharp staccato of the trip hammers were blended into a heavy drone by distance, and for the first time voices made themselves heard without being raised.

After the usual toasts of amity had been drunk, Mr. Wong Kwong, the manager of the works, British educated and

American machinery which you have seen here came to us by way of Germany, while a bolt-and-nut machine which I sent to America for a few days ago had to be ordered through a British firm. But this state of things cannot last. We realize as well as you do the superiority of your manufactures of this class, and while British and German machinery is all right for our 'schooling' period—we have only been learning this business, you know—now that we are ready to get to work in earnest we must have Ameri-

can equipment, even if we have to buy it through Europe. But, gentlemen, I trust you will endeavor to impress upon your manufacturers the advantage not only to us, but to themselves as well, of meeting us to the extent of establishing American agencies here; for as long as your goods are sold through foreign houses, not only you as sellers, but we as buyers, will be discriminated against."

After the applause that naturally greeted such declarations from so unexpected a source had subsided, President Booth, of the Commission, leaned across the table and laughingly remarked:

"You've made some pretty strong statements, Mr. Wong, and you may be sure that you are going to be reminded of them later; I wonder if you would mind giving us a copy of that speech for our records?"

"One was despatched to your secretary this morning," was the imperturbable answer; "and another was sent to the paper."

The following, a part of an editorial which appeared in the *Times* on the morning of our departure for Nanking and the Upper Yangtse Valley, gives

some idea not only of the character of the entertainment that had been provided, but also of the comprehensive significance attached to it by foreign China:

Our American visitors who leave Shanghai today will be able to look back upon a series of receptions such as have never been accorded to any previous visitors. Shanghai has been favored with the presence of royalty and of distinguished statesmen of various nations, but it has been reserved for a party of business men who have come with no escort or equipage to receive a welcome from China which has been the most cordial, as it has been the most extensive, tendered to foreigners since the opening of the country. In this cosmopolitan community it would be invidious to attribute the worth of the reception to political considerations, and we believe it to be nearer the truth to say that it is indicative of a change in the attitude of China toward her neighbors. America is but one member of the family of nations into which China has entered, and although there are many peculiar ties which bind together the oldest and youngest of the great nations, yet China has shown in many ways her desire to be at peace and in friendship with all of the others. It is because we feel that the good feeling engendered by the visit of the American Commercial Commissioners will extend to all the treaty powers and will have a profound effect upon China



A LINE OF SEDAN CHAIRS TAKING THE COMMISSIONERS TO KANGTUNG AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.



AN UNPRECEDENTED PHOTOGRAPH AFTER AN UNPRECEDENTED TEA IN CHINA.
Wives and daughters of Canton's officials met the ladies of the Commercial Commission party, and later submitted to be photographed, grouped in a balcony separate from the men of the party and their hosts.

herself that we consider the receptions given to be of peculiar significance.

The two-day trip to ancient and beautiful Hangchow, the city of Marco Polo, was productive of nothing new in object lessons in Chinese progress, but the astonishing enthusiasm of the welcome from the people and officials of one of the most tenaciously anti-foreign provinces of the Empire is considered by aliens of the Yangtse Valley, and even by the Chinese themselves, as one of the most striking developments of the visit. Sections of the city which have always been considered unsafe for the unguarded foreigner to traverse turned out their people in gracious, smiling thousands to greet our half-mile-long procession of sedan chairs through the narrow streets, and no one of our interpreters was able to catch so much as a single word of derision or unfriendliness from the packed ranks of the miles of spectators.

On the second day of our visit, with a hundred thousand people massed along the river bank to witness the coming of the famous Hangchow Tidal Bore, we threaded the packed multitude for miles in wending our way to the Buddhist Temple, which the Governor had set aside

for us to witness that remarkable phenomenon from, without a suggestion of unpleasantness. And after the dramatic coming of the great white comber, which broke upon the shores beneath the temple balcony and drenched us, thirty feet above, with its flying spray, we were piloted in a wavering line of blue chairs through two miles of seething, crowding human beings and saw the chairs of Chinese visitors crushed to match-wood in the frantic jams at the narrow stone bridges where the two roads converged, without suffering an indignity of any description. In America a party of fifty, even headed by the President, could not have been put through a dispersing crowd of that character if the life of the nation had depended upon it.

The cordiality, spontaneity and, especially, the universality of the demonstrations at Hangchow, and at the railway stations of the supposedly anti-foreign Chekiang, in the course of our return to Shanghai from the capital of that province,—the country people even went to the length of coming out and, standing, in groups and singly, all along the line to greet our train with waving lanterns or exploding bunches of crackers. All this

will never cease to be a puzzle to the British, French and German newspaper men of Shanghai, who had been busy up to that time turning out editorials attributing the apparent warmth of our reception to iron-bound orders which were being rushed from Peking to all Chinese officials in the provinces which we were to visit.

By nothing was the Commission more impressed than with the progress made by the Chinese in railroad building, and I may say here that no one factor will prove of so great importance in the stim-

kiang section of the road from Shanghai to Hangchow, which is now being extended to Ningpo, was financed, engineered and built by Chinese, and there is no foreigner on its payroll today in any department. It was by this line that the Commission traveled from Kashing to Hangchow, after the train of house-boats on which it had been making the journey had fallen hopelessly behind its schedule. Several of us boarded the wrong section of the train by mistake and, so good was the equipment, made the two-hour journey to Hangchow with-



LOOKING ACROSS A LOTUS POND AT WEST LAKE, HANGCHOW.

ulation of foreign trade and in bringing about that prime desideratum, the "centralization" of the Chinese Empire, as an up-to-date and complete system of internal transportation. That this is in the way of consummation may be gleaned from the statement that, with the exception of the Peking-Tientsin line, the Shanghai-Woosung line and one or two other negligible spurs, all of the several thousand miles of railroad in China have been constructed since the Boxer outbreak in 1900. Nor, as is popularly supposed, have all these roads been built by foreign capital or engineers. The Che-

out knowing we were in second-class cars. This line is better ballasted than the average road in Western America, and the rails are laid on ties of Australian hardwood. The culverts are concrete, and bridges, several of which are of considerable length, are of steel and built according to the latest practice. The coaches are Chinese built and the newest locomotives American.

Over the Shanghai-Nanking road, financed and built by the British, but now owned and operated by Chinese with the assistance of a British manager, our special, which was almost entirely made up

of the private cars of various officials, was rushed at a speed which at times exceeded sixty-five miles an hour, and yet, so smooth was the road-bed, as quietly as a limited between New York and Chicago. The stations are practically fire-proof in construction and thoroughly up-to-date in plan, the crossing for passengers being of the modern subway type. The two-hundred miles of road between Shanghai and Nanking has the largest passenger business of any line of similar length in the world, but the freight traffic, on account of considerable riverine and canal competition, is not yet on a satisfactory basis.

Our longest railway journey, the eight hundred miles from Hankow to Peking, was made over the Imperial Railway, a line built by the Belgians, but now owned and operated by the Chinese Government, which latter, I may say here, plans ultimately to control all the lines of the Empire. The great three-mile bridge across the turbulent yellow waters of the Hoang-ho, with its foundations sunk to solid rock beneath the shifting sands of the river whose tragic capriciousness has caused it to be called "China's Sorrow," is considered one of the world's greatest engineering achievements. The right-of-way of this line is kept like a park throughout its whole length, a circumstance which I had an excellent chance to note, through making a good part of this interesting journey on the pilot of the locomotive.

That part of the Peking-Kalgan road which leads up to the pass at the Great Wall was built by that eminent American-educated Chinese engineer, Dr. Jeme Tien Yow, and exhibits not only masterly engineering skill, but also some of the most elaborate mountain construction work I have ever seen. Certainly there is nothing like it in North or South America, and I doubt very much if Europe has anything to compare with it. For many miles the sides of all of the fills, no matter what their height, are faced solidly with cut and fitted stone, a work which must have required a stupendous amount of labor and would be practically impossible in any other country than China.

The Imperial Railways of North China, over which we journeyed from

Peking to Tientsin, and from Tientsin to Tangshan and return, are the oldest and best known in the Empire, and it is sufficient to say that their lines are on a par with those of the South Manchuria and the Trans-Siberia Railways, in conjunction with which they complete the link of steel between China and Europe. Our train on the Peking-Tientsin run numbered, among other private cars, the gilt and lacquer palace of the late Empress Dowager.

Numerous side trips were made over roads which, although comparatively modest beginnings, are destined ultimately to become part of the interlocking bands of steel which will bring and hold the Chinese Empire so solidly together that not all the intrigue in Europe and the rest of Asia, backed by all the power the lot of intriguers can muster, will suffice to rend it asunder.

One of the most striking features of the tour was the fact that in each of the provincial capitals visited the Commission was not only entertained at dinner by the Viceroy, but also at a tiffin in the new provincial assembly building. These are all fine modern structures of foreign design, of much the same type as our state capital buildings, to which they so closely correspond in function. The provincial assemblies are a part of China's new constitutional plan which goes into force five years hence, and they correspond not unremotely to our state legislatures. All of these buildings were newly completed, and it is a notable coincidence that in each instance the entertainment given in honor of the Commission was the first function of any description given in that edifice. China's future,—her very existence, one might almost say—is so entirely wrapped up in this constitutional movement, and the success of that movement is so entirely dependent upon the provincial assemblies, that I can fully appreciate the feeling of a fellow commissioner who always referred to them as the "Liberty Halls of China." If the character of the sentiments we heard expressed in these soon-to-be history-making halls, and the type of men we encountered therein, are to be taken as criteria, this name will not be a misnomer.

Each city, as the tour progressed, made strenuous effort to outdo the one before and, in many respects, it succeeded. Nanking, not content with allowing us all the privileges of its most instructive and creditable exposition, arranged that each member of the Commission should receive a gift from each department of the great fair, and we all had to buy new trunks to carry our plunder away. Chin-kiang gave us a half-dozen dishes at its dinner of which we had not partaken hitherto. The Ta-Yeh Mining Company, in addition to showing us one of the greatest iron-ore bodies in the world, brought us a French dinner, that would have been a delight in Paris, a hundred miles by special tug and twenty miles by train. Hankow, the Chicago of China, spent \$100,000 on four-days' entertainment, culminating with a dinner at the Race Club which has repeatedly been characterized as the greatest demonstration ever given in honor of a business party in any country whatever. Peking—but I must pause for a moment over Peking.

Here for the first time we failed to be greeted at the station with the roar of crackers and the blare of bands. There was no long line of smiling reception committee to be goose-stepped along in an interminable Marathon of hand-shaking. A half-dozen dignified officials and an under secretary from the American Legation came down to inform us of our hotel arrangements and to show us to carriages which rattled us off through the unresponsive populace into the city. Then dinner by ourselves and a long, quiet evening—the first of the trip—in which to ponder that the ways of commercial China are not those of official China, and that the "circus" methods of our receptions in the Yangtse Valley were hardly compatible with the dignity of the capital of the oldest of the world's empires.

Then followed what in many respects must be considered the greatest days of the tour: The wonderful winter and summer palaces opened up for our inspection to their innermost Holies of Holies, tiffin by the Waiwu Pu or Foreign Office in its new building—the first public function of any kind to be held there—tiffins by the Ministry of Agri-

culture, Industry and Commerce and the Ministry of Posts and Communications, dinners by the Press Association of Peking and the Chamber of Commerce and then, crowning honor of all,—I suppose I should say the Imperial Audience—when the whole twenty-six of us (by far the largest number ever received at a single time) dress-suited, white-tied and white-gloved, marched to the heart of the Forbidden City at nine in the morning and made our bow to the Prince Regent, but I have another function in mind—a dinner by the Tzucheng. It was an unprecedented honor, the receiving of so large a party of foreigners by the Prince Regent, yet I am quite convinced that the dinner by China's first Senate, where every Commissioner sat flanked on one side or the other by a man who was weaving the warp or the woof of the ever-brightening fabric of Chinese history, will be the memory most treasured by those of us living a decade or so from now.

The Tientsin programme was of interest in showing us modern schools and a model workhouse and prison which were founded through the efforts of the great Yuen Shi Kai, the Strong Man of China, who, temporarily in retirement, is by many looked to as her greatest hope for the future. The dinners at the Viceroy's Yamen and in the wonderful Sun gardens were both record-breaking in the magnificence of their appointments and the sumptuousness of the service. At Tangshan we saw the shops of the Imperial Railways, where both locomotives and cars of the highest grade are being built, coal mines producing 15,000 tons a day, and cement works manufacturing a product that stands a higher test than the best importations. Chefoo crowded a day's programme into the end of an afternoon, but managed to show the silk filatures which have made her famous, the only winery east of Suez and a most amazingly successful charity in the form of a Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute, topping it all off with one of the liveliest and most enjoyable dinners of the trip. Beautiful Foochow, lying in a mountain-begirt valley, fifty miles up a river that would make the Rhine look like a country brook on the score of scenic grandeur, showed us her

lacquer works, her strange brick tea factory and some strikingly successful educational institutions, and gave interesting outlines of the progress of her anti-opium crusade which took its rise within her walls. Amoy took us for a ride on her new railroad and later gave us a tiffin in a picturesque Buddhist temple, where, in the labyrinth of boulders that tower behind and above it, we were shown a space cleared upon a great rock in which inscriptions are to be cut commemorating the Commission's visit, an honor only once before extended to foreigners, and that upon the occasion of the visit of our battleship fleet.

And then came Canton, richest, most populous and most enterprising of all Chinese cities, and the finish of the tour in a final four days' blaze of glory. "Nothing on a similar scale was ever attempted for royalty in South China," writes the editor of a Hongkong paper, who then goes on to moralize for a column on the decline of British prestige in the East.

For the Canton visit, unscheduled and unheralded and coming almost as much of a surprise to the Chinese as to ourselves, was reserved one of the most significant events of the tour. Throughout the trip, save for the occasional wives or daughters of officials who had filled diplomatic or consular positions abroad, no Chinese women attended the entertainments for the Commission. Chinese prejudice in this particular has always been so strong that, not even in his own home does a man's wife dine with him if a friend is present. This feeling is particularly strong among the Cantonese, and it was only with great reluctance that the ladies of our party were included in the invitation to the Viceroy's dinner in the new Admiralty building on the evening of our arrival. Then—was it the witchery of our women, the pressure of their own, the opportunity of doing their guests an unprecedented honor, or the first gleam of the dawn of a new era for women in China?—we have never found out; but suddenly and without

warning the word was passed around that the wives of all the high officials of Canton would receive our ladies at tea on Sunday afternoon, and—would the gentlemen care to come along also?

"Would we care to go? Well, rather," as the British reporter of the Hongkong paper who accompanied us put it. We turned out a solid delegation for an afternoon tea for the first time, and—of course, we didn't meet the Chinese ladies, but our own ladies did, and gave us all the particulars. And when we were summoned outside for the inevitable photograph they trooped gaily along and took the lower balcony all to themselves; and when we started away, growing bolder, they bunched at the head of the stairway and nodded gravely at us as we filed down; and when we had boarded the little gunboat which was to take us back to the hotel at Shameen, they threw all reserve, caution, training and the hereditary instincts of a score or so of centuries to the winds and—actually waved their handkerchiefs at us.

We have since been assured that probably not over half of the Chinese women present on this occasion had ever before seen foreigners, the seclusion in which those of their class are kept at home and the practice of taking their outings in closely-curtained sedan chairs making such an event impossible for many of them. If this is true, and there is no reason to believe it is not, the manner in which they carried themselves on this unusual occasion would indicate that the Chinese woman is no less adaptable and resourceful than the Chinese man.

And so China opens and opens, and changes and changes, and forges ahead. If I have laid stress on the warmth and enthusiasm which characterized the welcome of the Commission it has been with the idea of bringing home to Americans of all sections of our country what we realized clearly from the outset, that China was speaking to us, not as Westerners, but as representatives of the Great Republic of the United States, her truest friend.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The greatest credit for the unqualified success of the Commission's visit to China is due to Captain Robert Dollar, of San Francisco, who conceived the idea and did so much to bring it about; and to the officers, Mr. O. M. Clark, of Portland, the efficient and energetic Treasurer, Mr. C. Herbert Moore, of Spokane, and Mr. William Lewis Gerstle, of San Francisco, Second and First Vice-Presidents, respectively, and Mr. Willis H. Booth, of Los Angeles, President, whose keen, vigorous, diplomatic handling of the whole affair is nothing short of a personal triumph.

The Garden of Death

By Henry Walker Noyes

Safe bound by locking waters
 Within the Golden Gate,
A Fortress stands, remote and gray,
 A prison of the State.
The flanking walls that round it sweep
 A massive portal scars,
Where warders, grim, their vigils keep
 With locks and bolts and bars—
And flaunting o'er the battlements
 Floats "Freedom's" stripes and stars.

 In old San Quentin's garden
 The morn is sweet with blooms;
 A little square in God's pure air
 Amid a thousand tombs;
And in a fountain's mirrored depths,
 As you are passing by,
Bare mocking walls on either hand
 Seem reaching to the sky—
And through that glimpse of paradise
 A youth was led—to die.

Above San Quentin's garden
 The loop-hole grates look down,
Beyond the wall and castled keep
 Where shotted cannon frown;
And just within a little gate
 Along a steel-bound tier,
In cells of death, men hold their breath
 When unseen steps draw near—
For death is in the air they breathe,
 And in each sound they hear.

 Through old San Quentin's garden
 They led him, to his doom,
While rose and lily sighed for him
 An exquisite perfume;
And, in the prison-yard beyond,
 Men spoke with bated breath,
Of laws that mock the law of God,
 And strangle men to death—
Of men who send God-given life
 To godless, brutal death.

O'er old San Quentin's garden
 A stately pine-tree sighs,
A lonely captive from the wild
 Where Tamalpais lies.
And seated by it's rugged trunk
 A convict, old and wan,
Was reading from a little book
 He held in palsied hand;—
And on the title page I read:
 "The Brotherhood of Man."

Mary Shaughnessy

By Felix Benguiat



IN the story of Johann Schmidt I said that every day I saw a story on the streets which would be most interesting if I had time to write it. Every day since then I have seen not only one but several. The streets are full of them, but I have my professional duties. (I am a barber.) And these little dramas uncaught by the pen of genius float away to the great sea of the unknown.

I must, however, tell this tale of Mary Shaughnessy, for it is the history of thousands of girls. Yes, thousands upon thousands. You must think of that. This story, however, requires as a preliminary that of Josiah Pennypacker.

I.

Josiah Pennypacker was a Christian and believed in God. He read the Bible daily before going to bed and would have read it each morning, as he had been brought up to do, but that he was too busy. He believed God had written it, or at least had dictated it, and he thought that any one who doubted God's authorship was an enemy to Society. He absolutely knew that Christ was the only son of God, and that He had been put to death for no reason whatever but the hatred of the haughty and wealthy Jews. To him the Bible was the whole moral law, as of course it must be, being the word of God, and the crucifixion was the supreme tragedy of the world. But it happened so long ago that it really had no contact with, or application to, our time, and he would have thought it a species of sacrilege to suppose for a moment that the words of Christ could be practically applied to trusts and tariffs, money and monopolies.

Religion was only for a future life; and as a preparation for it, to give a sweet, self-satisfied feeling on Sunday.

To attempt to apply it practically on Monday would have been an indication of mild lunacy.

Christ was a pale Ghost, not a socialistic leader who had lived, spoken and suffered death for Opinion's sake.

In this Josiah Pennypacker was not widely different from his own pastor, the Reverend Doctor Thistlewaite, who was (at least so he said) specially commissioned of God to set the crooked straight, with inside information as to God's secret preferences and intentions. Considering the great advantage of this inside information, it was surprising that the Reverend Doctor Thistlewaite could not even see the crooks in his own congregation, a fashionable congregation; indeed, the most fashionable congregation, sprinkled among which glittered several of the sleekest and most powerful financiers, statesmen and captains of industry, including Josiah Pennypacker.

I have often noticed in my profession that pompous men will take the chair for a Sunday morning shave before going to church, who, the night before, have been shaving the very life of the poor thinner and thinner. Nevertheless, all bow down to them. It is the power of wealth,—at once the cruelest and most contemptible power there is, for in present-day society it is essentially the stealthy and legalized robbery of the workers. I can say this safely here, but in my own shop, beside my own chair, I am as obsequious as any. (One must live you know.) As I shave their full-blooded necks, I think how much stronger is a custom than the individual. How perfectly useless it would be for me to let my razor slip into their well-filled jugulars. Successors would come in a day. No, my dear friend (I am sure nobody would read this except my friends)—no, it is not men, but institutions, which need vein-slitting.

Josiah Pennypacker was a self-made man. He had begun as a small cash boy,

and now he owned the huge establishment known all over the land as "Pennypackers." He had never received help from any one, so he said proudly, although if pressed he might have been willing to admit that while he was "making himself" God had looked on with an indulgent smile. He had one emotion in common with the great Creator: when he looked upon his work he saw that it was all very good.

Mr. Pennypacker was lunching at the Down Town Club with another well-fed citizen, thick-necked, smooth-shaven and so swollen he looked as if a pin-prick would start a jet of prosperity, George D. Knowall, president of the Clothiers National Bank. They were discussing (I think that is the word the newspapers use), a canvasback duck, and wild rice croquettes and the outrageous utterances of a socialist street orator whom Mr. Pennypacker had heard the previous evening.

No wine heated this discussion, for Mr. Pennypacker firmly believed that the Demon Rum lurked beneath all human misery, and he contributed large sums to the effort to create virtue by prohibiting vice. Mr. Pennypacker's contributions to prohibition, to his church and to charities of various hues were large. He approved of the utmost frankness between his right hand and his left, and would have scorned a conspiracy of silence between them. Not that his liberal donations were a part of his advertising fund. Not at all. He gave because he was honestly bitter against evils as he saw them. If any subconscious motive lurked, it was that the gifts were investments rather than advertisements; that they would be noted in the Heavenly system of bookkeeping.

"The fellow was saying," continued Mr. Pennypacker, with a juicy morsel poised on his fork, "There is no such thing as a self-made man, or a self-made fortune. Society makes both the man and the fortune."

"Ridiculous," said Banker Knowall. "Preposterous."

"That arrested my attention," Mr. Pennypacker went on, "and I stopped to listen. He said all fortunes were drained from the labor of the hard-working

masses by means of legalized robberies, special privileges created and protected by law."

"Hard-working masses," grunted the banker. "Did you see his hands? I'll wager they were as soft as—as my own," and he rubbed his pink fleshy hands together. "These agitators never did a day's work in their lives. What they need is the chain-gang." (The waiter coughed.)

"He said," resumed the merchant, "If only the privileged classes would abolish their special privileges, the poor could all take care of themselves. That what the masses of toilers want is justice, not charity."

"I'd hate to offer him a dollar," grumbled the banker, stuffing his mouth full of duck and celery. "Pennypacker, I wish you would ask him what he meant by Special Privileges. What privileges did you or I have that are n't open to every American boy? We cant all get to the top."

"I have said many a time," retorted Mr. Pennypacker, "That under God I owe no man for my success. I am a self-made man and proud of it."

"You are," said the banker, heartily.

"I never had eighteen months' schooling in my life."

"Certainly not," assented Mr. Knowall.

"I believe in liberty of conscience and liberty of speech," said the merchant, "but I object to license under the name of Liberty. No man should be allowed to attack our institutions. I consider that man a firebrand. He was deliberately setting class against class. You ought to have seen the ragged, hungry mob he was talking to. If I am any judge of human nature, they would easily be made discontented with the lot God has given them."

"Such demagogues ought to be in jail," quickly agreed the banker, "and it's a disgrace to the country they are permitted to open their mouths," saying which he opened his to receive a cargo of duck.

The waiter, a lank, clerical-looking gentleman, with a very large and prominent Adam's apple projecting from his long, lean neck, had been moving about

like an automaton, which is the very perfection of waiters, but at this last remark he opened his mouth and seemed about to say something. However, he only swallowed air and closed his mouth in silence.

The fact is the waiter was himself a socialist, and so longed to suggest some quite elementary truths to these wealthy but ignorant gentlemen that he almost forgot himself. Barbers and waiters must pay to Custom the penalty of self-effacement and silence under every provocation. I have seen barbers more learned than the men they shaved, and waiters more intelligent than the men they served, and yet with ignorance, brutality and insult all active before them they must rigidly keep silent. Custom governs the strongest of us. Pity that it should be so, for it is mostly foolish. The survival of the dead ideas of a dead past.

"I would n't demean myself by getting into a controversy with such a fellow," continued Mr. Pennypacker, "but I repeat, when I saw the pale and hungry mob around him and heard his incendiary language I trembled for our free institutions."

"Where were the police?" asked the banker. "Why did n't they run him in for disturbing the peace or obstructing the streets?"

"Nice land of the Free," thought the waiter to himself. He was a Swiss.

"Pennypacker, I wish you'd asked him to name some of those privileges," said the banker.

"O, he did; he did," interrupted Mr. Pennypacker, quickly. "Land monopoly, or the paper title that holds land vacant and out of use. Money monopoly, or the banking privilege that controls the currency. —He had you there, Knowall." The banker grunted. "The taxing power, used for special interests, subsidies, bonuses, the tariff. O, he had a string of such nonsense. I did n't pretend to follow it. But just think of it, Knowall, such cattle as that, with scarcely a rag to his back, trying to upset the wisdom of ages. It is perfectly outrageous."

"And the ignorant mob swallowed it, I suppose?" asked the banker.

"Of course they did. I have no doubt

of it. I never saw a more desperate-looking lot of men in my life."

"Well, all I have to say is that this country has been too good to such riff-raff; it's too democratic, and the time has come when we must clean out these vermin with the strong arm of the law, backed by the military. What we need is a little more of the tactics of Russia. I tell you the old established governments know how to deal with the mob."

At this the gaunt waiter, with the death-head eyes, nearly lost his dignity and the carcass of the duck he was stiffly bearing away.

"I was so indignant," said Mr. Pennypacker, "that if I had remained a moment longer I could not have contained myself. As I was leaving he shouted in his fanatical voice, and it seemed as if he purposely was aiming at me! 'Poverty is the root of all vice and of all crime, and privilege is the root of all real poverty.'"

"Well, that fellow could be arrested and confined as a lunatic," said Mr. Knowall. "There ought n't to be any trouble about that."

"Yes," said Mr. Pennypacker, lighting his cigar, and returning to a more good-humored view of life, "he had you in the privileged classes all right, Knowall. You're a money baron. But I defy him, or any one else, to show where I have ever had any privilege whatever from Society, as he calls it."

And this time the coffee which the waiter was decorously placing before Mr. Pennypacker did slop over a little.

II.

Mary Shaughnessy was an orphan,—a sweet, impulsive girl of seventeen, with those wonderful Irish grey eyes which sometimes go with the lustrous dark hair in which there is a tinge of bronze. She served at the ribbon-counter of Pennypacker's Department Store for four dollars a week. She shared a narrow cell in an obscure house with Elsa Deffendorff, a Juno-like girl in the shirt-waist department who was older in years and in service and got six dollars a week. Each paid a dollar and seventy-five cents for the room, leaving Mary two dollars and a quarter a week for shoes, clothing, carfare and incidentals such as food. She

had to dress well in black, as required by the rules of the store, with neat white collar and cuffs; so when exhausted by standing all day she often mended and sewed, darned and laundered half the night in order to satisfy the Pennypacker standard of good outward appearance, and at the same time to save the twenty-five cents a day almost necessary to satisfy the still older rule of eating. She was a loving, affectionate sunny nature, anxious to oblige every one and born to yield, not to resist.

It was Christmas Eve and the bells and chimes all over the great city were ringing out to the witnessing stars the Heavenly command of "Peace on earth, good will toward men," that peace and that good will which mean something greater than charity; greater than mercy;—justice; and which included even the little shop-girls, the daughters of men.

Mary staggered into her dingy apartment and threw herself upon the unmade bed and sobbed from the very depths of her heart, "I wish to God I was dead! I wish I was dead!"

There is something terrible when the young, for whom the gates of pearl are just opening, wish to find rest in that chilly narrow room from which we all shrink.

"I wish to God I was dead," and the pretty little hands were clenched and the soft cheeks, thinner than they should have been, were stained with tears.

"What's the matter, Mame?" said Elsa, waking up. "O, nothing. Nothing. Only I am so tired. I'm so tired I cant go on. I hope before next Christmas I'll be dead." Elsa crawled out of her own bed and put her arms around the slender figure and whispered again, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, I tell you, except that I'm just worn out. It was half past eleven tonight before they let us off. I've been on my feet all day long and they ache so. I ache all over and I just had to cry."

"I wish you were in our department," said Elsa. "I'd fix it for you. I can do anything I like. I did n't go back after supper."

"O, they had a midnight supper in the restaurant for us," moaned Mary, "But I did n't go. I was too tired to eat. And they gave me five dollars in

an envelope for a Christmas present. They are awfully good to us. It aint their fault, but I just dont want to live this way. I am so tired of being always tired; always hurried; always hungry; always worried; always miserable. O, I dont see how the girls live on four dollars a week or even four and a half."

"They dont," said Elsa, significantly.

"O, I cant do that. I cant do that. I just cant do it. I'd rather die," sobbed Mary in a frightened voice. "I always think of Jim. No, I'd rather die."

Jim drove a Pennypacker delivery-wagon and was wealthy. He got eight dollars a week and supported a helpless mother.

"Why cant I get out of this?" said Mary, with a frightened look in her eyes, sitting up and placing her arms around Elsa's neck. "Aint there any place, Elsa, where girls can go and live decent?"

"Not that I know," said Elsa, in cold hopelessness, "unless you're rich."

"I'll kill myself; that's what I'll do," and the despairing child threw herself down again on her tumbled bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"No you wont," said Elsa, decidedly. "You're played out now. We've all been there. Here, Kid, is a box of fig-crackers. Eat some of these and turn in. Tomorrow is Christmas and you can sleep just as late as you like and Jim will come around and you'll feel better. Eat the crackers. What you need is food," and the larger girl sat beside the smaller one, forcing her to munch the crackers. Then she took the patched shoes from the aching feet, rubbed the aching back, mopped the aching head with a wet towel and hovered over the exhausted girl until a heavy sleep, blissful as an opiate, had deadened the misery of living.

Elsa was a "bad" woman. At least those who knew, or thought they knew, said so; and while some of the more intoxicated chimes continued to shout merrily, late into the night Elsa sat looking upon the lovely head, the long black, silky lashes lying so delicately upon a cheek lovely as a roseleaf and which, as I have said, would have been rounded if only it were not starved. Even so, youth made a desperate struggle against

starvation, and, gallant fighter that it is against all odds, it gave a hint of fresh young beauty.

"Poor little devil," murmured Elsa, looking down upon her. "Poor little kid. Jim, or no Jim, she'll have to come to it. or take the morphine route, or starve," and Elsa stooped down and kissed her. And while the merry bells still jangled she whispered, "Merry Christmas, Mame," and laughed a little scornful laugh at the mockery of her words.

As a barber—which you understand is the same as saying, as a philosopher—I perfectly understand that in a Christian society sin must be punished and there can be no excuse for human frailty, and yet somehow it seems too bad that Elsa was a "bad" woman.

Mary woke with a guilty start as the great clock, six blocks away in the market-house tower, boomed in her ear. She shivered with terror. She would be late. She would be docked in her wages. She might be discharged. Her floorwalker, Mr. Bingle, would have her in his power. He could discharge her. And Mr. Bingle had selected her as another pretty plum for his eating, and by alternate hardships and flatteries, insults interchanging with wheedling, tyranny contracting and expanding, had made her life horrible, but ere the clock had done striking she realized that her terror was only a species of nightmare. It was Christmas morning! She was free, and a delicious sense of safety and ease possessed her. But as she counted the strokes to eleven she jumped from her bed. Jim was to call for her at eleven. She made haste to dress. Elsa's frowsy bed was empty. It was a cold, bare room, suitable to a cold, bare Christmas morning that offered nothing in life to her. A strip of ragged carpet lay on the floor between the beds. A stationary washstand was in the corner, in which was an alcohol-lamp, a coffee-pot and a pair of curling-irons as Elsa had left them. A chafing-dish was on a rickety chair; a bottle of milk, three eggs and two buns in a paper sack stood on the window-sill. The wall blossomed bravely in soiled and stained bunches of roses, tied with blue bows, which had seen better days, and for decoration there was a

looking-glass with powers of distortion which would have done credit to a great daily. A few advertising chromos of doll-faced beauties and a calendar, headed by a landscape, with a placid brook and kine were pinned to the dingy wall, and over Mary's bed hung her one heirloom, shadowy recollection of her babyhood, a cheap lithograph of Jesus, the Christ, looking down with a mild expression, and the tips of his fingers tenderly drawing aside his vestment to show the flaming sacred heart. It was cheaply framed; but it was her sheet-anchor; her link with the dim past, when she had a mother. It was to her a visible and actual realization of Heaven, and a forgiving power and the happiness which she would find some day in the immortal life, if only she endured the miseries of this one and remained good. Yes, certainly, no matter what happened, she must be good. If she could not remain good, then she must die and be taken into the gentle bosom of this merciful God. If she was bad she would go to eternal hell-fire.

The landlady thrust a grizzled and tangled head and the end of a broomstick into the room and said, "There's a gentleman below."

"I'm coming. Tell him I'm coming," and Mary bustled about, giving a tap to the beautiful halo of hair, tying a spotted veil over a neat, plain hat with some grey turkey-feathers bristling out of the band, and snatching a piece of worn fur, which resembled a mangy cat, with one last and hasty look in the distorting glass, she hurried out.

"Merry Christmas," shouted Jim, his cheeks glowing with the sharp air and his eyes shining with excitement. "I caught you."

"Merry Christmas, Jim. Yes, you pretty nearly caught me in bed. O, Jim, I was so tired last night and so weak that I just wanted to die. I did, Jim. I'd rather be dead than live this way all of my life. I look forward to each day, Jim, as if it was a hell. You don't know what it is. You ain't a girl."

"Don't talk that way, Mame. If you was to kill yourself, I'd kill myself. I ain't so much in love with living myself. You're all there is in it to me. The

rich is the only ones get any good out of life."

"Jim, cant we do something to get away from this? What can we do?"

"Nothing," said Jim.

"Aint there anything, Jim?"

"Nothing. What is there? Where could we go? How could we go? What could we do? Pennypacker's is the best there is."

"Yes, I know. Jim, they're awfully good to us."

But Mary did not mention to Jim, Mr. Bingle, who threw her the royal Pennypacker handkerchief as if it were a brick-bat.

"Mame, here's a Christmas present for you," and Jim, looking eager, pleased and shy, all at once, produced from the threadbare pocket of his threadbare purplish-green overcoat a small package and laughed from the bottom of his heart when Mame said "O!" and her eyes got as big as the "O" at the sight of a highly-polished gold ring, set with a garnet perfectly visible to the naked eye.

"O, Jim, you ought n't to have done it."

"I know it," said Jim, delightedly.

"Where did you get it?"

"Tiffany's."

"Now, Jim!"

"Well, it's solid gold all right and a real Arizona ruby."

"Oh, Jim!"

"I got it at Pennpacker's last night. Have had my eye on it for a week, but I waited to get a discount on it. I know one of the jewelry clerks. Mame, it's our engagement-ring. Let me put it on you."

"Jim, you ought n't to kiss me right on the front steps"

"That's all right. Nobody's looking, and I dont care if they are. It's no crime to love a girl and I guess it aint no crime in this city to kiss her on the street."

Whereupon Mame burst out crying, to Jim's utter bewilderment. Finally she cleared her eyes, admitted she was a fool and just all tired out and presented Jim with two neckties, a little wobbly in the stitching and a little puckered at the seams, but made with her own hands, often at one o'clock in the morning when she should have known better.

Arm in arm they went their way to Moretti's where there was to be turkey

dinner for sixty cents. Ah, those slices of turkey! Gold-leaf is massive compared to them. And as they sat at their feast they calculated that on Jim's wages at eight dollars a week, which would surely increase with his years, he could lay by an average of ten dollars a month, which in five years would be six hundred dollars and he would be only twenty-five and she twenty-two and then they could get married and have a room all of their own in some lovely tenement-house, while they both worked for Pennypacker's, which certainly was a good, kind house. They indulged in all the castle-building which the seductive science of arithmetic promotes and they figured the very day when they could hope to be married. Then, too, there was always the unexpected. Jim was in truth a dutiful and loving son and supported his aged mother affectionately, and yet in the course of time and nature it was inevitable that she must die and this would be so much saved; and so they were happy.

Jim, or to give him the name which nobody gave him except on the pay-roll, James Barnes, was an earnest-faced little chap of twenty, pale as the overworked, under-fed poor are apt to be even in youth, but this paleness was somewhat relieved by abnormally large freckles scattered over his nose and cheeks, reminiscences of his childhood, when the Widow Barnes did scrub-work in order to permit him to freckle freely in the purlieu of Christopher Street. I, myself, naturally think of freckles and daisies together. Both seem to belong to the country; to the wind-blown spaces and sun-smit meadows. I am of a poetic temperament and go to the Park nearly every Sunday to watch the changing beauty of the grass and trees from the first bright green buds of spring to the leafless stems of winter. Often when I am shaving a customer I fancy that his face, covered with lather, is a red and white peony, and I use lilac-water in the shop; it is so suggestive of spring. I always associate freckles with sunburnt hair, bare feet and ruddy country faces, and it does seem as if city freckles must be weak in comparison. Probably they are. But Jimmy's face was so pale that his freckles looked real healthy.

His eyes were so dark you would have called them brown, but in fact they were

a deep hazel, like dark, clear agate, and they burned in his pale face like lamps. He loved Mary with that devouring insanity which in the infinite mercy of Nature only comes to youth and sometimes is the only love of a lifetime.

His wages were as I have said, thirty-two dollars a month, with the hope of a possible fifty or sixty dollars as the supreme reward for his manhood.

A man used to come to my shop about four times a year to get his hair trimmed, (he never shaved), who said: "The world owes every man a living." He certainly had not collected his, and I have often thought of the phrase and wondered just how much of a living the world really does owe to the man or woman who is industrious and frugal, but with only average ability and none of the acquisitive instincts of the animals of prey. Is it only forty or fifty dollars a month? Or, if more, why cannot he or she collect it? Who is collecting it? Where is the hitch, and how much does the world owe to the poets for a living who have no sense at all, but are helpless? If it were not for my barber business I could not live at all. I would starve on my poetry. This is a problem worthy the study of even a barber.

Josiah Pennypacker had few outside interests: some stock and a seat in the directory of the banks of which he was a customer, but these were incidentals. His capital, his credit, his heart and pride were devoted absolutely to Pennypacker's. He had able lieutenants and some of the leaders were in a sense partners. Nevertheless Pennypacker's was Josiah Pennypacker, and in the corner room on the eighth floor he would be found every day, smooth-shaven, round-cheeked, square-jawed with his fingers on every lever of the great machine. To him came Josiah Junior at regular, irregular intervals, and for the only purpose with which he had ever associated his father,—a producer of cheques. There seemed some excuse for this pactolian flood while the young man was in college, fraternizing with the aristocracy who had become multi-millionaires some years, or perhaps even a generation, before his father; but several years had passed since he had achieved a fashionable graduation by the aid of tutors, crams and, "He

is a son of Pennypacker. We want him. He may give liberally some day." And still Josiah Junior did nothing for himself or the world except to call for cheques with regular irregularity. The father's heart grew heavier with the cheques, but not because of them. He begrudged his only child nothing, but the great institution which he had built up as the monument of his life was nothing if the son of his heart was a failure. What was the name of Pennypacker if the only heir to that name secretly despised it as a trade brand? The father who pulled mercilessly the right lever at the right time in his great machine, even though flesh and blood were crushed by it, had not the heart to pick up his son by the scruff of the neck and throw him, also, into the flood where were struggling the pale-faced boys and girls on whose life-blood Pennypackers subsisted. Possibly Josiah Pennypacker might have done this if it were not for the influence of the blue-eyed lady, still with pretty pink cheeks and grey-blond hair and insipid face, his wife. Her son was her idol and she would have fed not only the father's money but the father himself to that sacrifice.

Josiah Junior and his young-old friend, Lawrie Mason, were on their way back to the gay broad road, after one of the irregular regular visits to the eighth floor, when, as they passed the ribbon-counter, Lawrie gripped Josiah by the elbow. "By Jove, Joe, there's the finest thing I've ever seen in Pennypacker's. I wonder what's the price?"

"Where?"

"That girl at the ribbon-counter."

"Oh, I don't know the price. Which one do you mean?"

"Which one? There is only one. The girl with the glorious grey eyes and bronze-black hair. By God she's a beauty! Joe, that girl has no business behind a counter."

"Yes," answered Joe, with only mild enthusiasm, "she is pretty. But come along; the girls are the perquisites of the establishment. No trespassing."

"Lucky boy," laughed Lawrie. "You're like the Sultan of the Arabian Nights."

"Nonsense," said Josiah, with some show of irritation. "I'm not one of Pennypacker's establishment."

"Well, I wish I was," retorted Law-

rie, and the young men walked to the bank, where Josiah Junior gave his friend a thousand from the proceeds of the cheque, which Lawrie pocketed indifferently with a simple, "Thanks, old man."

Oh, the torch Beauty! The flare and the flicker of it. It was flaring now this delicious month of June at the ribbon-counter of Pennypacker's in the shape of Mary Shaughnessy, whose torch had singed the wings of Lawrie Mason, but he had forgotten the burn almost as soon as he pocketed the thousand. Not so Josiah Junior. He felt a sense of ownership of her and her torch had set his blood aflame so that not all the cold moonbeams of June could quench it. He had looked and lusted as one does standing beneath a perfect peach, bending its slender, stem, velvet-cheeked, sun-painted, juicy and fragrant, ready to drop into the outstretched hands. Josiah had determined to eat, though he had to break the bough. His assumed indifference was hypocrisy to throw Lawrie off the track, born of an instant jealousy, lest Lawrie himself reach for the fruit.

It was June, a month of witchery and glamour. It was the time when madness distils from the radiant moon and the Heavenly lamps, a month which has much to answer for if the men of the cross and gown have the only true mandate of the only true God, as they assert they have. A month which has much to answer for if that hydra and illusive monster, Society, be right, that millions must live on forty dollars a month and none may love save by cold sanction of the law. I wonder which is right, the men of God, or God? Man, or the Nature which made him?

It was June, and it was not difficult for Josiah Junior to know Mary Shaughnessy; no more difficult than for the heir apparent to the throne to know a scullery-maid in the palace kitchen, or the son of a planter in the South, of the old days, to know a slave-girl in his father's barracks. And yet Josiah learned a lesson when, with easy assurance, he lounged over to her that same afternoon and said with perfect confidence: "Miss Shaughnessy, cant we make a date for dinner this week? How about tonight?" and received a prompt and decisive, "No,

sir. I never go out with gentlemen."

"Oh, you must get over that," he laughed. "We'll make up a party some time," and then he had tact enough to drop the subject for the present.

His open notice of her brought sly looks, giggles, nudges and some scowls, which made the childish face look more babyish and beautiful for its blushes. As he became studiously polite and attentive to her Mary began to build castles and see visions. She was only a daughter of Eve, you must remember, and not a very ancient one, either. Sometimes, although she loved him, she said, just as much as ever, Jim, in his faded old clothes and work-a-day hands began to slip into the background. Jim felt this. You may talk of the wonders of modern science and wireless telegraphy. The wireless is a dray compared to the perception of lovers. Horror perched on Jim's heart and whacked huge chunks from it with his mattock-like beak. Daily and nightly the cruel gnawing went on. Jim reproached her. She denied it and began to dread seeing him. Their meetings were no longer so happy. Sad mistake. Love lives upon smiles not tears. Love is a butterfly, a creature of the sunshine; not of the storm. Take the word of a barber who has shaved many a bridegroom: Love will not live in the continuous rain.

It was June, and Mary was now drawing four and a half a week. Perhaps a boy could have starved successfully on that, but Mary was a daughter of Eve. She craved to look beautiful even more than she craved food. She wanted nice things, pretty collars, dainty underclothes, neat dresses. There they all were before her eyes in the very store which had caught her and vampire-like was sucking her blood. Ladies in ermine and sable swept past her in winter, and sylphs and fairies in gauze and lace floated by in these June days, smelling of violets, great purple bunches of which bloomed at their waists. Four dollars and a half a week. Take a pencil and paper and count it up. It is amusing. For bed and shoes, hat, coat, dress, stockings, underclothes, waists, corsets, veils, gloves, umbrella, store-aprons, hair-ribbons, carfare, sewing, washing, and at least fifty odds and ends, and, oh yes, we

must not forget food. It would be necessary to have some food to keep alive. Sometimes I relapse into silence as I stand rubbing the lather into a customer's beard or deftly drawing the razor over his cheek, and he perhaps thinks because I am not sociable that I am without ideas. He is mistaken. At such moments I am calculating what these working-girls do with their surplus money. Now, at four and a half, or let us say six dollars a week (many get only three), a girl would have an average of about eighty-five cents a day to spend. She could spend ten cents for breakfast, ten cents for lunch and twenty cents for dinner. Then she would have forty-five cents a day to dress on and for room and lodging, carfare, theatres and luxuries. Or she could spend the whole eighty-five cents on mere eating, if she was a glutton, and go without clothes. Or, if she was a peacock, she could spend it all on clothes and go without eating. But, of course, if she wanted nice things and wanted food, also, she would have to arrange some other way. And you will understand six dollars a week is very high wages. To me it seems somehow unjust and out of joint to think that they must actually starve their bodies to get the few simple pleasures and decorations which youth always craves; just little comforts and trifles. Of course, I know that they ought to be content with the lot which God has assigned to them, as Mr. Pennypacker said, and they ought to save their money and be respectably married, but a girl is a girl and she will probably to the end of Time crave to be pretty. Maybe it is born in them. Maybe God is responsible for this, also, for I have seen birds preening themselves in the spring-time and trying to look beautiful; and certainly a girl must eat to live, though possibly God overlooked this when he assigned them to their lot. And yet it is hardly possible, because it is the first great law of His own creation. She must eat, and there's the rub.

Mary Shaughnessy was young, pretty, not ready to die of starvation and her wages were four dollars and a half a week. And there were so many thousands like her, fighting for every place left vacant at Pennypacker's, just as

starving dogs fight for a bone, and so Pennypacker's bought girls at four and a half a week. That was the average market price, and that was one of his special privileges which Josiah Pennypacker overlooked when he was boasting that he had no such benefits. The socialist waiter, with the phenomenal Adam's apple and the death-head eyes was all the time longing to enlighten him by whispering, "You have many privileges and one of the greatest is that society today by its special privileges, makes poverty in the masses and you fatten on these poor. Why wont you get off their backs?"

It was June,—a sultry, enervating day. All day Mary had stood at the ribbon-counter and smiled upon the ladies seated before her until she hated them. She had unrolled and rolled ribbon till it seemed that hell would be a continual unrolling and rolling of fiery bands. The cool-looking ladies in white clouds had drifted past her, leaving the odor of violets and mignonette. They were so pink and well-fed and she—oh, her eyes ached so; her back ached so; her feet ached as if she would like to cut them off, and she was faint with chronic starvation. A roll and coffee twice that day was all she could afford. Pay-day was far off and she had but thirty cents to her name. Mr. Bingle had said never would she have her wages raised while she was obstinate and foolish, but if she was a good, sensible girl, she should be put in the millinery department as a hat-demonstrator at ten dollars a week. Ten dollars a week! That was more than Jim got. Poor little, pale-faced Jim! But she could n't. Oh, no, no, she could n't do that. There was something horrible in this making sale of herself, and to a bald-headed old man, who was repulsive to her. This view of himself never entered Mr. Bingle's head, which it must be admitted was rather bare at top. As he trod the floor in majesty, Mr. Bingle was to himself Apollo. Apollo in cut-away coat and white waistcoat and rather sporty trousers. A stoutish Apollo. A thoroughly commercial and somewhat greasy Apollo. But certainly he never imagined any one viewing him as a bald-headed old man. To Mary, however, he seemed crowding Methuselah a very

close second, and bald and fat with that unctuousness which suggests greasiness. Youth has its own view of time and age and, therefore, I repeat that whatever Mr. Bingle may have been to his mirror, to Mary he was an old man.

At last the day of torture ended. The doors swung shut. The cloths were spread and Pennypacker's disgorged its thousands of prisoners. They say patience is a virtue and virtue is its own reward. Certainly Josiah Junior had been patient, patient as the cat which is stalking a bird. He had fluttered the bird, but not frightened her. He had learned his lesson when he first asked her to dine with him.

The day had been terribly enervating, but the evening was voluptuous, the coolness of the night beginning to caress the fervor of the day. Mary Shaughnessy knew neither the color of the sky, nor the softness of the evening. She was too tired to note anything but her release. Too tired to eat. Too tired to live. Exhausted body and soul, life was a cruel torture. Her body was one great ache. Oh, why must she live through the night only to meet such another day on the morrow, and more and more morrows in endless procession, and the only way out through Bingle's touch of her? Every fibre in her shrank with physical repulsion. She had a sort of moral gooseflesh at the thought. She drew herself together and her eyes opened with horror at the mental and physical repugnance. God, how dreary was existence, and on top of it all, though indeed too tired to eat, starvation was weakening her. She was only a little girl, and life should have been glad to her, but it was hell, and death seemed better than its unbroken dreariness.

"Ah, Miss Shaughnessy, good evening. It's a lovely evening, isn't it? It's good to be alive such an evening as this, isn't it? May I walk with you a little way?" It was Josiah Junior, immaculately dressed, looking so cool, so superior and, yes, the weak face was pretty. She fastened her eyes on his pale lavender tie and even in the very agony of death the conventionalities had force enough to brace her up a little and she laughed.

"I am going home. You would n't care to go where I live, Mr. Pennypacker."

"Well, try me," and he went with her. After a few minutes' chat he said, with a tender note in his voice, "Miss Shaughnessy, you look very tired. Now, please don't be afraid of me. It hurts me. Let me put you in a cab and take you home, or take you to dinner. It shall be just as you say. I am going to leave town next week and really I'd like to show you that I won't bite. Won't you trust me?"

Ah, me. I am perfectly sure that that is exactly what the serpent said to Eve. Tender, womanly women hate to hurt anyone. They hate to refuse, and the surest bait is to whisper, "Won't you trust me?"

It was very alluring, both the human sympathy and the prospective dinner. She was silent. He threw up his arm to a cabby, who was at the curb in an instant. "He shall take you home alone after dinner, if you wish it," said Josiah. "Alone." The word fell into the empty halls of her existence with dismal echo. How empty and sunless her existence was. Her heart was fluttering for a little of the joy of life. She hoped—yes, hoped, that he would not leave her.

"Cafe d'Or," he ordered, and for the first time in her life she felt the luxury of sinking into cushions and being whirled away while she rested.

The Cafe d'Or was only a second-rate restaurant on Sixth Avenue, but to Mary it was nothing less than a glimpse of Heaven. Music, lights, brilliant gowns, gentlemen in evening dress, waiters hurrying to and fro. A busy throng and their business seemed wholly pleasure. Flowers. Bustle. Chatter. Clatter. Perfume. Every one seemed on a holiday. Everyone was laughing.

By the skilful engineering of Josiah and a tactful waiter, she found herself, she scarcely knew how, sitting opposite Josiah at a little table in a retired corner. She ate she knew not what. A soup, which was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted, and which made her feel stronger in a few minutes.

"Now, Miss Shaughnessy," said Josiah, gaily, "This will be our last little outing together this summer, but I hope not our very last, and I am hungry as a bear, so you must keep me company." One luscious dish followed another,

which she delighted to eat as strange and forbidden fruit. She only tasted her glass of golden wine with bubbles through it, in spite of all Josiah's insisting. She didn't care for that, and she was actually startled when Josiah left on the little silver salver a whole dollar for the waiter. Ah, what it was to be rich. This was life. No care, no worry, no hunger. She was so comfortable, so sweetly half-sleepy.

He put her into another cab and as he did so placed his arm around her. Once more she sank down into the cushions. If only she could live thus, life would indeed be worth living.

He took her hand as she sat beside him and began to plead with her and presently he drew her into his arms, whispering, "My darling. My darling." She felt the woman's joy in yielding. After a time he called up to the cabby, "247 West Sixty-third Street." She heard, but did not care. She had meant to die, but before the great dark and the coldness came it did seem as if she had a right to a little of the warmth and perfume of life. And so they arrived at his bachelor apartments.

The summer passed as a dream and then quickly the dream vanished. One gusty November morning the *Daily Scavenger* had a new sensation in massive black and lurid red across its front page: "Josiah Pennypacker, the multimillionaire merchant, shot by one of his employes." Those who cared to read further, found that it was not Josiah Pennypacker, but Josiah Pennypacker, Jr., who had been shot at and slightly wounded as he was about to board the steamer *La France* for a few weeks' recreation in Paris, Nice and Monte Carlo. The narrative continued, "His assailant was arrested immediately, though he tried to kill himself. His name is James Barnes, and it is said he is a driver in the Pennypacker establishment. No cause for the shooting is known and with splendid magnanimity young Pennypacker refuses to prosecute. He was only slightly wounded in the arm and embarked on the voyage in care of the ship's surgeon. The police say that Barnes is a dangerous anarchist. If so, Mr. Pennypacker owes it to society, on his return, to put this rabid animal behind the bars." (Poor little Jimmy Barnes!) "Rumor has

it that one reason Mr. Pennypacker would not miss the steamer is that Miss MacWalter, daughter of the copper magnate, was on board. Their names have been much associated of late in high society circles."

While the thousands read and forgot the shooting incident, and while little Jimmy Barnes pressed his pale face against the prison-bars, pretty Mary Shaughnessy lay on her bed, sobbing as if her convulsions would break her slender body. On the floor lay the crumpled note of her dismissal and above her the pitying Christ looked down as before, pointing with gentle hands to his heart of flame. One could fancy that he looked even more pityingly than in her former squalid abode.

Mrs. Pennypacker, pink, pretty and insipid, was receiving congratulations on her son's escape. She sat in her luxurious drawing-room, which was carpeted to a perfect softness and curtained to a perfect twilight, so becoming to complexions and other works of art. "Dear me," sighed the lady, "I am so glad he is saved. This crazy man who tried to kill him sent Mr. Pennypacker word that he would kill Josiah if he did not marry some shop girl. The idea!"

"The very idea!" echoed her audience.

"Riches have their perils," continued Mrs. Pennypacker, with sad resignation. "We are always being blackmailed or importuned. Only two years ago a grey-haired woman, older than I, and who should have known better, haunted me, insisting that Josiah must right her daughter, as she called it. Restore her good name! Restore her good name, indeed. If these girls would only look after their own good names, they would be better off."

"Yes, indeed!" said the chorus. "Impudent, brazen hussies who lie in wait for innocent young men."

"I have no sympathy with them," continued Mrs. Pennypacker, with just a touch of firmness in her voice. "Not the slightest. A woman who cannot keep her virtue has no sympathy from me."

"Well, we should say not," said the chorus. "What would become of Society?"

"This woman," resumed Mrs. Pennypacker, "wept and raved and told of her husband. I believe he had been an army

officer and was totally paralyzed. There was no shaking her off until finally we had to call in the police and they stopped it, and we never saw her again. Josiah said it was blackmail, which was growing more and more common."

"Of course, it was blackmail," said the chorus.

"But in any event, even if it were true,"—and here Mrs. Pennypacker rose to a very high moral plane,—"The idea of a girl who has given herself out of wedlock expecting my son to marry her. To actually make her his wife."

"Ridiculous," said the chorus. And so say we all. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Pennypacker touched her lace handkerchief to her lips, simpered with the self-consciousness of a heroine, and rang for tea, with which more important scandal of higher society was served.

"One must live," said the poor, cringing thief before the great French Prime Minister, as a pathetic excuse for his robbery. "I do not see the necessity," replied his eminence, swollen with all the affluence and influence of Special Privilege in Church and State.

In time the flood burst and fine lords and ladies, struggling to keep their heads above the bloody waves, cried out, "One must live."

"We do not see the necessity," said the descendants of the thief, and shoved them under.

One must live, or die, and we by nature shrink from death. One must live. Do not forget that, my friend, especially if you are my Christian friend. One must live, and we shrink from death.

Mary Shaughnessy must live; but how? Alas, why should we ache our hearts by following the pretty, trusting thing down the path of degradation and misery. In this Christian civilization she was born to be preyed upon, and in her effort to live she made her feeble attempt to prey in return. But I see no reason why we must follow her to the sordid and pathetic end.

Down on Avenue A, in the tawdry window of a pawn-shop, is a cheap little ring, with a garnet distinctly visible to the naked eye, and inside, overlooking the bundles and parcels so full of human wreckage, is a cheap lithograph of the Christ Jesus, who looks down upon all the starving bodies and troubled faces

with pitying glances and with gentle hands points tenderly to the flame burning in his sacred heart.

Will the day of their redemption ever come?

III.

Josiah Pennypacker slept the sleep of the godly in his luxurious bed, beside his most exemplary and virtuous spouse. Dull, agonized groans came from his sleeping lips. His wife, in laced nightgown, sat up in bed and shook him, crying nervously, "Josiah. Josiah. Josiah. Wake up. What is the matter with you?" He started up, with waxen face, frozen with terror, and great drops of sweat rolled down from under his grizzled hair. "Oh! Ah! Ah! Is that you, Mary? Thank God!"

"Why, what's the matter, Josiah?"

"Nothing, I guess. Only a nightmare. But it was horrible."

"Why, what was it? You are trembling."

"I thought it was judgment day and I could see the fires of torment in the black bottomless abyss, and far on the other side, as one sees the stars, were millions of faces—millions of them; and every one was wan and thin, and their mouths were drawn with suffering; their cheeks were pinched with hunger, and from deep sockets their eyes looked at me horribly. Oh, horribly! Some carried the corpses of little babes. And from all of them came wailing and prayers for pity and sounds of weeping. They pointed their hands at me and I heard God Himself say, 'Josiah Pennypacker, you are cast into hell eternal, for you have builded upon the blood of the poor. You have withered the dewy flowers of youth. You have sucked dry the honey-cups of others' lives. Go into eternal torment.' And I thought the devil seized me. Just then I woke up, and it was you."

"Why, Josiah Pennypacker," said the virtuous lady. "What an absurd dream."

"But, Mary, it was so real," he whispered. "So real. So real."

"Real," she snapped, with contempt. "Josiah Pennypacker, do you imagine that God would dare send you to hell? It is perfectly ridiculous." So say we all. Ridiculous.

But Mary Shaughnessy? Ah, that is different. She was wicked.



Photograph by Archel Curtis.
CLIMBING UNICORN PEAK OF THE TATOOSH RANGE, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MOUNT TACOMA.



Copyright, 1910, by Asahel Curtis.
MOUNT TACOMA, WITH WATERFALL FROM SNOWFIELD ABOVE PARADISE VALLEY.



THE GOLDEN GATE; LOOKING SEAWARD.

The points on either side are thoroughly fortified with the most modern and powerful coast defenses.

Government by Fright

By H. M. Chittenden

Brigadier-General U. S. A. (Retired)



AT a banquet given to the Pacific Slope Congress in San Francisco on the evening of November 18, 1910, one of the after-dinner speakers made the following reference to the sea-coast fortifications of the Pacific Coast:

"We have erected two systems of fortification (for the defense of Oregon and Washington)—one on Puget Sound and one at the mouth of the Columbia. These two systems of fortifications are just as useful as if their ramparts were made of cake and their guns were made of candy. An army landing for the seizure and capture of Washington and Oregon would not land within one hundred miles of either of these systems of fortification. * * * Not one single gun in place on the Golden Gate for the defense of the entrance to this city (San Francisco) could ever be used for the defense of the city. All of that money is wasted."

These statements were made by the author of a recent work, "The Valor of

Ignorance," the whole tenor of which is the same extravagant condemnation of the military policy of the United States. Its historical and economic arguments are warped to this particular idea. The lofty spirit and almost superhuman prowess of our possible antagonist on the Pacific Coast are set off against an assumed opposite spirit among our own countrymen which makes them appear, in the words of the late Professor William James, as nothing better than "so much human blubber." In short, America is held up to eternal obloquy unless she completely alters her habit, or becomes a dyed-in-the-wool military power. Naturally enough, to a mind thus obsessed, the mighty work now being done in all civilized nations for the promotion of universal peace comes in for the most scathing contempt, as a base abandonment of all those chivalric virtues which make life really worth living.

It would be unnecessary to take any notice of this extravaganza if it had not

received substantial recognition in Congress, and been made the basis of a campaign of fright which fully justifies the title of this paper; and if it did not further involve a wholly unwarranted aspersion upon the large work already done by the Government to defend this coast against invasion. The layman, unfamiliar with technical military problems, may very naturally be disturbed at violent language of this sort, "What did we build these fortifications for?" he may well

these works has not been "wasted," but on the other hand wisely spent, that this paper is written. Our sea-coast fortifications are a mighty, an indispensable, bulwark of defense. Consider, for example, the fortifications on the North Pacific Coast. Assuming that they are efficient, as we have every reason to believe them to be—that is, capable of preventing a hostile fleet from passing them—what would be the relative situations with and without them? In the latter



Photograph by McKenzie Photo Co.

IN GRAYS HARBOR, WASHINGTON. NO ENEMY WILL BE LIKELY TO LAND AN ARMY AT THIS POINT.

ask; and he might add "Why does every other great nation build similar works." And further, "If our highest military authority has made such an egregious blunder, can we place any greater confidence in the substitutes now proposed? Is not the wiser course for us to withhold all further tribute until we know more definitely 'where we are at' in this matter?"

It is with a view of correcting any such misapprehension as to the value of our fortifications, and of showing the confused taxpayer that the money spent on

case Puget Sound would lie wide open to instant occupation, assuming for immediate argument that our naval force on this coast has been evaded or overcome. The navy-yard with its abundance of everything necessary to an enemy's fleet. the private drydocks, machine shops. coal, and an abundance of supplies of all kinds which would go a long way toward sustaining an invading army and relieving it from its dependence upon home, would be lost to us at the very outset. Likewise, without the defenses on the Columbia, war vessels and transports of



IN THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA.

Without the splendid defense here, war vessels and transports could reach over a hundred miles into the interior, and a vast, thickly settled region be occupied by the enemy, perhaps without a chance to defend itself.

Photograph copyright by B. A. Gifford, Portland.



A BIT OF CALIFORNIA SHORE.

Nature defends much of the Pacific Coast. Harbors are few and far between, and the landing of an army at any but a very few points on the open coast would be utterly impracticable.

lighter draft could enter that river and the great emporium and cross-roads at the mouth of the Willamette might fall almost without any opportunity to defend itself. The control of Puget Sound and the Lower Columbia would mean the control of the Western termini of all the railroad systems tributary to the Northwest, and the conquest of that portion of the States of Washington and Oregon west of the Cascades would be made possible, whereas under present conditions, as the writer will undertake to show, it would not be possible at all.

In the situation as it actually exists, however, assuming as before that these fortifications are efficient, neither Puget Sound nor the Columbia can be entered at all by a hostile fleet until the fortifications are reduced. If any one imagines that this would be a simple matter, he is entirely ignorant of the country. With proper activity on the part of the defense it ought to be impossible. The front of operations is limited and only a comparatively small number of men could be

brought into effective use. The country is difficult for an advance and fairly easy of defense. With any reasonable notice, with vigorous action, and with perfect freedom of access to the forts with supplies and reinforcements we ought to be able to withstand any land attack that can be brought against them.

But, says the author quoted, Japan would not land a force within a hundred miles of the fortifications. Then its landing place must lie somewhere along the west coast of the Olympic Peninsula within fifty miles of Cape Flattery. If the whole Japanese army were to land there we could view the proceeding with complacency. A dangerous coast without a town or harbor, rough and stormy a large part of the year with a rainfall of upward of seven feet, a country so rough, heavily timbered and lacking in roads that military movements would be impossible—the choice of any such location for a landing is, of course, utterly absurd.

But the author and after-dinner speak-

er really did not mean quite what he said, for in his book he specifies exactly where Japan would land, namely at Grays Harbor, which is about forty-three miles from the forts on the North shore of the Columbia. That harbor is not in any desirable sense practicable for entrance to a fleet of transports. The bar is uncertain and dangerous and of shallow depth. Many, if not most, of the transports could not cross it at all. No heavy warship would think of trying it. With small effort and short notice the narrow dredged channel that extends eighteen miles inland to Aberdeen could be completely blockaded. With any sort of expedition Grays Harbor can be rendered inaccessible by water until a landing has been made outside, both shores of the bay occupied in force and the channel cleared out. But this would be impossible with anything like an efficient defense. The country is rough, densely timbered and with few roads. One can almost say of it as Macaulay made Horatius say of the bridge: "In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three." In any event, the occupation of

Aberdeen and the rest of Grays Harbor by a force coming from the harbor outlet would be a long and very costly process, and until secure control of both shores had been obtained, all the shipping would be compelled to lie outside where, except for a few months of the year, it is liable to tempestuous weather.

Assuming, however, for the sake of argument that Japan has set her stakes on carrying out this programme and has at length mastered Grays Harbor. At Aberdeen she must cut loose from such of her ships as can get inside. She is in a country that could offer no subsistence to a large force—a country where wide maneuvering or the extensive use of cavalry or artillery is impracticable. In short, she must force her way virtually through a defile for fifty miles before she reaches the railroad north and south between Seattle and Portland, and until she has reached that point she has accomplished nothing which could be considered as having any decisive bearing on the campaign.

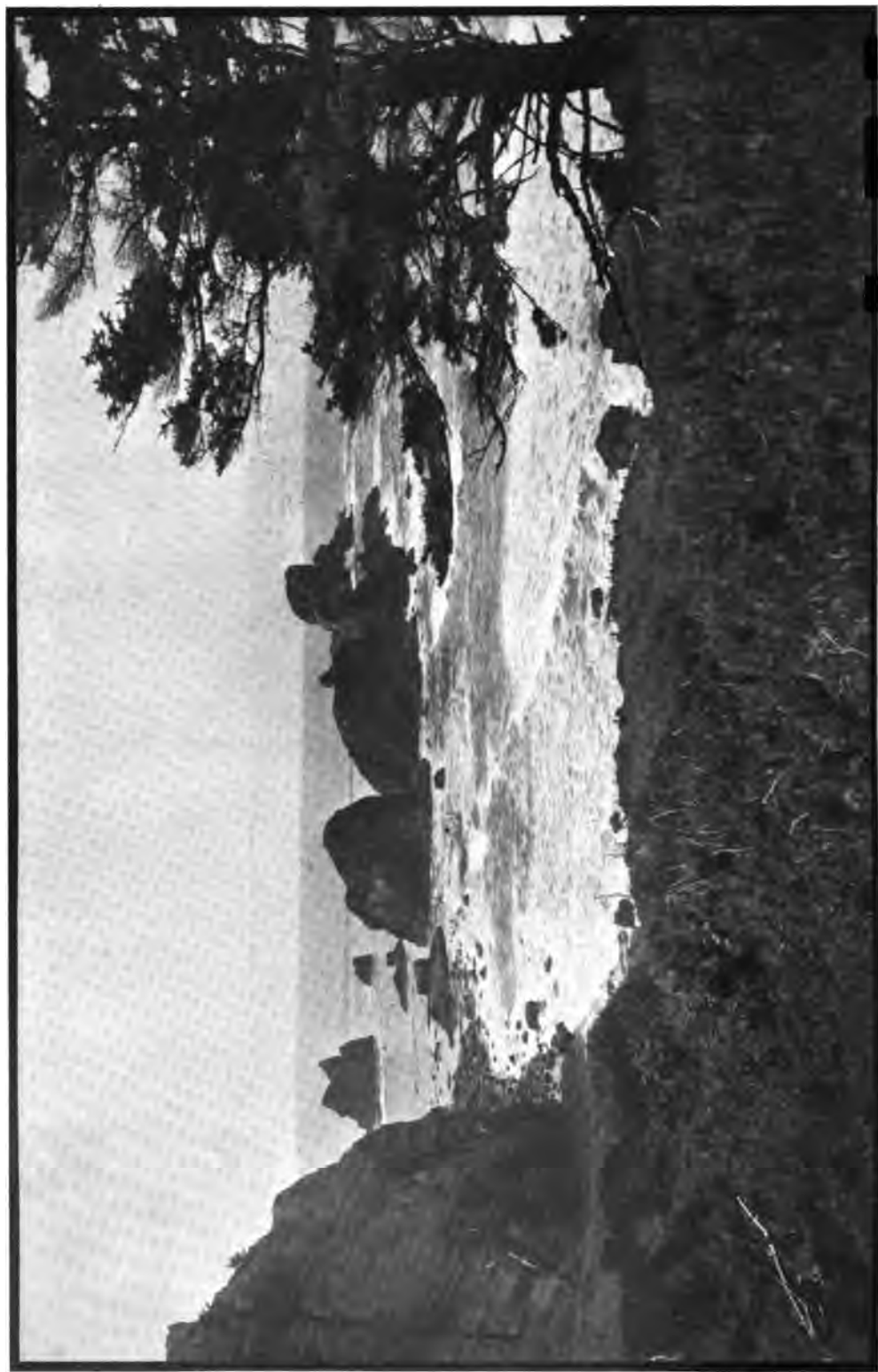
Even assuming that she has overcome all obstacles and has cut this north and



Photograph by W. H. Wilcox.

ENTRANCE TO PUGET SOUND; CANADIAN SHORE IN THE DISTANCE.

Point Wilson, Washington. Here the Strait of Juan de Fuca narrows and becomes Puget Sound.



Copyright by Kiser Photo Co., Portland.

A CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF NORTHWEST COAST.

south communication, that fact will of itself be less important than at first thought appears. The position is flanked completely by the lines across the range to the Columbia and down that river to Portland. The extra time required to transport troops back and forth would not exceed twelve hours, while it would make no difference at all with reinforcements coming from the East. And now Japan can turn either of two ways or both. She will have to fight her way eighty miles north to reach Seattle, the objective on Puget Sound, or eighty miles south to reach Portland, the objective on the Lower Columbia. In either direction there is a great deal of very difficult and easily defended country to pass. One-fourth her number of troops ought to stay her progress in either direction, and with the inevitable delay in her progress from Grays Harbor at least that number of troops ought to be on each front.

We might take Bellingham and Anacortes at the north, or Willapa and Tillamook Bays on the south as practicable landing points and we should find the difficulties of an effective advance to be about the same. With the notice which the United States would have, and with such activity as it would certainly bring into play, the military occupation of Oregon and Washington is an impossibility. The sudden occupation of the passes of the Cascades or the Blue Mountains, which so worries our alarmist author, is the veriest absurdity. A highly distinguished army officer, echoing these fears, recently said, in a public address in Bellingham, as reported in the press, that in those passes a regiment could hold back an army. Very true; but why always imagine that this regiment is the enemy's? This is indeed one of the most difficult countries in the world for an army to advance in and a body of troops can easily hold back several times its number.

In California, from San Francisco south, the chances are more favorable to an invader, because of more and better landing places, a more hospitable coast, a more practicable country to operate in and a greater abundance of supplies outside the great cities. But even there,

the topography is rugged and favorable to defense. The fortifications, by compelling a land campaign to capture the great towns, will serve an invaluable purpose. Quite unconsciously the speaker at the Pacific Slope banquet paid the San Francisco defenses the highest possible encomium when he said that not one of their guns would be fired in the defense of the city. We may accept that statement as entirely correct. Those defenses are so strong that a hostile force simply would not attempt their reduction or passage. *But if they were not there!* Then San Francisco would fall at the first blow. The great city, with all that it means in a multitude of ways, with its waterways and railroads forming the very heart of California whence an arterial system ramifies to every part of the State, would be lost, and the conquest of California would be almost completed at the start. It is a very different thing to be compelled to land twenty or thirty miles from the city and fight a campaign to reach it with the chances of not reaching it at all, or only at enormous cost. Here again, any assumption that the enemy could reach and occupy the passes of the Sierras except upon the further assumption of incredible supineness on the part of the United States, may be dismissed as unworthy of consideration.

The authority whom we are here criticizing asserts that within thirty days from the outbreak of war Japan could land on the Pacific Coast 200,000 men. There is nothing in all military history, and particularly nothing in her own great war with Russia in which all her troops were transported by water, to justify any such claim. When we consider how great an assemblage of vessels would have to be collected to transport that number of men with the necessary animals, military equipment and supplies (probably not less than 1,750,000 gross tonnage), the time required for installing the transports and embarking the men and material, the fact that the speed would be governed by that of the slowest ships if the convoy were to be held together, and the certainty that there would be *some* delay in making a secure landing, it will be evident that the time required will be nearer two or three months than one. With no hostile navy in the way the feat

would be impossible; with one, it would not even be undertaken.

This last consideration brings us to the vital point in the whole problem. We have assumed above that Japan would have practically a free hand in bringing an invading force to these shores, but of course she would have nothing of the kind until she had secured it by the destruction of our naval force in these waters. To send a vast convoy of troops across the ocean until she had secured command of the sea would be sheer madness. No nation has ever yet attempted so herculean a task as this would be, and a shrewd government like that of Japan would certainly not attempt it. Moreover, there are powerful reasons why Japan not only would not do this but would not even send her battle fleet here to attack ours unless the chances of success were altogether in her favor. Her very existence as a military power depends upon her navy. Her careful husbandry of her fleet in the war with Russia, never sending her great ships on any doubtful or hazardous exploit, shows how keenly she realizes its necessity and how disastrous to her whole external military policy its loss would be. To take her fleet more than 4,000 miles from home, with the necessary impedimenta to keep it in operation even for a period of six weeks, and then fight an equal or superior fleet near its home base and free of all these handicaps, would be a supreme risk and one that Japan would not be likely to take.

We may not be far wrong in assuming that if the outbreak of war should find a strong American fleet on this coast, the course of the struggle would not at first take the form of an attempted invasion of this country. Japan would strike nearer home. She would seize the Philippines, knowing full well that the United States would come to retake them and that she could thus transfer all the handicaps of an over-sea voyage to her antagonist, and compel a battle upon ground of her own choosing. For the fate of such a war, so far as Japan is concerned, would depend upon the naval battle, and she would certainly seek by every means to increase her own advantage when the contest should come.

For like considerations, the United

States would indulge in no undue haste in going after her enemy. Realizing the magnitude of the task before her she would make a good ready. She could not prevent the occupation of the Philippines, and as their ultimate fate would depend upon the outcome of the war anyway, it would be of far less importance to undertake their immediate deliverance than to make it as sure as possible when the attempt should be made. Is it not more than probable that, before the great clash should come, several months would elapse?

If victory should rest with the United States it would be decisive. Not so, however, if Japan were victorious. Her problem of invasion would have just begun. Before her fleet could be gotten into readiness to escort her convoy across the ocean (unless, indeed, the American naval force of the Pacific were absolutely wiped out) much additional time would elapse. On the whole, it is a rational assumption that in the event of war with Japan and with success to her navy, she would still be unable to reach our shores with a formidable invading army within six months after the declaration of war. If this interval has been employed as it should be by the United States, 250,000 troops would be on this coast and in Hawaii. Every sea-coast fortification would have been made impregnable against land capture, and other points would be so guarded as to make effectual surprise impossible. The precious time for preparation would have been gained and every hour thereafter would inure more to the advantage of the United States than it possibly could to that of Japan.

In all this, one fact stands out above every other, and that is the supreme importance of the navy in the defense of this coast. With an adequate naval force we need have no fear. Our first and principal effort should therefore be to secure such a force. This does not necessarily mean that we should maintain here a larger navy than that of Japan, but it does mean that our whole naval establishment should be large enough so that (after the Panama Canal is built) a fleet can be assembled in these waters, without unduly denuding the Atlantic Coast, which shall outweigh and outclass by a

good factor of safety anything which Japan can bring against it; and it also means that the Panama Canal should be so fortified that passage back and forth in time of war can be kept free and uninterrupted to our ships and blocked to an enemy without our using any naval force for that purpose.

After the navy, our next bulwark of defense is our sea-coast fortifications which will enable us to hold the vital points on our coast while we are organizing to resist land attack. They are an invaluable adjunct of defense. They are enduring in character and are relatively inexpensive, and they are looked upon abroad as standing fully abreast of our navy in character and efficiency.

Back of both navy and fortifications are the mobile forces of the country which in any long test and with any serious mishap to the navy must be our main reliance. As to these forces, no military man can feel otherwise than that they are sadly deficient; not in quality but in numbers; but it is too much to say that they are hopelessly so. It is a branch of our military establishment which can be developed after war breaks out with a rapidity quite impossible to a modern navy or sea-coast fortification. These latter we *must have beforehand*, if at all. Moreover, it is not to be expected that this country will consent to any *large* increase in the standing army. If it could be induced to adopt a fixed policy of maintaining an army of one to one thousand of our population, over-officered so as to furnish a reserve of skill for rapidly organizing volunteers in the event of war, and if an efficient policy could be devised for extending military training more widely outside the regular forces, it would be all that could be expected and would probably be enough. It is almost superfluous to state that, in proportion as our establishment is small, it should be kept high in efficiency. Efficiency is something in which no nation need excel us. Our army and navy should be, in proportion to their strength, at least the equal of those of any other nation.

In the writer's recent work, "War or Peace," he admits the possibility of successful temporary invasion of this country by either Germany or Japan, though

strongly qualified with doubt as to the latter country. Germany and Japan are the two nations which our military men always have in mind when estimating our ability to resist invasion. Ability to resist these powers means ability to resist all others. As between the two it seems to the writer that the chances of successful invasion are altogether in favor of Germany. Great as is the power of Japan that of Germany is far superior. Her resources are immensely greater. She is much nearer our shores. There are many more favorable situations for landing. The country is more practicable for military operations. It is everywhere rich enough to support the invaders. The capital of the Nation and its chief centers of wealth and population are within striking distance. A heavy and well-sustained blow there would have great effect in forcing our Nation to treat. A radical disturbance of enormous interests, like those concentrated on the Atlantic coast, is one of those very things which make a people weary of war, make foreign nations urge peace, and in fact make a prolonged continuance of war impossible.

On the Pacific Coast the case is very different. The landings are less favorable, the country more difficult and most of it impracticable for large operations, the resources generally insufficient for the invaders, and the distance of the latter from their base far greater. Even the successful occupation of the principal centers of population would have no such consequences as a similar disaster in the East. Far away from the scene of hostilities, secure against possible interference, would lie ninety-five per cent of the country's population. The business of the Nation would go on practically undisturbed. The creation of a vast military force could be carried on without danger of molestation, and practically ten lines of railroad are available to carry troops and material to the theater of operations. In a war on this coast there would be no such pressure for its early termination as in one on the Atlantic Coast. All things considered the writer believes that the following opinion by General Francis V. Greene, an able military critic, is a fair estimate of the probable outcome of a war with Japan: "That the Japanese could transport an

army across the Pacific of sufficient size to make any impression in an attack on the Pacific Coast of the United States I do not believe. * * * Its people have courage, skill, discipline, and religious patriotism, but their resources as compared with those of the United States are so slight that success would be impossible; and in such a conflict of races the very successes which the Japanese might obtain in the beginning would lead the Nation which carried the Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, to carry on the contest with Japan until it reached a point where she would never again be in a position to disturb its tranquility."*

In the foregoing discussion the problem has been viewed solely from the military side and the possibility of war has been assumed without question. "Possibility" expresses the writer's view, for he does not look upon war as a *probability*. But so long as our Nation assumes responsibility for the Monroe Doctrine, so long as we refuse to receive (as seemingly we always shall) Oriental peoples permanently into our midst, and so long as nations wage commercial war against one another, so long these sources of possible friction (not to mention others) will exist, and so long as they exist war will be possible unless international differences come to be settled by other methods than by war. As to Germany, every rational thinker, not steeped in militarism, must, it would seem, agree with the sentiment of the great German military critic, Colonel Gadke: "War between the Germanic nations (Great Britain, Germany and the United States) would be a crime against humanity. It must be prevented at all costs, and will be prevented so long as there is a single spark of conscience or common sense left in the statesmen and in the people."

As to Japan, no one can be blind to the reasons which make an expansion of her empire in the Pacific a matter of ambition to her people. And no one can be blind to the additional fact that the question of Japanese emigration to these shores may always afford pretexts for embarking upon these larger designs if they should ever promise success. But the adverse considerations are so many and so grave that from the present outlook it would seem madness for Japan to under-

take any such enterprise. Moreover, the disinterested and impartial attitude of the United States among the nations of the earth and its consistent policy of fair dealing with them, offer small occasion for acute misunderstanding. No nation has ever declared war against us, and, we may well hope, never will.

The writer feels that gross exaggerations and wild alarm cries, like those of the gentlemen herein quoted, and the echoes thereof in and out of Congress, are a grave mistake. They give the people a distorted view of the whole subject, and in particular shake their confidence in the defensive preparations already made, and, as a consequence, in additional plans for the future. It is nothing less than a reflection upon the common sense and sanity of the American public. Moreover, the cry of "Wolf!" if made too often, will finally lose its force and leave us worse off than we were before. Government by fright should not be necessary in this country, and the writer does not believe that it really is necessary.

It is unnecessary to specify these adverse considerations—one alone embraces all the rest—the one pointed out by General Greene—that *ultimate* success in a war with us would be impossible, and without a reasonable prospect of ultimate success Japan would not embark on the enterprise at all. Even that distinguished member of the lower house of Congress who, more than any other individual, is responsible for the campaign of fright which is now being waged, admits this final outcome of a war between the two nations. In the recent debate on the Naval Bill he drew a picture in great detail of the direful woes which would befall this Nation in the war which he held to be imminent. A master of imaginative discourse, he led his hearers (and the whole country) step by step down into the valley of national humiliation until all but the stoutest-hearted must have felt that the hour of dissolution was at hand. But not so the alarmist orator himself. Having carried his country to the verge of the abyss and gotten it actually to falling in, he proceeded dexterously to drag it back to a place of safety. With consummate skill he drew another picture in which this great Nation, chastened by

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misfortune, rises to the occasion and proves herself worthy of her heroic traditions. Though defeated, she is not subdued, much less disposed to treat. She begins to pull herself together, develops a mighty army, rebuilds her ruined navy, retakes and repairs with infinite effort the Panama Canal, drives the hostile fleet from the Pacific Coast, ventures with her army to peep over the crest of the Sierras into the legion-strewn plains below, and finally through oceans of blood drives the proud but now vanquished invader into the ocean of water beyond. Taking a good breath, she next lays siege to Hawaii and at the cost of prodigious effort recaptures that stronghold which she had herself built at enormous outlay. Guam next, and so on gradually across the Pacific she forges her victorious way, annihilating the hostile navy, recapturing the Philippines, driving her enemy back into his island empire and assuming again her rightful primacy among the nations of the earth.

Now it may be imagined that those who listened to this cross between a jeremiad and a Fourth-of-July oration, and were not clean frightened out of their wits, concluded that after all it was the best possible demonstration of the utter futility of any attempt by Japan to conquer this country—or so much as the

Pacific Coast thereof. What folly to make war, even with initial victory, if the ultimate result promises to be defeat! We may be sure that Japan has thought this all out herself and fully realizes that her wisest course is to foster a neighborly spirit with her sister across the sea. Perhaps this is her real desire, after all. To us she owes the beginning of her greatness, and she knows that while we love peace we are not afraid of war. Gratitude and prudence alike negative the possibility of any rash move such as courting a quarrel with this country would be. And we may see proof of a pacific tendency in certain recent events. The new treaty between the two countries, in which the United States generously met Japan's wishes in regard to emigration, was a master stroke for peace. The enthusiastic reception of this treaty by the Japanese indicates anything but a bellicose spirit toward this country. Japan has other and greater problems, other and greater dangers, than any which threaten her from this side of the water. She is not likely to go to war without reasonable cause, and so long as the United States maintains a consistent policy of fair dealing with her it is difficult to see how there can arise any occasion for acute misunderstanding.

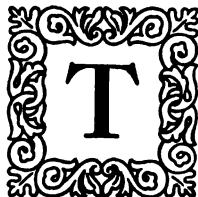


Women

By Count Leo Tolstoy

Translated for the Pacific Monthly by Irvin M. Grodin

Note: This is an extract from a private letter of Count Leo Tolstoy commenting on the reply to his article, "To Women."—I. M. G.

HE purpose for which every individual exists, whether man or woman, is to be of use to others—to society. I think that with this general proposition all people who are not immoral will agree. The difference between men and women in the fulfillment of this appointed function is only in the means by which they attain it, the manner in which they serve their fellow-men. Men serve society with bodily exertions which create food, clothing, etc., and with mental exertions, by studying the laws of nature in order to make it serve our needs, and also with work of a public character—the establishment of forms of life by ordaining the right relations for men to sustain to one another. The means by which a man may serve mankind are thus various. The whole field of human effort, with the single exception of bearing and nursing children, is his field of work.

On the other hand, while women may be of use in all the forms of work that are open to men, they are drawn, nevertheless, inevitably into that one service which their physical constitution permits to them and forbids to men.

The service of humanity thus naturally divides itself into two parts: one of them is the promotion of the welfare of the existing human beings; the second is the reproduction and replacement of humanity itself. Men are peremptorily called to the first service, by being absolutely barred from the second. To the second service women are peremptorily called by the fact that no one else can perform it. This difference one must not, cannot ignore, and indeed it would be a sin and a wrong to forget it. Out

of this difference arise the duties of each—duties which are not invented by men, but existing in the nature of things. Upon this difference rests our estimate and understanding of what is virtue and vice in men and women, a moral verdict pronounced by all ages heretofore, pronounced by ourselves also, and which will always hereafter be pronounced, as long as human beings are intelligent creatures.

It has always been and will always be true that the man who spends the greater part of his life in the various bodily, mental and public activities which are natural to him, and that the woman who spends the greater part of her life in the work that is naturally and exclusively hers, namely, the bearing, nursing and rearing of children, will alike feel that they have done their duty. So living, each will equally earn the respect and love of their fellow-men; for each will have done what each was made to do.

The man's function, then, is more varied and extensive; the woman's, more uniform and intensive, and more deeply a part of her moral nature; so it has ever been and will ever be that a man, who has hundreds of duties, may fail in the performance of some of them and still remain a harmless, not bad, man, who has been of some use in the world. And, on the other hand, since the imperative duties of the woman are so few, she falls morally lower by violation of one of those few obligations, than a man by failing in ten out of his hundred. Such has ever been and will ever be the verdict of mankind, for such is the essence of the affair.

A man, in order to fulfill the will of God, must serve Him in the field of bod-

ily toil, of thought and of social morality; in all these fields he is able to fulfill his function. For a woman the means of serving God are pre-eminently and almost exclusively [since she alone can perform the service]—children. Only through his work is the man called upon to serve God; only through her children is the woman called upon to serve.

And, therefore, the love of her children, which is inborn in the woman, the exclusive love which reason cannot abate or affect, will always be and must be natural to the woman who is a mother. This love for a little child in his infancy is not necessarily tinged with egoism at all; rather it is the love of the worker for the work which he makes while it is yet on his hands. Take away from the worker his love of his work, and achievement becomes impossible.

Just so it is with the mother. The man is called upon to serve mankind in many ways, and he loves his picture while he paints it, and his poem while he writes it, and his acre of grain while he harvests it. The woman is called upon to serve the race through her children, and it cannot be otherwise than that she should love them while she is bringing them into the world, feeding them from her breast, and raising them to manhood and womanhood.

Their general function being the same—to serve God and man—men and women are perfectly equal, in spite of their services differing in form. Their equality lies in the fact that each service is as important as the other, that they are interdependent, and that for the actual performance of either duty the knowledge of truth is equally necessary, since without knowledge of truth the

activity of man and woman alike loses its usefulness, goes astray, and becomes actually injurious to society. Man is called to the fulfilling of his varied tasks; but his work is only useful, and his bodily, mental and social efforts are only fruitful when they are performed in the light of truth and so as to advance the welfare of others.

So it is with the woman's mission: her bearing, nursing and raising children will be useful to humanity only when she brings up children not merely to seek pleasure, but to be truly the servants of mankind; only when her raising of the children is fulfilled in the light of truth and for the welfare of the people, namely, when she raises the children that they may be the best workers for other people.

Well, then, how shall it be with those that have no children, or did not get married, or are widows?

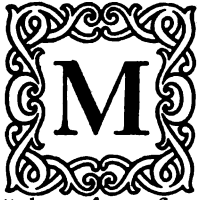
Their duty shall be fulfilled if they work at the varied tasks of the men.

Any woman that cannot perform her peculiar function of child-bearing may successfully occupy herself in helping men in their work. The help that a woman may be in this work is very evident, but to see a young woman who is able to bear children occupying herself with men's works will always be pitiful. To see such a woman so occupied is just like seeing a precious plot of rich earth diverted from harvest and made a barren drill-ground or promenade. Nay, it is even more pitiful; for this earth could bear only bread, but the woman could bring forth a value which cannot be estimated; there is nothing higher than this,—a human being. And only she, she alone can do it.



The Spinster's Son

By Gertrude Brooke Hamilton



MISS CLEMENTINA BRENT was a quite unnoticeable spinster of—well, about forty-five. Miss Clementina had for the last few years referred to her age as “about forty-five” because, looking in the mirror, she had decided that that was the age she would have guessed herself to be, which guess saved one the trouble of keeping count of the birthdays. Not that Miss Clementina allowed birthdays to pass unnoticed, oh, no; she always gave herself a present, carefully wrapped up in white tissue paper, and laid it on the dresser over night to surprise herself with in the morning; but for the last few years she had simply stopped counting the birthdays. The reason Miss Clementina gave presents to herself was that she did n’t have any family to give them to; or, rather, she had a very curious sort of family. Finding herself in the singular position of having no living relatives in the course of nature, Miss Clementina selected them from among the persons she came in contact with. If, sitting at the window of her cosy second-floor front, she saw a bright-faced girl stoop to pat a dog or kiss a child, the spinster would throw her down a smile, and say aloud:

“How sweet you look this morning, little daughter.”

If a lovable old lady opened a conversation with her in the street car, Miss Clementina showed that old lady the most filial attention ever afterward; and never a white-haired old gentleman with a benevolent countenance did she pass, but she exclaimed, under her breath:

“He is the very dearest father in the world!”

But in all her selected family—and Miss Clementina really looked upon these people as her near relations—there was always one lack. Every young man

she thought she had discovered qualities worthy of sonship in, turned out to be either too vain, or too shiftless, or too indifferent; and often Miss Clementina sighed, and exclaimed:

“With so many daughters, so many fathers and mothers, how strange it is that Providence never sends me a son!”

One morning, as with proud smiles and a loving “Good-day, my dear,” to various pretty daughters, cheery nods of affection to several mothers and reverent bows to dignified fathers—which latter often stared in astonishment after the little lady of uncertain years—Miss Clementina, a small basket in her hand, went to do her simple marketing. When the air was crisp she usually walked to the market, but, because of the basket, she took the trolley home; and it was on the trolley-car, on this very particular morning, that Miss Clementina, who had been sitting sidewise looking out at the streets and the glimpses of blue sky and enjoying the freshness of the air that blew in the car windows, turned suddenly, and noticed a young man opposite absorbed in a book. He was a freckle-faced young man with a rather diffident manner, but there was something about him that made Miss Clementina, as soon as she could do it unobserved, shift her seat to the empty space beside him.

The young man looked up, gave her a shy smile and returned to his book. Miss Clementina noted that his eyes redeemed the freckles.

“Is it history, or mathematics, or stenography?” wondered the interested lady. “I hope it’s not a French novel!”

Nerving herself for possible disappointment, she let her glance fall upon the open book. It gave Miss Clementina something of a shock to read the title over the page: “Seventy Lessons in Spelling.” The young man beside her was learning to spell!

Miss Clementina glanced at him again.

She could see his lips moving slightly; he was committing the arrangement of letters to memory.

"I like him!" Miss Clementina said emphatically. "It takes courage for a young man to attack the left undones of childhood. I'll keep an eye on this boy."

But, although she scanned the faces that passed and repassed her life, it was some time before Miss Clementina saw her "spelling boy," as she had nicknamed him, again; and then it was by the purest accident.

Reading the paper one evening, Miss Clementina suddenly paled.

"Died, on January 16th," she read aloud, "'James McLean—'" Miss Clementina could read no further. "James McLean!" she repeated. "One of my dear fathers! Only yesterday another old gentleman, a stranger to me, came up to him, and, seizing him by the hand, cried, 'Why, Jimmy McLean, it's been a half century since I've seen you!' Dear old father! he was so glad to meet his friend again. Only yesterday!"

Miss Clementina was very downhearted all the evening, and the next morning, noting down the address given in the paper, she ordered a bunch of white carnations sent from the florist's, slipping in a little card on which she had written: "With tender memories, Clementina Brent."

But even then she felt it incumbent on her to do more. The thought of a possible sweet-faced old lady who needed comforting, haunted her; so, at last, she made up her mind to go to the funeral of James McLean and do what she could for the sorrowing family. Surely she had a right there, as near a connection as an adopted daughter!

The address took her to the far end of the town, and when Miss Clementina arrived she found it a little candy shop. On the house door crape was hung; but the store door was ajar, as if, even in their grief, James McLean's family must earn their pitiful living. Miss Clementina's eyes filled as, somewhat timidly, she turned the knob of the black-draped door and went in. It opened directly into a tiny living room, into the center of which stood the coffin with the bunch of white carnations laid upon it; on the far side of the room, in a straight row

of chairs, sat a few women. One of these moved up a chair for Miss Clementina to sit down.

"Did you know Mr. McLean?" she whispered.

Miss Clementina hesitated. "Ye—es," she answered.

"He looks natural as life." The woman rose and moved to the coffin.

Mechanically, Miss Clementina followed. Looking down at the corpse, a great amazement spread over her gentle face. In the coffin lay a red-haired, red-bearded man of about forty-five—Miss Clementina had never seen him before!

At this moment the minister entered, followed by the one mourner, and Miss Clementina started in a second spasm of amazement—the mourner was her "spelling boy."

The spinster's eyes took in the pitiful funeral equipments, the coffin and the still face there that, even in death, showed weakness of character; then she looked at the young man whose features were working to hide his emotion; and, because of the great pity that welled up in her heart, Miss Clementina moved to the side of the boy and slipped her hand into his. He did not show any surprise, only seemed bewildered for an instant, and then his hand closed over hers in a clasp that expressed his need.

All through the meager services, Miss Clementina and the boy stood hand in hand, and when the hired pallbearers picked up the coffin and the minister motioned the young man to follow, he still kept tight hold of the sympathetic hand. In the carriage no word was spoken between them; the boy stared dazedly from the window and Miss Clementina patted his hand in a silent understanding. When the body had been lowered into the ground and the gravediggers began their gruesome work of filling up, the boy turned away with a dry sob.

"I'd rather walk home," he said.

"Alone?" she asked him.

"Yes, thank you," he answered.

So Miss Clementina went back to the one carriage that had followed the hearse and rode home in it.

That night she lay awake many hours, thinking of the young man whose earnest eyes redeemed a plain, freckled face;

wondering if the dead man were his father, if he had other relatives, if the little shop were kept by them, and many other unanswerable questions. The next day she put on her hat and went again to the house where she had played so unexpectedly a part the day before.

The door of the candy shop stood ajar; except for the removal of the crape from the house door, it might have been only a few moments since yesterday. Miss Clementina stood uncertain an instant, then pushed open the shop door and walked in.

A tinkling bell announced her entrance, and the woman who had moved up a chair for her at the funeral, came into the shop.

She started at seeing Miss Clementina. "I thought mebbe he'd gone to you," she said.

"The boy do you mean? Is he gone?" Miss Clementina asked breathlessly.

"Yes'm. He left this morning. We did n't think they had no friends, he and his father, till the flowers came and you follered 'em. You're Clementina Brent, aint you?"

Miss Clementina nodded.

"I could n't hardly imagine nobody having tender memories of James McLean," the woman went on, "but I s'pose you knowed him when he was younger?" She looked curiously at Miss Clementina, who found the ordeal somewhat trying.

"Do you know where the boy has gone?" she questioned.

"No'm. He has always been close-mouthed, you know. He come here about two months ago with his father, who was either sick or drunk pretty much all the time, and on a Sunday night he run out for the doctor and then he told me his father was a-dying. He'd paid regular, so I did n't feel I could turn 'em out, and when he died I told the young man he could bury him from here; that was, if he did n't have nowhere else to take him to. This morning he come into the shop. 'Here's the rent, and I'm much obliged to you, Mrs. Flynn,' says he. And I says, 'Are you a going to leave?' And he says, 'Yes.' And he went."

Mrs. Flynn waited for Miss Clementina to speak; but that lady, recognizing the futility of speech, only smiled and made her way out of the shop.

At home she pondered deeply over the situation. That boy had n't a relative in the world, his worthless father was good riddance probably, but the boy loved him. And, apparently, he was an ambitious boy, else why the spelling book? And how could she help him when she did n't even know his name? She wished she had asked that of the woman, strange as she might have thought it, Miss Clementina fervently wished she had asked that of her.

All that week Miss Clementina puzzled over the mystery of finding her "spelling boy," and by the end of it she was no nearer a solution. She lost interest in all the various members of her family; not even the prettiest daughter could elicit more than an abstracted smile from her. But on the Sunday morning an inspiration came. The spinster could hardly wait for morning service to be over, so eager was she to put her plan into execution. Back in her own room, she put some cheese and crackers into a neat package. "For," she said, "it may be necessary to wait several hours; but surely, surely, he will come there to-day!"

Then Miss Clementina took the trolley to the very edge of the town, and, walking briskly, made her way to the cemetery. The one place that she could be sure of finding the young man was at his father's grave.

She wandered about in the quiet place this peaceful Sunday morning, until a stillness born of the soft breeze, the unclouded skies and the silent cemetery entered into her soul and made her almost feel a sense of oneness with these quiet sleepers. She could not remember where the unmarked grave of James McLean was situated, and it was some time before she came upon his son. When she did so, she found him standing in a far corner of the cemetery, holding in his hand the bunch of withered carnations. Coming up to him, she laid a hand upon his arm.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," she said.

He turned and looked at her in some embarrassment. "Are you Clementina Brent?" he asked, in very much the same tone the woman had used.

"Yes," she answered simply.

"And you knew my father?"

It was her turn to be embarrassed now. "Why, no," she replied; "it was a mistake—I thought he was someone else."

Instantly, a repressed look came into the young man's eyes. "Then it was only pity that made you stand by me?"

He shrank away from her; and in the gesture Miss Clementina saw years of passionate curbing and suppression. Young as he was, the boy had learned the hatefulness of ostentatious pity. She took her hand from his arm, and, as on the day of the funeral, slipped it into his.

"You are mistaken," she said quietly. "From the day I saw you studying in the street car, I have admired you."

"You saw me—studying?" His face expressed only perplexity now.

She laughed. "We are old friends, you see," she said brightly, "and you must n't shrink from the sympathy a friend offers, even when there is compassion in it. I thought I knew your father, and I did n't; but when you entered the room, I found that I did know his son, that I knew and liked him. And now I want you to sit right down by me here, share this bit of luncheon with me if you really want to be sociable, and tell me all about yourself. What you are doing, what you propose to do, where you are living, and what your ambitions are. But, first of all, my dear boy, tell me your name."

"Donald McLean," he answered, and, obedient to her invitation, stretched himself on the grass beside her and, helping her munch the crackers and cheese, by degrees let loose the pent-up ambitions of his soul. It had been a starved life, devoid of anything like culture or refine-

ment, but he came of a good Scottish stock, and he was determined to some day stand where his forebears had stood, to make for himself a place in the world.

"And you have begun at the very foot of the ladder by studying spelling lessons," she said meditatively.

He flushed a little under his freckles. "I did n't even get through the graded schools," he apologized.

"You're a sensible boy, Donald," she commended. "What are you doing now?"

"I'm in a machine shop."

"Good. And where do you live?"

He hesitated. "Why, you see, I had to pick out sort of out-of-the-way places while father was living—it was better, you know."

"Yes, I know." She gave him a reassuring smile.

"Now, I thought I'd try to get a small room in a better neighborhood. I have n't found one yet."

She clapped her hands. "The very thing. There's a tiny hall room in the house where I live. You shall come and take it, Donald. Then I can look after you a bit. I'm not going to pester you, boy; only, sometimes, you might drop in to my room; once in a while, when you feel like being 'mothered.'"

There was a look in the spinster's eyes that changed the grateful, wondering expression in his to understanding.

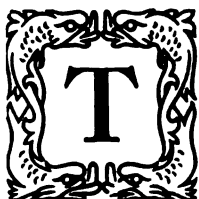
"You have n't any sons of your own?" he inquired.

"No, my dear," she answered him. "I'm an old maid. I live all by myself and my name is Miss Clementina Brent; and"—she gave him a look that was so full of love and longing that the boy, instinctively, placed his hand over hers—"I think I'll have you for my son."



His Perfect Behavior

By Gurden Backus



THIS is awful," one of them said, slapping the shoulders of his coat, and gasping for air. "Whew! I am almost smothered."

They passed through the door of riveted steel bands that a guard opened for them, and then through a second one ten feet further on, passing out of the lint-charged air of the jutemill into the clear sunshine of a large division of the prison yard. They were still surrounded by high masonry walls or the sides of dungeon structures with steel-barred windows, and with double steel doorways leading into other portions of the yard.

"The air in there is bad," another of the four men said. "How many convicts did you say are at work in there?"

"Eight hundred and thirty-six," the guard who was acting as their guide replied.

As they emerged through the second of the steel doors into the yard a prisoner in a suit of broad alternate stripes of black and gray stepped up and began to dust the lint from the jute off of their clothes with a stubby whiskbroom.

"Ah, that is good," one of them commented. One after another the convict brushed them off.

The last one hesitated. Then he took a coin from his pocket and offered it to the prisoner.

"Sorry, sir, thank you, but it is against the rules for me to take anything, but—"

He cast a significant look at the guard. The party went on after the guard who turned away and was starting across the yard.

"It is against the rules for them to accept money from people inside the prison," the guard said as they went. "But of course friends can leave money to their credit with the prison—often people going through like this hand me a little something for Jonesie back there

and I leave it with the turnkey for him. He will get it when his term expires."

"Oh, I see," said one of the them. "Well, just place this to his credit for me. I rather like his looks—and the brushing was worth it then if it ever was."

Each of the four men handed the guard a dime and asked that it be placed to Jonesie's account.

"I suppose a check is kept on these amounts—they might amount to a good deal in the long run," one of them—a bank president—commented.

"Well, it is really unofficial," the guard said. "The turnkey chalks them down—but I never take a receipt for them when I hand them in."

"What is this—Jonesie do you call him—in for?" one of them asked.

"His defense was justifiable homicide," the guard replied. "And I am not so sure but what he was right. But he got put away for twenty-five years for murder. I have always had a leaning in Jonesie's favor."

"He does not look at all vicious," the bank president said.

They passed through another pair of the thick steel wickets and emerged into the main yard.

"Excuse me a moment while I go in and leave this money with the turnkey for him," the guard said, and he went into a small office with the name of that official painted on the door.

Jonesie, as he became known in the state penitentiary among the guards, did not belong to the criminal class. He had been whisked into it by circumstances—a combination of town politics and personal feelings. A court trial had not succeeded in establishing whether justice was with him or against him, although it had sent him to prison. He never felt that the law had been run out to its conclusion in his case. That it had not was in the nature of things.

He admitted the killing, but his con-

tention had been that it was justifiable in the eyes of the law.

He was poor. He had not the capital to push his case through three convictions, a disagreement and a final discharge. He had been able to afford only one trial. This had resulted in a conviction, although the judge had tempered it with a minimum sentence.

His trial had been conducted by a young lawyer needful of the advertisement it would bring. He had given his time conscientiously for this one trial for the comparatively nominal fee that Jones was able to pay. When that trial was lost, and Jones was penniless, the young lawyer had turned his whole attention to a more important case and a richer client that came to him. So the appeal had not been pushed and the conviction stood practically unchallenged.

Jones had not been able to present his full case to the jury on account of the lack of funds. Even if there had not been great lawyer's fees there were witness expenses—expenses of subpoenaing two certain witnesses from a distance that he could not meet. The case had gone to the jury with all the testimony for the state complete, but without that of one of Jones' chief witnesses in rebuttal of the prosecuting attorney's main point.

So Jonesie had gone to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. Merciful influence with the warden there had saved him from spending more than the first few weeks in the jutemill and in the road-gangs. He was not strong enough to have withstood either very long—the deforming wrack of pick and shovel all day long in the burning sun, or the lung-inflaming atmosphere of the jutemill.

Finally, after a month or two, he was stationed by the door of jutemill to brush visitors off as they came out.

There were a little less than twenty-five years of this employment to look forward to. Twenty-five years—that is without credit for good behavior. With perfect behavior he could reduce that original sentence of twenty-five years to a few weeks more than fourteen years.

Good behavior became the whole purpose of his life. He was not of the criminal class. Normally good conduct

was therefore his natured impulse. Under the abnormal conditions of prison rule it became a monomania. Where before good conduct had meant merely the most comfortable mode of life, here it meant emancipation—a reduction of suffering. It became, therefore, his sole interest—his sole bent of mind. And it occupied his mind and eased the tedium of the hours. Figuring and calculating and meditating and doing by mental arithmetic the increase of his credit for good behavior, he was forever computing how many minutes each hour of good behavior would cut from his total sentence. how many minutes these would amount to in a month, a year, twenty-five years—arriving by various processes at the very second when his reduced term would expire, in fourteen years instead of twenty-five. His good-behavior credit—his *copper* as they who go down into prisons call it—became the light of his life. It became a hope—almost a happy and a contented anticipation. Life became for him a great hour-glass, and he watched the minutes trickling through and counted them like grains of sand, for each of them had become to him as definite and tangible a thing as a grain of rock itself.

When he was assigned to his post by the gate of the jutemill, a new interest came into his life, running alongside of the other. It was a new matter for endless mental arithmetic. It, added to the other, compounded a more complex, a more engrossing process for his mind to play upon.

It was based on the tips that men offered him as he brushed the lint from the jutemill off of their clothes.

He could not reduce this thing to absolute figures. He had no precise data. He had to strike averages, based on observations of a degree of uncertainty.

Sometimes there were more and sometimes fewer visitors passing through that steel wicket in a day—sometimes as high as fifty, other times as low as one. After keeping mental count for many weeks he decided that there was an average of thirteen guests a day. He verified this quite closely with a second set of observations. There were five visiting days in the week. This would make an aver-

age of sixty-five visitors a week, or a total of three thousand and eighty a year.

Some offered more and some offered less, but he finally observed that ten cents was a fair average offering.

From these figures he computed many results. If he was there twenty-five years, he would probably see 84,500 people go through that gate. And if each gave him a dime, he would accumulate \$8,450.

But all of them would not give him a dime. He finally decided, from watching their manner and their offerings and from the fragmentary reports of tips left for him, which the guards sometimes brought him, that by conservative estimate half of them would leave him a dime.

He figured that he would get ten cents apiece from 1,690 men a year, or \$169.00 a year.

But there was another element reducing the grand total for twenty-five years, and that was his *copper*—his time credit for good behavior. He calculated how much money he would lose for every hour of copper he gained. He weighed the relative value of them, and finally decided that *copper* was better than silver.

With perfect behavior and a consistent validity for his computations he would accumulate about \$169.00 a year for fourteen years, or a total of \$2,366.00. It might run as high as \$2,500 or it might be as low as \$2,000. There was that element of chance that fascinated him—the uncertain denouement that would be an incident of his liberation from jail that made the approach of that liberation intensely dramatic for him.

A few times he had asked his friends the guards to inquire for him how much had accumulated to his credit. But they usually forgot or neglected to do it, and only once or twice, and that during the first year of his imprisonment, did he get any definite idea of how much he had. It verified roughly his calculations.

These two lines of figures—his *copper* and his silver—were always running through his head—presenting themselves in new lights, new possibilities, and sometimes new doubts, necessitating that the whole process be worked out again from

the first, or that the old be verified with some new system of estimates and grand averages.

These calculations and re-calculations always brought him back to the same conclusion—that there would be between \$2,000 and \$2,500 to his credit when at length the last hard moment of his sentence had run out—when the last of the 7,504.880 minutes of his reduced term of fourteen years and six weeks had been ticked off.

He had use for that money—a good use. He had only one steadfast purpose for it—to use it in a last effort to secure his own vindication—to make an honest man of himself again by establishing his blamelessness in the affair that had sent him there. He had a plan formulated whereby it might be done, if things had not changed too much. He hoped and prayed that it might be done—he became a dreamer and a hoper—dreamed of the world outside, how it would look when he got back in it—hoped about it too—even hoped that he might so far succeed in his efforts as to secure an act from the state legislature restoring him to citizenship and respectability after he had proved his honorability—thus did dry arithmetic become the stuff that dreams were made of. And hoping and dreaming made good behavior easy. And the natural bouyant courtesy, without servility, with which he met and brushed men off as they came out of the clanging steel wicket from the lint-laden air of the jutemill had its inevitable effect on the number of tips offered him and finally left for him. He felt that such was so. The guards, his friends, who acted as guides, put in many a good word for him. He grew sanguine and confident, and finally felt justified in raising, for his mental arithmetic calculations, the proportion of those who did so to sixty percent instead of the more conservative fifty, and in extra hopeful moments he thought of the possibility of finding a full \$3,000 waiting for him when he got out.

He became really contented and happy in his life, for these things had put an all-possessing interest into it for him. While the criminal class with whom he was surrounded went about scowling and

sullen, he went about cheerfully, living an optimism that had facts instead of a theory as its source.

The day of his liberation was approaching. No one could rob him of that now. His good behavior record was impeccable. No one could rob him of that. He was master of that, and master of himself, and as the time drew on, his self-confidence became complete.

The world, even inside those glum prison walls, was a very cheerful place. The walls were wide so that there was lots of sun between them. It, the sun of the spring of his freedom, flooded the yards and increased his happiness as only the sun can, till his joy sung in his throat at times.

The guards, his friends, seemed to catch the spirit of his hope. They all passed him a pleasant word about it during these last few weeks—joked him about it and all of them were with him and glad that he was going to make good with his good behavior.

The day drew on rapidly toward the end. Within him his spirits were romping with joy. But the long discipline had given him a poise that he had not had when he came in, and he did not allow his spirits to become exuberant, lest they betray him into some thoughtless infraction of prison rule. If he had laughed with the laugh that was in him, he would have lost a month for noisy conduct.

He was counting now the very seconds—the seconds up to the very moment when he should walk again with free men—with a purpose too, and with between two and three thousand dollars to fulfill that purpose. A position that friends had secured was waiting for him—that would suffice for the necessities of living among free men; the two or three thousand dollars would be clear for the sole purpose of regaining his name among free men.

The day before the expiration of his shortened term the board of prison directors had met and had approved his record and granted the reduction. Consummation of his long steadfastness was at hand. It would shine forth perfect in the full sun of tomorrow's dawn.

Next morning, instead of marching in the lock-stepping files to his post by the

jutemill door, he was called for by a guard, one of the best of his friends.

They went to the change room where he cast off his coarse stripes and put on a civilian suit. Then they went to the discharging office.

The warden was there, and the necessary papers, and the turnkey, who was the custodian of his belongings.

"Well, congratulations, Jones," the warden, who was a very kindly man, said. "Your record has been a great one. I am glad and proud to be able to help you end it. If all the prisoners were like you, we could close up half of the prisons in the country."

Jonesie was too full to speak. He could only smile and there were tears in his eyes and sounds in his ears. He was not quite his own master just now.

A very much slighter barrier separated him from the outside, honest world than for fourteen years. It was just a low gate at one end of a counter. Beyond that out through the wide-open door he could see the sunny road stretching away, past the beautiful gardens of the warden's house on the hill, with by-paths amid a flood of color—of golden marigolds and multi-colored poppies, and green lawns. Down at the end of the road where it went through the village he could see the railroad station, and the train was lying there now with steam up, for it would go in half an hour—the train that would take him up through a valley to another train that would take him home.

"Fill your name in here, Jones," he heard the warden say.

When he had finished that the turnkey handed him a paper.

"Sign this receipt," he said. "Those are the things you had when you came—and there are the things themselves." He shoved a small pile across the counter to him—a pocketbook, a pocket-knife, a bunch of keys, and a few dollars in change—Jones recognized them and reached for them affectionately.

His hand dropped on his knife—his pocket-knife—it was an old companion and he squeezed it lovingly as he felt it in his grasp. It had one blade that opened when you pressed a place in the handle, and it had done good service for

him in camp and city in the old days. It was a living remembrance and renewer of those old days, and it made freedom seem real and more concrete to him.

He turned it over in his hand as he read the schedule that the turnkey had given to him. He pressed the handle absent-mindedly and the big blade flew open.

The warden stood there with his pen in his hand, glancing over the papers of discharge before signing his name to them and making them effective.

"This is not all," Jonesie said, as he quickly glanced over the schedule, with a growing tension in his throat and throbbing in his temples. "There is money—"

"Yes," the turnkey said, "there is a sum of money you have received from friends since you came here. Here is a separate account of that."

He handed him a second schedule with a number of small entries and a footing. Jonesie's eyes dimmed as he tried to read the paper, and the throbbing in his

temples became great. Then his eyes cleared and he could read. His eyes sought out the footing. He read. "\$102.35."

"This—this is not all!" he cried shrilly.

"It certainly is all," the turnkey said surlily. "What did you expect—a small fortune?"

"You lie!" he cried. His arm flew up in an involuntary gesture—an action of expostulation rather than a threat, an impatient gesticulation rather than an attack. But the open knife was in his hand. Two guards seized him and dragged it away from him.

The warden laid down his pen and shook his head sadly.

The guards looked at him inquiringly and he nodded his head in assent.

Then they led him away to a dark cell. He emerged from that after a month's solitary confinement to complete his twenty-five years without *copper*. He had committed the most dreadful prison crime. He had attacked a prison officer with a deadly weapon.

When Blossoms Blow

By George B. Staff

When blossoms blow, when blossoms blow,
There is an orchard path I know
That leads up to a cottage small,
And at a softly uttered call,
A vision shall it's doorway frame;
A vision that my heart shall claim
When blossoms blow.

When blossoms blow, when blossoms blow,
O could the days more swiftly go,
And bring that ever dreamed-of day
When I shall seek the orchard way,
And tread the path with heart as light
As wind blown petals in their flight,
When blossoms blow.



A CHARACTERISTIC WEST-OF-THE-CASCADES FARM SCENE: LOGGED-OFF HILLS AND CLEARED BOTTOM LANDS.

Success With Livestock in the West

By D. O. Lively

WHEN casting about for a place to locate, I wrote a good many letters to various parts of the Pacific Northwest asking for detailed information along many lines of endeavor. In consequence of these letters I received much literature. Some of it was written in glowing terms, with highly-colored pictures and most of it was devoted to the business of apple growing. It seemed to me from reading the booklets and newspapers sent me from the Northwest that all of this country was made up of cities and apple orchards. I wrote back for more specific information.

I wanted to know something about the live-stock prospects, as over in the Central States and the South, where I had been identified with the livestock industry, there was a nebulous sort of opinion

that the land between the Cascades and the Rockies was a semi-arid desert and everything west of the Cascades was a heavy growth of fir, where rain fell all the year round. There was not any printed matter of a reliable character that would have been of benefit in enlightening me, and probably I would have given the whole matter up if it had not been for the statement made to me by Tom Richardson, who was then in charge of the Publicity Department of the Portland Commercial Club. He said:

"You ask me a lot of questions that I can't give you detailed information on. I can only say this. We have everything in the Pacific Northwest that they have anywhere in the United States, except that it is a whole lot better; and you, or anyone else that lives in any other part of the country, if you can move to this section, and dont, are a star-spangled idiot."

I have found that this statement is true, and it is a pity for the people in the rest of the country, that they cannot all enjoy the advantages of the Pacific Northwest. This is not a foamy line of boosting. It is a statement made by a business man. I know every part of the United States as well as I know the Pacific Northwest, and the assertion made by Tom Richardson is not one bit overdrawn.

In the great amount of official boosting that has been done in the Pacific Northwest there has been too much attention given to apple growing. There

stock business can get better returns in less time than in any other part of the United States.

There is not much incentive, for the man who has already made his fortune, to move to a comparatively new country, and it follows that the man who is the most interested is one who has only a few thousand dollars capital. Knowing this country as I do, I would advise any man who can come to the Pacific Northwest, with any sum from one thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars, to go into the livestock business. If he has

had experience as a specialist in horses, cattle or hogs, he should follow that line in this country. It will be noticed that I do not say anything about sheep. There are some splendid opportunities in that line, but I would not advise any one, except an expert sheep man, to take it on a big scale. The big range flocks in the country are giving way to conditions which run against the sheep industry. West of the Cascades there are splendid chances for the winter feeding of lambs for the market, and the climatic and feed conditions in that section provide surroundings where long-wool sheep do better than in any other part of the United States. Eng-



DRIVING BEEF CATTLE TO MARKET IN WESTERN OREGON.

This bunch averaged 1,000 pounds each,—not above the average for beef cattle in this region, where the conditions are ideal.

land is no question but what apple orcharding is a great enterprise and that there has been a lot of money made out of it. There is not, in my opinion, much danger in the bugaboo of over-production. I do say, however, that the average farmer cannot afford to pay a high price for land and then wait from five to seven years before taking a profit therefrom. The occupation of apple growing is largely an occupation for the city man, and a large proportion of the orchards in this country are owned by city dwellers. What this part of the country needs is the average farmer, and the average farmer that will devote his attention to the live-

stock business can get better returns in less time than in any other part of the United States.

land is the only country that can compete with the country west of the Cascades in the growth of long-wool sheep. I would like to say something so specific and clear on this subject that there could be no mistake made. If this article sounds like boom literature, the reader is urged to remember that it is not. It is not set forth that money can be made in this country without working, and it is not claimed that there are no drawbacks to any industry here in which the farmer may engage. In order to be specific I will state what I would do if I were John Jones, and will set down nothing that has not been actually observed.



A GOOD DAIRY HERD NEAR A WILLAMETTE VALLEY VILLAGE.

John Jones is a farmer in middle Iowa, and tired of the rigid winters, seeks location where he will be just as certain of returns as he is where he now lives. He wants to locate where his time will bring him more money than he is now getting; where his chances for a competency are little hampered by competition. He has a family and wants his boys and girls to have all of the opportunities that go with modern civilization. After he sells his

place and pays his bills, and pays his railroad fare, he will reach some point in Oregon, Washington, Idaho or Northern California with two thousand dollars in cash; he will go to one of the established or comprehensive irrigated projects and buy forty acres of land, on which he will pay one thousand dollars down, the balance to be paid in three additional payments one year apart; he then will have one thousand dollars with which to buy



A FEW PURE BRED SHEEP SHOULD BE FOUND ON EVERY FARM.

a team and build himself a small house. He may be able to get land, at the price indicated, with the house already built. He will be compelled to break this land up and sow thirty acres of it to alfalfa. He will set out a small orchard and make a garden patch, and will have a small piece of land left, say a few acres, which he will plant to a green crop, like sorghum, corn, oats or vetch. The planting and harvesting of these crops will not

to the extent of \$500 without materially lessening his alfalfa yield. He also ought to have in this time, by picking up calves to be raised along with the offspring of his two milch cows, about \$250 worth of cattle. If he is a worker (and has shown the banker in a nearby town that he is diligent and reliable), instead of selling his alfalfa, he will be enabled to borrow the money with which to purchase fifty head of cattle to be fattened for the mar-



COWS IN ALFALFA ON AN IRRIGATED TRACT.

It is more profitable, however, to feed the cut crop than to allow stock to graze upon the alfalfa field.

take all of his time and he will find some opportunity to do contract work or assist in the wheat harvest and otherwise put in his time at a profitable wage. His first year's alfalfa crop should bring him in \$750 net. This means five tons per acre at five dollars per ton. His orchard will be in the nature of an investment, and in the meantime, by the end of his first year, if he has any business head at all, he will have turned into money, hogs

ket. His fifty head of cattle will eat ninety tons of alfalfa, which ought to bring him fifteen dollars a ton. This will mean \$1,350, and his remaining sixty tons at five dollars will be worth a net \$300. Some of it will have to be fed to his milch stock and work horses. His crop should therefore net him not less than \$1,500, counting everything.

Let us take it for granted that Jones is a hog specialist. His thirty acres of



A PRIZE SHORTHORN.

Fine bred stock is one of the first considerations of the successful stock-raiser.

alfalfa will produce, at lower prices than now prevail on the Portland market, fully \$1,800 worth of pork. He will have to utilize the grain from his five or seven acres in the final preparing of his hogs for market, but wheat or barley so used brings from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per bushel, a better way of selling than hauling it to the elevator.

A few hives of bees, all the chickens he can take care of—(this is an ideal chicken country)—a few pure-bred hogs—they are and will be in tremendous demand in the Pacific Northwest—possibly a pure-bred sheep or two—a pair of good, rangy mares, capable of producing draft horses worth \$200 each and upward, and an orchard that is growing toward maturity—what better line of business is there for the man with small capital?

West of the Cascades, in Oregon and Washington, conditions applying to agriculture are somewhat different. On some of the bottom lands alfalfa grows splendidly. Not much of the country, however, is adapted to alfalfa growing, but there are so many substitutes that it is not missed: Vetch, oats, thousand-headed kale, barley, wheat, artichokes, clover and the native grasses make for this section ideal conditions pertaining to the raising of livestock. Land is comparatively cheap, transportation more abundant and returns are equally as certain as

in the irrigated districts. During the rainy season west of the Cascades the ground is muddy. The dry season, which extends from May until October or November, is somewhat of a drawback, but plans are now being undertaken to irrigate large areas, especially in the Willamette Valley. Here in this district the dairy industry thrives, and the raising of hogs as an incident thereto is highly profitable. As stated before, long-wool sheep do better in this section than in any other part of the country, and considering every phase of the matter, up one side and down the other, the conclusion is forced that there is no excuse for living anywhere else.

Summing up the advantages, they appeal to me about as follows: The population is increasing with greater rapidity than in any other section of the United States; in consequence, the price for farm products, and especially for meat animals, will continue to be higher than in any other part of the United States. Beef and mutton and pork can be produced and put on the market in the Pacific Northwest cheaper than in any other part of the country, and again it must not be forgotten that prices are higher. Diversified farming, including the production of livestock, is the most profitable business in the country, and no special training is required in order to make it a success. Good sense and in-



GETTING "POINTERS" ON LIVE STOCK.

A group of farmers about the live-stock car of a "Farm Demonstration Train" in the Pacific Northwest.

dustry are essential, of course, as everywhere else.

We have as good schools, as good churches and as good transportation as are found anywhere; a splendid climate, the grandest scenery, better streams, more fishing and hunting; more varied resources than any other part of the

United States. On the finer side, the Pacific Northwest is a good country in which to live; on the material side, we have better markets and higher prices than in any other part of this vast country, and from the present outlook, demand will lead supply by many laps for years to come.



PRIZE WINNERS.

Sunset

C. E. Ricker

I watch the mountain-girdled skies,
Where, robed in crimson, daylight dies,
And, etched in gold, a young moon lies;
And one white star holds converse there
With unseen spirits of the air.

The sunset means a myriad things—
As when one bird on flashing wings
Recalls each silver voice that sings;
And man, and maid, and bird, are brought
To share one melody of thought.



A SNUG CAMP IN THE OLYMPICS.

Photograph by George F. Putnam.

The Missing Voter

By R. W. Hofflund



OBS," remarked Pete Ulford, "are hard to understand and hard to handle. You get a bunch of men excited about something all at the same time, an' they'll do things that none of 'em would think of alone. It's a curious thing."

We were loafing on the long bench by the bunk-house, and we continued to puff our cigarettes in lazy silence. Pete waited a dignified interval for a comment; nobody appearing to be interested enough to offer one, he continued:

"Reading about this mob up at Amadale reminded me. I was mixed up with a hangin' mob myself, once."

At the far end of the bench Jere Willis moved enough to look down our way.

"With you as a member," he inquired, "or as the party furnishing the neck?"

"Neither," continued Pete reminiscently, "but I was mixed up in it. I come in as a buffer, so to speak, between the two."

"It was over in New Mexico, when I was ridin' range for Colonel Bartlett. The colonel had a big ranch—I don't know myself how big it was—an' about all we had to do was to keep the fences up an' look after the cattle a little. Down at one corner of the ranch was a town called Capistrano; just a few houses, an' the postoffice, an' some saloons, an' Dave Matthews' blacksmith shop.

"One day, after I'd been there a few months, a man moved into a little cabin down on the creek. It was off the ranch, a shack some nester had put up an' deserted later, an' I reckon it did n't belong to nobody. This man come in with his wife an' a couple of kids, an' a bony old scarecrow of a horse that pulled their travelin' outfit an' a swarm of dogs, an' took up housekeepin' in the shack.

"I never saw much of 'em except off an' on when I was ridin' that way, but I heard that the woman had the lung trouble an' was out there for her health.

She sure looked like her health could stand some improvement; but it didn't appear to me it was likely to get it livin' that way. The man was named Gilmay, an' he was n't much of a mixer; except to pass a howdy-do when ridin' by none of the boys ever had a chance to talk to him. We used to wonder how he made a livin'. He set out a little patch of garden truck, an' that was about all there was in sight for him an' the family an' the dogs to eat.

"One morning I went out with Eli McKendry to brand some calves. When we got to the corral where we'd put 'em the night before we found one cow makin' a horrible fuss, an' it turned out that her offspring was missin'.

"'Queer,' says Eli. 'I reckon the little rascal must have squeezed under the bars an' strayed away.'

"We hunted around for it, but it never turned up; an' we decided it must have got far enough from home to attract the coyotes. Later some more got lost out on the range, an' we set traps an' kept a man out at night to watch.

"One morning, when this had been goin' on for a month, Eli McKendry come in while we were eatin' breakfast.

"'Well, Colonel,' he says, 'I've found out where our stock has been disappearin'. Our neighbor on the creek has been workin' up an appetite for veal. Last night he come up to the corral on foot, roped a calf, an' dragged it home. I followed him to find out for sure,' he says, 'but I did n't stop the barbecue. I thought you'd rather fix it with him yourself.'

"The colonel got up out of his chair. 'Well, by George!' he says. 'I thought we had that business stamped out. What the deuce is the thievin' rascal thinking of? I'm glad you left it to me, Eli,' he says. 'I'll just about put him away in the pen for the limit.'

"The pen?" Eli asks, settin' down an' reachin' for a flapjack. 'Oh, yes, to be

sure—the pen. It's curious to me to think of gettin' a cattle thief arrested. In my country we used to regard it as a disgrace to the neighborhood to let a two-legged coyote get away standin' up.'

"Nonsense," says the colonel. 'We dont have to do things like that any more. The necessity for them has passed. Now, I have to go up to San Marcial today; but when I come back I'll swear to a warrant and we'll have this fellow put where he can think it over for a few years. Dont talk about it, or he might get word and slip away. I want to teach him a lesson.'

"He went out to saddle his horse, and Eli kept on eatin', grumblin' to himself all the time. Eli was a Texas man, and had been raised right up with the cattle. He did n't know nothin' else. He was a puncher when a fence was as rare in Texas as a twenty-story office building. He could remember when they used to herd the long-horns all the way to Kansas City; when they'd shoot an Indian first an' ask him what he wanted afterwards. He'd drifted around ever since, an' kept a good many of the old notions. He was a hard drinker, an', durin' those periods, a bad man.

"Teach him a lesson!" he says. 'Oh, ya-as! Of course we will. We'll fine him a couple of dollars, an' if that dont make him feel bad enough we'll spank his hand for him. Great sufferin' cats! This country is gettin' worse every year. Now, in Texas—'

"We know all about Texas," puts in Clem Bullock. 'It's where they do everything the right way. But as far as that goes, you dont want to get the idea that this territory is a regular asylum for cow kleptomaniacs. Several men have learned to the contrary since I've been located here. But this feller aint no rustler; he's only took a few calves. It aint like bein' too free with his branding irons. I dont reckon he meant to work up a herd of his own.'

"Shucks!" says Eli. 'He's kept a good man awake all night for a month. Aint that enough? Moreover,' says he, 'I was the one he kept awake a good deal of the time, which makes it grand larceny. I'd like to lead a little serenadin' party around to his tepee tonight an' ex-

plain to him how I hate to lose my sleep that way. But of course you boys look at it different.'

"Make up your party," says Clem. 'I'll tag along behind.'

"So will I," says two or three others.

"I was n't payin' much attention, but I thought they were gettin' a little too much in earnest. So I laughs at 'em, thinkin' I might make 'em forget it.

"You talk like a bunch of five-year-olds," I says. 'What fun would it be to parade around his old shack an' scare a sick woman to death? Anyhow,' I says, 'more than likely he'll poke a shotgun through the window, blaze away out of pure fright, an' put out a few of your eyes. Better leave him alone, like the colonel said.'

"Eli leans back in his chair an' puts a toothpick between his teeth.

"I reckon," says he, 'that you boys are probably scared of a man with a shotgun. Shall we give it up?'

"I saw right away that I'd got in wrong; egged 'em on, in fact, when I meant to stop their fool nonsense.

"Cant you take a joke?" I asks him. 'I dont suppose he's got a gun, or would have nerve enough to pull the trigger if he had. What's the matter with you, anyhow?' I says. 'You talk as hostile as if you'd had whisky instead of lukewarm coffee to drink.'

"Eli took out an empty flask an' laid it on the table. 'I've had that much,' says he, 'durin' the night watch; but that aint what makes me feel blue. I dont like to see a man walk up to a herd I'm guardin' an' help himself,' he says. 'without lettin' him know my feelings in the matter. I reckon I ought to have yanked him up here with me by the hair,' he says, 'an' I'd be over it by now.'

"That was all we said at the time, but I could see that Eli had got most of the boys to feelin' mean. He made 'em think of this Gilmay as a man who was workin' against the ranch. It was that more than his talkin' a calf that they objected to—the idea of his gettin' hold of something that they were supposed to protect, an' doin' it in spite of their efforts to stop him. We went out to saddle up, an' I hoped they'd forget it; but I heard one of 'em say under his breath: 'The sneak-

in' pup!' An' Clem Bullock says: 'We'd ought to drop him in the creek a couple of times, anyhow.'

"I come in late at noon, an' most of 'em were through dinner. They were settin' around the table talkin', an' had got to boastin' about what they'd do that night. That's always a bad sign with young fellers like that. They talk a lot, an' then when it comes time to perform it's hard to back down, even if they feel different. There was n't any use arguin' with 'em, so I just made out that I was n't much interested, but would probably go along. They were goin' down to Capistrano first, to celebrate an' get hold of liquid excitement; an' I thought I might be able to head 'em off on to some other kind of jollification.

"But later I got to thinkin' of this woman an' the kids, an' it seemed to me kind of underhand to go up there an' half-murder the man. Of course he was n't no account, an' I did n't care about him; but he was the best she had, an' likely it would go hard with her to have him hurt. Then, too, the boys were gettin' pretty serious; no tellin' how far they'd go after gettin' hold of him. Altogether, I did n't much like to think about it, so I saddled up an' rode down to see Dave Matthews.

"Dave was the constable an' deputy sheriff, a big, brawny man with sandy whiskers. A broncho mule comin' into the shop feelin' that he did n't need a new pair of shoes just yet, an' was n't goin' to have 'em, would take one look at Dave an' change his mind. He had a little square jail behind his shop, which was hardly ever used. Dave would never put a Mexican in it, for one thing, because he liked to keep it clean; an' they were about the only ones he ever had any trouble with. Some of the ranch boys used to sleep in it when they'd stayed down in town pretty late, an' ride home in the morning.

"I come up to the shop just as Dave had got through shoein' a horse an' was lightin' a cigarette.

"'Hello,' he says. 'Aint you a little early? I heard you boys were comin' down tonight.'

"'Dave,' I says, 'I'm afraid there's goin' to be trouble.'

"'No trouble at all,' he says, 'as far as I'm concerned. Have all the fun you want, an' if I go to bed before you get through just bang on the door an' I'll give you the jail key. But I wont stand for no more crowdin',' he says. 'I wont take in more than five.'

"'Listen,' I says, an' I told him what the boys were planning on.

"'Well,' says he, 'what of it? What do I care? I aint the guarden of hungry ranchers. If he took the calves why not let 'em get him for it?'

"'Why,' I says, 'that aint the point. Give him a chance to say whether he done it or not. Anyhow,' I says, 'they're likely to go too far; you know Eli McKendry. Hangin' is altogether too strong, these days. Send him up to town, an' let the J. P. prescribe for him. Mebbe he made a mistake in the dark,' I says, 'an' thought he was in his own pasture.'

"'In this country,' says Dave, 'a man makes that kind of a mistake at his own risk. No,' says he, 'there's certain regulations in this town that I dont let no one break; but this is different. I dont see where I got any call to interfere until something happens.'

"'Well,' I says, 'mebbe I can point it out to you. You let this thing go on, an' the boys pull off a hangin'. Naturally the news travels all over the territory. The papers say, "Capistrano, eh? Let's see, aint that where Dave Matthews is deputy sheriff? Now, where was Dave all this time?" An' Echo will answer, "Under the bed!" It's your finish, Dave, if you dont stop it.'

"He scratched his head over this. 'Shucks!' he says. 'You talk like a nervous old woman; but, lookin' at it from that altitude, I do' know but what you're right. I hereby change my mind. Anyhow,' he says, 'I dont rightly like the idea of a bunch of mangy, locoed, freckle-faced cow hostlers runnin' around takin' the law in their own hands. If anybody is due to get hung around here I reckon I can'tend to it myself. I dont believe they'd go so far as to string him up, but I'll bring him down here an' put him in the jail. With the key in my pants pocket I reckon he'll be safe enough. Now tie up an' forget your rustler,' he

says, 'an' later have some beans an' coffee with me an' the missus.'

"'No,' I says, 'I'll be ridin' back. I'd rather the boys did n't know I'd been down here. I'll come with 'em tonight an' see what happens.'

"'Well,' says Dave, 'come over to the jail, if you can slip away. You'll find your protejay sittin' on bunk number one, tellin' me how he never done it at all.'

"I went back, gettin' to the ranch just about in time to eat supper an' turn around again. Early in the evening we started off for Capistrano, ridin' two an' two like a squad of soldiers. I was sure nobody had noticed my bein' away in the afternoon, because if they had they'd have asked me about it; so I let on I was goin' to take part in whatever they did. It was plain, anyhow, that they'd got past the point of being persuaded out of it. All the way down nobody cracked a joke. We were as quiet an' gloomy as if we were on our way to a hard job, instead of on a trip to town. I did n't much like the looks of it; it was so different from usual.

"We all tied up to the rail in front of Becker and Son's Cash Store an' drifted around from one place to another. It took quite a while to get warmed up. There was a faro game in one place, an' after playin' that an' takin' a few drinks the boys seemed to get the thing off their minds a little. I was just planning to slip away an' run over to see Dave when Clem come up.

"'Pete,' he says, 'a feller has been tellin' Eli that our man is down here in town.'

"'Is that so?' I says.

"'Yes. Dave brought him in after supper. Mebbe the colonel spoke to him on the way out.'

"'I reckon that must be it,' I agrees.

"'Eli says to meet here at ten-thirty,' Clem goes on. 'We'll bust into their little lockup an' snake him out so quick that Dave will never know how it happened. We got to get him, Pete,' he says. His face was flushed. He did n't look mad, exactly, but surly, like he'd been brooding over it.

"'Sure,' I says. 'Where's Eli?'

"'Over at the Dutchman's place. He'll be here. He aint drinkin' much. Eli

feels mean over this, Pete. We got to stay with him.'

"'Sure,' I says, an' walks out. In a couple of minutes I had my horse away from the rail an' was leadin' him over to Dave's. I put him in an empty stall an' walked back to the jail. Dave was standin' in the door, an' he was leanin' with one hand on a rifle.

"'Hello, Pete,' he says. 'I hear your *compadres* are goin' to play a little hoss with me tonight.' He took a couple of puffs of his cigarette. 'Well,' he says, 'I wish they would n't, Pete. I dont like it. Because I cant let 'em do it—see? I I got to stop 'em.'

"'Sure,' I says. 'Is Gilmay here?'

"Dave motioned with his head. I went inside. Gilmay was settin' on the bed. He was a little, nervous-lookin' man, with a pleasant kind of smile. His upper lip was kind of blue an' trembly, lookin' like it must hurt him considerable to shave it.

"'I reckon you were right about givin' him a chance,' says Dave. 'Mr. Gilmay, shake hands with Mr. Ulford. I'd like to have him hear your story,' he says.

"'Why,' says Gilmay, 'I was just tellin' the sheriff. I moved out heah from Alabama. I aint been able to make a go of it, exactly, an' my woman's been sick. We run out of grub all the time. I ought n't to have took no cattle; but last night I could n't stan' it. There was n't no grub in the house. I reckon I lost my haid. But I was aimin' to pay. I was aimin' to tell the colonel today, an' to pay when I got some money saved up.'

"'An' how about the others?' I asks him. 'How about them calves you took before?'

"'Foh a fac', suh,' he says, 'I was neveh in you' pasture till last night. I dont reckon you'll believe it, but if calves was missin' befo' last night I neveh got 'em. At the time I did n't stop to think, but I was aimin' to see the colonel today.'

"He was smilin' all the time, an' his lip trembled while he talked, an' somehow I felt nothin' but plumb sorry for him. So I says:

"'Well, I cant see where that'll dc any good now. How's it goin' to help

your sick wife for you to get strung up or sent to jail?"

"That's it, of co'se," he says, still smilin'. "I ought to have thought of it, but I did n't. I reckon I lost my haid, but I was aimin' to pay. Howeveh," he says, "theah 's no use goin' into that now. I aint no thief, but I could n't make it understood. Anyhow, I had to do it. I did n't know nobody to ask foh help, an' I could n't stan' it. Of co'se," he goes on, "I caint rightly ask you gents to shoot up you' own frien's an' neighbuhs in o'deh to defen' me from this trouble I got into. Do you reckon they 'll try to git me heah?"

"Well," I says, "There 's war clouds on the horizon, all right; but in this country that dont necessarily mean rain. There 's no use my arguin' with 'em or tryin' to head 'em off; they 've got too far for that. We 'll have to wait an' see."

"If they do," he says, "an' it was so you could go up an' put it straight to my woman, I 'd take it right kind of you, gents. I suah would. When the sheriff come an' got me she was scared sick. I come out heah because the doc back home said it would save her life—her lungs are bad. So it would go right ha'd with her. No matteh what happens," he says, "put it to her that I was n't noways frightened or hurt. It will make it easieh foh her," he says.

"Oh—shucks!" says Dave. "Dont feel so sure you 're goin' to be took. Do I look like a man who would lie down an' let a bunch of drunk cowboys walk all over him? Anyhow, your woman would be took care of. For gosh sake!" he says. "What kind of a country do you think you come to? Pete," he says, turnin' to me, "what are you goin' to do?"

"I reckon I 'll just set here a while," I says. "They mean business, Dave, an' that 's the truth. There 's no use of my goin' back. I 'll just stay here an' do what I can when the time comes."

"All right," says Dave. "Come over here a minute." We went over to a corner. "Pete," he warns me, "dont use your gun until I say the word. Mebbe we can bluff 'em. But we got to stop 'em, Pete."

"Sure," I says.

"So we set there for a long time. Gil-

may kept talkin' about his wife. It seemed to worry him a good deal—her bein' so scared when Dave got him. It was plain that he was tellin' the truth. He was just a sort of incapable little man; not much of a hustler, an' thrown plumb out of his element when he pulled up stakes an' come West.

"But it made us nervous to hear him talk, so neither Dave nor I paid much attention. After a while he quit, an' we just set there listening.

"Finally there was a bunch of yells let loose up near town, an' a few shots. Then we heard 'em poundin' the road.

"Here they come," says Dave, goin' over to the door.

"In about a minute the clatter of hoofs was right outside, an' they were yellin' like drunk Indians. Some one flops off his pony, runs up to the jail, an' bangs on the door.

"Please to let me in," he shouts. "There 's a stranger within your gates we want a few words with."

"Oh," says Dave. "An' who might you be?"

"A nameless outcast from the land of Texas," come in Eli's voice. "Dont you worry about who I am, you long-whiskered constable," he says. "I 'm a cross between a catamount an' a barb-wire fence, an' I got the whole family with me. Open up!"

"Come around to the window," says Dave, "an' I 'll pow-wow with you."

"So he goes over to the window, which was heavily barred but otherwise open, an' Eli comes around outside."

"First, Eli," says Dave, "you 're drunk."

"Wrong, brother," says Eli. "Frequently so, but not this time. Anyhow, not from the neck up. Was that all you wanted to tell me?"

"No," says Dave. "You want to masacre this man for fun. You got your little mob out here, an' you 're aimin' to have a picnic. Now, Eli, there aint no sense in that. He 's not a thief, but a man that 's had hard luck. Tomorrow you 'll be able to understand it."

"I can understand it right now," says Eli. "His hard luck is just about to begin. Dont you talk to me; I saw the sneakin' cuss with my own eyes." All of a sudden

he let out a regular war-whoop. 'Dont you talk to me,' he yells. 'Come outside, an' you an' me will settle the argument.' He strings out a line of talk about bein' a fightin' man from Texas an' able to lick anything in pants. It was plain he'd had enough liquor to make him see red. He called Dave everything he could think of, an' dared him again to come out. The rest of the boys were keepin' away; yellin' once in a while, but leavin' the business to Eli.

"I'd like well enough to come," says Dave, "but I cant just now. I aint got the right."

"Eli laughed. 'The right!' he says. He seemed to sober up a little. 'What do you know about your rights?' he says. 'Who elected you constable? We did, brother. You represent us. You have n't got a right in the world except what we give you. Now, we say, "Give us this thief that prowls in the night, an' we will teach him not to prowl no more." It's your duty, plain as your face, to listen to the voice of the people, speakin' through the Honorable Eli McKendry.'

"'Why,' says Dave, as if a thought had struck him, 'the voice of the people ought rightly to come without so much flavor of alcohol; but that sounds like good sense, Eli, even if you aint in condition to know it yourself.'

"'Let it soak in,' says Eli, gettin' excited again. 'I cant talk all night. Open your door or we'll knock it off,' he says. 'We'll tip your little jail upside down, an' pull you out by the legs,' he says. Some of the others come runnin' up an' banged on the door with the butts of their guns, an' some shot in the air.

"'Wait a minute,' Dave shouts. 'If it comes to a fight, you boys know me. You cant break in here that way, an' you cant scare me with noise. But what Eli said sounds fair to me. I cant refuse to do what the public wants.'

"'You bet your red whiskers you cant!' yells Eli. 'If you do you're liable to go around with your face on the back of your head. Open up, or come outside!'

"'But,' says Dave, talkin' fast, 'you boys aint the only ones in this district. How about the others? It's got to be a good majority. I'll tell you what,' he says, 'you bring up twenty-five voters

out of the forty-six in Capistrano that say for me to give up this man. Bring 'em up here to the window so I can talk to 'em. Then every one of you boys vote in favor of it. If you give me your word not to do nothing unless you can put it through, I'll give you mine to open the door as soon as the vote is cast that way.'

"Eli started to laugh at the idea; but some of the others were close enough to hear, and they come up an' talked to him. I reckon they did n't much care to start shootin', for all their bluster.

"'Well,' says Eli, 'the boys seem to take to your offer. It goes, brother. If there's doubters in town I reckon we can convince 'em.'

"'All right,' says Dave. 'Bring me twenty-five; I dont care how you persuade 'em to come. But you boys have got to be solid. You're runnin' this excursion. Are you all down here?'

"'Of course we are,' shouts Clem; 'all except Prong Jim, an' I reckon the Chinese vote aint necessary. We got some good, reliable Capistrano voters with us now, an' we'll go get the others.'

"So they pound up the road for town. Dave turned around an' laughed.

"'Jimin-ee, Pete!' he says. 'I was afraid you'd open your mouth an' spoil the whole thing. I reckon I got one on Eli that time,' he laughs. I suppose I was lookin' kind of surprised, an' Gilmay was settin' with his head in his hands, as though he felt lonesome. 'Why,' says Dave, 'did n't you notice the point?'

"'I beg you' pahdon,' says Gilmay. 'I was thinkin' of otheh things. How is this goin' to wuk out?'

"'How?' says Dave. 'Did n't you hear him? Eli has give his word not to make a move unless the ranch boys vote unanimous, an' here's one of 'em, right in our front parlor. How the blazes is he goin' to get Pete's vote? Wait till you hear the roll-call,' he says, 'an' I have 'em huntin' the territory for Pete. I just put in the Capistrano men to make it sound natural. By morning,' he says, 'they'll be tired an' sober, an' would n't hang their own clothes out to dry.'

"'Well, it looked like it might work. We set there for a while, an' pretty soon they come gallopin' back.

"'Here we are,' shouts Eli. 'Stick

your face up here an' count your constituents. I have n't counted 'em myself, yet, but we went through Capistrano with a pocket comb. I reckon there's plenty.'

"So Dave goes up to the window an' talks with one man after another. When he gets through he says:

"The folks down here seem to be all right, though some is too sleepy to know what they're votin' on. Now, how about you boys? All here?"

"Call 'em off," says Eli. "You know 'em."

"So Dave calls different names, an' they all shout in favor of it, laughin' an' yellin' at the joke of the thing.

"Slim!" Dave calls. "Slim Magee!"

"I vote yes," says Slim. "Mostly I'm a Prohibitionist, but this time I go with the majority. Open the door!"

"Billy Carter!" calls Dave. "I want old Billy's vote."

"I vote to poke him through the window," growls Billy, who's a tough old relic of the Montana blizzards. "I got the rope here—put him out!"

"Dont be in a hurry," says Dave. "Pete Ulford! Speak up, Pete."

"This was where we were goin' to win or lose. So far, of course, they had n't realized that I was n't with 'em; but when they begun to think back there was a chance that some one would remember seein' me slip away. But it worked like oiled machinery. They seemed to be a good deal surprised that I did n't answer, an' we could hear 'em scurrying around tryin' to locate me.

"Pretty soon Eli comes up to the window. 'Dave,' he says, 'Pete aint here. Cant you pass up his vote till tomorrow? I guarantee he's favorable. He come down with us, but we lost him somewhere.'

"Then find him," snaps Dave. "I dont pass up no vote. This has got to be regular. Probably he's asleep up in some barroom. Run up an' get him."

"An' the hunt begun right there. Eli an' Clem stuck to their promise. Naturally they did n't run across me in town; so they sent up to the ranch. This took considerable time. Then they sent out parties in all directions, leavin' a guard at the jail. Every once in a while Eli

would come ridin' up to see if I'd been found.

"I reckon he must have fell asleep in the saddle," he tells Dave, "an' his horse has strayed off with him. I hope he walks in the creek an' drowns him," he says; "but if he dont we'll sure find him soon."

"In about an hour he comes back again an' rides up to the window.

"The boys out here are sound asleep, Dave," he says. "Any news?"

"I have n't heard any," says Dave. "I see I'm due for an all-night wait. This is hard on me, Eli."

"I reckon," says Eli. "It's hard on all of us. Could n't you just pass out that ornery little pet of yours an' end it?"

"Bring in your voter," Dave tells him. "I stick to my offer."

"An' so we set there for a long time, talkin' a little, an' takin' cat-naps, an' wishin' the time would pass faster. When the sun rose I got up an' took a look outside. There was half-a-dozen sleepy, discouraged cowboys shiverin' in the cold of the mornin', an' more ridin' up. Eli was one of 'em. I ducked out of sight, an' he come up to the jail.

"Dave," he says, an' it was plain he had about as much spirit left as a tired-out calf that's wandered off durin' the night, 'Dave,' he says, 'I reckon we got to postpone it. Pete aint anywhere in the United States. I believe, myself, that he's dead an' buried. So I reckon we got to postpone it.'

"Is that so?" Dave says kind of thoughtful. "Do you mean that?"

"Of course I mean it," says Eli. "We'll ride back to the ranch, an' mebbe look you up tonight. Anyhow, we'll talk it over. We'll let you know, Dave; but this votin' business is all off. It dont hold over."

"All right," says Dave. "But you come inside a minute. I've sat up all night for you, an' now I want you to talk to this man before you go back."

"He opens the door, an' Eli walks up. When he saw me he stood still for a minute with his jaw hangin' down, an' then he went over an' fell on the cot an' laughed an' laughed till his breath give out.

"Excuse me," he says, "but I got the

highsterics. I rode forty miles last night huntin' you, Pete, an' it took me off guard to find you so close to home. Well, well,' he says. 'Pete, I reckon you better get in the middle of a squad of artillery when you go up home. There's liable to be a little committee waitin'. This is a fine joke,' he says, 'but I aint much in favor of 'em, myself.' He turned to Dave. 'What was it you wanted me for?' he asked.

"Dave brought up Gilmay an' started him talkin'. He told about what he'd done in his soft, lazy kind of drawl, an' pretty soon Eli begun to look uncomfortable.

"'Umph,' he growls. 'Sure you didn't get them other calves?'

"'Suh,' says Gilmay, 'I have no way of provin' my word, but such as it is I give it. I'm willin' to take what's comin', but I aint no thief.'

"He went on to tell about his woman, an' how scared she was, which he couldn't seem to forget for a minute. Eli walked over to the door an' swung around sudden.

"'I reckon mebbe we were a little hasty,' he says. 'If you did n't get them other calves we'd ought to be able to fix it up. I'm sorry about the woman. For gosh sake, man,' he says, 'what kind of a country do you think you come to? Of course, this aint exactly Texas; but then it aint exactly hell, neither. Why did n't you tell us—?'

"He saw Dave an' me grinnin,' an' stopped. 'Shucks!' he says. 'You loonies would laugh at your grandmother's

funeral. Come along, Pete; let's get back to work.'"

Over at the cook-house the big bell rang, meaning that we had ten minutes in which to harness up and reach the field. Pete rose and threw away his cigarette.

"'An' of course that was all there was to it," he concluded. "When the Colonel got back I explained it to him, an' he give Gilmay a job on the ranch. He turned out to be a first-rate little man, after he got used to our ways."

Jere Willis also rose, and stretched himself. "And they all forgave you an' put you down for a regular little hero, I suppose."

"No," said Pete, "not exactly that. Some of the boys were a little hot about my foolin' 'em that way; but they weren't really sorry, so it wore off quick. That's what I meant by a mob bein' hard to understand. After the first hour of delay I'll bet that none of 'em really wanted to hang the man; but they wouldn't back down an' say so. So even Eli was probably right glad to find that there was n't no necessity for doin' it.

"Anyhow, Dave helped a good deal by bein' so tickled over his joke on Eli that he would n't let us go right back.

"'We've had a long spell of watchin',' he says, 'an' now it's time to eat. Gilmay can swallow a cup of coffee an' hurry back; but the rest of us will set down an' eat bacon an' flapjacks until dinner time, an' then,' he says, 'we'll eat dinner.'"

Star-Dust

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

Dust thou wert, to dust art tending;
 Yet Soul, be not afraid:
 How nobler wouldst thou choose thine ending!
 Of such poor dust the stars are made!



The Conqueror

By Berton Braley

Room for me, graybeards, room, make room!
Menace me not with your eyes of gloom;
Jostle me not from the place I seek,
For my arms are strong and your own are weak,
And if my plea to you be denied
I'll thrust your wearying forms aside.
Pity you? Yes, but I cannot stay—
I am the spirit of Youth, make way!

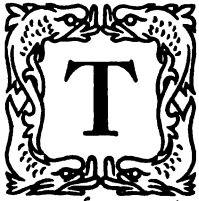
Room for me, timid ones, room, make room!
Little I care for your fret and fume—
I dare whatever is mine to meet,
I laugh at sorrow and jeer defeat;
To doubt and doubters I give the lie,
And fear is stilled as I swagger by,
And life's a fight and I seek the fray—
I am the spirit of Youth, make way!

Room for me, mighty ones, room, make room!
I fear no power and dread no doom;
And you who curse us or you who bless
Alike must bow to my dauntlessness.
I topple the king from his golden throne,
I smash old idols of brass and stone,
I am not hampered by yesterday—
Room for the spirit of Youth, make way!

Room for me, all of you, make me room!
Where the rifles crash and the cannon boom,
Where glory beckons or love or fame
I plunge me heedlessly in the game,
The old, the wary, the wise, the great—
They cannot stay me, for I am Fate,
The brave young master of all good play—
I am the spirit of Youth, make way!

Confessions of a Country Life Insurance Agent

By G. Arsee



THE life insurance salesman, as he likes to call himself,—agent, as he is known to the public,—meets with a varied and interesting experience. He is called upon for acuteness of perception and adroit judgment of human nature, combined with the highest class of salesmanship, at every turn of his path. The measure of his success is his ability to turn handicap into advantage. Tact and diplomacy are his necessary qualifications and they must be supplemented by work,—hard unremitting work. The most brilliant and persuasive man will fail in the life insurance field if he be not a worker. The successful “life” agent is, in the words of a prominent manager, “nine-tenths judgment and one-tenth work.” Both are necessary.

I met a gentleman the other day in the course of business. He was a man of considerable wealth and importance in his community, and his name on our list of policyholders would be a valuable asset; for in life insurance as in other things, the game of “follow the leader” is played consistently. Before I met him I had determined to write him a policy, and while the atmosphere at the first meeting was decidedly cool, my determination was not in the least abated. In the course of the first conversation I studied my man carefully. I permitted him to do most of the talking, endeavoring meanwhile to learn as much as possible of his temperament and mode of reasoning. Unconsciously he gave me valuable information and showed me the weak points in his armor.

I found he was a lover of good horses, made a specialty of breeding and hand-

ling them. This was my cue. I went to my hotel, supplied myself with every available bit of horse information, and at my next meeting with Mr. — was able to talk intelligently with him on his favorite topic. It was the beginning of the end. I took walks and rides with him and in the course of a few days had his application for a good-sized policy.

One of the very amusing and at the same time exasperating phases of life insurance work is the occasional meeting with the specimen of *genus ignoramus*, who insists on calling the old M——— Life Insurance Company an “Order” or “Lodge.” The persistent and patient agent may explain to his heart’s content and may even get the application, but his company is still an “Order” in the yokel’s mind. I remember having talked for two hours to such a man when a look of almost human intelligence brightened his eyes and he asked me who there was in that neighborhood who belonged to my “thing.” It is this kind of man who never knows whether his policy is an “Ordinary Life,” a “Limited Payment Life,” or an “Endowment.” As a matter of principle he always tells those who ask that it is an “Endowment,” usually twenty years. When a competing agent comes along and, by asking the amount of the premium, discovers the policy to be an Ordinary Life, Mr. Yokel proceeds to anathematize the agent who wrote him. Here is where the twister gets in his work. Taking advantage of the prospect’s state of mind, he prevails upon him to change companies. This is called “twisting,” and is always done at a loss to the insured. If the agent is honest, he will know that the confused policyholder has forgotten the conditions described to him by the former agent. Any

kind of a policy in any good company, and there are scores of them, is worth the money paid for it.

There are occasions when the agent's brain must work in double-quick time. I recall an incident that happened back in 1905, the year of the insurance "big wind." I had a prospect who was foreman of the S— Mine. I had talked with him at various times concerning the imperative need for life insurance, and as truth is itself an insistent thing, I succeeded one day in getting his application. It happened in this way. The mine where Mr. G— worked was back in the mountains about six miles. The last mile was up a very steep hillside and could only be covered by "hoofing" it. I had made the trip one hot day, tying my team at the foot of the path, and climbing a hill that made me puff like a river steamer and perspire so freely that my thirst was the only dry thing about me. I was determined that my labors should not be fruitless, and so strong was this determination that when I went back down the hill I did not go empty-handed. I could not, however, get him to go to the examiner that day, nor permit me to bring one to the mine.

(Just here let me say that the medical examination is one of the bugbears of the country agent's business. In many cases no physician is convenient and if the matter is allowed to go over for a day or two, there is grave danger that the applicant will back out. One of the first lessons an agent learns is to get his applicant examined at once, not tomorrow, nor next day, but at once.)

To get back to my story: Mr. G— would not permit me to bring a physician, but said he would be in Ashland, the nearest town, on the eighteenth of the month and would then be examined. This was two weeks away, but I had to acquiesce. Before doing so, however, I had come to the conclusion that the man would not look me up when he came to town, and that I *would* bring a physician to him and in such a way that he could not well take offense. In brief, I saw his game and was ready to beat him at it. I accordingly thanked him kindly, assured him of my certainty that he would

do as he had promised, and bade him good-bye.

On the morning of the nineteenth, Mr. G—'s application and medical examination were sent to the company. The latter was secured by a very simple ruse. As I expected, Mr. G— did not show up on the eighteenth at my office, and though I discovered him to be in town, I did not make any effort to see him. In fact, it was part of my plan not to do so. Early the nineteenth, I got the doctor and drove to the mine, being sure, of course, that my man had changed his mind. Such was the case. He was surprised to see me, but without giving him time to speak further, I apologized profusely for being out of town the day before, was sure he was disappointed at not finding me, but business had interfered with my plans and I was forced to be away. Knowing that he was very anxious to have the insurance, as his family was entirely without protection, I had brought the examiner to him at the earliest possible moment, was sure he would appreciate it, etc., etc. At first he demurred, but my apparent confidence in him and my zeal for his welfare did the work. He undoubtedly suspected that he had been bested, but could not just determine how to extricate himself from his position. I won.

During one of my country trips, I stopped at a farmer's house and, introducing myself, stated my business. The farmer was loath to listen, said he had been interviewed times without number; that he did not believe in life insurance, and thought he could invest his money to better advantage than a life insurance company could. I persisted and finally he acknowledged a slight interest. The noon hour drew near, and he invited me to stay to dinner. Of course, I accepted, for it is a well-known fact that a man is in a more amiable mood after eating, and besides it offered me the opportunity of working with him through his family.

He introduced me to his wife, a neat, intelligent and good-looking woman. He had two pretty little children, one about three years old and the other a babe in the cradle. I at once became a friend of both. The elder readily came to my lap

and prattled away while I praised her beauty, her aptness and the great promise she gave. The baby and I had quite a romp. The meal was a good, substantial one, well cooked and cleanly served. I saw the wife's face light up with pleasure when I gave her the praise she so well deserved, but which I fear she too seldom received. Of course, during all this time I was working, not in actual argument, but in the more telling and delicate way of winning a place in their esteem and getting nearer to them. Every man, woman and child in this world is susceptible to praise, and a diplomatic use of it is a great aid to the life agent. After the meal I invited him to the table and again took up the actual work of soliciting his application. I soon discovered that I was approaching the end. His objections became less pronounced. Doubt of his previous attitude had entered his mind. Skillfully I overcame his resistance, and, when I felt the moment had come, the application blank was on the table and he was giving me his full name. I wrote it down, keeping up the conversation every minute, for the psychological moment had come. I knew to a certainty that if I could keep his mind centered on me and my line of thought, when I reached the end of the preliminary questions he would sign. I knew, too, that if I permitted him to direct his own thought for a moment, his habitual aversion would prompt him to refuse. The application was for a good-sized policy and meant several dollars in commission to me.

But "The best laid plans," etc. He was sitting near the window. A sudden noise attracted his attention, and looking out, he saw that the hired man had lost control of his team; it was running away. He jumped up, ran out, and I had lost my case. When he came back I could not touch him. An unforeseen incident had frustrated an almost certain sale. For several hours I had worked unceasingly. Gradually I had made myself the master. By logic and thought-suggestion I had brought my man to my feet, only to meet defeat through the unforeseen. But I reaped some good from the incident. I learned that it was poor policy to seat my prospect where his attention could be easily attracted from me. Of course,

I have written many cases like the above when nothing happened to spoil the closing. I mention this one to show the great importance of that particular moment when the salesman's mind is supreme. Then is the true test of his skill. He must know intuitively when that moment has arrived and act promptly.

This runaway incident reminds me of another that had quite a different result. I had driven out to interview a young unmarried farmer. I arrived at eleven in the morning, and upon his invitation remained for lunch. I worked long and hard to secure his application, but the very best I could do was to get his consent to think it over and see me again the next day. Of course, this meant absolute failure, for if I could not write him when my personality was fresh upon him, I could not hope that he would succumb in the few minutes I would see him next day. About three in the afternoon we went out to hitch up our horses. He was going to town also, and while I was busy hitching my team, he was hitching his own, a pair of spirited blacks. I had just got two tugs fastened when his team became frightened and ran away. They ran past my horses, causing them to break away and join the procession. The blacks circled the barn-yard and ran into a fence, which stopped them, but my team kept the road up a narrow lane, out into the main road with the end of the tongue skirting the ground. It finally struck, turned the buggy upside down and the team stopped. The horses were unhurt and the only damage was a broken tug and tongue brace, which I afterwards had repaired at a cost of \$1.50. But my young friend felt so badly at being the innocent cause of the accident that he came to me while I was repairing the tug and told me he had decided to take the policy. Without any delay, as may be imagined, I left the tug to its fate and wrote out the application, which he promptly signed. So it may be seen that all winds of fortune are not ill winds.

Trivial things may cause success or failure. I have taken drivers with me who have ignorantly caused me to lose business. Just when I secured my prospect's attention, the driver, generally an acquaintance, would ask some question

about the crop, a sale, or some other subject foreign to insurance. Like a flash, my supremacy was gone. At other times a neighbor drops in at the critical moment; a customer, a telephone call, and so on. If it were not for these things the agent's work would be far easier. The other day I made a little mistake and by it lost a sale. I had my talk, had drawn my prospect under control, and had reached the closing moment, when, prompted by I know not what, I handed him the application to read. While appearing to read it, he began in reality to gather together his scattered forces. I saw my mistake and attempted to regain control of the blank. This I could not do and I had the satisfaction of inwardly cursing myself while he calmly read and re-read the simple questions, gathering fresh courage with every minute. Finally he handed it to me with the proposition that he would think it over. I could not shake his new-born resolve. I had lost through a false move.

Very much of the life insurance business that is written today is paid for with notes. That is, the first premium is so paid. Many times a man takes insurance, giving a note in settlement, when he never intended to do so. He is drawn into it by a very simple and much-used artifice which shows how very easily a man's entire defense is reduced to ruins at a time when he thinks it most impregnable. For instance, I called upon a prospect last month. He was in need of insurance, and knew it, but he had acquired a habit of postponing serious thought upon the subject. The present dollar looked big to him. The future benefits, while acknowledged, were apparently a long way off. When approached by an agent, he would plead lack of funds, though in fact he was reasonably well-to-do. He would invariably suggest that in the spring, or next fall, as the time of year prompted, he would surely take a policy. I knew my man, so when I called upon him, I did not solicit his immediate application. I produced my contract, showed him the liberality of its provisions, explained the workings of the automatic-extension clause, the cash and loan values, etc. At the end of ten minutes he admitted it to be a fine thing and announced his inten-

tion of taking a policy next spring, but he really could not handle it now. Paying only passing attention to his remarks, I continued to dwell upon the advantages of life insurance in general, and my contract in particular. He grew more and more interested and stated that he certainly meant to have some in the spring. Again I refused to notice the postponement. I read him several letters of approbation written us by satisfied policy-holders, and some expressing regret that the writers had not taken it sooner. He was really interested and would surely take a policy in the spring. I then took a blank policy form, wrote his name and that of his wife in the proper places and laid it before him, at the same time suggesting that such a policy might mean comfort to his family in place of poverty.

"I'll tell you what, old man," he broke out, "you come around in three months and I'll take a \$5,000.00 policy with you, but right now I have n't the money." Of course, I had intended all the time to take a note from him, but I did not mention it yet. To have done so would have meant failure. He did not yet sufficiently want the insurance, and the key to salesmanship is to make the prospect want the article so much that he forgets his objections to it. What I did say to him, though, was:

"That is a good resolve. I am glad you see the necessity of protecting your family. Now, Mr. B—, you are a man of unusual character. You have listened attentively and intelligently to what I have told you. You love your family, and in promising me that you will take a policy in three months, you have also made the promise to them. It is a sacred promise, and being a true man, you will hold it so, will you not?"

Of course, he answered "Yes." He was impressed and pleased by my talk. But while he was so at the time, I knew he would not be in three months,—or in three hours, for that matter.

"But," said I, "suppose that in three months you do not have the money?"

"Oh, I will surely have it then. I have quite a bit of money coming in at that time," he answered.

Again I held the policy before him.

remarking upon its excellence and value; told him of the absolute security that he would feel if he had such a policy on his life, etc. Finally I said, "See here, B—, you would take it today if you had the money, wouldn't you? Of course,—I knew it; you want it. Well, now, sign this little paper," and I produced a note reading as follows:

I hereby agree to be alive and well three months from today, and able to stand the medical examination required by the ——— Life Insurance Co.

He read it over carefully and, of course, saw the point and saw it in a way that he never would have seen it through argument.

"Why," said he, "I cant sign this."

"Of course you cant," I answered. Then I showed my guns.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. We will write out your application. You take the medical examination now, while you can, and the policy will be issued. In three months I will come around for my pay;" and handing him my pen, "Just sign your name right here," and he signed. I had said nothing about a note, nor did I until the papers had been filled out. Then I filled out a commercial note for ninety days and, explaining that it was just a matter of form which had to be complied with in view of the fact that something might happen to him before the date. Of course the policy would be in force from the date of issue, the same as though he had paid cash, for life insurance companies recognize no notes. The agent must pay the net in cash. He generally sells the note to a bank at a slight discount, or in many cases discounts it to the applicant himself upon delivery of the policy. I always prefer the latter method. There are times, of course, when this artifice does not meet with success, but I have personally written many thousands of business in this way that I could not have secured in any other.

There is another little piece of diplomacy that I have used with success several times when every other means has failed me. After exhausting my line of argument without results, I produce a blank application form, ask for the necessary information, and fill it in, knowing,

of course, that he will refuse to sign. When I have reached the end, I hand him the pen and ask him to sign. Upon his refusal I tell him that I do not intend to keep the application after he has signed unless he voluntarily tells me I may.

"Sign it," I persist, "and keep it in your own hands. Then, after I have told you one thing more, if you so decide, tear it up."

He will generally sign, if only from curiosity to know why I wish him to do so. Then I say, "Mr. B—, you have, by that stroke of the pen given to your wife and children an absolute surety of comfort in the time when black death shall snatch you from them. You have assured the mother that her daughters need not enter the kitchens of their neighbors to labor for a pittance, ruin their chance to marry well, and mar their beauty; that her sons need not take the yoke of paid servility, but may be educated and find their places in the battle of life alongside the best. Think well before you destroy it. In your hands is placed a great responsibility. By simply handing me the application with permission to send it to the company, you place your family beyond the reach of poverty. By destroying it you knowingly and willingly may open the door of despair and want upon your loved ones. Destroy it if you will, but God help *me*, I could not do it." If he hesitates, I have won. If not, his family has lost. Many times I have succeeded with this.

Personal contact is one of the strongest aids in reducing the prospect to the agent's control. I have cultivated the habit of standing or sitting close to my man. My remarks are emphasized by a slap on the knee, a firm grasp of the arm, my finger touching his breast as I make a point. Physically, I am strong. I look my man in the eye. If his attention wanders, I draw him back by a slap on the shoulder. Close to him, I drive my arguments home. Many a time I have closed a man entirely against his will by simple physical superiority; holding him in a state of partial hypnotism. I have seen a man try weakly to shake me off, but failing, give up and sign on the dotted line. Many of such cases lapse, but not all.

I have heard it said that life insurance men are accomplished liars. I think I may safely say that if a life agent told one-half as many lies to the public as that same public tells him, old Ananias would have nothing on him. The average business man thinks nothing of putting the agent off with a wilful lie. He promises him an appointment at a specified day and hour with no intention whatever of keeping it. This is so well known to agents that they never expect to see a man according to appointment until it is actually filled. I have had a man, worth half a million dollars, break an appointment with me without giving the slightest notice, in order that he might go fishing. I have had men make application, get examined at an expense of \$5.00 to the company, and then refuse to take the insurance. Such a man is not only a liar but a thief. He has not only lied to the agent, but he has robbed him of valuable time and has caused an expense based upon his good faith. There are other lies the agent has to cope with. One of these is the result of "cold feet." I have written an application for a man who has told me that he was perfectly well, that he has never had a serious illness, and that his family was noted for longevity, but when the examination was made, I discovered that his mother had died of consumption; his father had had a stroke of paralysis; he, himself, had suffered sunstroke, spit blood at times, had had three attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, and had habitual lame back. This man had contracted cold feet between the writing of the application and the medical examination, and conceived the idea that he could escape his responsibility by lying to the medical examiner. Contrary to what one might expect, this man was a good citizen and enjoyed the respect of his community. Such a lie is, however, very liable to prove a boomerang, as there is a record kept of his rejection which is accessible to all companies. If he later wants a life insurance policy he is sure to run against his previous rejection, and is very likely to be turned down again.

The life agent is selling a commodity the public needs, but does not want. A few men, very few, apply for insurance

voluntarily, but far the greater number do so because they are unable to resist the stronger personality of the agent. While this is unquestionably true, the insurant himself seldom realizes it. To so conduct his sale that his customer will not know that he is being forced to buy, is one of the fine points of the agent's business.

I had a prospect at one time who delayed taking his insurance, from time to time, on various pretexts. He was forty-five years of age and had been for years a commercial traveler. He had no family other than his wife. He carried no insurance, and confessed to me that he had always sidestepped the solicitations of agents by the old lie of "having ten thousand dollars already." When I found him, he had just bought the hotel in the town of X— and was making good money. Going into his place of business one day and finding him still inclined to procrastinate, I said:

"See here, H., I am not sure you could get a policy, anyway. You look pretty heavy. Gaining weight, too, are n't you?"

He admitted that he was. He had been used to an active life, and sitting around indoors was having its effect.

"Well," I said, "you know the insurance companies are very careful about issuing policies to fat men. The mortality among that class is really alarming. I'll tell you what I will do. I will send the company's medical examiner down here and let him make your examination. We will then forward it to the company, and if the policy is refused, you will not need to waste any gray matter trying to come to a conclusion as to applying."

He demurred, but when I showed him that every added pound of weight lessened his chances of getting the insurance, and also assured him that he was not really applying for insurance, since he could refuse to accept it, if he wished, he consented. Of course, he was not sold, and the chances of delivering the policy to him were materially lessened by the examining physician, who was visibly impatient because he was kept waiting thirty minutes.

The policy was issued, as I was sure it would be. The delicate part of the sale was now to come. One false step, and I

would lose. I took the policy down to H.'s place of business, congratulated him on the successful outcome of the examination, and explained again all the conditions and privileges. Handing it to him, I said, "Mr. H., you are under absolutely no obligations to me. The only obligation you have is to your wife. Take it home, study it over carefully, and let me know your decision." I then changed the subject, and a little later took my leave. Twice during the next few days I called on him, making no mention of the policy. Just as I was going the last time, he remarked, "We have n't just decided what to do about that policy."

"That's all right," I responded, "only I forgot to mention that we make our monthly report in two or three days, and if the policy is not accepted by that time, I shall have to take it up." The next evening about ten o'clock I dropped into the hotel, and during the course of the conversation, remarked that there was more or less danger in the hotel business, and to emphasize the point, showed him an article in the day's paper, telling of a couple of thugs robbing and beating an hotelkeeper. The talk followed along these lines for a time and he confided to me that he had trouble that day with a tough-looking character. I was visibly alarmed and asked him if he were armed in case the fellow should come back in the night looking for trouble. He was not. When I started to go, he asked, "What do I have to do to put that policy in force?"

"Just pay the premium," I replied.

He hesitated a moment and muttering something about attending to it "now as well as any time," wrote me his check for \$250. The sale was done.

Agents are not allowed to leave a policy in the applicant's possession unless a settlement has been obtained. I did so in this instance feeling it to be the only way to deliver it. The manager never knew the particulars. While Mr. H. is sure he took the policy because he wished to, the reader will agree with me when I say his action was guided largely by me. If I had waited for him to sign a formal

application for insurance I should have been waiting yet.

Many times a man signs an application when he does not know it. This is generally brought about in cases like the foregoing. The prospect thinks he is simply testifying to the truth of his answers to the medical examiner, when in reality he is signing an application. There is no fraud possible in these cases, for if the applicant refuses to accept the insurance after it has been issued, he cannot be forced to do so. However, I have been uniformly successful in delivering policies issued in this manner. A prospect is always put in a more cheerful frame of mind by the knowledge that he has passed a good stiff medical examination, and the policy itself, duly inscribed, setting forth the cash value and other benefits, is a potent force in clinching a sale.

The life agent is popularly supposed to have a large supply of what is commonly called "nerve." As a matter of fact, he is singularly lacking in this quality. Time and again, the most experienced agent will postpone soliciting a large case because he lacks the courage to do so. I have many times passed and re-passed the office of a wealthy prospect, thinking each time I would go in and state my business, but as I neared the door my courage failed and I passed on. Sometimes, I have gone so far as to actually approach the prospect, and then, at the last moment, weaken and invent some subterfuge to account for my visit. This is the experience of nearly every agent. There is really little ground for this fear, for the bigger the case, the more likely is the agent to be treated with every consideration. The good business man is usually a gentleman. It is only the small fry who are insulting.

I offer no excuse for the methods I have described. The end justifies the means. The foibles of humanity govern the science of salesmanship, and the man who prides himself on being "wise" to all the artifices of the salesman is the one who is caught sooner or later by the simplest game.

The
West



and the
National
Capital

by
John E. Lathrop



OUR Illinois legislators confessed they received bribes to vote for William Lorimer for the United States Senatorship. Six other votes, ten in all, were shown to have been tainted. The Legislature had 202 members. A constitutional majority was 102. Lorimer received 108. Ten tainted votes reduced his presumably legal votes to ninety-eight, four short of the required majority.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections investigated. At the head was Senator Burrows, of Michigan, defeated last November for re-election, and other members were Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, likewise defeated; Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Connecticut, another lame duck; Weldon B. Heyburn, of Idaho; Robert J. Gamble, of South Dakota; William P. Dillingham, of Vermont, Republicans; Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, of proven Standard Oil connections; Thomas H. Paynter, of Kentucky, who follows Bailey's lead; Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama; Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, Democrats. These supported Lorimer. Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, Republican, and James B. Frazier, of Tennessee, Democrat, opposed him.

A sub-committee conducted a so-called investigation. They did not call Mr. Lorimer to the witness stand, and

neither did he ask to be subpoenaed. They did not call Governor Deneen, who knew the facts. They called scarcely anyone who was not forced upon them as a witness by the *Chicago Tribune* and the Voters' League, of Illinois, which brought out the charges. This committee, soon after Congress convened in December, filed a majority report signed by all the members excepting Beveridge and Frazier. This report admitted seven tainted votes, but exonerated Lorimer. Senator Beveridge offered a minority report, supported by Senator Frazier. Senators studied the evidence for weeks, and, although the majority of the committee had manipulated the investigation and made it a sham inquiry, a majority of the Senators concluded that Lorimer should be unseated. Lorimer's friends, at first led by Senator Burrows, knew this, and refused day after day to agree on a date for a vote. Lorimer's cause was lost.

Then Big Business in Politics got busy. James Beck, a railroad attorney, Edward Hines, affiliated with the Weyerhaeuser timber interest, and other representatives of special interests came to Washington. Pressure was brought to bear on wavering Senators. A struggle ensued under cover, the like of which has not been known in Washington since William A. Clark, of Montana, Democrat, bought his election to the Senate and was on the grill therefor. Day by day the Lorimerites resisted a vote.

Finally, it was arranged that the rather stupid leadership of Senator Burrows be succeeded by the more brilliant leadership of Senator Bailey, who has no equal in doing as Socrates said the Sophists did: "Make the worse appear the better part." Senator Bailey was recognized as counsel for Lorimer on the floor of the Senate. He enunciated the bad doctrine that, even although votes were bought for Lorimer, the tainted votes should be subtracted from the total votes cast, and if, then, Lorimer had a majority of those remaining, he was entitled to his seat.

The opponents of Lorimer proceeded upon the theory that if any votes were bought for Lorimer, they were bought because they were needed; that men do not spend thousands of dollars to purchase the votes of members of a legislature to elect a Senator if they already have a majority for him; that the fact that any votes were bought was evidence that he could not have been elected unless they were bought.

For many years New York State politics rotted under the corrupting influence of a bi-partisan pact between the late Senator Platt, Republican up-state boss, and Richard Croker, Democratic boss of New York City. Platt was given control up state, and Croker, control below the Harlem River, and it was in this period that amazing abuses recently uncovered flourished like a green bay tree.

From personal study of conditions in Chicago and Illinois at different times in the past six years, and especially during a five-months' residence there in 1908, I saw the evidence of a like bi-partisan system, of which Roger Sullivan, Democrat, and William Lorimer, Republican, corresponded to Platt and Croker, of New York. These are men of unspeak-

able notoriety, whose records smell to heaven.

Lorimer was in Springfield, Illinois, practically all the time for several months that the Legislature was dead-locked, having refused to re-elect Albert J. Hopkins, who had received primary endorsement at the polls. Lorimer is a politician of acknowledged skill, a masterful force in machinations. He was on the ground. He was in daily consultation with all, and roomed with one, of the men who, according to the confessed bribe-takers, arranged to pay the money.

He was finally elected by Democratic votes swung to him by Sullivan.

March 1 the Senate voted forty-six to forty to sustain the title of Lorimer's seat. The record shows how the Western Senators voted.

For Lorimer:
Piles, Washington;
Carter, Montana;
Smoot, Utah; Guggenheim, Colorado;
Nixon, Nevada;
Flint and Perkins, California; Heyburn, Idaho.

Against Lorimer:
Bourne and Chamberlain, Oregon;
Borah, Idaho; Dixon, Montana; Jones, Washington; New-

lands, Nevada; Sutherland, Utah.

Thus endeth the first chapter in the Lorimer scandal, which Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, declared would arise in future years to plague those who refused to unseat the unsavory member from Illinois.

The most tragic incident connected with this remarkable affair was that other Illinois Senator, Shelby M. Cullom, eighty-two years old, who after examining the evidence, believed Lorimer guilty of bribery, yet tottered into the chamber that fateful day to reverse his position and vote to sustain Lorimer. It was a pitiful exhibition. Feeble in health, only a few steps from the grave, to crown



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SENATOR LORIMER, WHOSE ACCEPTANCE BY THE UNITED STATES SENATE HAS SCANDALIZED THE COUNTRY.

his Senatorial career by supporting an infamous political boss who, according to the evidence, bought his way into the august Senate of the United States! These remarks are not censure, but an expression of pity. Not so, however, with the younger and more vigorous Senators who supported Lorimer. For them—well, the people will take care of them.

The vote had been cast. On the face of the record Lorimer was vindicated. Would it not seem natural that if any Senator who had voted to support him had believed firmly in his innocence, he would have had the bravery to shake hands with him on the floor of the Senate before the assembled multitude? Lorimer, however, walked alone from the chamber, shunned by all, even by those who had technically validated his invalid title. He went to the Senate Cafe to eat his luncheon. He ate alone.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has refused to allow the railroads in the East and the Middle West to increase their rates. Every substantial allegation in the January *PACIFIC MONTHLY*, in analyzing the freight-rate hearing, was made good by this decision. A careful reading of the Commission's decision reveals how completely Louis D. Brandeis counsel for the shippers, was vindicated. The railroads made a plea of present poverty and impending ruin of their credit if the proposed increases were not permitted. They cited increase in wages and increase in operative expenses as additional reasons why they should be permitted to advance rates. The decision affecting the proposed ad-

vances in commodity rates west of Chicago was written by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, and was concurred in by all the other Commissioners. Among other important principles enunciated was the one which has been many times reiterated, that money paid by the public for freight and passenger transportation is in the nature of a tax. Mr. Lane also shows the groundlessness of the assertion by the carriers, that there was danger of impairment of credit. He said:

There is no better way to measure the faith of the people in an enterprise than by discovering how large a volume of their savings they have been willing to invest in it. The railroads of the United States in ten years floated mortgage bonds upon their properties to the extent of four and one-half billions of dollars. These figures are incomprehensible. Our railroads borrowed upon mortgage in one decade more than twice as much as the National debt at the close of the Civil War.

Treating of six typical Western roads, the report finds that they have borrowed over \$450,000,000 in the past ten years.

Mr. Lane proceeds to show how the American people have not been unfriendly toward their railroads, and sets forth plainly that the regulation of carriers, instead of injuring the railroads, is in reality a substantial benefit. "It will," he says, "eliminate the speculative from the securities of the carriers, and invest them with a character of certainty which they have not heretofore possessed."

I quote from Commissioner Lane's report rather extensively because of the enormous importance of the case and because the decision is, in a sense, a milestone in the progress of this country toward intelligent regulation of common



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BARON UCHIDA.

The Japanese Ambassador who satisfied the Administration that Japan herself would prevent the exportation of Japanese coolies to the United States.

carriers. Mr. Lane thus frankly expresses the Commission's views:

The attitude of the American people toward their railroads is one of friendship, not enmity. Those who are familiar with the history of European and American railroads know that no other people have been more generous in their treatment of such great enterprises than have been the American people. Not only has the Federal Government granted extensive land concessions to many roads (an area estimated by a former Attorney-General of the United States to be as large as nine States the size of Pennsylvania), but State and municipal governments have by grants of land for rights-of-way and terminal purposes, the voting of bonds in aid of construction, and by guarantees of bond issues promoted extensive lines of road, some of which were not justified at the time of their construction upon any reasonable basis of probable return. While there doubtless has been spasmodic and demagogic effort in various sections of our country, which made for the injury of the carriers, the trend of control and regulation as a whole has been conservative, wise, and sympathetic toward the investors in such enterprises.

If we contrast the action of the British Government toward its railroads with that of the Government of the United States toward our roads, it will be manifest that we have allowed to American carriers far more play for the exercise of individual judgment and initiative than has our sister nation across the ocean. The act to regulate commerce grants to the Interstate Commerce Commission much less of power than is vested in the Canadian commission by our Northern neighbor.

Whatever of doubt has arisen in the public mind respecting the value of our railroad securities has come, we are convinced, rather from the too reckless policy of stock manipulators parading under the title of financiers than from any course of governmental policy on the part of the American people.

The railroads make complaint that they no longer have a free hand. Yet the fact

is that they have fared better under such control as that to which they are at present subjected than under a preceding regime of "laissez faire." On July 1, 1901, there were in the United States reporting to this Commission 195,561 miles of railroad, yielding a gross operating revenue of \$1,572,960,868, or \$8,043 per mile. The net operating revenues of these railroads amounted to \$577,221,171, or \$2,951 per mile. Coming forward ten years to July 1, 1910, we find that the mileage of our roads increased to 238,411 miles, which yielded for the preceding fiscal year a total gross income of \$2,818,411,419, or \$11,822 per mile. The net operating revenues reached the unparalleled figure of \$932,848,978, or \$3,913 per operated mile, an increase of fifty per cent in net per mile over the figures of but ten years ago.

The magnitude of this increase may be appreciated when one considers the column headed "Net operating revenues." A gain of over \$109,000,000 in net revenue was made by the railroads of this country in the last year. A sum four times as great as the total paid by the United States for Alaska, the Louisiana Purchase, and Florida, combined, was added to the net profits of our carriers in one year over and above the profits of the preceding year. And the mileage operated was but 3,000 miles greater in the one year than in the other.

With an increase of 38,000 miles between 1902 and 1910 the net revenues received from the operation of our railroads increased over \$300,000,000.

In 1901 these six roads paid dividends of \$26,000,000. Ten years later these roads paid more than twice that amount in dividends. At the close of the first half of the decade they were paying in dividends over \$35,000,000, and at the close of the second half of the decade they were paying \$20,000,000 in addition.

The total surplus of these six roads has grown in ten years from \$108,000,000 to \$242,000,000.

Notwithstanding the unquestioned liberality of the policy of the railroads toward themselves in charging maintenance expenditures to operating expenses, the carriers of the United States have accumulated un-



JAMES E. MARTINE, WHOSE ELECTION TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE FROM HIDE-BOUND OLD NEW JERSEY IS ANOTHER RECENT IMPORTANT INDICATION OF THE PROGRESS OF THE "PEOPLE'S POWER" MOVEMENT.

appropriated surplus amounting to \$800,642,923, whereas in 1899 this surplus, as given in the books of the carriers, was but \$194,106,367. In ten years, with an increasing rate of dividend and increasing maintenance charges and a vastly increased fixed charge for interest, these carriers had accumulated a surplus of \$606,536,556, or an increase of 312 per cent over 1899, while the mileage had increased only thirty-six per cent. Is it too much to say that such facts

Roads.	Total surplus	Total surplus
	1901.	1910.
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.....	\$22,220,746	\$40,291,741
Chicago & Alton.....	2,592,745	1,722,284
Chicago & Northwestern.....	17,061,663	42,236,470
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.	33,547,391	72,592,760
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	23,070,410	66,777,994
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific	10,165,012	18,835,459
	\$108,657,985	\$242,456,708

A glance at this table will show that the total surplus of these six roads, operating at present an aggregate mileage, single track,



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THE TAFT FAMILY.
From a recent photograph.

are a complete answer to those who persistently "view with alarm" the outlook for American railroads?

The railroads in this proceeding have failed to show that their credit has suffered for lack of surplus. It may well be that, with a larger surplus, bonds or stocks might have sold at a higher figure, but this is problematical, and, furthermore, it may be asked: Is it wise or necessary to accumulate a surplus much more rapidly than at the rate of 100 per cent in ten years? These are the figures:

of 40,000 miles, has grown from \$108,000,000 in 1901 to \$242,000,000 in 1910.

The importance of this decision is not chiefly in that it is a refusal to permit the railroads to levy a larger transportation tax; its significance is found in the firm establishment for all time of the proposition that if the common carriers desire at any time to increase their rates they must first prove that the

proposed higher rates are reasonable.

Mr. George M. Cornwall, editor of *The Timberman*, Portland, Oregon, originated the movement which culminated in the adoption of the amendment to the Interstate Act offered by Senator Cummins, of Iowa, which was adopted, and upon which the Commission bases its action in this celebrated decision. Mr. Cornwall, traveling in Canada, got into conversation with a Scotch-Canadian lumberman. The latter expressed surprise that in the United States no law required the railroads to prove the reasonableness of a proposed increased rate before the rate could legally become effective. Mr. Cornwall returned home, thought it over and reasoned thus: When the shipper or consumer asks that the Government compel the railroads to lower their carrying charges, the shipper or consumer must first prove to the Com-

mission that the proposed lower rate is reasonable, and not confiscatory. This is a perfectly just principle of transportation law.

On the contrary, if the railroad asks the shipper or consumer to pay higher rates, they should likewise prove first that the existing rate is unreasonably low, and that the proposed higher rate is reasonable. Mr. Cornwall consulted with the lumbermen of the Pacific Coast, who, in turn, consulted with other shippers. The lumbermen took the lead in a movement to demand of Congress an amendment of the Interstate Act placing upon the railroads the burden of proof that proposed higher rates are reasonable, just as the burden of proof always had rested upon the shipper or consumer in the case of proposed lower rates. An extensive campaign was organized, and the result was that a bill to this effect



THE ENORMOUS ROOSEVELT DAM, OF THE SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZONA, JUST COMPLETED, AND FORMALLY OPENED BY EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

It is 280 feet high, 1080 feet long at the top, 168 feet thick at the bottom, and twenty feet wide on top. It stores 1,284,000 acre feet, enough to cover Rhode Island one foot deep.

was introduced but it failed of passage because not strongly presented, notwithstanding it had the backing of almost every large shipping organization in the United States; was recommended in President Roosevelt's Annual Message, and urged for adoption by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The movement having been started, however, it appealed so strongly to the sense of justice that it finally was written into the interstate law in the form of the Cummins amendment, and when the railroads East and West asked the privilege of increasing rates, they found the Commission demanding that, under this provision of the law, they assume the burden of proof.

To more fully appreciate the importance of this salutary reform, it will be remembered that though heretofore the practice has been that no shipper or consumer could lower a rate without proving the lower rate reasonable, the railroad could put into effect a higher rate by simply filing the new tariff, and then the shipper or consumer must attack those rates specifically and individually, or in groups, and assume all burden of proof of their unreasonableness.

The railroad on the one hand and the shipper or consumer on the other are henceforth on even terms, and each must demonstrate before the Commission the justice of any demand they may register for a change in existing rates.

Mr. Lane's opinion, by the way, was not in agreement with the only public expression which President Taft has ever given in connection with the campaign of the railroads for higher freight rates. The President, in his speech in New York during the pendency of the issue,



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COLONEL ROOSEVELT,

His undiminished popularity is indicated by the enthusiasm of his reception throughout the country on his latest tour

went on record in favor of the increases. Inasmuch as the President has the appointive power and holds the official life and death of the Commissioners in his hand, the independence of their action will be the more appreciated.

When the decision of the Commission was announced, American stocks went off on the London exchange from four to eight points, owing to a misapprehension of what the decision meant. There was a London rally the same day, and a slump in the New York market which, however, was not so marked as the London slump. The day after the decision, \$50,000,000 of Harriman system bonds were sold in France, and it was announced by President Lovett, of the Union Pacific, that plans for the expenditure of \$75,000,000 for improving and double-tracking the system would be carried out, notwithstanding.

The railroad presidents at first did not



SENATOR BOURNE, OF OREGON, PRESIDENT OF THE PROGRESSIVE GOVERNMENT LEAGUE, ALSO A LEADER OF THE DIRECT-ELECTION-OF-SENATORS MOVEMENT.

As the only Progressive Republican member of the Senate Post Office Committee, he strongly opposed the Administration's effort to cripple American magazines with its postage-increase measure.

accept the decision in good grace, and some rather flippant remarks were made. These were answered by the suggestion that time would be well taken putting into effect the economy and efficiency program so ably presented by Louis D. Brandeis, who demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Commission that the railroads are wasting \$1,000,000 a day and that they could obtain larger net revenues, not only without increasing rates, but even by lowering them, if greater efficiency were achieved in the operation of the carriers' properties.

If the railroads (as they have not done) were to prove that they needed more revenue in order to prosper, it may be suggested that the following simple programme would not only increase revenues, but enable a substantial lowering of rates now in effect:

Abolish the express companies. They have no legitimate function in our transportation system. The railroads should do the work now done by the express companies.

Abolish the Pullman Palace Car Com-

pany. Many railroads have demonstrated that the Pullman Company performs no function which a railroad could not perform, notably the Great Northern.

Abolish the independent fast freight lines, and the car trusts and the bridges owned by separate corporations.

Charge to operating expenses, at current rates which passengers pay, all special cars of railroad officials. There is as much sense in permitting an expensive item of this kind to go practically unrecorded and unaccounted for, as an item of charge, as there would be for the officials of the Bethlehem Steel Works to take tons of steel every year for their own alleged official uses, without recording it on the books of the company. Besides, it would make the railroad officials ride in the cars in which you and I ride, and would have a salutary effect in the improvement of service.

THE defeat of Postmaster-General Hitchcock's proposal to increase from one to four cents a pound the postage rate on magazines, was due to the proof that the Administration sought to



GEORGE M. CORNWALL.

He originated the movement for the law which requires the railways to prove the reasonableness of a proposed rate increase before the rate can become effective.

punish the "muckrakers" for hostile utterances concerning Mr. Taft. The discussion over that issue brought to light the loose and clumsy method of the Postoffice Department in the handling of mails. It was estimated that forty per cent of the charged weight of mail matter is composed of cumbersome mail bags and other heavy iron locks and fastenings. W. R. Hearst thus expressed it:

"How absurd to imagine that a man who wanted to break into a mail bag would be deterred by a ponderous lock. The Postoffice Department might as well insist that a burglar-proof lock be fixed to every letter, under the impression that the only way to tear open a letter would be to pick the lock."

Mr. Hearst showed that he sends second-class matter over the Pennsylvania Railroad at one-fourth cent per pound, one-fourth the rate paid to the Postoffice Department, or one-sixteenth of the proposed four-cents-a-pound rate. He showed also that the Canadian post-office, under more difficult conditions than ours, can carry mailed magazines at one-fourth of a cent per pound, and he thoroughly riddled the unbusiness-like claims of Mr. Hitchcock by demonstrating from his own books that they were absurd. Speaking of Mr. Hitchcock's proposal to increase revenues by increasing the postal tax on magazines, Mr. Hearst said:

"Mr. Hitchcock's plan is about as logical as that of the man who noted one day that the elevators in his office building were not paying any profits, so he inaugurated a passenger tariff for each passenger of one cent to the first floor, adding one cent for each succeeding floor, and charging twenty cents to the twentieth floor. This made the elevator pay all right, but it drove all the tenants out of the building."

Frank Munsey, the newspaper and magazine owner, showed Postmaster-General Hitchcock's plan to be cumbersome, and almost impossible of impartial enforcement. The publications for the dissemination of news were not to take the higher second-class rate. "But what is news," asked Mr. Munsey? Would not any magazine by inserting a modicum of news in its pages be able justly to demand that the Postmaster-General class

it as a news disseminator? The administration of his proposed law would entail an enormous amount of work on the Postoffice Department, and gave such a wide latitude of discretion to the Postmaster-General and his subordinates that they would hold the life and death of them at their disposal, for a publication paying four cents a pound postage could not compete against a like publication paying one cent a pound.

Any publication, therefore, which incurred the displeasure of Mr. Hitchcock, could by him be placed in the four-cents-a-pound class, and any publication which did the will of Mr. Hitchcock politically, could get the one-cent-a-pound rate. I am not now quoting Mr. Munsey, but the average reader will see the point, and understand the significance of the project of Mr. Hitchcock, who is known to the country primarily as a politician who is not particularly truthful in his methods.

THE Pacific Coast comes to the front with a production of nearly one-third of the petroleum produced in 1909. The total was 175,722,716 barrels, of which California contributed 54,433,010 barrels. Thus California forges ahead of Oklahoma with 45,813,345; Illinois with 29,868,435; Pennsylvania with 8,648,766; Texas, 9,387,560; and West Virginia, 10,059,619. The richness of the California wells is shown by the fact that its contribution came from 4,282 wells, while in Pennsylvania there were 50,872 wells; in Ohio 32,064 and in Illinois 10,928. The total number of wells producing that year was 147,564, so that California, with about three per cent of the wells, produced nearly thirty per cent of the oil.

These figures give some idea of the importance of the issue which has arisen relating to the disputed titles to the oil fields on railroad grants in California. Congress heeded not this matter, and the reported investigation by the Department of Justice has not yet brought any results. However, in so far as independent investigators have gone into the subject, they have been able to construct at least a theory that the uniform rule applicable to railroad grants, if applied to the oil fields, would deny the railroads' title to them. The generally rec-

ognized principle of law injected into railroad grants has been that the agricultural values were conveyed and not the mineral values. The Interior Department, in issuing patents to the railroads for the grant lands, exempted all minerals excepting coal and iron, it having been written into the grant statute that the roads were to get the coal and iron. It is argued, therefore, that the specific mention of coal and iron, and the exclusion of all other minerals, operates to exclude oil from the railroads' grants.

The railroad attorneys, recognizing the force of this argument, appear to have remaining only one loophole of escape, and are disposed to set up the contention that because oil has never been formally adjudicated as a mineral, therefore, the exclusion of "other minerals" in the patents does not apply to oil. It is anticipated, however, that such a contention would not stand long in court, inasmuch as oil must fall under one of three classifications, mineral, animal, or vegetable. Of course, it is well known that petroleum oil is not animal matter, and it is plain that it is not vegetable matter. With equal clarity it is known by all schoolboys and others, with sense enough to come in out of the rain, that petroleum is a mineral product; hence, if the railroads' contention for title to the California oil fields rests upon an adjudication of the classification of petroleum as mineral or otherwise, their case will fall quickly to the ground, provided the country can ever get action in the premises. Delay! That is the trump card of the special interests, and there is plenty of delay in disposing of this matter.

THE Senate voted on the resolution for direct election of Senators, and disclosed a majority for it, but not the necessary two-thirds. Fifty-four Senators supported, and thirty-three opposed, the resolution. The measure voted on was a resolution introduced by Senator Bristow, of Kansas, which was reported from the Judiciary Committee by Senator Borah, of Idaho, who had charge of the fight and who manifested brilliant powers of debate and parliamentary manoeuvring during the many weeks the battle was on. The Western States

showed well in the final outcome. Heyburn, of Idaho; Warren, of Wyoming; Smoot, of Utah, and Flint, of California, were the only Western Senators who voted against it. The Western Senators supporting it were Borah, of Idaho; Bourne and Chamberlain, of Oregon; Bristow and Curtis, of Kansas; Brown and Burkett, of Nebraska; Carter and Dixon, of Montana; Clark, of Wyoming; Guggenheim, of Colorado; Jones and Piles, of Washington; Newlands and Nixon, of Nevada; Perkins, of California; Sutherland, of Utah. The fight is on, however, for the adoption of the resolution and it is expected that the victory will be won in the Sixty-second Congress, which came into existence March 4.

MARCH 18 was the date assigned for the celebration of the opening of the Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River project in Arizona. Theodore Roosevelt was, of course, the honored guest. The immensity of this project can be realized from the following statement. The Roosevelt Dam is 280 feet high, 1,080 feet long on top and 168 feet thick at the bottom. The dam cost more than \$3,000,000 and the whole project, \$9,000,000. The first contract was let in April, 1905, and the first stone laid in September, 1905. The dam was completed February 5, 1911, six years having been consumed in construction. This wonderful structure will water 240,000 acres. It will store 1,284,000 acre feet, enough water to cover the State of Rhode Island one foot deep.

GREAT difficulties arose over the reciprocity agreement negotiated by Secretary Knox, of the Department of State, and Premier Laurier, of Canada. The agreement was submitted to the Senate when only about one month remained of the life of the Sixty-first Congress, and a veritable log jam of business engaged the attention of the Congress. A dozen big appropriation bills pended, besides the Lorimer case, the permanent tariff board, and the direct election of Senators. It was a radical change in the tariff policy. Furthermore, it was an executive act in which

Congress had had no part. It was not strange, therefore, that some wanted time in which to consider it. The lumber, livestock, farming, and fish interests opposed it. Its opponents said it was negotiated by the Pennsylvania manufacturers' protectionist, Knox, who obtained free entrance of manufactured goods into Canada in return for free entrance into this country, in part at least, of agricultural, lumber, fish, and livestock products.

On the other hand, the President offered it as a means of reducing the cost of living, at the same time arguing that the market value of farmers' products would not be lowered, an inconsistent plea, so many said.

It seems inevitable, however, that fur-

ther study by the agricultural classes will show them that their fears are not well grounded. It seemed to be absurd to claim that the farmer received any direct benefit by the protection on grains, and it was not unlikely that when the matter was finally threshed out many of the farmers would take a different view. The storm of protest, however, was most significant of proof of lack of confidence in the Administration's efforts to affect the tariff situation. The President had endorsed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill as the best one ever passed. He was now taking an inconsistent attitude apparently, and failed to win the support of many who might have agreed with him had the tariff record been more admirable.

In Memoriam

By Henry Walker Noyes

The dusk of evening falls and softly clings
 Where cloistered aisles breathe quietude and rest—
 A solitary sea-bird dimly wings
 Above a landless ocean's heaving breast—
 The vesper bells toll faintly from afar,
 And stately palms lift whispering fronds above—
 And over all the gleam of Evening Star,
 Where sleep the unforgotten of our love.

'Neath alien sod, deep in the mighty Deep,
 Afar, and near; in majesty arrayed
 The vanguard of our Nation's freedom sleep,
 A tribute—not a price—and proudly paid.
 No roll of drum, no ringing "Call to Arms,"
 Will wake them from the glory of their dreams.
 They live beyond the call of all alarms
 Where Peace, omnipotent, supernal gleams.

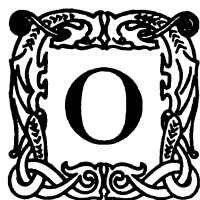
The bugle call, at first faint flush of morn—
 "My Country 'Tis of Thee," when day is through—
 No more to them on battle-breeze is borne;
 They await the "Great Commander's" last review.
 Where now is envy, malice, pride or lust—
 Who here is perfect in this shell of clay?
Resurgam! Earth to earth and dust to dust.
 In the Beyond is neither Blue nor Gray.

The Elbow Canyon Mystery

By Francis Lynde

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INDICTMENT.



ON the days following the episode of the tumbling granite block, Wingfield came and went unhindered between Castle 'Cadia and the construction camp at Elbow Canyon, sometimes with Jerry Blacklock for a companion, but oftener alone. Short of the crude expedient of telling him that his room was more to be desired than his company, Ballard could think of no pretext for excluding him; and as for keeping him in ignorance of the linked chain of accidents and tragedies, it was to be presumed that his first unrestricted day among the workmen had put him in possession of all the facts with all their exaggerations.

How deeply the playwright was interested in the tale of disaster and mysterious ill luck, no one knew precisely; not even young Blacklock, who was systematically sounded, first by Miss Craigmiles, and afterward at regular intervals by Ballard. As Blacklock saw it, Wingfield was merely killing time at the construction camp. When he was not listening to the stories of the men off duty, or telling them equally marvelous stories of his own, he was lounging in the adobe bungalow, lying flat on his back on the home-made divan with his clasped hands for a pillow, smoking Ballard's tobacco, or sitting in one of the lazy-chairs and reading with apparent avidity and the deepest abstraction one or another of Bromley's dry-as-dust textbooks on the anatomy of birds and the taxidermic art.

"Whatever it is that you are dreading in connection with Wingfield and the camp 'bogie' is n't happening," Ballard told the king's daughter one morning when he came down from Bromley's

hospital-room at Castle 'Cadia and found Elsa waiting for him under the portieres of the darkened library. "For a man who talks so feelingly about the terrible drudgery of literary work, your playwright is certainly a striking example of simon-pure laziness. He is perfectly innocuous. When he is n't half-asleep on my office lounge, or dawdling among the masons or stonecutters, he is reading straight through Bromley's shelf of bird-books. He may be absorbing 'local color,' but if he is, he is letting the environment do all the work. I don't believe he has had a consciously active idea since he began loafing with us."

"You are mistaken—greatly mistaken," was all she would say; and in the fullness of time a day came when the event proved how far a woman's intuition may outrun a man's reasoning.

It was the occasion of Bromley's first return to the camp at Elbow Canyon, four full weeks after the night of stumbling on the steep path. Young Blacklock had driven him by the roundabout road in the little motor-car; and the camp industries paused while the men gave the "Little Boss" an enthusiastic ovation. Afterward, the convalescent was glad enough to lie down on the make-shift lounge in the office bungalow; but when Jerry would have driven him back in time for luncheon at Castle 'Cadia, as his strict orders from Miss Elsa ran, Bromley begged to be allowed to put his feet under the office mess-table with his chief and his volunteer chauffeur.

To the three, doing justice to the best that Garou could find in the camp commissary stores, came Mr. Lester Wingfield, to drag up a stool and to make himself companionably at home at the engineers' mess, as his custom had come to be. Until the meal was ended and the pipes were filled, he was silent and abstracted to the edge of rudeness. But when Ballard made a move to go down

to the railroad yard with Fitzpatrick, the spell was broken.

"Hold up a minute; dont rush off so frantically," he cut in abruptly. "I have been waiting for many days to get you and Bromley together for a little confidential confab about matters and things, and the time has come. Sit down."

Ballard resumed his seat at the table with an air of predetermined patience, and the playwright nodded approval. "That's right," he went on, "brace yourself to take it as it comes; but you need n't write your reluctance so plainly in your face. It's understood."

"I dont know what you mean," objected Ballard, not quite truthfully.

Wingfield laughed.

"You did n't want me to come down here at first; and since I've been coming you have n't been too excitedly glad to see me. But that's all right, too. It's what the public benefactor usually gets for butting in. Just the same, there is a thing to be done, and I've got to do it. I may bore you both in the process, but I have reached a point where a pow-wow is a shrieking necessity. I have done one of two things: I've unearthed the most devilish plot that ever existed, or else I have stumbled into a mare's nest of fairly heroic proportions."

By this time he was reasonably sure of his audience. Bromley, still rather pallid and weak, squared himself with an elbow on the table. Blacklock got up to stand behind the assistant's chair. Ballard thrust his hands into his pockets and frowned. The moment had probably arrived when he would have to fight fire with fire for Elsa Craigmiles's sake, and he was pulling himself together for the battle.

"I know beforehand about what you are going to say," he interjected; "but let's have your version of it."

"You shall have it hot and hot," promised the playwright. "For quite a little time, and from a purely literary point of view, I have been interesting myself in the curious psychological condition which breeds so many accidents on this job of yours. I began with the assumption that there was a basis of reality. The human mind is n't exactly creative in the sense that it can make something out of nothing. You say, Mr.

Ballard, that your workmen are superstitious fools, and that their mental attitude is chiefly responsible for all the disasters. I say that the fact—the cause—fact—existed before the superstition; was the legitimate ancestor of the superstition. Dont you believe it?"

Ballard neither affirmed nor denied; but Bromley nodded. "I've always believed it," he admitted.

"There is n't the slightest doubt of the existence of the primary cause-fact; it is a psychological axiom that it *must* antedate the diseased mental condition," resumed the theorist, oracularly. "I dont know how far back it can be traced, but Engineer Braithwaite's drowning will serve for our starting point. You will say that there was nothing mysterious about that; yet only the other day, Hoskins, the locomotive driver, said to me: 'They can say what they like, but I aint believing that the river stove him all up as if he'd been stomped on in a cattle-pen.' There, you see, you have the first gentle push over into the field of the unaccountable."

It was here that Ballard broke in, to begin the fire-fighting.

"You are getting the cart before the horse. It is ten chances to one that Hoskins never dreamed of being incredulous about the plain, unmistakable facts until after the later happenings had given him the superstitious twist."

"The sequence in this particular instance is immaterial—quite immaterial," argued the playwright, with obstinate assurance. "The fact stays with us that there *was* something partly unaccountable in this first tragedy to which the thought of Hoskins—the thoughts of all those who knew the circumstances—could revert."

"Well?" said Ballard.

"It is on this hypothesis that I have constructed my theory. Casting out all the accidents chargeable to carelessness, to disobedience of orders, or to temporary aberration on the part of the workmen, there still remains a goodly number of them carrying this disturbing atom of mystery. Take Sanderson's case: he came here, I'm told, with a decent record; he was not in any sense of the words a moral degenerate. Yet in a very short time he was killed in a quarrel over a

woman at whom the average man would n't look twice. Blacklock, here, has seen this woman; but I'd like to ask if either of you two have?"—this to Ballard and the assistant.

certainly hideous enough, to be the Mexican foreman's mother. I'll venture the assertion that Sanderson never thought of her as a feminine possibility at all."

"Hold on; I shall be obliged to spoil



"There is my notion—and a striking example of Mexican fair play"

Ballard shook his head, and Bromley confessed that he had not.

"Well, Jerry and I have the advantage of you—we have seen her," said Wingfield, scoring the point with a self-satisfied smile. "She is a gray-haired Mexican crone, apparently old enough, and

your theory there," interrupted Bromley. "Billy unquestionably put himself in Manuel's hands. He used to go down to the ranch two or three times a week, and he spent money, a good bit of it, on the woman. I know it, because he borrowed from me. And along toward the

last, he never rode in that direction without slinging his Winchester under the stirrup-leather."

"Looking for trouble with Manuel, you would say?" interjected Wingfield.

"No doubt of it. And when the thing finally came to a focus, the Mexican gave Billy a fair show; there were witnesses to that part of it. Manuel told Sanderson to take his gun, which the woman was trying to hide, get on his horse, and ride to the north corner of the corral, where he was to wheel and begin shooting—or be shot in the back. The programme was carried out to the letter. Manuel walked his own horse to the south corner, and the two men wheeled and began to shoot. Three or four shots were fired by each before Billy was hit."

"Um!" said the playwright thoughtfully. "There were witnesses, you say? Some of the Craigmiles cowboys, I suppose. You took their word for these little details?"

Bromley made a sorrowful face. "No; it was Billy's own story. The poor fellow lived long enough to tell me what I've been passing on to you. He tried to tell me something else, something about Manuel and the woman, but there was n't time enough."

Wingfield had found the long-stemmed pipe and was filling it from the jar of tobacco on the table. "Was that all?" he inquired.

"All but the finish—which was rather heart-breaking. When he could no longer speak he kept pointing to me and to his rifle, which had been brought in with him. I understood he was trying to tell me that I should keep the gun."

"You did keep it?"

"Yes; I have it yet."

"Let me have a look at it, will you?"

The weapon was found, and Wingfield examined it curiously. "Is it loaded?" he asked.

Bromley nodded. "I guess it is. It has n't been out of its case or that cupboard since the day of the killing."

The playwright worked the lever cautiously, and an empty cartridge shell flipped out and fell to the floor. "William Sanderson's last shot," he remarked reflectively, and went on slowly pumping the lever until eleven loaded cartridges lay in an orderly row on the table. "You

were wrong in your count of the number of shots fired, or else the magazine was not full when Sanderson began," he commented. Then, as Blacklock was about to pick up one of the cartridges: "Hold on, Jerry; don't disturb them, if you please."

Blacklock laughed nervously. "Mr. Wingfield's got a notion," he said. "He's always getting 'em."

"I have," was the quiet reply. "But first let me ask you, Bromley: What sort of a rifle marksman was Sanderson?"

"One of the best I ever knew. I have seen him drill a silver dollar three times out of five at a hundred yards when he was feeling well. There is your element of mystery again: I could never understand how he missed the Mexican three or four times in succession at less than seventy-five yards—unless Manuel's first shot was the one that hit him. That might have been it. Billy was all sand; the kind of man to go on shooting after he was killed."

"My notion is that he did n't have the slightest chance in the wide world," was Wingfield's comment. "Let us prove or disprove it if we can," and he opened a blade of his penknife and dug the point of it into the bullet of the cartridge first extracted from the dead man's gun. "There is my notion—and a striking example of Mexican fair play," he added, when the bullet, a harmless pellet of white clay, carefully moulded and neatly coated with lead foil, fell apart under the knife-blade.

The playwright's audience was interested now, beyond all question of doubt. If Wingfield had suddenly hypnotized the three who saw this unexpected confirmation of his theory of treachery in the Sanderson tragedy, the awed silence that fell upon the little group around the table could not have been more profound. It was Bromley who broke the spell, prefacing his exclamation with a mirthless laugh.

"Your gifts of deduction are almost uncanny, Wingfield," he asserted. "How could you reason your way around to that?"—pointing at the clay bullet.

"I did n't," was the calm reply. "Imagination can double discount pure logic in the investigative field, nine times

out of ten. And in this instance it was n't my imagination: it was another man's. I once read a story in which the author made his villain kill a man with this same little trick of sham bullets. I merely remembered the story. Now let us see how many more there are to go with this."

There were four of the cartridges capped with the dummy bullets; the remaining seven being genuine. Wingfield did the sum arithmetical aloud. "Four and five are nine, and nine and seven are sixteen. Sanderson started out that day with a full magazine, we'll assume. He fired five of these dummies—with perfect immunity for Manuel—and here are the other four. If the woman had had a little more time, when she was pretending to hide the gun, she would have pumped out all of the good cartridges. Being somewhat hurried, she exchanged only nine, which, in an even game and shot for shot, gave Manuel ten chances to Sanderson's one. It was a cinch."

Ballard sat back in his chair handling the empty rifle. Bromley's pallid face turned gray. The tragedy had touched him very sharply at the time; and this new and unexpected evidence of gross treachery revived all the horror of the day when Sanderson had been carried in and laid upon the office couch to die.

"Poor Billy!" he said. "It was a cold-blooded murder, and he knew it. That was what he was trying to tell me—and could n't."

"That was my hypothesis from the first," Wingfield asserted promptly. "But the motive seemed to be lacking; it still seems to be lacking. Have either of you two imagination enough to help me out?"

"The motive?" queried Bromley. "Why, that remains the same, does n't it?—more's the pity."

The playwright had lighted the long-stemmed pipe, and was thoughtfully blowing smoke rings toward the new patch in the bungalow ceiling.

"Not if my theory is to stand, Mr. Bromley. You see, I am proceeding confidently upon the supposition that Sanderson was n't messing in Manuel's domestic affairs. I can't believe for a moment that it was a quarrel over the woman, with Manuel's jealousy to account for the killing. It's too absurdly

preposterous. Settling that fact to my own complete satisfaction, I began to search for the real motive, and it is for you to say whether I am right or wrong. Tell me: was Sanderson more than casually interested in the details of Braithwaite's drowning? That story must have been pretty fresh and raw in everybody's recollection at that time."

Bromley's rejoinder was promptly affirmative. "It was; and Sanderson *was* interested. As Braithwaite's successor, and with the fight between the company and the Colonel transferred to him, he could n't shirk his responsibility. Now that you recall it, I remember very well that he had notions of his own about Braithwaite's taking off. He was a quiet sort; did n't talk much; but what little he did say gave me to understand that he suspected foul play of some kind. And here's your theory again, Mr. Wingfield: if a hint of what he suspected ever got wind in the camp, it would account for the superstitious twist given to the drowning by Hoskins and the others, would n't it?"

Wingfield smote the table with his fist.

"There is your connecting link!" he exclaimed. "We have just proved beyond doubt that Sanderson was n't killed in a fair fight; he was murdered, and the murder was carefully planned beforehand. By the same token, Braithwaite was murdered, too! Recall the circumstances as they have been related by the eye-witnesses: when they found the Government man and took him out of the river, his skull was crushed and both arms were broken . . . see here!" he threw himself quickly into the attitude of one fishing from a river-bank. "Suppose somebody creeps up behind me with a club raised to brain me: I get a glimpse of him or his shadow, dodge, fling up my arms, so—and one good, smashing blow does the business. That's all; or all but one little item. Manuel's woman knows who struck that blow, and Sanderson was trying to bribe her to tell."

If the announcement had been an explosion to rock the bungalow on its foundations, the effect could scarcely have been more striking. Ballard flung the empty gun aside and sprang to his

feet. The collegian sat down weakly and stared. Bromley's jaw dropped, and he glared across at Wingfield as if the clever deduction were a mortal affront to be crammed down the throat of its originator.

The playwright's smile was the eye-wrinkling of one who prides himself upon the ability to keep his head when others are panic-stricken.

"Seems to knock you fellows all in a heap," he remarked, calmly. "What have you been doing all these months that you have n't dug it out for yourselves?"

Bromley was moistening his lips.

"Go on, Mr. Wingfield, if you please. Tell us all you know—or think you know."

"There is more; a good bit more," was the cool reply. "Three months ago you had a trainwreck on the railroad—two men killed. 'Rough track,' was the cause assigned, Mr. Bromley; but that was one time when your cautious chief, Macpherson, fell down. The two surviving trainmen, questioned separately by me within the past week, both say that there were at least inferential proofs of pulled spikes and a loosened rail. A little later one man was killed and two were crippled by the premature explosion of a charge of dynamite in the quarry. Carelessness, this time, on the part of the men involved; and *you* said it, Mr. Bromley. It was nothing of the kind. Some one had substituted a coil of quick-firing fuse for the ordinary slow-match the men had been using, and the thing went off before the cry of 'fire' could be given. How do I know?"

"Yes; how *do* you know?" demanded Bromley.

"By a mere fluke, and not by any process of deduction, in this instance, as it happens. One of the survivors was crafty enough to steal the coil of substituted fuse, having some vague notion of suing the company for damages for supplying poor material. Like other men of his class, he gave up the notion when he got well of his injuries; but it was revived again the other day when one of his comrades told him I was a lawyer. He made a date with me, told me his tale, and showed me the carefully preserved coil of bad fuse. I cut off a bit

of it and did a little experimenting. Look at this." He took a piece of fuse from his pocket, uncoiled it upon the table, and applied a match. It went off like a flash of dry gunpowder, burning through from end to end in a fraction of a second.

"Go on," said Ballard, speaking for the first time since the playwright had begun his unravelling of the tangled threads of disaster.

"We dismiss the quarry catastrophe and come to the fall of a great boulder from the hill-craggs on the farther side of the river some two weeks later. This heaven-sent projectile smashed into the dam structure, broke out a chunk of the completed masonry, killed two men outright and injured half a dozen others—correct me if I distort the details, Mr. Bromley. This time there was no investigation worthy of the name, if I have gathered my information carefully enough. Other rocks had fallen from the same slope; and after Fitzpatrick had assured himself that there were no more likely to fall, the matter was charged off to the accident account. If you and Michael Fitzpatrick had been the typical coroner's jury, Mr. Bromley, you could n't have been more easily satisfied with purely inferential evidence. I was n't satisfied until I had climbed painfully to the almost inaccessible ledge from which the boulder had fallen. Once there, however, the 'act of God' became very plainly the act of man. The 'heel' used as a fulcrum in levering the rock from the ledge was still in place; and the man in the case, in his haste or in his indifference to discovery, had left the iron crowbar with which he had pried the stone from its bed. The crowbar is still there."

"Is that all?" asked Bromley, wetting his lips again.

"By no manner of means," was the equable rejoinder. "I could go on indefinitely. The falling derrick may or may not have been aimed specially at Macpherson; but it committed premeditated murder, just the same—the broken guy cable was rotted in two with acid. Again you will demand to know how I know. I satisfied myself by making a few simple tests on the broken ends with chemicals filched out of Colonel Craig-

miles's laboratory up yonder in the second story of his electric plant. No; I'm no chemist. But you will find, when you come to write stories and plays, that a smattering knowledge of every man's trade comes in handy. Otherwise you'll be writing yourself down as a blundering ass in every second paragraph."

Wingfield paused, but it was only to relight his pipe. When the tobacco was burning again he went on, in the same even tone.

"The falling derrick brings us down to your *régime*, Mr. Ballard. I pass by the incident of the hurled stone that made that awkward patch necessary in your ceiling: you yourself have admitted that the stone could not have come from the blasting in the quarry. But there was another railroad accident which deserves mention. No doubt Hoskins has told you what he saw almost on the very spot where Braithwaite's snuffing-out occurred. He thought it was Braithwaite's ghost—he still thinks so. But we are less credulous; or, at least, I was. Like Sanderson, I have been making friends—or enemies—at the Craigmiles cattle-ranch. In fact, I was down there the day following Hoskins's misfortune. Curiously enough, there was another man who saw the Braithwaite ghost—one 'Scotty,' a cowboy. He was night-herding on the ranch bunch of beef cattle on the night of the accident, and he saw the ghost, leather leggings, Norfolk shooting-jacket, and double-visored British cap all complete, riding a horse down to the river a little while before the train came around the curve. And after the hullabaloo, he saw it again, riding quietly back to the ranch."

Bromley was gripping the edge of the table and exchanging glances with Ballard. It was the Kentuckian who broke the silence which fell upon the group around the table when the playwright made an end.

"Summing it all up, what is your conclusion, Wingfield? You have reached one long before this, I take it."

The amateur Vidocq made a slow sign of assent.

"As I have told you, I went into this thing out of sheer curiosity, and partly because there were obstructions put in my way. That's human nature. But

afterward it laid hold of me and held me by its own grip. I'm not sure that there have been any simon-pure accidents at all. So far as I have gone, everything that has happened has been made to happen; has been carefully planned and prepared for in advance by some one of more than ordinary intelligence—and vindictiveness. And, unhappily, the motive is only too painfully apparent. The work on this irrigation project of yours is to be hampered and delayed by all possible means, even to the sacrificing of human life."

Again there was a silence in the thick-walled office-room; a silence so strained that the clickings of the stone hammers in the yard and the rasping cacophonies of the hoisting-engines at the dam seemed far removed. It was Bromley who spoke first, and his question was pointedly suggestive.

"You have n't stopped with the broad generalization, Mr. Wingfield?"

"Meaning that I have found the man who is responsible for all these desperate and deadly doings? I am afraid I have. There would seem to be only one man in the world whose personal interests are at stake. Naturally, I have n't gone very deeply into that part of it. But did n't somebody tell me there is a fight on in the courts between the Arcadia Company and Colonel Craigmiles?—a fight in which delay is the one thing needful for the Colonel?"

Ballard came back to the table and stood within arm's-reach of the speaker. His square jaw had taken on the fighting angle, and his eyes were cold and hard.

"What are you going to do about it, Mr. Wingfield? Have you arrived at that conclusion, also?"

Wingfield's doubtful glance was in young Blacklock's direction, and his reply was evasive.

"That is a very natural question; but does n't it strike you, Mr. Ballard, that this is hardly the time or place to go into it?"

"No."

"Very well. . . . Jerry, what we are talking about now is strictly between gentlemen: do you understand?"

"Sure thing," said the collegian.

"You ask me what I am going to do.

Mr. Ballard; and in return I'll ask you to put yourself in my place. Clearly, it is a law-abiding citizen's plain duty to go and lay the bald facts before the nearest prosecuting-attorney and let the law take its course. On the other hand, I'm only a man like other men, and——"

"And you are Colonel Craigmiles's guest. Go on," said Ballard, straightening the path of hesitation for him.

"That's it," nodded Wingfield. "As you say, I am his guest; and—er—well, there is another reason why I should be the last person in the world to make or meddle. At first, I was brashly incredulous, as any one would be who was mixing and mingling with the Colonel in the daily amenities. Later, when the ugly fact persisted and I was obliged to admit it, the personal factor entered the equation. It's bad medicine, any way you decide to take it."

"Still you are not telling us what you mean to do, Mr. Wingfield," Bromley reminded him gently.

"No; but I don't mind telling you. I have about decided upon a weak sort of compromise. This thing will come out—it's bound to come out in the pretty immediate future; and I don't want to be here when the sheriff arrives. I think I shall have a very urgent call to go back to New York."

Bromley laid hold of the table and pulled himself to his feet; but it was Ballard who said, slowly, as one who weighs his words and the full import of them: "Mr. Wingfield, you are more different kinds of an ass than I took you to be, and that is saying a great deal. Out of a mass of hearsay, the idle stories of a lot of workmen whose idea of humor has been to make a butt of you, you have built up this fantastic fairy tale. I am charitable enough to believe that you could n't help it; it is a part of your equipment as a professional maker of fairy tales. But there are two things for which I shall take it upon myself to answer personally. You will not leave Castle 'Cadia until your time is out; and you'll not leave this room until you have promised the three of us that this cock-and-bull story of yours stops right here with its first telling."

"That's so," added Bromley, with a quiet menace in his tone.

It was the playwright's turn to gasp, and he did it, very realistically.

"You—you don't believe it? with all the three-sheet-poster evidence staring you in the face? Why, great Joash! you must be stark, staring mad—both of you!" he raved. And then to Blacklock: "Are you in it, too, Jerry?"

"I guess I am," returned the collegian, meaning no more than that he felt constrained to stand with the men of his chosen profession.

Wingfield drew a long breath and with it regained the impersonal heights of the unemotional observer. "Of course, it is just as you please," he said, carelessly. "I had a foolish notion I was doing you two a good turn; but if you choose to take the other view of it—well, there is no accounting for tastes. Drink your own liquor and give the house a good name. I'll dig up my day-pay later on: it's cracking good material, you know."

"That is another thing," Ballard went on, still more decisively. "If you ever put pen to paper with these crazy theories of yours for a basis, I shall make it my business to hunt you down as I would a wild beast."

"So shall I," echoed Bromley.

Wingfield rose and put the long-stemmed pipe carefully aside.

"You are a precious pair of bally idiots," he remarked, quite without heat. Then he looked at his watch and spoke pointedly to Blacklock. "You're forgetting Miss Elsa's fishing party to the upper canyon, aren't you? Suppose we drive around to Castle 'Cadia in the car. You can send Otto back after Mr. Bromley later on." And young Blacklock was so blankly dazed by the cool impudence of the suggestion that he promptly consented and left the bungalow with the playwright.

For some little time after the stuttering purr of the motor-car had died away the two men sat as Wingfield had left them, each busy with his own thoughts. Bromley was absently fingering the cartridges from Sanderson's rifle, mute proofs of the truth of the playwright's theories, and Ballard seemed to have forgotten that he had promised Fitzpatrick to run a line for an additional sidetrack in the railroad yard.

"Do you blame me, Loudon?" he

asked, after the silence had wrought its perfect work.

"No; there was nothing else to do. But I could n't help being sorry for him."

"So was I," was the instant rejoinder. "Wingfield is all kinds of a decent fellow; and the way he has untangled the thing is nothing short of masterly. But I had to tie his tongue; you know I had to do that, Loudon."

"Of course, you had to."

Silence again for a little space; and then:

"There is no doubt in your mind that he has hit upon the true solution of all the little mysteries?"

Bromley shook his head slowly. "None at all, I am sorry to say. I have suspected it, in part, at least, for a good while. And I had proof positive before Wingfield gave it to us."

"How?" queried Ballard.

Bromley was still fingering the cartridges. "I hate to tell you, Breckenridge. And yet you ought to know," he added. "It concerns you vitally."

Ballard's smile was patient. "I am well past the shocking point," he averred. "After what we have pulled through in the last hour we may as well make a clean sweep of it."

"Well, then; I did n't stumble over the canyon cliff that night four weeks ago: I was knocked over."

"What!"

"It's true."

"And you know who did it?"

"I can make a pretty good guess. While I was down at the wing dam a man passed me, coming from the direction of the great house. He was a big man, and he was muffled to the ears in a rain-coat. I know, because I heard the peculiar 'mackintosh' rustle as he went by me. I knew then who it was; would have known even if I had n't had a glimpse of his face at the passing instant. It is one of the Colonel's eccentricities never to go out after nightfall—in a bone-dry country, mind you—without wearing a rain-coat."

"Well?" said Ballard.

"He did n't see me, though I thought at first that he did; he kept looking back as if he were expecting somebody to follow him. He took the path on our side

of the canyon—the one I took a few minutes later. That's all; except that I would swear that I heard the 'slither' of a mackintosh just as the blow fell that knocked me down and out."

"Heavens, Loudon! It's too grossly unbelievable! Why, man, he saved your life after the fact, risking his own in a mad drive down her: from Castle 'Cadia in the car to do it! You would n't have lived until morning if he had n't come."

"It is unbelievable, as you say; and yet it is n't, when you have surrounded all the facts. What is the reason, the only reason, why Colonel Craigmiles should resort to all these desperate expedients?"

"Delay, of course; time to get his legal fight shaped up in the courts."

"Exactly. If he can hold us back long enough, the dam will never be completed. He knows this, and Mr. Pelham knows it, too. Unhappily for us, the Colonel has found a way to ensure the delay. The work cant go on without a chief of construction."

"But, good Lord, Loudon, you're not the 'Big Boss'; and, besides, the man loves you like a son! Why should he try to kill you one minute and move heaven and earth to save your life the next?"

Bromley shook his head sorrowfully.

"That is what made me say what I did about not wanting to tell you, Breckenridge. That crack over the head was n't meant for me; it was meant for you. If it had not been so dark under the hill that night—but it was; pocket-dark in the shadow of the pines. And he knew you'd be coming along that path on your way back to camp—knew you'd be coming, and was n't expecting anybody else. Dont you see?"

Ballard jumped up and began to pace the floor.

"My God!" he ejaculated; "I was his guest; I had just broken bread at his table! Bromley, when he went out to lie in wait for me, he left me talking with his daughter! It's too horrible!"

Bromley had stood the eleven cartridges, false and true, in a curving row on the table. The crooking line took the shape of a huge interrogation point.

"Wingfield thought he had solved all the mysteries, but the darkest of them

remains untouched," he commented. "How can the genial, kindly, magnanimous man we know, or think we know, be such a fiend incarnate?" Then he broke ground again in the old field. "Will you do now what I begged you to do at first?—throw up this cursed job and go away?"

Ballard stopped short in his tramping and his answer was an explosive "No!"

"That is half righteous anger, and half something else. What is the other half, Breckenridge?" And when Ballard did not define it: "I can guess it; it is the same thing that made you stuff Wingfield's theories down his throat a few minutes ago. You are sorry for the daughter."

Through the open door Ballard saw Fitzpatrick coming across the stone yard.

"You've guessed it, Loudon; or rather, I think you have known it all along. I love Elsa Craigmiles; I loved her long before I ever heard of Arcadia or its king. Now you know why Wingfield must n't be allowed to talk; why I must n't go away and give place to a new chief who might live to see Elsa's father hanged. She must be spared and defended at any cost. One other word before Fitzpatrick cuts in: When my time

comes, if it does come, you and one other man will know how I passed out and why. I want your promise that you'll keep still, and that you will keep Wingfield still. Blacklock does n't count."

"Sure," said Bromley, quietly; and then, with the big Irish contractor's shadow fairly darkening the door: "You'll do the same for me, Breckenridge, wont you? Because—oh, confound it all!—I'm in the same boat with you; without a ghost of a show, you understand."

Ballard put his back squarely to Michael Fitzpatrick scraping his feet on the puncheon-floored porch of the bungalow, and gripped Bromley's hand across the table.

"It's a bargain," he declared warmly. "We'll take the long chance and stand by her together, old man. And if she chooses the better part in the end, I'll try not to act like a jealous fool. Now you turn in and lie down a while. I've got to go with Michael."

This time it was Bromley who saved the situation. "What a pair of luminous donkeys we are!" he laughed. "She calls you 'dear friend,' and me 'little brother.' If we're right good and tractable, we may get cards to her wedding—with Wingfield."

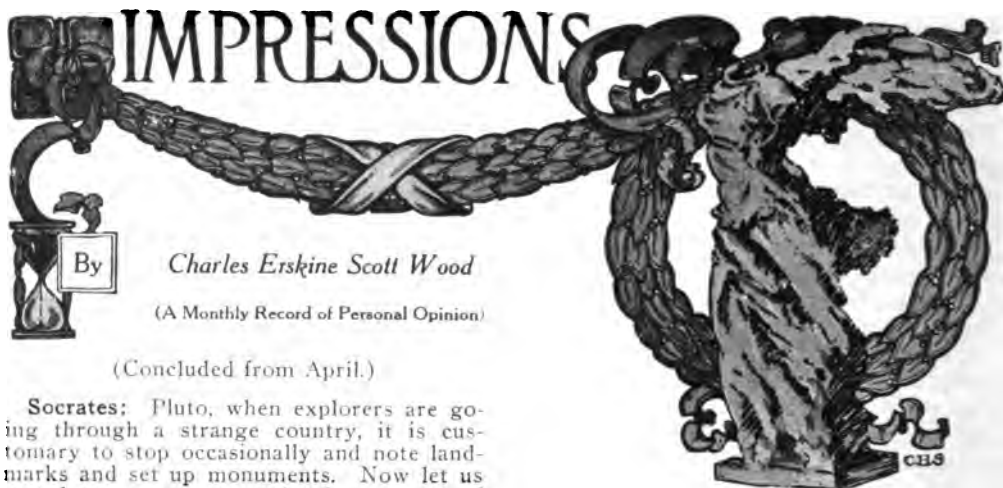
(Continued in the next number)

Wind O' the West

By Jessie Davis Willdy

Wind o' the West, blow swift and high,
When dawn lights wake,
And cool mists shine
O'er crag and lake
And hill and pine,
Wind o' the West, blow swift and high.

Wind o' the West, blow soft and low,
When twilight gleams
O'er starlit sands
With drowsy dreams,
From poppy lands,
Wind o' the West, blow soft and low.



(Concluded from April.)

Socrates: Pluto, when explorers are going through a strange country, it is customary to stop occasionally and note landmarks and set up monuments. Now let us rest here a moment and take account of our progress. We are agreed, are we not, that the state in times past has declared lawful those things which really are and were shameful—such as burning people for their religious opinions and starving thousands that a few lords might have hunting ground. In other words, we are agreed that there is an Ideal Right, and though the state may by its power declare a thing lawful, it cannot make right that which is not right.

Pluto: Yes, we are agreed on that, Socrates.

Socrates: We are agreed that right and wrong are not to be made by law or by that body of persons called the state, any more than by one person, but Right is something self-existent and inherent—and to discover it there must be free discussion and agitation and then practical experiment.

Pluto: Yes, that is true also.

Socrates: And is it true that each is born with the same right to live?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: And that self-preservation is the only justification for invading another's right to live?

Pluto: Yes. It is a natural right, equal in all.

Socrates: Then has each the same right to assert it against all others?

Pluto: Certainly he has.

Socrates: Then if it be an actual necessity to save his life, a man may by the law of nature take property or even life—if able to do so?

Pluto: Yes, by the natural law.

Socrates: If that be true of each individual, would it also be true of all individuals collectively?

Pluto: It would seem so, Socrates. I see no reason why any should lose this right in a group.

Socrates: Tell me, Pluto. If you have taken something from me not as the absolute means to sustain your life, but in mere robbery, is it yours or mine?

Pluto: You know, Socrates, what is

taken from a man against his will by force or theft is still his, and he may seize it wherever he finds it.

Socrates: Or if I lend a gold goblet to be kept for me—may I have it back when I demand it?

Pluto: Surely, Socrates. Unless you have loaned it to a thief and a villain.

Socrates: Then, if the few have certain advantages which the many need for their own self-preservation, may the many take these advantages from the few?

Pluto: Of course, Socrates, it follows from what we have agreed that if the many need them for self-preservation, they may take from the few just as each one of the many would have a right to take.

Socrates: Now if there should be some privileges entrusted by the many to the few to keep for them, could the many demand them back when wanted?

Pluto: O yes, if there were any such, certainly the right to take them back would exist.

Socrates: Or if the few had robbed the many of any such valuable advantages, could the many undo the robbery and seize them?

Pluto: If what you assume to be true were true, then the many would have a perfect right to retake their own.

Socrates: Then we are agreed that the state may make laws and compel obedience, but cannot make what is wrong Right; that nothing remains fixed, but even our conception of Right and Wrong changes as we press forward toward the ideal; that agitation and discussion as to what is Right or what should be the next step, is not only right in itself, but is the only means of sifting truth from error, and he who refuses to join in the discussion either has no ideas or is a coward—and that if it be found that any have special privileges which are in robbery of others—which any men need to abolish that they themselves may live, these may retake or abolish such special

privileges. Are we agreed, Pluto, on all these things?

Pluto: Yes, substantially.

Socrates: Substantially? To what do you not agree?

Pluto: I do not agree that there are such privileges.

Socrates: I know that. I have said, "If it be found that any have special privileges." What do you mean by substantially?

Pluto: Oh, nothing. If you do not expect me to agree that there are special privileges.

Socrates: How would you define a special privilege, Pluto? Give me your idea.

Demos: I—

Socrates: Wait, Demos. Let Pluto speak.

Pluto: Well, Socrates, I hardly know.

Socrates: Would what a man has as a natural inherent right be a privilege?

Pluto: No, that is clear.

Socrates: If a right is a natural inherent right, it inheres in all men equally, does it not?

Pluto: It would seem so.

Socrates: Then a privilege is an advantage which is not a right? Is that so?

Pluto: Yes. It must be, for if it were a right it could be no privilege.

Socrates: And a special privilege is an advantage enjoyed by a limited or particular class. What would you say to that, Pluto?

Pluto: I agree to that.

Socrates: But a privilege granted to all would put all on an equality and would cease to be a privilege, would it not, Pluto?

Pluto: Certainly.

Socrates: In reality, then, a privilege is an advantage which some enjoy over others.

Pluto: Yes, that is true.

Socrates: Who can grant a privilege?

Pluto: Why, only the supreme authority in the state. I admit the kings of old used to give privileges and monopolies to their favorites, but that time has passed.

Demos: Has it?

Socrates: In our state, who could give privileges?

Pluto: No one can give a privilege but the law-making power.

Demos: Yes, it is always the same. Whoever makes the laws makes the privileges—whether king or congress.

Socrates: So all privileges exist by virtue of law, is that so?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: Pluto, I have been thinking over that idea of yours, that a man gains a right to a meadow and all the roots in it because he first saw it, and I am not yet satisfied. Is it your idea that he gains a title by discovery to the soil itself or to the roots in the soil?

Pluto: Why, to the soil.

Socrates: But he didn't discover the soil. He doesn't want the soil. He discovered the roots and wants the roots.

Pluto: But the roots are in the soil and make a part of it.

Socrates: How is that?

Pluto: Well, it is the law.

Socrates: O but we are seeking the true right, not the law. The law says much folly. However, suppose the roots had been washed out by a freshet and lay all over the ground, loose—and he discovered they were good to eat. Would he own the soil on which they lay?

Pluto: Well, Socrates, I don't know. It seems to me if they were not a part of the soil, but dug up as it were, and lying there, then his discovery of them would have nothing to do with the soil. But again, it might be that new crops would come from that soil and they ought to be his.

Socrates: Why?

Pluto: To reward him.

Socrates: For what?

Pluto: For his discovery.

Socrates: We go round in a circle. How about those unborn who are to come after him and desire roots?

Pluto: They must obey the law.

Socrates: The law again. We are seeking the right. Well, let it pass. But if he found the roots lying over the surface of the ground, how many would be his?

Pluto: All of them.

Socrates: And suppose the discoverer had companions?

Pluto: They would share equally.

Socrates: Suppose at the other end of the meadow another man discovered the roots at the same instant?

Pluto: Then he would share also.

Socrates: And if the man who first saw them turned back to tell his tribe about them and meanwhile some one else came and dug up all the roots and carried them off?

Pluto: Well, I suppose in a savage state of society possession would give the roots to the takers, but under our civilized law the man who had title to the meadow could keep all others away.

Socrates: The law again—you should forget it, Pluto. And if this meadow stretched beyond the range of vision—hundreds of miles—would he have title to all of it?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: To how much?

Pluto: I don't know. I suppose the law would give him a liberal quantity for his needs.

Socrates: What have his needs to do with it? If he had a right by discovery he had a right to all, for it is all connected.

Pluto: But he hasn't got any right to it except as given by the laws, and they won't permit him to have more than a reasonable quantity. Otherwise he might own the

whole valuable country. He must take what the law allows.

Socrates: If the state allows him half. He has half. If a quarter, a quarter. Is that it?

Pluto: Yes. Whatever the law allows.

Socrates: But suppose others come and say we got here only a few days late. There are enough roots for all. No one planted them. We will take what we need and leave you to take what you need?

Pluto: Then the state would defend the title it has given him.

Socrates: You said the state would only give what he needed?

Pluto: But that is for the state to say. It could give him all if it wanted to.

Socrates: And if it gave him all, it would defend him against those who hungered and would share nature's bounty with him?

Pluto: Yes, it would have to do so, or there would be an end of titles and every one would take whatever he found not taken by others.

Socrates: Now, Pluto, you will admit that all your ideas of what the discoverer ought to have are founded on law?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: But you agree that a natural right must of necessity be equal in all men?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: So that all men and every man would have the same equal right to take what lay open in nature, and which no one had actually taken into possession?

Pluto: Yes, of course. If it had never been taken, each and all would have an equal right to take—by the natural right.

Socrates: And the law has altered this natural right?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: And who make the laws?

Pluto: The people.

Demos: Ha, ha.

Socrates: Then if the law forbids each to take what he can use, as by natural right he may, and defends one in a large ownership having nothing to do with use or possession, but based on discovery, or title, that discoverer or titleholder has an advantage not common to all, and given to him by law. Does that seem so to you, Pluto?

Pluto: But the law gives it to him.

Socrates: We agreed that the law-making power gives all privileges. The question is, does he have a right, equal and common to all? Equal in those who came late; to those who were not born when he discovered the meadow, or does the law protect him against the natural right of others in a peculiar enjoyment of something he did not produce, but which is a part of Nature herself. Which is it?

Pluto: It is the latter.

Socrates: Then by your definition it is a special privilege, is it not?

Pluto: Yes, in a sense. But others have the same right.

Socrates: Those unborn?

Pluto: They might discover some new lands.

Socrates: It is not difficult to conceive of a time when there would be nothing left to discover, and still the generations of men would crowd on. Suppose it turned out that there were already people living on the land. Who would they belong to?

Pluto: Who, the people?

Socrates: Yes.

Pluto: You know, Socrates, no one could own the people?

Socrates: Who would the land belong to?

Pluto: It would be theirs, as they were there first.

Socrates: But if the discoverer landed at the mouth of a river, how far up the river would his discovery take effect?

Pluto: I don't know, Socrates. A reasonable distance, I suppose.

Socrates: But, Pluto, the law of discovery among nations was and still would be, if there were anything left to discover, that whatever discoverer placed his country's flag at the mouth of a river, his king became the owner of all the land drained by the river and all its tributaries. Thus when De Soto planted the Spanish flag at the mouth of the Mississippi the king of Spain became the owner of all the country to the heads of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries, and the fact that the country was inhabited was of no importance.

Pluto: Yes, but, Socrates, the wild Indians were making no use of the country. They certainly could not keep this country for a hunting ground while Europe needed it to make homes for her starving masses.

Socrates: But the Indians had discovered it first, Pluto, and like your man at the meadow, they were entitled to the whole country.

Pluto: Oh, yes, but it is folly to say a few men have a natural right to keep a great fertile country an unoccupied wilderness. Others have a right to live.

Demos: Good, Pluto. Now you are waking up. The few Indians had no right to the privilege of this country as a hunting ground, and the few capitalistic barons among us have no right to have it kept as their hunting ground, either.

Pluto: There is no comparison. You talk foolishly.

Socrates: Then when the kings wanted to reward a favorite or raise some money, they would give or sell whole areas of their newly discovered dominions and pass it over to the new owner by a piece of parchment. Thus great states were handed over by kings, who never saw them, to men who never saw them. Now tell me, Pluto, what was their right?

Pluto: Well, it was customary. It was the law.

Socrates: Who made the law?

Pluto: The kings did then, in fact.

Socrates: Did the kings make the lands they gave away?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: Tell me how these lands became theirs in true right. Had the kings ever cultivated them?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: Or the men to whom they were given?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: Neither the kings, the grantors nor their grantees had ever seen these lands, yet the title of every acre today depends on those same parchment grants and the right of discovery. Suppose, Pluto, your discoverer had come from the inland toward the sea and had set up his flag on the seashore and had said: "I take possession of every land these tides wash and of all the seas, and all the fishes and pearls in the sea." And then suppose the king had given by a parchment deed grants of lands where there were great cities, and grants of all the pearls and precious corals, and of all the fish in the sea?

Pluto: But, Socrates, that would be the act of a lunatic. No one claims the sea.

Socrates: Why not?

Pluto: Well, it is different.

Socrates: You can map it and mark its boundaries?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: Now suppose the king of Spain, or England, or France, gave you a great domain on a piece of parchment and you sailed away to take possession and when you arrived you found it was all sea. What would you do?

Pluto: Nothing, for the sea is not any man's to give.

Socrates: Why is it any less to be given by the king or the state than the vast solitude which no man has seen, yet which the king grants to whomsoever he pleases?

Pluto: Well, Socrates, that is hard to answer, and yet there is a difference between land and sea. I suppose the difference is that you can take possession of the land and hold it and improve it, and this is not possible on the sea.

Demos: Good.

Socrates: Wait, Demos. But, Pluto, you can map and plat the sea, survey it and describe it so that the king or state, by the written parchment deed, could grant the sea as well as the land.

Pluto: Well, Socrates, the only reason which I can give is, as I have said, the land is solid, permanent and fixed. A man can go upon it and improve it and change it and put the mark of his labor upon it, so I would say that the distinction is that no man can take possession of the sea, build on it, improve it and make it his abiding-place.

Socrates: Then, Pluto, if we abandon the idea of artificial laws made by kings and states, and seek the very essence of the right to soil, it seems that it really rests on the possession of it and making use of it.

Pluto: Yes, Socrates, it does seem so, though this is a new thought to me and I am not prepared to admit it.

Socrates: Thinking upon the matter the best you can, and placing it upon right rather than arbitrary power or law, what would you say gave the preference of one man over another to any particular part of the earth's surface?

Pluto: I would say getting hold of it first.

Socrates: And what do you mean by getting hold of it? Do you mean a legal title given to him by some power, or do you mean actual possession?

Pluto: I mean the latter, because, Socrates, as we have agreed, all men have an equal right to live, so it would seem to me that all men have an equal right to take possession of that part of the earth which is necessary to their existence, and the man who first does so would have that superior right which comes from actual possession.

Socrates: But this right of possession really depends upon his need, does it not, Pluto?

Pluto: Yes, certainly.

Socrates: Then besides mere possession he must put it to use?

Pluto: Yes, under your theory of natural right this must necessarily be so.

Socrates: And what would be the limit of his possession?

Pluto: As much as he needed for his use, I suppose.

Socrates: It almost seems, then, Pluto, as if the right to the soil depended on the same qualities as the man's right to the deer he had killed. That is, by first securing possession of it and by his skill and labor in making use of it.

Pluto: I must say, Socrates, it does indeed seem so.

Socrates: Pluto, if you found pearls or other fisheries in the sea, the pearls or the fish which you actually caught would belong to you, would they not?

Pluto: Certainly. Those we caught would be ours.

Socrates: Why?

Pluto: Why? Because whose else would they be? We caught them. It was our skill, labor and time, and we would have them in our possession.

Socrates: But any one else could fish alongside of you?

Pluto: Certainly.

Socrates: Then this would not be like the roots in the meadow? This depends

also on capture or creation and possession?

Pluto: Yes. It seems so.

Socrates: But the king or state could grant you the sea, could plat it on a map and could defend you in a monopoly of the pearl fishery. Is not that so? It could be done.

Pluto: Yes, it could be done.

Socrates: And if the state did this, would it be a special privilege?

Pluto: Oh, certainly, Socrates. In that case there can be no doubt of it.

Socrates: And if the state grants you a monopoly of a tract of land, by paper title, and defends you in the exclusive title to it so that you may let it be idle while others clamor to use it, as by natural right they could, is that a privilege or not?

Pluto: Socrates, I will frankly admit it is a privilege, just as the monopoly of the sea would be, and I did not, when we began, expect to admit so much; but this privilege is open to every one.

Socrates: Then it is not a privilege. Tell me, Pluto, if a hundred men stand around a greased pole on top of which is a great prize, can they all climb to the top?

Pluto: No, but they can all have a chance.

Socrates: But the first man who climbs to the top will take the prize?

Pluto: Well, they can draw lots for the order of trial.

Socrates: Then the order of trial itself is a privilege. Is it not? And suppose one filled with low cunning rubs himself with rosin dust and so beats his fairer competitors. What have you to say to that?

Pluto: That would be a fraud.

Socrates: But it would win the prize, while the honest herd gaped at the bottom. What do you say, Pluto, to that being the survival of the fittest, and the best man reaching the top?

Pluto: You cannot deny he would be the smartest.

Socrates: And is it your opinion, Pluto, that such smartness is the most desirable thing in human society?

Pluto: No, Socrates. I do not really think so.

Socrates: If there was a shipwreck, and only one small raft, floating some distance off, and certain men hurried to swim to it and take possession of it, and others helped the women and children, and when they arrived at the raft, nearly exhausted, those who had first got there beat them off with oars and clubs and forced them to drown. Would you say all had had an equal opportunity?

Pluto: Well, in one sense, they had. Those who aided the helpless, neglected their chance.

Socrates: And is it your opinion then, Pluto, that such persons ought to drown and those who hurried to the raft and took possession are the fittest to survive?

Pluto: No, I don't say that. I think the others finer men—I only speak of the equal chance.

Socrates: If the hare and the tortoise start in a race, have they an equal chance?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: Would you admit that the last swimmers would have a right to get onto the raft if they could?

Pluto: Yes, certainly.

Socrates: And if the first occupants of the raft had more room than was needed for themselves, but from selfishness, still knocked the swimmers over the heads with their oars and clubs, what would you say then?

Pluto: Oh, that would be worse. If there was room for all, certainly those swimming would have a right to force their way onto the raft in spite of the selfish grabbers.

Socrates: And if instead of it being a raft it were a fertile vacant country, what then, Pluto?

Pluto: I see I cannot help giving the same answer, Socrates. Those who needed the vacant land would have a right to take it and put it to use.

Socrates: Suppose, in this struggle for possession of the raft, the captain and crew had taken possession of the boat, and they went among the swimmers and aided the raft-grabbers, as you call them, by helping to knock the swimmers on the head. What would you say as to the equality of the struggle?

Pluto: It would not be an equal struggle, Socrates, certainly.

Socrates: And if the captain and the crew said to those on the raft, "We will see to it that you have a monopoly of the raft and an exclusive use of it and a right to keep it vacant if you please." Would you say that those on the raft were given a privilege or not?

Pluto: Yes, certainly, it would be a special advantage given to them by power or authority and not common to all. So it would be a privilege.

Socrates: Suppose some men were in the hold and could not get out in time to start with the others. Would they have an equal chance?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: An equal chance means equality in all things—time, place, ability, everything involved in the contest. Does it not, Pluto?

Pluto: Yes, an absolutely equal chance means that.

Socrates: Do you think such equality ever exists?

Pluto: No. It is not possible.

Socrates: But if the law takes the place of the captain and crew, and gives to a few, who by reason of being born first, were the first to seize upon the land, the privilege of holding the land, they are favored just

as the raft-grabbers were, are they not?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates; I have hesitated to answer these last questions, but I see no escape from it. It would be a privilege. But it still seems to me that others had the same chance to grab the land.

Socrates: Even the babes unborn at the time the land was grabbed? And remember we have seen there is never a precisely equal opportunity.

Pluto: You are always bringing in the "babes unborn," but when they are born and grow up they will have their chances, too.

Demos: They certainly will, and mighty poor ones, unless present conditions are changed.

Socrates: Suppose, Pluto, that you entered a strange country and found, although the land was not all settled upon and in use, yet every foot of it was owned by the king, or a few favorites to whom he had written off a title, giving to this one all the mines or mineral wealth, to another all the timber, to another all the water rights and to another all the fertile acres, and you could not get even a small farm without paying the king or one of his monopolists for it. Would you feel that they had a privilege or not?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates, a very great privilege.

Socrates: And suppose thousands of people came, seeking mines to dig and soil to till and a place for their homes, and they found these natural opportunities lying idle and vacant, would you think that by natural right they could take possession of and use so much as they needed?

Pluto: We have already answered that, Socrates. They would have the right to take for their own use what they found no one else putting to use.

Socrates: And those few who by force of law drove them away or exacted payment from them would have a privilege, would they not, given by law?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: If you were waiting with a crowd to enter a great treasure-house where were many costly and beautiful things, no two alike, and all of different value, and each person was allowed to carry away some one thing, would you rather enter that treasure-house first or last, Pluto?

Pluto: First, Socrates.

Socrates: Do you know anything made in the stars, Pluto?

Pluto: What do you mean?

Socrates: I mean, did you ever hear of anything made elsewhere than on this earth?

Pluto: No, Socrates.

Socrates: Then all we have comes from the earth, in some way, Pluto?

Pluto: Yes, certainly, Socrates. The earth is our mother.

Socrates: Well, Pluto, I regard the earth as that king's treasure-house and those

who get leave by law to hold the valuable parts of the earth vacant till others pay them for its use hold a privilege: those who, like the king, can control the earth, can control their fellows who live upon the earth; and those who can get upon the raft, and hold vacant the places others need to escape from drowning, can dictate the lives of their fellows. And those who have a title which enables them to hold land vacant and idle which others need to use, have a privilege which is opposed to natural right and natural justice, be it in the name of one king or a few who hold under him. Those who first enter the treasure-house will take the most valuable things—the mines, the timber, the water powers, the rich and fertile lands. Those who come after—even the babes unborn—come as servitors in the land of their birth—oppressed by monopolies and special privileges. Now, Pluto, I will be glad to hear what you have to say on this matter.

Pluto: Socrates, I am not one to deny the truth. There may be some answer to what you have said, but I can frame none except that this privilege is of ancient usage and lawful.

Socrates: As every privilege has at some time been—even the privilege of owning slaves. We are agreed, Pluto, are we not, that law cannot make wrong right?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates, to that we are agreed.

Socrates: And are we not also agreed that progress is only another name for change in laws, customs and institutions?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates. We are agreed on that also.

Socrates: Then it seems to me that Demos has a right to agitate for changes which he thinks may abolish these privileges. For if any one is to hush his mouth those holding the privileges will do so, and then there is an end to that free discussion which we have seen is the very life of the search for Truth.

Pluto: So it seems, Socrates. I am a little confused, for this is not the conclusion I expected. Tell me, what other privileges do you assert deprive men of their natural rights.

Socrates: Would you esteem it a privilege if the law allowed some man or set of men to build their castles at the ports or upon the highways and exact toll from all who use the ports or the highways?

Pluto: That would need no discussion, Socrates, it would be a privilege.

Socrates: If a robber, masked and armed, stopped men upon the highway and searched them and took from them what of their possessions he chose, would he acquire a right to the things he stole?

Pluto: No, Socrates. We know he would not.

Socrates: But if the law allowed him to

arm himself and rob the travelers or even gave him assistance to take from the travelers, would he then have a right to what he took?

Pluto: Well, Socrates, it seems to me he would have a right, for the general consent of society would have given him, for some reason, the lawful right to take other people's wealth, and that general consent would make his act lawful.

Socrates: Yes, lawful. But law cannot change Wrong into Right. It was not right for him to rob?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: What was his robbery? Was it in taking by force something belonging to another which the other was unwilling to give?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: Then if the other is still unwilling to give and the state contributes to the taking from another what is his property and giving it to the robber, it still remains that the property of one is taken from him by force for the benefit of another. Is that so?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: And that, we are agreed, is Robbery?

Pluto: No, for the law has made it right.

Socrates: The true Right and Wrong exist of themselves as part of Nature's truth. You agree to that?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: So if it is in essence wrong for one man by force to take from another that other's property, the law cannot make that wrong right, but only makes the wrong lawful?

Pluto: It does seem so, Socrates. But when we enter into society we agree to be bound by its laws, and the laws are the will of the majority.

Socrates: Is that so, Pluto? If it be so, it is most interesting. Let us examine it. How did you enter society?

Pluto: Why, I was born in this country.

Socrates: And when you were born did you sign a contract to be bound by the will of the majority?

Pluto: No, but it has to be so.

Socrates: Who says so?

Pluto: Well, society—the laws.

Socrates: So the laws speak for the laws, and say all must obey them?

Pluto: Certainly.

Socrates: Then as most people are born into the society in which they live, there is no agreement at all, but only the compulsion of the law?

Pluto: But if most people objected to the law they would change it.

Socrates: That, too, is interesting. Do you think most people in Russia approve the tyrannies of that oligarchy?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: Did most people approve the

tyrannies of such monarchs as Nero?

Pluto: No.

Socrates: Do most people approve today of the High Protective Tariff, or the election of United States Senators by the legislatures?

Pluto: No, I do not think they do.

Socrates: Then laws are not always the will of the majority.

Pluto: No. Not always.

Socrates: We are agreed that a Privilege is a special favor to a few?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: And these favors are created by law?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: And created directly or indirectly by those interested?

Pluto: Yes, that is true, Socrates.

Socrates: Then in fact these Special Privileges are the creations of the few interested ones and are accepted dumbly by the many. Is not that the truth of history, Pluto?

Pluto: I fear it is, Socrates.

Socrates: So that the man who is privileged to rob does not even have the will of the majority, but has the will of himself and associates not resisted by those who are unwillingly robbed. Do you remember, Pluto, that you agreed it was wrong for a few to lie on the rocks and watch the industrious fishermen catch fish and then persuade the tribe to force the fishermen to give to the idlers on the rocks a part of their hard-earned catch?

Pluto: Yes. I have no desire to change my opinion on that.

Socrates: Then if you are born into a society which permits a few to take a part of your earned wealth from you under penalty that if you refuse you will be sent to jail or punished—how do you distinguish that in essence from the robbery of the fishermen or by the lone highwayman?

Demos: The highwayman is a better fellow. He is bolder and would respect the poor.

Socrates: Wait, Demos. Now, Pluto, you, by your name, ought to know what money is. What is it?

Pluto: It is something we exchange for commodities we want.

Socrates: If there were no money of any sort, men would have to barter among themselves. Exchanging goods till each got what he wanted?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: And the best that could be done would be to have local markets or exchanges, where people could meet to swap their properties around?

Pluto: Yes.

Socrates: If there were no money free exchange of commodities by means of money as a measure of value and medium of exchange, would be impossible? There would be no commerce?

Pluto: Yes, that is true.

Socrates: So money is as important as ships or cars, in commerce?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: And there are several kinds of money—money of intrinsic value, which is as valuable melted as when stamped by the state; for example, gold. And credit money, such as notes, sometimes secured by special properties, as government bonds.

Pluto: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: Now, Pluto, you will easily agree that the value of this article called money depends on the relation of the demand to the supply precisely as does the value of wheat?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates. Essentially so.

Socrates: Then if any set of men can control the money supply, is that a privilege just as if they controlled all the ships, or cars, or the wheat?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates. It is a great privilege and power.

Socrates: This credit money depends on the credit of those putting it out and the securities on which it rests, does it not, Pluto?

Pluto: Certainly.

Socrates: Then if one certain class of securities, very limited in number, is by force made the sole foundation for circulating notes, those men who get that security in their control will control the money of the country, will they not?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates, that must inevitably follow.

Socrates: Is this a privilege, Pluto?

Pluto: Socrates, I can only answer that it is. A most valuable one. But it seems to me all have an equal chance to get that security, do they not?

Socrates: How about the babes unborn?

Pluto: There you go again, Socrates, about the babes unborn.

Socrates: But, Pluto, you must see that any institution which forestalls the natural and equal right of the unborn generations is an unjust institution. Because the equal right to live and seek happiness is always equal save as altered by the laws of Nature. You have admitted this. Do you desire to re-examine the question?

Pluto: No, Socrates, because as I have said before, if I answer your questions as it seems to me they must be answered, you always bring me to your conclusion.

Socrates: That is nothing, Pluto, and of no value unless your mind is convinced. If you can find better answers or better questions you ought to do so. But let us drop the babes unborn if they irritate you, and let us return to our raft. If the state makes a small raft and says to all the swimmers, the first who get control of this raft shall hold all the less fortunate in perpetual control, would that be right?

Pluto: No, Socrates. I must answer that it would not.

Socrates: Is it more right for the state to make a limited raft on which to float its money, which is called the life blood of commerce, and give control of it to a few men and compel all others to come to them and buy money from them?

Pluto: Buy money, Socrates! What do you mean?

Socrates: You surely have heard of interest, Pluto?

Pluto: Yes, certainly.

Socrates: Well, interest is the price of money, and were men free to issue credit money as demanded on other good securities than government bonds, money would come into use as needed, and interest would always be very low. This is called Free Banking. Have you never heard of this, Pluto?

Pluto: No. I never have.

Demos: That is because you are a banker.

Pluto: But this would lead to unsafe, reckless issuance of money.

Socrates: Why?

Pluto: Well, I think it would.

Socrates: The men who bought money would want good safe money, would they not?

Pluto: Oh, they would, if they could know it.

Socrates: Well, who would know?

Pluto: Why, only the bankers—the experts.

Socrates: But some bankers were grocers or lawyers before they were bankers. Do they have a peculiar intelligence as bankers?

Pluto: No, but I think they ought to control the money.

Socrates: Well, you would agree then that they are the best judges as to what securities to issue money on?

Pluto: Yes, I agree to that.

Socrates: But if all the bankers met in convention and decided on what securities to issue money? They can now only issue on government bonds. That is the law.

Pluto: Well, that does not seem right.

Socrates: No. The bankers do not think it is right when they desire to violate it, because when they wish to issue additional money in times of urgent demand they do so and call the money "Clearing-house Certificates."

Pluto: Yes, I know about them, Socrates. And you must admit they brought great relief, and justified the temporary breach of the law.

Socrates: I do admit it, Pluto. So much so that they proved the law ought to be broken forever. What is useful and true at one time is useful and true at all times.

Pluto: I am afraid, Socrates, that I am compelled to admit that this right to issue bank notes on government bonds alone is a great and powerful privilege.

Socrates: And those who control the bonds control the money issue, and its limited quantity makes it high priced, or in other words, interest is high?

Pluto: Yes, Socrates.

Socrates: Well, Pluto, this is enough. You have admitted that there are privileges and that the right to discuss them is not only a right, but a duty, so do not find fault any more with Demos.

Demos: Socrates, you asked Pluto if a man or a few men had a right to rob the passers-by on the highway, and he said they had no such right, and then as I understand it he also admitted that while the state might make lawful this blackmail and aid in collecting it, yet it was no more right than before. He has also admitted that what a man creates or earns is his own. I would like to ask Pluto if a man has a right to spend the wealth he has earned so as to give him the greatest benefit?

Pluto: As I understand the question, I would say he has a right to do with his own as he pleases.

Demos: Would it be right for the state to compel a man who can get two pigs for five dollars from a neighbor, to take only one pig—no better—from another man and pay five dollars for it?

Pluto: Demos, you ask foolish questions. Let Socrates ask the questions.

Socrates: Oh, Demos, is doing well. We are apt to think questions foolish when we do not understand.

Demos: In plain language is it morally right or, right by nature, for the state to compel its citizens to pay higher prices for all commodities made within a certain line, when men just over that line will sell better goods cheaper?

Pluto: No, that is not right in essence.

Demos: It is not so bold nor any more right than the highwayman's robbery.

Pluto: But no state does this. No people would submit to it.

Socrates: Perhaps not, for you say the people make their own laws. Demos is

speaking of the Protective Tariff. Pluto, it is a forced tax, taken from the consumers' pocket to give to a few manufacturers. Are they privileged or not?

Pluto: Yes, of course, they are privileged, but the chance is open to all.

Socrates: Can all be manufacturers? Can all get on the raft? No, Pluto, the great privileges are the privileges to monopolize land; to monopolize money, and the taxing power, which takes from the many by force of law and power of the state a portion of their hard earned wealth to give as bonuses or subsidies or tariff rates to the privileged few.

Pluto: Socrates, I am not equal to debate with you and Demos. Much of this is new to me, but how would you change things for the better?

Socrates: Freedom. The remedy which man has found in all his history for his artificial oppressions. Free Trade. Free Banking. A Free Earth, the same title to land as to the fish and the deer. The title by subduing it, possessing it, putting it to a beneficial use. The same title by which men hold water for irrigation, mining or other purposes. No man is permitted to own more than he can beneficially use. And let me ask you, Pluto, for you are a young man: Do you respect the highway robber? the man who preys upon others? who takes by force what he has not earned?

Pluto: How could I respect such an one?

Socrates: The time will come, Pluto, when those who take as now by force of law, taking by shrewdness and covert force for themselves that which others have earned by the sweat of their faces, will be regarded not as the best citizens of society, but as we now regard robbers. It needs only the awakening of the minds of men to the truth. Those who now see no wrong in their unearned wealth will be ashamed of it, as the pirate might be, for he, too, is a leader among men. The best citizens will be those who lead men nearest to Truth, and through Truth unto Freedom and Happiness.

The Source

C. E. Ricker

Unfailing Spring! Source of the rising streams
Of life—in deep, majestic dreams
I see thee! Why thy rivers flow
To meet the sea, I cannot know:
But this I know, in terms my soul cannot deny,
Thou art! Thou art! and hence am I.

Good Roads and the Automobile

Mr. A. E. Todd's Pacific Coast International Tour



THE START FROM THE BULL RING, AT TIA JUANA

THE wonderful rise of the good roads' movement throughout America has been very largely due to the phenomenal development and the ever-increasing uses of the motor-car. The combination of good highways and automobiles, means the bringing together of city and country; the fostering of the "back-to-the-land" movement, the beginning of a new era in country life.

Civilization began with roads and the invention of wheeled vehicles. Every new invention that has stimulated the use of roads has been marked by a tremendous advance in civilization. What the full use of the automobile means as a blessing to mankind we are only beginning to glimpse.

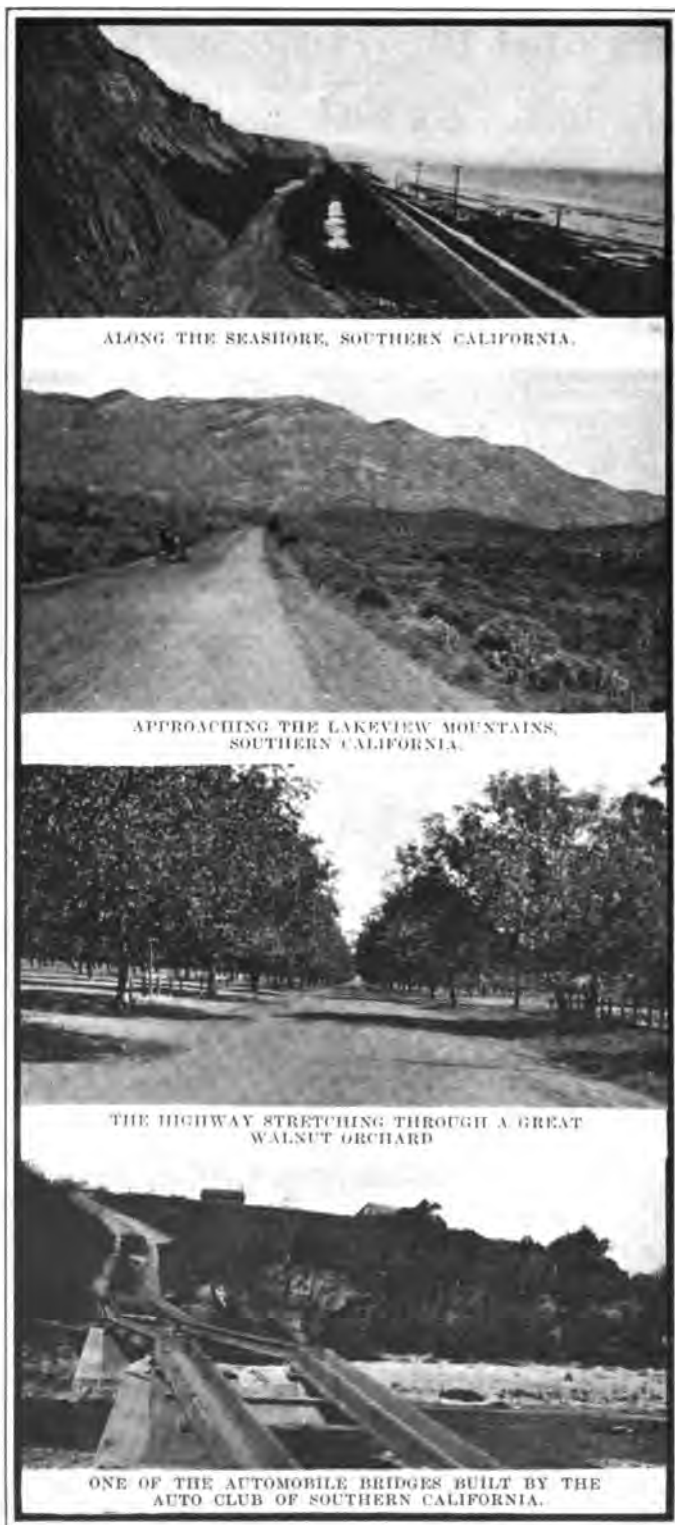
Good roads' organizations already have sprung up all over the country. Along the Western coast one of the many results of the enthusiasm for highway improvement has been the launching, in September, 1910, of the Pacific Highway Association, whose membership is made up of all classes of good roads' advocates, largely including automobile users. The Association's object is the construction of a trunk highway along the entire Pacific Coast, from Mexico into British Columbia; "possibly," it

says, "from the Arctic Ocean to the Panama Canal."

Bad roads usually prevail because the building of good roads, being everybody's business, becomes nobody's business; and because there is not sufficient public demand for their construction. The farmers' and automobilists' interests are common. The rapidly increasing use of the automobile by the farmer is bringing him more into sympathy with the motor tourist from the city, because he is forced to share the same views regarding highway economy and construction, a matter which deserves the most energetic co-operation. Organizations like the Pacific Highway Association will have a powerful influence in the selection of State and county officials pledged to the extension of good roads, and good roads laws.



ENTRANCE TO GLENWOOD INN, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA



The location of the proposed highway has not been definitely settled. It will be determined by practically the same considerations that would affect a railroad, as its value lies in serving as an avenue of communication between towns, and its availability for transportation from country communities to a central marketplace. The motor-car will not, necessarily, become an important competitor of the railroad as a common carrier, but rather is a great stimulus to the development of material prosperity, and so must be of real advantage to the railroads, just as the latter have found that the extension of interurban electric lines has rather increased than diminished the volume and profits of their business.

The tourist possibilities resulting from the development of good roads have been scarcely more than "scratched." As the Pacific Highway Association points out, the stimulus to all-the-year-round touring which must result from the construction of its proposed trunk line, in connection with various transcontinental trunk lines which will eventually be built, is incalculable. Meanwhile, motor enthusiasts have already pioneered a Coast route, as will be seen by the following account, by Mr. A. E. Todd, of a last sum-



DOWN THE MT. WILSON ROAD. AN INTERESTING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SIDE TRIP.

mer's trip from Tia Juana, Mexico, to Vancouver, British Columbia:

Mr. Todd's Pacific Coast International Tour.

LATE last spring, in Southern California, my wife and I decided that we would like to undertake an extended auto tour; one that would be out of the ordinary. After considerable discussion, we finally decided to attempt to make a tour from the Mexican boundary, up the Pacific Coast, as far as we could find roads that would connect together. We accordingly drove down to San Diego and Coronado Beach, and after a few days in the vicinity of San Diego, and in touring over the hundreds of miles of good roads throughout the surrounding country, we drove over the border to the little Mexican village of Tia Juana, one bright morning, and there formally turned, as it were, "the first sod" of the northward line which we were starting to run as far as roads would connect.

Like all adventurous discoverers we felt that we were going to see a great many new things, and travel a long way, but certainly neither of us imagined that the narrow Mexican road at Tia Juana stretched straight away north, through sandy deserts and orange groves; past flooded districts and rich agricultural countries; over several rugged and steep mountain ranges with wonderful scenery

and frequent views of magnificent snowcapped peaks and ranges; by the precipitous banks of rushing streams and rivers; through sombre forests of mighty trees; through warm valleys of unending fruit, and for many long stretches through wild and lonely solitudes, always terminating every evening in some prosperous and busy town or city, for over two thousand miles before the road ended!

As a matter of fact more than two months passed before we reached the road's end, as we stopped off frequently for days at a time. The actual number of traveling days, however, was seventeen. The straight-away distance traveled was just over two thousands miles, and the northern terminus of our trip

proved to be Vancouver, British Columbia.

We left Tia Juana in April, which, for the slow leisurely trip we were making, was just right, but for the benefit of those who may be thinking of making this trip and covering the whole distance, including lay-offs, in a month or less, I would suggest that any time in June is early enough to leave Tia Juana. Under conditions as they were last year I would say that the best months for this trip are June, July, August and September, that is for a fairly fast trip, but if taking ten weeks for the two thousand miles, as we did, then it's all right to leave Tia Juana as early as April.

Before starting we had provided ourselves with all that past experiences had



A SIDE-TRIP ADVENTURE. STALLED IN SNOW AND MUD ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAIN.



ENTRANCE TO A BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ESTATE.

shown to be necessary. This consisted of a moderate supply of tools, a couple of spare spark plugs, six extra inner tires and two outers, a good tire pump, tire chains, water bucket, etc.

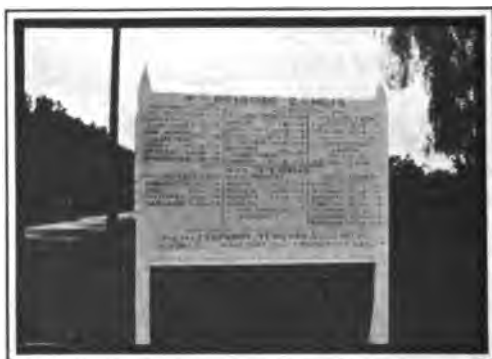
The car we used was a 1910 thirty-horsepower, demi-tonneau Cadillac, fitted with glass wind-screen and top.

We took an unusually plentiful supply of clothing, which made rather a bulky lot of baggage for auto travelers, but this did not matter as we had the whole tonneau in which to carry it. In addition we were well supplied with rugs and dusters. We always prefer making a very early morning start, and the early morning, even in California, is cool, and a warm coat welcome. Later in the day the heavy coat, of course, has to be discarded for a duster. On trips of this kind, penetrating into districts which for autotour-

ists, are more or less undiscovered, and where the driver is new to the road, and where (as was the case with us on this trip everywhere north of Redding, California,) accurate information as to road conditions and routes is difficult or impossible to obtain, an early morning start, apart from the freshness and beauty of that part of the day, has the practical advantage that it allows more hours of daylight on the road in the event of tire troubles or other delays.

We unfailingly made an early start whenever there was the slightest excuse for doing so, with the result that on the whole tour (excepting on side trips, and while in the various cities) we never had our lights going.

From Tia Juana we drove to San Diego; thence, following along the shore of the Pacific Ocean, to Oceanside, where we stayed for the



GUIDE-BOARD ERECTED BY THE AUTO CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

night at a comfortable little hotel overlooking the sea. Notwithstanding the good road, we came slowly, and only did a little over sixty miles the first day.

Portions of the road over which we were traveling are part of the original Government road of Spanish California, which joined the Mission of San Diego to the different missions to the north. This old road has always been known as "*El Camino Real*," meaning the main road or, to the more idealistic, "The King's Highway," which name was more

intervals along its route, substantial and graceful iron posts each crowned with a large Mission Bell and bearing the inscription "*El Camino Real*."

Our second day's trip of somewhat over a hundred miles, took us to Riverside, the orange center of California. We stayed there several days, and made a great many short trips. The perfect driveway to the summit of Mount Rubidoux will not be forgotten; the view from there of the Southern California homes and thousands of acres of orange



Photo loaned by the Pacific Highway Association
MOTOR CARS NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE SAN MARCOS PASS, JUST NORTH OF SANTA BARBARA.
 This is the most dangerous mountain pass in Southern California, and has only recently been opened to automobiles.

pleasing to the mission church-men as it held the double significance of referring alike to their Spanish King and to the Lord of Hosts. Originally it was about seven hundred miles in length, and probably, as long ago as a hundred and twenty-five years, at least half of it was really broad and well-graded. The history of this old highway is replete with romantic interest, and the recently formed Camino Real Association is making a praiseworthy effort to perpetuate the name and to mark for all time the road's location, by having erected, at frequent

groves stretching away, in regular garden-like squares, to the dim distance, in all directions, is wonderfully beautiful and interesting. The lofty San Bernardino Mountains are not many miles distant from Riverside. It is remarkable how altitude alters climate; our only adventure of any consequence was in that connection. One morning we gathered a few oranges from a wayside tree, and then started climbing a mountain road behind Arrowhead Hot Springs. After a long climb, up a very excellent mountain road, with many twists and turns from

which magnificent views are obtained, we passed a few patches of snow, and finally came to a good, big snowdrift. Suddenly the wet surface of the road seemed to give way, and we were stuck fast and deep in as bad a mud-hole as I have ever seen. The hour was late and nights at that altitude are cold. After a hard but useless struggle we had about decided on retreat on foot down the mountain, to come back for the car with "men and horses" next day, something which from a motorist's standpoint is a most undignified thing even to think. Suddenly I looked up and there was standing a husky-looking man with a fine

none of these places could we obtain any definite information as to the route best to follow through Northern California, nor what sort of accommodation we could expect. Everyone, however, seemed to agree that we could easily get as far as Redding, as that was a frequently made trip. We finally decided that we would attempt whatever route offered through Northern California and Southern Oregon nearest to a railway line; and, as a matter of fact, the route we followed through that section was everywhere within a few miles of the Portland-to-San Francisco track of the Southern Pacific.



ONE OF A THOUSAND ATTRACTIVE DRIVES IN CALIFORNIA.

long shovel. He had charge of that section of road, and had been working on a nearby hill, filling up the California winter-culverts, as summer season was approaching. His shovel was our salvation.

By the way, California winter-culverts are unforgettable. They are simply small open ditches running directly across the road, and they are found during the rainy season, at frequent intervals on most California hill-roads. In summer they are filled up.

We made long stops at Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Sacramento, and at

All through the low-lying country in the vicinity of Stockton and Sacramento, were many evidences of recent floods. The Sacramento Valley stretching from here north to beyond Redding is famous for its fertility, and while it is not so attractive to the tourist as is Southern California, yet to the casual observer, agriculturally (agriculture is said to be the base of all real prosperity), it certainly seems to be the heart of California.

Our longest day's run, of the whole tour, was between Sacramento and Redding, about 185 miles.

We left Redding on May twenty-sev-



Photo loaned by the Pacific Highway Association.

A STRETCH OF THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA THAT WILL NOT NEED MUCH IMPROVEMENT.

enth, very early in the morning. We had forwarded from Redding, by express, to Portland, some of our baggage, which reduced the weight of our personal baggage to about one hundred pounds or a little more. (This of course does not include weight of tools, extra tires, etc.) It was a fortunate precaution, for the first half of the day's run after leaving Redding, through the mountains, was by far the roughest road we had yet been over, with many steep climbs and descents; in fact, this piece of road turned out to be the most strenuous of our whole trip. The scenery, however, in places, is very fine, and the first glimpse of Mount Shasta's snow-capped peak, seemingly standing alone at the head of a tremendous cañon, was

magnificent. After sixty or seventy miles out from Redding the road improved greatly, and in the vicinity of Sisson, and at other points, was really excellent. We were making an extra long day of it, and toward evening we started to climb the Siskiyou Mountains, which divide California from



ONE OF THE FINE WHITE ROADS BEING CONSTRUCTED ON THE PACIFIC HIGHWAYS, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.



MOUNT SHASTA, A SPLENDID LAND-MARK OF THE PACIFIC COAST AUTO TOUR: SISSONS IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

Oregon. The road here was quite steep in places, and at times rough, but not nearly so bad as what we had been over earlier in the day. Just over the Oregon border is a tollgate, where toll was duly collected from us. This is the only tollgate we have ever passed through on the Pacific Coast.

The road on both sides of the tollgate for some miles is quite bad, and the descent on the Oregon slope of the Siskiyou Mountains was steep and soft, and would have been very stiff climbing had we been going up instead of down. We descended into a beautiful and well-cultivated valley, and after a run of

a few miles over a splendid road reached Ashland, just at dark. This was the hardest day we had on the whole trip, though the distance was only 166 miles as compared to 185 miles the previous day.

Strange to say up to here—with all our side-tripping—we had had practically no tire trouble, but on every one of the four following days we had a great deal of trouble and had luck with



Photo loaned by the Pacific Highway Association
A "LION IN THE PATH," SOUTHERN OREGON MOUNTAINS

tires; this in a measure accounts for the short runs of the next four days. But thereafter we had no tire trouble for weeks, and in fact had almost none at all during the remainder of our tour.

The first day of the four we ran only forty odd miles, from Ashland to Grants Pass, through the famed Rogue River fruit country, and over roads that were very good.

The next day we did seventy-six miles, from Grants Pass to Roseburg, and found the road bad in places. We after-

over thousands of miles desert and mountain, and to brave the dangers of hostile and merciless savages, of thirst, and of being caught by winter before they could cross the mountain passes. Over this republican "*El Camino Real*," they reached the charmed valley of the Willamette, which to these sturdy homeseekers and nation-builders was a veritable Promised Land. The comparatively early settlement of this whole country is everywhere indicated by the age and old-fashioned style of an occasional building, or



AN AUTOMOBILE PARTY CAMPING AT THE ROADSIDE.

ward decided that this was, on the whole, the second worst piece of road on our summer's tour.

In the next two days we traveled over two hundred miles, on roads that averaged good, following near the Willamette River for considerable distances; reaching Portland in the afternoon of the second day. The whole of the Willamette Valley is a splendid country, and its agricultural resources undoubtedly compare most favorably with those of the Sacramento Valley. It was chiefly the Willamette Valley that induced the hardy pioneers of the middle of last century to trace out the "Oregon Trail,"

the great size of old fruit trees, and other similar tokens.

We remained for some days in Portland, and saw the annual Rose Show. We were also particularly pleased with the Society Circus given by the combined Athletic and Hunt Clubs. Portland is growing fast, and is evidently most prosperous. The Portland automobile dealers are fully stocked; we bought some tires there, had several little things done to our car and had an automatic pump attached to it. In all, our transactions these dealers gave us satisfaction in every way, nothing "sloughed over." Certainly in this respect Portland

is easily the leading place we visited during our tour.

On leaving Portland we crossed the wide Columbia River, on a ferry—car, passengers and all for eighteen cents; which is surely cheap. I understand that the Governments of the States of Oregon and Washington are considering the erection of a highway bridge across the Columbia at this point, and no doubt it will materialize within a few years. The

improvements have already been made, and that more are under way, so that doubtless by the coming summer this stretch will bear comparison with any.

We stopped over night at Chehalis, and on the following day passed through Tacoma, and on to Seattle, over very good roads nearly the whole way. The main road between Tacoma and Seattle will soon be one of the finest highways on the Pacific Coast, and the park system of boulevards in Seattle is now fully the equal, if not the superior, of anything on the whole Coast.

The run from Seattle to Vancouver, British Columbia, one hundred and seventy-four miles, took us a day, and the roads averaged very fair. This day's trip brought us practically to the end of the road, for, although there are roads stretching north for some hundreds of miles into the interior of British Columbia, yet only a few miles out of Vancouver there is a break in the chain, a mountain range, which sixty years ago, when British Columbia was a Crown Colony, was pierced by the wonderful Cariboo Wagon Road leading to the gold-fields. Twenty-five years ago came the railway, and the wagon-road was abandoned; now, such are times' changes, the British Columbia Government is considering



A CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF THE ROAD THROUGH WESTERN OREGON.
Down the Willamette Valley to Portland.

road between here and Chehalis averaged bad, with numerous chuck-holes and worn-out plank roads; this although it passes through a prosperous-looking section of country with population amply numerous to support a fine system of roads. This piece of road was the third worst of any section we went over during the whole summer, but as far as we could judge the least to be excused of any. However, I understand that many im-

the rebuilding of the road in a modern manner, largely with a view to providing attractions for the profitable and increasing auto-tourist trade! When this road is rebuilt, it will then be possible to motor to within eighty miles of Alaska, and this is a continuation of our trip to which we are looking forward at some not distant date.

At Vancouver, we shipped our car by the Canadian Pacific Railway's fine

steamer, the *Princess Victoria*, to the city of Victoria, on Vancouver Island. Victoria is the capital of British Columbia, and radiating from it over Vancouver Island are numerous good roads leading to a great variety of resorts. We particularly enjoyed the salmon fishing at Campbell River. Some of the mountain views from these Island roads are remarkably fine, for instance, to the south-east Mount Baker and to the southwest the Olympic Range; perhaps, the most

kind. For a summer trip I do not believe there is anything to equal this in the world. At the end of every day we reached an hotel, and left our car at a real garage, and passed hundreds of other similar places at which we did not stay. There certainly is no lack of accommodation. At some of the smaller places the accommodation might be better, but it is good enough for anyone anywhere that we stayed, and at different places we noticed and have heard of new



THE BOULEVARD ALONG LAKE WASHINGTON, NEAR SEATTLE.

enjoyable portion of our whole trip was the period spent on Vancouver Island.

Leaving Victoria, by the steamer *Princess Charlotte*, we enjoyed a pleasant five-hour sail back to Seattle, where our summer's tour ended.

During this spring and summer tour of the Pacific Coast, commencing in Southern California, and passing through California, Oregon and Washington, part of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, we traveled a total distance of between five and six thousand miles, without any real mishap or trouble of any

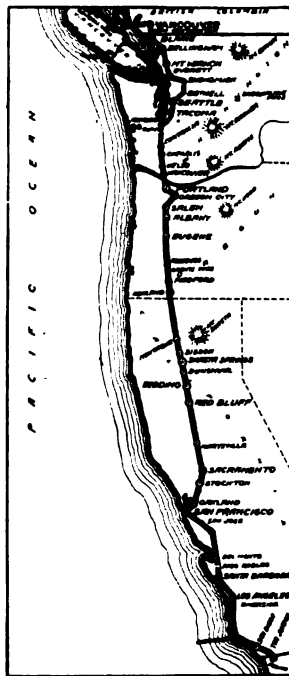
and modern hotels going up. The roads on the whole trip averaged surprisingly good, and much better than we had expected; mention has already been made of the only three sections where we found the roads really bad, but even in those places we managed to run up daily mileages that compare favorably with other days. One good thing from the motorist's standpoint is that everywhere along the Pacific Coast,—in California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.—vast sums of money are being spent on the roads, and every year great im-



STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

provements are being made and the rough places being smoothed out and made easy. This, besides being a good thing for the people who live along the improved roads, and perhaps adding to the pleasure of local motorists, is going to be a good thing for the country as a whole, for it will encourage rational, leisurely touring by holiday-makers along the Pacific Coast, and the distributing by them on this continent of some of the vast sums of American money which they are now annually spending in touring Europe.

I, for one, am looking forward with all the pleasure of anticipation and recollection, to the time when once again we shall be able to set out northward from Tia Juana, determined to go to the "end of the road,"

MR. TODD'S AUTOMOBILE
ROUTE FROM TIA JUANA,
LOWER CALIFORNIA TO
VANCOUVER, BRIT-
ISH COLUMBIA.

which I believe, by that time, will not be found until at least the borders of the Northern Empire of Alaska are in sight.

The following is a schedule of the trip from south to north, and each item represents a day's journey as actually made:

	Miles.
Tia Juana, via San Diego, La Jolla and Del Mar to Oceanside.....	64
Oceanside, via Elsinore and Perris to Riverside	119
Riverside, via Corona, Santa Ana and Long Beach to Los Angeles (Out of several routes tried, the above was the most pleasant and interesting of any between Tia Juana and Los Angeles.)	86
Los Angeles, via Hollywood, Cahuenga Pass and Ventura to Santa Barbara	107
Santa Barbara, via Santa Ynez Mission, Los Olivos, Santa Maria and	

San Luis Obispo to Paso Robles....	166	kind, except gasoline, are sometimes difficult to get between Redding and Medford.)	
Paso Robles, via San Miguel, Jolon		Ashland, via Medford to Grants Pass.	43
Soledad and Salinas to Del Monte...	148	Grants Pass, via Glendale to Roseburg	
Del Monte, via Salinas, San Juan, San		(Road bad in many places).....	76
Jose and Palo Alto to San Francisco.	137	Roseburg, via Oakland, Drain, Divide	
San Francisco, via Oakland and Stock-		to Eugene	83
ton to Sacramento.....	130	Eugene, via Salem and Oregon City to	
Sacramento, via Roseville, Lincoln,		Portland	133
Sheridan, Wheatland, Marysville, Or-		Portland, via Vancouver (Wash.),	
oville, Chico, Tehama and Red Bluff		Lewis River, Kalama, Kelso, Castle	
to Redding	183	Rock to Chehalis	102
(Above route from San Francisco to		(The road between Vancouver, Wash.,	
Redding is all right, though for some		and Chehalis was bad in many places,	
reason it does not appear to be set		but according to reports has been	
out in any guide book or map.)		much improved since last June.)	
Redding, via Pitt River Ferry, Baird		Chehalis, via Centralia, Tenino, Roy,	
Hatchery, Sacramento River, Duns-		Tacoma and Kent to Seattle.....	90
muir, Sisson, Weed, Edgewood, Mon-	166	Seattle, via Bothell, Snohomish, Sil-	
tague, Coles and Siskiyou to Ashland		vana, Norman, Mount Vernon, Bell-	
(From Redding to Dunsmuir was		ingham, Aldergrove, B. C., New	
bad; distance about sixty miles, but		Westminster to Vancouver, British	
some cars take a day to make the		Columbia	174
sixty miles. All heavy baggage had			
better be shipped from Redding to		Total mileage from Tia Juana, Mex-	
Portland. At Redding all tires should		ico, to Vancouver, British Colum-	
be in good condition, and at least		bia	2,009
two spare covers and four to six			
inners carried. Auto supplies of any			



DRIVEWAY FROM THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA,
BRITISH COLUMBIA.



HAY LAND, THREE MILES EAST OF MORRISTOWN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

British Columbia and the Homeseeker

By John C. Hammersley

ONE of the Canadian transcontinental railways issues a "sportsman's map." British Columbia, on this map, is dotted with such terms as: "big game district," "grizzly bear," "black tail bear," "fishing," "sheep," "caribou," "mule deer," "trout," "moose," "elk," "salmon," "duck," "grouse," "wood buffalo."

This unique railway folder reflects the time, only a few decades ago, when the entire southwest corner of the Dominion of Canada was a great fur preserve. On the atlas it was designated as New Caledonia, the immense area being held by the Hudson's Bay Company, under lease from the British Government.

This part of Canada was a veritable "promised land" for the trapper, and it

has given to the world millions of dollars of fur wealth. The Hudson's Bay Company, because of its great fur concessions, has become one of the oldest, strongest and most interesting private corporations in existence. On various of the frontiers of the West its name has been heard as often perhaps as that of the Government; and its outposts have many times brought the first announcement of white man's presence in the interior.

As the story is told in British Columbia—and has been told in other new lands of the West—the Hudson's Bay Company realized the great fur wealth of New Caledonia, and was anxious to preserve this wealth. Hence, from the Company's viewpoint, the country was abundantly populated when it had been roughly allotted in great blocks to the trained trappers, and when the few isolated fron-

tier posts and forts and trading points were provisioned and manned. So the world at large came to look upon New Caledonia—later British Columbia—as the hunter's, the trapper's, the sportsman's Mecca. It was the land of the beaver-trap and the fox-skin, the home of the grizzly bear and myriads of water-fowl.

In the early dominating Hudson's Bay Company days no appeal was made to the land-staker, the homesteader and the settler. Indeed, they were definitely discouraged in many ways. The agriculturist and the stockman were not wanted, for their advance marked the retreat of the trapper and foretold the end of profitable fur-trading days. It may have been that the fur-dealing company and its frontier officials were very sincere in the belief that this section, that is today witnessing one of the greatest interior land rushes of North America, gave no promise to the tiller of the soil and follower of the herds. The latter looks only at the head of the customer, and the bootblack only at his feet; likewise, the trapper sees only wild animal tracks and beaver-dams, and has no eyes for soil and mineral and timber and water wealth.

But the trappers could not measure against economic forces. Humanity continued to migrate westward—ever westward. Across the Alleghanies; then across the Mississippi; then across the plains to the Coast. Now the human tide is deflecting to the southward and the northward, into the Pacific Northwest, into Western Canada. Also, Canada and British Columbia are today "the young man's land" for many restless, ambitious citizens of the Old Countries.

An interesting mingling of nationalities may be seen in British Columbia today. In some sections the atmosphere is English or Scotch-Irish. Other communities seem almost typically American. On reaching Victoria and Vancouver Island, at the extreme southwest corner of the Dominion of Canada, one will almost feel that he has stepped off onto the British Isles. The land and the people are nine-tenths English and Scotch, though the proportion of Americans may be growing.

Victoria, the capital of the Province, is beautifully located at a favorable point overlooking the harbor. The stately capitol building forms a memorable landmark in the foreground. From the waterfront one walks along wide-paved



BARLEY IN BULKLEY VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

streets to the business section of this rapidly growing city of about 50,000 inhabitants. Victoria has some of the largest and most modern office buildings and the finest hotels to be found in Western Canada. The late developments include new docks and harbor improvements, and lumber and other manufactories.

Vancouver Island, of which Victoria is the metropolis, has a great variety of resources. The warm ocean currents give a delightful climate, with warm winters and cool summers. The rainfall varies from about thirty inches to as much as 140 inches under some of the mountain ranges on the west coast. With an area almost twice as large as that of Massachusetts, the Island has an estimated population of 70,000, chiefly concentrated into the lower one-third.

The construction of railways and wagon-roads will be the most potent forces toward the development of Victoria and Vancouver Island during the next few years. The Canadian Northern is being extended up the center of the Island from Victoria to Alberni; while the E. & N. is making rapid advances along the eastern coast. Also, one of the main-land terminals of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is expected to reach the edge of the narrow channel on the west-central coast of the Island. It has been stated that it is possible to bridge the channel at this point, in which case the ultimate terminal of the road will most probably be Victoria, where the Grand Trunk Pa-

cific Railway has completed large docks.

Besides large districts of fine agricultural land which will grow all products common to the coast section of the Northwest, Vancouver Island has great forest and mineral wealth, consisting of merchantable timber, pulping woods, extensive deposits of coal and iron, and fine marble and building stone. The adjacent fisheries are likewise great wealth producers.

There is also another group of islands

on the west coast of British Columbia that is beginning to call to the homeseeker — the Queen Charlotte group, chief of which are Moresby and Graham Islands.

These islands have large timber, coal and copper wealth, which has as yet seen little development work. And the Government Land Surveyor has made a special report showing that Graham Island, for example, has a very promising agricultural future. Though these islands are just below the lower corner of Alaska, the report states that their average minimum temperature at certain points.

because of the warm ocean current, is about ten degrees higher than at Vancouver and Seattle. Neither is the summer heat as great, though the long days insure rapid plant growth. Hay, oats, barley, potatoes and the small fruits have been grown with success in several parts of the Island.

The Queen Charlotte Islands are made strategically important by the approaching completion of the Grand



TURNIP FIELD, PIONEER RANCH, BULKLEY VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



OATS AND PEA VINES IN BULKLEY VALLEY COUNTRY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Trunk Pacific Railway, with its chief ocean terminus at Prince Rupert, only eighty-four miles west of Graham Island. The land in the immediate vicin-

ity of Prince Rupert is not generally suitable to agriculture, hence these islands will be the nearest large agricultural area to this important port, thus



TELKWA, BULKLEY VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



A BEGINNING IN THE STAVE LAKE COUNTRY.

insuring markets for their dairying products, and hay, grain, berries, small fruits and livestock.

Prince Rupert is one of the most interesting of the ports and the prospective cities of the Pacific Coast. One of the first duties of the builders of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, in planning their transcontinental railway system, was the selection of an ocean terminal and a port. This they found in a then-isolated spot along the north coast of British Columbia, 550 miles from Vancouver, and forty miles south of the Alaskan border. It is hard for the American to realize that Prince Rupert is in about the same latitude as London, the climate of the new port and the world metropolis each being tempered by warm ocean currents. Though a large gap of the Grand Trunk Pacific through Central British Columbia remains to be completed, Prince Rupert is today a vigorous and a growing town. When the eastward and the westward extensions of this road meet, Prince Rupert will then be an important point on one of the great transportation systems of the world.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will be the farthest-north road in British Columbia, opening entirely new territory. The low Yellowhead Pass through the Rocky Mountains is also shared

by the Canadian Northern Railway, the second of the daring new across-the-continent systems. After closely following the Grand Trunk Pacific road through Central Canada, the Canadian Northern turns southwestward toward the chosen ocean port at Port Mann, near Vancouver.

But the homeseeker is more concerned with other things. He wants especially to know the agricultural possibilities of the new land in Central British Columbia that the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern and the extensions of the Canadian Pacific will open to settlement. What has it produced? What will it produce?

As a general preliminary word it should be re-stated that Central British Columbia is comparatively a new country, with only scattered settlements, and with very crude means of transportation in the past, hence with no incentive to experiments with varied crops, or to raise more than could be used on the ranch.

Various estimates have been given of the agricultural possibilities of Central British Columbia. One man who made an 800-mile horseback ride last summer along the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific reports a strong physical resemblance between this new section and certain parts of Central Michigan. And he



INTERIOR OF THE SAME HOME THREE YEARS LATER.

substantiates his views of the country with photographs showing great level valleys covered with natural grasses that could be cut for hay, and slightly wooded uplands that can be easily cleared.

Central British Columbia has a great wealth of rivers and lakes, with drainage both to the west and to the south. These water outlets and low mountain passes have an important relationship to the climate of the interior, allowing warm

It seems, also, that livestock readily adapt themselves to the climate. For example, there are known to be several bands of wild horses in the Peace River country, two or three hundred miles north of the present building railways. The nucleus of the herds escaped their owners some years ago, and now these outlaw bands are so well satisfied with their summer and winter range that they cannot be corralled.



CATTLE NEAR BURNS LAKE, UNDAKO VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

winds and moisture-laden clouds from the coast to penetrate at certain times. The land has its climatic advantages and disadvantages, as has every land. There are but few parts of North America where the thermometer does not occasionally shoot down in the winter; but in the high interior sections of British Columbia the cold is not so penetrating and many of the inhabitants will not notice the extremes of temperature as much as do the coast residents.

To carry the illustration further, it is told, also, that there are a number of herds of wild cattle on Graham Island, just west of Prince Rupert. Their number had multiplied to several hundred a few years ago, though they are now cut down to an estimated eighty or ninety head because of the ravages of island riflemen and small armed parties set ashore by Japanese sealing-ship captains who have a taste for fat fresh beef.

The vegetation of Central British Co-

lumbia is in general very luxuriant, and in many sections cattle and horses are reported to run out the entire winter during a normal year, though winter feeding for a few months gives best results. Pea vine, rye grass, timothy and red-top grow on the bottom lands and the hillsides, and with the completion of the railway this vast section will at least become a splendid dairying and stock-raising country.

There is much beaver-dam land along the many streams of British Columbia, some of the tracts having an area of several thousand acres and are as level as a floor. In an earlier day, of course, these spots were only a river or a creek canyon. Then a restless pair of beavers pushed up-stream away from the old colony to begin a settlement of their own. Their numbers multiplied, and they desired more of the green feed such as grows near the edge of the water. This was secured by broadening the river by means of a patiently-constructed dam which created a beaver lake. In the course of decades, maybe centuries, the lake filled with silt, and today this made-land is the first-choice location of the homeseeker. Much of the beaver land

along the Bulkley, the Nechaco, and the Upper Fraser rivers requires little clearing and will produce large crops of hay, grain, vegetables and small fruits.

There are also large tracts of comparatively clear uplands along these and other of the streams of the interior. The prevailing timber is pine, spruce, cottonwood and other soft woods, insuring an abundance of cheap fuel and saw timber. Other sections are heavily wooded and will require more work to clear. The waste land of the interior consists of mountainous sections, lakes and marshes. Many of these marshes, and the moss-covered areas will in time be drained. When drained, the moss can frequently be scraped up and burned off and the land turned to agricultural and pastoral uses.

The tillable soil of the interior varies from deep black silt to loose sandy loam. Large sections of the upland sandy loam can be profitably irrigated, and, with irrigation, alfalfa is being grown in many of the older-settled districts to the south. There seems little doubt that the farther-north sections will also produce good crops of alfalfa as soon as the proper variety of seed is procured, judging from



HAZELTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



SCENE IN THE SEYMOUR ARM COUNTRY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

the reports of the agricultural experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, mentioned in the previous article, who found alfalfa growing luxuriantly in the coldest parts of Siberia.

From Prince Rupert along the Grand Trunk Pacific main line, under construction, are a number of rich valleys that will appeal to homeseekers during the next few years. Enthusiasts state that there will be new towns on an average of every ten miles along this line. At any rate there will be a number of towns, and a few large population centers, judging from strategic traffic locations and surrounding resources.

The Hazelton section, roughly including the area surrounding the junction of the Skeena and the Bulkley rivers, is one of the most interesting of these districts. The Bulkley Valley alone is estimated to contain between 100,000 and 200,000 acres of good agricultural land, some of it very rich and having produced crops for a number of years. The Hazelton district will have the double advantage of river and railway navigation.

The section, also, has great mining possibilities, there being a number of nearby copper and coal properties of tested richness.

Transportation facilities into the Fort George country have been greatly improved lately and there will be a spring and summer rush of settlers into this section. Every condition seems to indicate that Fort George must become one of the important population centers of British Columbia. Equally important with the fact that Fort George will be a railway and river transportation hub, is the great area of surrounding agricultural lands. These include valley and bench land of tested productivity in grains, hay, vegetables and small fruits. Included in the Fort George country are the fertile Nechaco and the Upper Fraser River Valleys in which are some of the oldest settlements of interior British Columbia.

The Fort George country will be served by the Canadian Northern Railway, as well as by the Grand Trunk Pacific. The more than a thousand miles

of adjacent navigable waterways are also a very important transportation asset of Fort George and the Fort George country.

North and east of Fort George is the previously-mentioned and much-talked-about Peace River country, which has the same soil and physical qualities in general as the sections already described. Much land is being staked out and sold in this district, and several railways are projected. There are scattered farms and settlements, and records of good yields of hay, grain, and vegetables. With the building of the planned railways this section will claim the attention of many homeseekers. In the meantime, there will be a steady influx of the stalwart advance guard who wish to get in ahead of the railways that they may secure the best locations and share in the increase in land values.

The intensified farming and fruit-growing possibilities of Central British Columbia have as yet been little tested. But the more favored sections have excellent promise, judging from fruit-growing and intensified-farming successes in Southern British Columbia; for example, in the Lower Fraser and Thompson River Valleys, the Okanogan and the Arrow Lake districts.

The apples and other fruits of South Central British Columbia have reached a standard that gives them a world-wide reputation. They have taken prizes in competition with the fruit-growing districts of Eastern Canada, and The Brit-

ish Isles. In the years 1904, 1906 and 1907, exhibits of British Columbia fruits were awarded gold medals by the Royal Horticultural Societies of England and Scotland against all competitors. A number of instances of gross profits of from \$500 to \$800 an acre from British Columbia orchards are stated in "Official Bulletin, No. 23," published by the Bureau of Provincial Information. Tomatoes to the value of \$1,500 an acre have been grown in the Okanogan district; and large profits from peaches, strawberries, pears, cherries, grapes, prunes, plums and other varieties have been secured in this district and in the Arrow Lake and the Thompson River and other districts.

Nearer the larger population centers, such as Vancouver and Victoria, diversified farming is found very profitable. Especially noted is the Lower Fraser River Valley, which contains some of the most fertile land in British Columbia. The rich soil and the mild climate are especially suitable for small fruits, vegetables and hay.

All in all, British Columbia has a wonderful variety of resources, making a varied appeal to the homeseeker and the investor. For this reason, perhaps, one meets newcomers from nearly every part of the Continent, and from all of the Old Countries. And for this reason, most assuredly, are the several great railway systems expending many millions of dollars in constructing hundreds of miles of new roads in British Columbia.



MEADOW LANDS IN NECHACO VALLEY.



SUNSHINE, FLOWERS, HEALTH AND A LONG LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Value of the Land

By George B. Ellison

WE read in the daily papers, magazines and various publications of the great, almost world-wide movement of "Back to the Land," "The Simple Life," and sundry other titles calculated to arouse the interest and desire of that modern "Cave Dweller," the city man. The city man reads and in his mind's eye he sees and compares and wonders.

What is there to it all?

From the windows of his dingy office, or factory, or shop, he looks out upon a wilderness of chimneys, belching black smoke. Trolley cars, elevated roads, locomotives, fire engines, taxicabs, policemen and a hurrying throng of money-mad mortals and the fierce roar of the city says to him: "You are but an insignificant atom; oppose and combat me if you will, but eventually I will crush you!"

His mind travels to the little four or

five-room flat, the abode of the modern "Cave Dweller." Stuffy, ill-lighted, indifferently heated, simply a place to eat high-priced necessities, sleep when possible, and watch his children grow up unhealthily, both physically and mentally, and again the roar of the city cries to him:

"I allow you and yours to exist, but you must fight for that existence and—eventually I will crush you!"

And he dreams! Dreams of green fields and running waters, sunny skies and orchards bursting with fragrant blossoms. Dreams of his healthy, pink-cheeked children playing in his garden. Dreams of independence—the independence of land ownership—in his dreams a producer rather than a consumer. But how, when, and where?

The advertising writer proclaims loudly:



CABBAGE PATCH IN THE RICH BULKLEY VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"Raise Oranges—A Fortune for You, Easy!"

"The Land of Perpetual Sunshine, Flowers and Fruits, Easy!"

"Apple Lands—Let the Trees Grow Money for You, Easy!"

"The Promised Land—The Valley Where You Can Be Prosperous, Easy!"

"Wheat Land Is the Quickest Road to Fortune, Easy!"

"Plant an Acre of Potatoes and Grow a Wagon Load of Money, Easy!"

And all true, in a degree. But not easy, not without effort. And this is where the advertising writers are at fault; they may tell you when, and they do tell you where, but when it comes to the "how" they simply say, "It's easy."

To the small farmer struggling on poor land in an hostile climate, the clerk, the shop or factory worker, the expression, "It's easy," is a glittering generality. Is it easy to put up the first payment on the land? Is it easy to build a house and barn? Is it easy to buy tools and implements and cultivate the land? Is it easy to pay transportation and clothes and living until returns can come in on the land production? In other

words, the conditions which surround the average land proposition are absolutely prohibitory to the man who can, at best, save but a few dollars from his wages.

Therefore the man, and thousands of his kind, stands at the window and breathes the black smoke, listens to the heartless roar of the grinding multitude and wonders how—how—how? And at the place called home, the listless, wearied wife and the stunted children echo after him—how—how—how? It is recognized by students of economics that the real basis of wealth is the land; this is due to the fact that the land gives more than it takes; it produces wealth and does not consume, and, while producing, it automatically increases its own value through its own production. Therefore, the man who owns productive land not only receives his own sustenance, but the land gives him a bonus of surplus and an ever-increasing asset of tangible value. A family of four persons, on an income of \$75 per month, may, by practicing the most rigid economy, save \$100 per year. This amount, placed in the savings bank at 4 per cent, would earn an interest so small as to be a practically negligible

quantity, and, in case of the wage-earner, the source of income is subject to so many conditions beyond his immediate control that his factor of safety is nil.

This condition is in no way the fault of the savings bank system; the writer would not raise the old cry that the bank takes your savings and, while paying you only 4 per cent, loans your money out at an exorbitant interest and waxes financially fat through your hard work. It is this very ability of the bank to take the savings of thousands of small depositors and loan large sums safely on gilt-edged security that insures to you the integrity of your small principal and interest.

The man you work for may borrow money from the bank where you deposit your five or ten dollars per month; he puts this borrowed money into extensions or betterments of his business, and in doing so adds a factor of safety to your job.

But the man at the window says: "I don't want to stick to a 'job' all my life; I want to accumulate something; I want health for myself and family; I want something that is going to increase in value faster than a bank deposit of five or ten dollars per month at 4 per cent interest. I know—the bank is sure, but—somewhere, some place, there must be a way for me to take my little savings and get into the bigger game—and do it safely."

Herein lies the value of the land. Good

land, not swamp, not blazing desert, not rock on a mountain top, but good, productive, well-located agricultural land—land located just enough in advance of settlement and transportation facilities to give the little fellow a chance to get in on the first low prices where he may know that his small monthly contribution is going to increase naturally way beyond any other possible legitimate investment that he could make.

The writer of this article might say to you, possibly two thousand miles away, "Come out here and see the finest country on earth; come out here and invest and live and with your work help make the value of the land." This to a man who hesitates to spend five cents car-fare to get to his daily labor? Obviously impossible!

But the writer does say to you: get in touch with some one whom you can trust and let them invest your small savings for you and do not put up one dollar of your hard-earned money until you are absolutely satisfied that you will get a square deal. And "square deal" is not dead in this world yet.

Located in the Winch building, Vancouver, B. C., is a company called THE DOMINION STOCK and BOND CORPORATION, LTD., a company organized for the purpose of handling and financing legitimate propositions, a company owning and controlling thousands of acres of picked lands in the great, rich



"THE ROAD TO INDEPENDENCE," BULKLEY VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Province of British Columbia, Canada. This company is officered and directed by men large in the vital affairs of the province, men of high business and social standing in the community, and whose personal integrity is without taint or question.

THE DOMINION STOCK and BOND CORPORATION, LTD., will secure to you five acres of splendid land in the section being opened up by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway for \$125—\$25 cash and the balance \$5 per month without interest or taxes. Or they will secure 160 acres for you for \$10 per acre, \$2.50 per acre cash and the balance extended over four years. They will send you full information regarding homesteading in the province. They will give you every opportunity to learn the value of British Columbia lands. You—you of the large desire and the small income, is it not worth your while to let this company satisfy you of their standing, satisfy you that they can and will invest your little money safely and wisely and help you answer that eternal question—how—how—how?

We believe that there can be but one result—an inquiry from you.

THE DOMINION STOCK and BOND CORPORATION, LTD., WINCH BLDG., VANCOUVER, B. C.

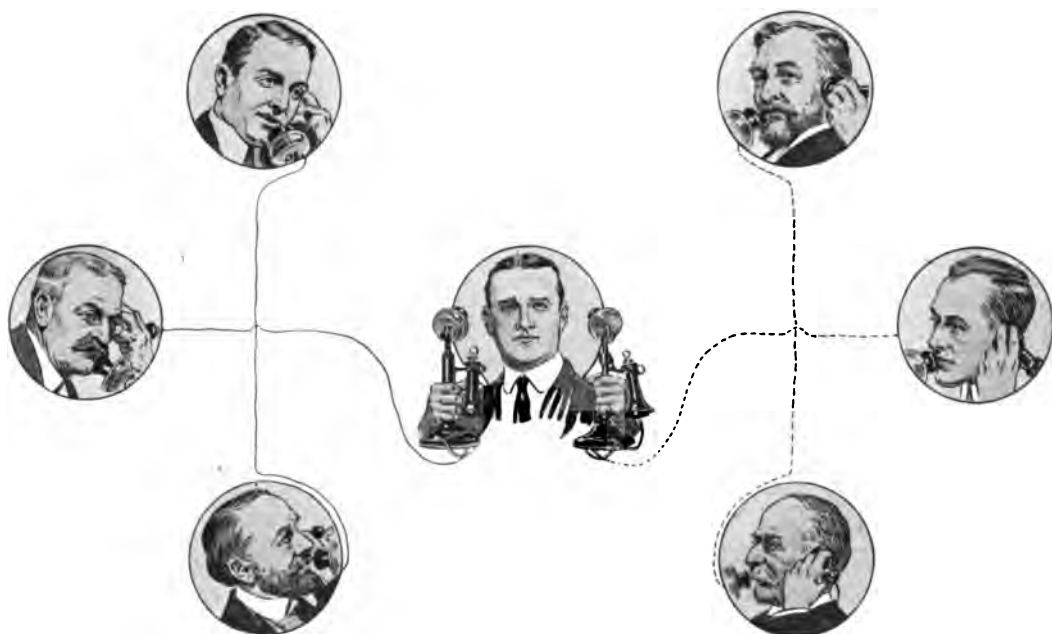


RANCH SCENE, BULKLEY VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NOTE.—This article was written frankly, plainly and openly as an advertisement. Written by a man who has, himself, "stood at the window," who has, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, been in every State and Territory in the United States, in Old Mexico and all over the Dominion of Canada, and he says to you personally, out of the experience gained, that there is going to be more money made in the Province of British Columbia along the lines of legitimate growth and development, in the next ten years than any other section of the known world. He will be pleased if you will address him freely, fully, confidentially and personally; your communication will receive prompt and courteous attention.



HAYING NEAR BULKLEY VALLEY PARK, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



Half Service Or Double Expense

TWO telephone systems in one town mean a divided community or a forced duplication of apparatus and expense.

Some of the people are connected with one system, some are connected with the other system; and each group receives partial service.

Only those receive full service who subscribe for the telephones of both systems.

Neither system can fully meet the needs of the public, any more than a single system could meet the needs of the public if cut in two and half the telephones discontinued.

What is true of a single community is true of the country at large.

The Bell System is established on the principle of one system and one policy, to meet the demands for universal service, a whole service for all the people.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



Swift's Premium Hams

are cured with salt and sugar,
and smoked over fires of green
hickory wood.

The process of selecting hams to
bear the brand

"Swift's Premium"

begins when the animals
are in the pens.
They must be in
prime condition—
their age must be right
—they must be neither
too fat nor too lean.

Ask and insist on having
Swift's Premium Hams.

*Dealers
supplied
by*

Swift &
Company,
U. S. A.



JUNE 1911

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE
**PACIFIC
MONTHLY**



The City of Roses

Charles Erskine Scott Wood

The Mexican Revolution

John Kenneth Turner

Volcanic Cave Wonders of the Northwest

Randall R. Howard

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It's a long way from the Amazon and its winding tributaries to the state of Ohio... But every ounce of the Para rubber in a Goodrich Tire must travel all the way from the dense jungles of the world's greatest forest, in Brazil, to the world's greatest rubber factory at Akron,— before it starts on a still *longer* journey as an automobile tire.

While the saying—"each ton of Para rubber cost a human life" is an exaggeration, the regions which supply the best grade are so remote and unhealthy that few white men can live in them.

It is characteristic of the quality of

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that nothing but the best rubber procurable anywhere is ever used. Yet nature never intended even Para rubber to possess the *wearing* quality which is added by our processes—and which is the *peculiar attribute* of the Goodrich Tread.

It is so durable that the last Glidden Tour of nearly 3,000 miles hard going failed to materially wear down a single one of the 64 Goodrich treads on tour... Not one showed any tendency to separate from the body of the tire.

There's only one "Tough White Tread" and it's on Goodrich Tires only—

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Largest in the World
Branches in the principal cities. Wholesale tire depots everywhere.



Native tapping
a rubber tree
From actual
Photograph



House of a Rubber Worker

The Pacific Monthly

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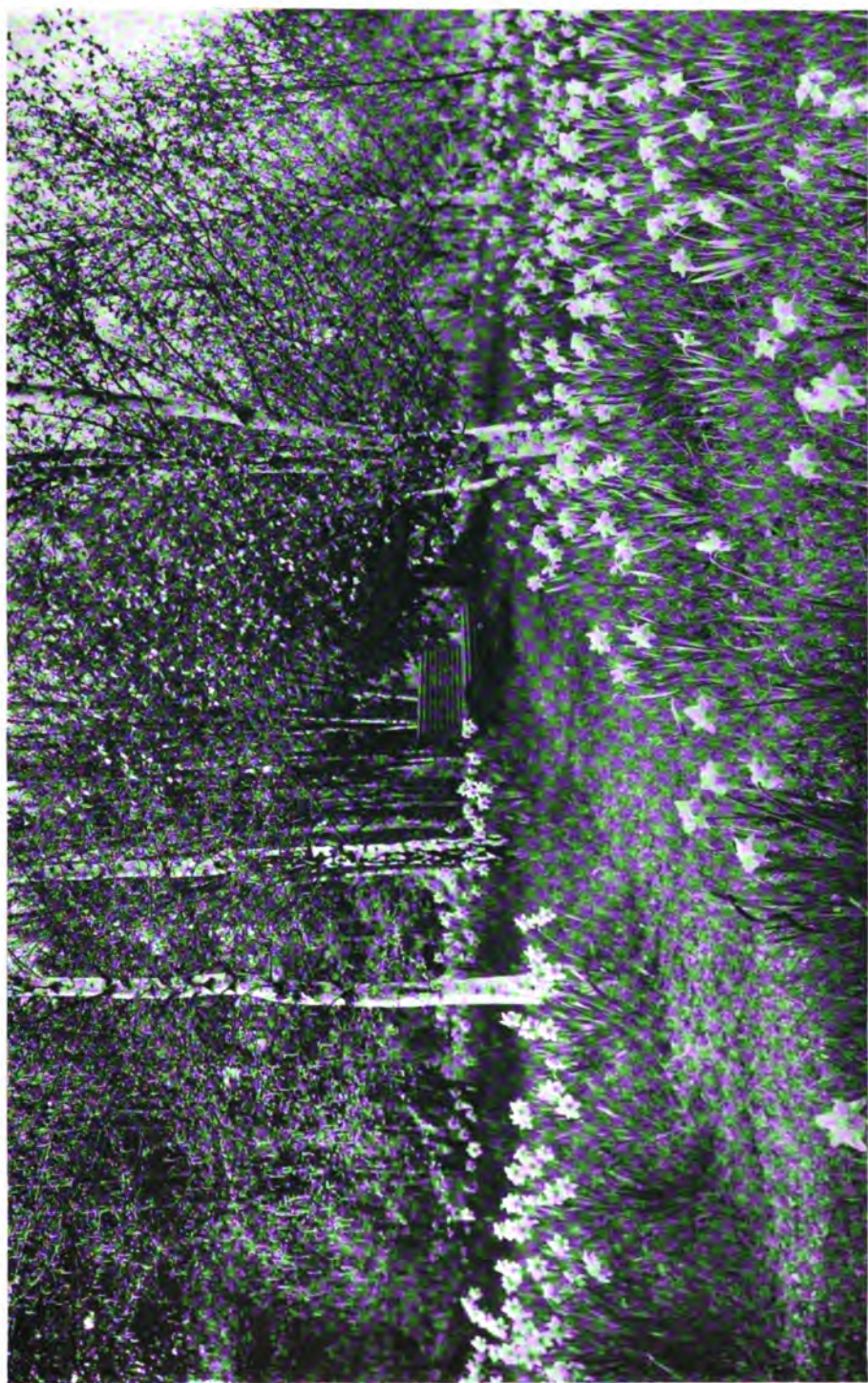


A MELANIE SOUPERT ROSE.

Photograph by G. S. Crego.



FLEUR-DE-LIS IN A PORTLAND GARDEN.



NARCISSUS IN THE GROUNDS OF A PORTLAND SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.



A PORTLAND PARK IN JUNE.



VOL. XXV

JUNE, 1911

No. 6

The City of Roses

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood



ACCORDING to certain philosophers (philosophers are people who talk of something neither they nor anyone else know anything about), everything which ever has happened, will happen, or can

happen, has been wrapped up in the husk of Time since the beginning.

Our good but not gleeful friend, John Calvin, was of this school, and was persuaded that an almighty and all-merciful God had destined certain babies for paradise and certain others for the flames of hell from the very commencement of the world. It was a comfortable doctrine for those bound heavenward, but discouraging to the others. The good and pious certainly have made the world very miserable, and with the best intentions. This doctrine should beget charity for the

sinner who could n't help it, but it does not. I once read something like the following: A Presbyterian divine who had lost his saddle strongly suspected an erring brother named Philadelphus.

"Phil," said he, "I want you to bring back that saddle you stole."

"What saddle, Doctah?"

"My saddle, which you stole last night."

"Doctah, does you believe in de doctrine of predestination?"

"Certainly I do. But see here, Phil, predestination has nothing to do with your stealing my saddle."

"Suttenly it has, Doctah. Fo' dere was des so many saddles predispernated to be stole from de very foundations of de worl', and ef yore saddle was one of dem et 's de decree of God."

"Phil, dont talk such nonsense to me. You bring back that saddle."

"Well, Doctah, mind I aint sayin' I is, but ef dere was so many saddles predispernated to be stole den dere must a been des so many gentlemen predispernated to steal 'em, and ef I was one of dose niggahs, I kaint help it, kin I?"



A SPLENDID HEDGE OF RHODODENDRON AND ENGLISH LAUREL; GROUNDS OF A PORTLAND SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

"Phil, I wont talk this foolishness with you any longer. You were seen taking that saddle and if you dont bring it back before night I'll arrest you."

"Well, Doctah, dere suttently must be some of dem saddles predespornated to be stole, wich is predespornated to be give back, and ef yore saddle is one of dem—an' it is horne inter me mighty pow'ful dat it is, you look out 'n yore back fence 'bout sundown an' it would-n't s'prise me ef you seen yore saddle!"

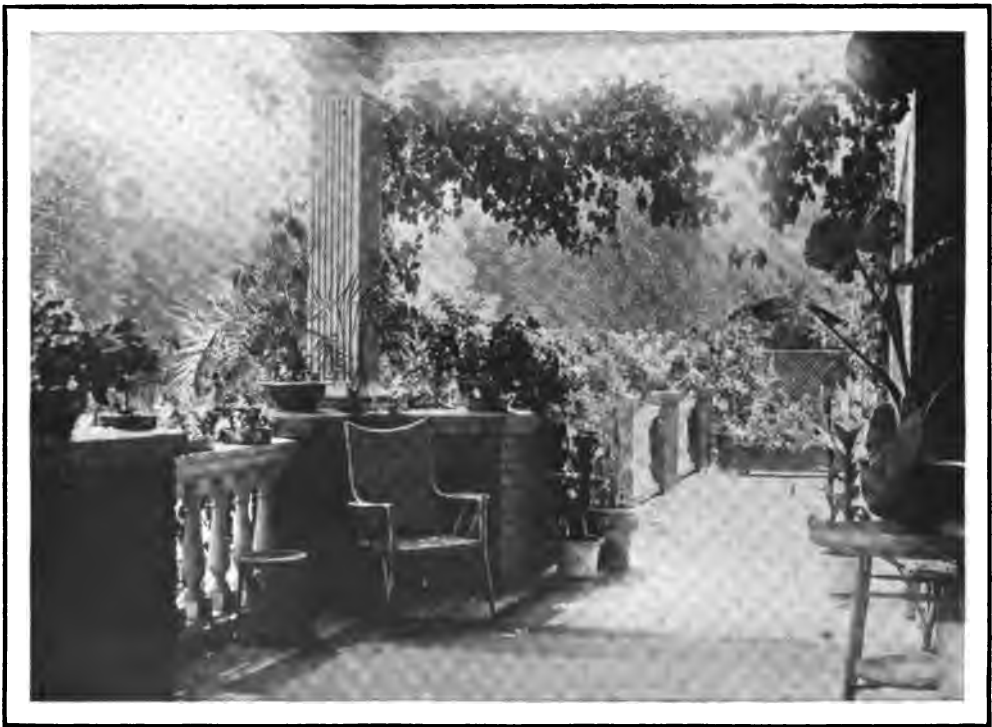
WHEN the sky rocked and the earth heaved and the mountains belched fire into the heavens, Portland and her Rose Festival were predestined: the Queen Flower and the Queen City! For were not the mighty mountains made whose snows in the land of our Reciprocity neighbors on the north feed the majestic Columbia, and far to the south, nearing the land of the Prophet, the

broad and winding mirror of the desert, the Snake? And these two drain the whole of this great Northwest. Then in order to mark the exact spot, the Silvery Willamette was sent singing on its way from the south to join the giant river, and there it was decreed before they were born—nonsense! even before their ancestors had ceased to be lizards—that Lovejoy and Pettygrove should flip a coin and name the spot Portland. Curious how old a name ~~it is~~ ^{it is}.

At the same time these mountain walls were commanded to forever cast back upon this spot the warmth of the Trade Winds and the Japanese Current, and to cover their sides with mosses and fringed fir trees, sighing eternally, and to distill the gentle mists and the thin luminous veil of springtime that the Rose of Damascus might be brought from its desert rivulets and blazing skies to reach here a greater perfection.

AND so Portland and her flower were predestined. And now she sits embowered in them. She intends to have her streets, lanes of roses; and her gardens, rosy bowers. The glistening rivers at her feet murmur *Wealth! Wealth!* Guarded by her hills which she is beginning to climb as a climbing rose clambers up to the window of its desire, she sees, afar off in the skies, the great snow guardians which have made her: Mt. Hood, St. Helens, Adams, Rainier, Jefferson; and she knows the vast sapphire wall which supports them is a wall of pine and fir trees whose whispers are *Wealth! Wealth!* And under their roots are coal and silver and gold and quarries. The Earth gnomes hammer in her ears: *Wealth! Wealth!* All around her are fertile valleys and broad tide-lands and toward the east hundreds of thousands of square miles of golden fields, fragrant orchards, pastures thick with herds—calling to the Golden City of Predestination: *Wealth! Wealth!*

Here is the last lap of that migration of the peoples which set out from Asia ever toward the West, seeking freer and more open lands. And here on the Pacific the progress shall be stayed awhile and we shall fill up. Eighty thousand colonists from the East this spring! Picture all of Idaho, Washington, Oregon, filled with fat farms, smiling orchards; gridironed with electric railways running from city to city; the waterfalls of the mountains giving light and heat and power; pumping the water for irrigating fields more productive than all the gold mines of the world. A land flowing with milk and honey, and humming as a hive with a happily crowded population. Perfect roads alive with freight autos and pleasure autos; central halls, libraries, theatres and amusement parks, even in the country; distance annihilated and the human hive really sociable and happy. Perhaps aeroplanes from which one could casually drop down on a friend.



Photograph by Valentine Henkel.

VERANDAH OF A PORTLAND RESIDENCE.

Potted plants, shrubs, climbing plants, bulbs, ornamental trees, in enormous variety, thrive wonderfully in this mild climate, so that even the modest dooryard can afford a profusion of flowers and decorative plants.



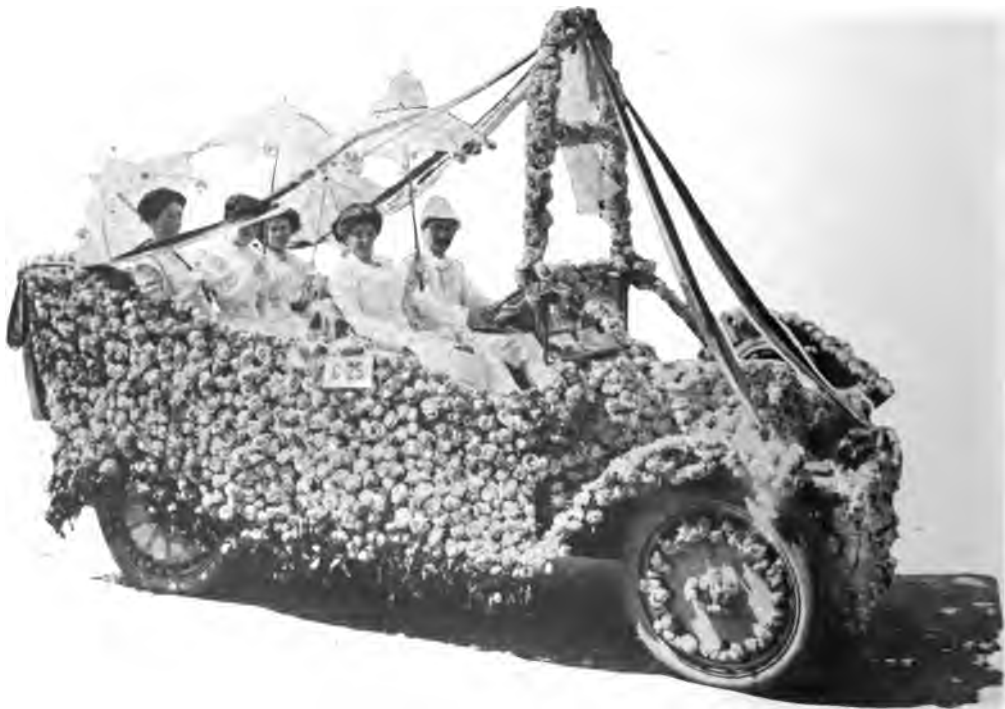
A FRAGRANT BOUQUET.

Fancy all this hive of happy industry pouring its wealth down to the great centre, the great seaport at the junction of the rivers. There will be the wonderful municipal docks, moles and slips; the acres and acres of factories, the

crowd of shipping; the beautiful, great central depots; the graceful bridges over, and tubes under, the river; streets all clear, clean and remodeled, with broad transverse avenues, and subways to every part of the metropolis. Our girdle of hills pierced with broad, bright tunnels into the adjoining valleys; and crowning the hills, beautiful villas, temples, palaces.

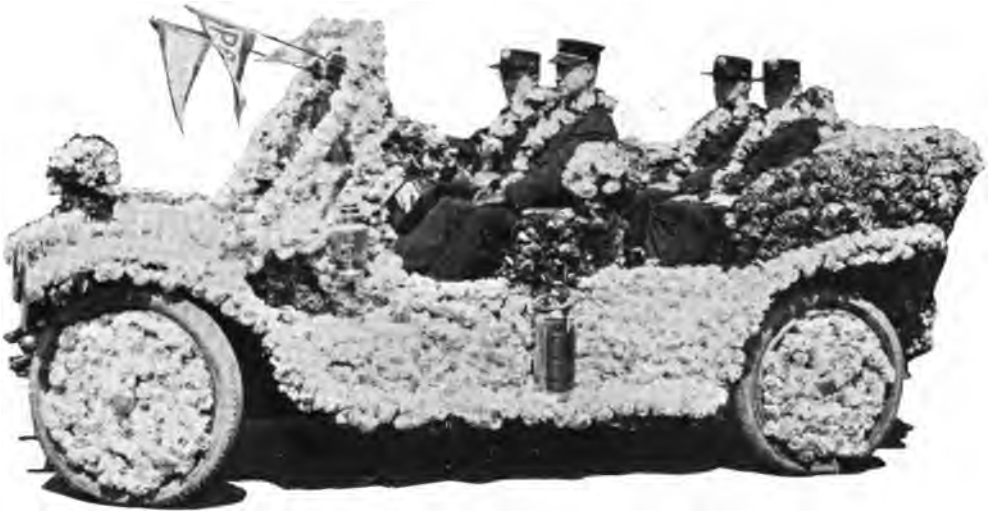
ALL this the revelers at the Rose Festival of 2000 A D. will see, and more;

the great metropolis will have become so wealthy she will have turned toward art and taste. Skyscrapers and dark, dirty, narrow little streets between, filled with unsightly poles, will be abolished at any cost. Real avenues and



Photograph by Valentine Henkel.

IN ONE OF THE ROSE FESTIVAL STREET PARADES.



Photograph by Valentine Henkel.

THE PORTLAND FIRE CHIEF'S AUTOMOBILE IN ONE OF THE FESTIVAL PARADES.

buildings of true beauty will be built where the impulse to create the beautiful is not stifled by the price of space.

Paris condemned and bought all property along any proposed avenue of improvement; made the improvement, destroying all that came in the way, and then re-sold the land left for more than the cost of the improvement. Or perhaps Portland will have become as sensible as the German cities and will be her own landlord, taking in the suburbs and vacant spaces by purchase, and then leasing, so that she will derive a great income from her rents.

IT is curious, ~~this~~ long, slow incubation before a community can see that the community as a whole makes the value of land, and the community as a whole is therefore entitled to take that value much as a landlord now takes rent for the land he owns.

No community: land has no value.

Small community: land has moderate value.

Great community: land has great value; and so whatever the value put into the land by the community, the



Photograph by P. S. Co., Portland.

A TINY GREEN TREE FROG OF AESTHETIC HABIT. He selected this deep red "General MacArthur" rose for his daily siesta.



Photograph by P. S. Co., Portland.
A ROSE TREE CAROLINE TESTOUT -THE PORTLAND "OFFICIAL"
ROSE.
(Second blooming, August 10, 1910.)

community has a right to take back as a species of rent.

But with such a wealthy city we must have something better than our present plan of city government. I would like to leave as my legacy to my fellow citizens these truths which I fear too many of them will be slow to see:

One: The legislative and money-appropriating arm must be distinct from the executive and should be elective.

Two: The principal business of running a city (the detail) is all executive.

The executives should all be appointed.

Three: The voter should be required to exercise his judgment in election upon as few as possible.

Four: The representatives selected should be taken at large so as to represent the whole city.

Five: The executive arm should prepare all the estimates and have a right to speak on the subject.

Six: The executives should all be appointed and removable by one central head, who must be held responsible.

What a mess our good old democratic war-horse, Andrew Jackson, plunged us into when he started the craze to elect everybody from dog-catcher to sheriff! He thereby started the graft of American cities which makes them so different from those of the old world, for I refuse to believe that our human nature is different.

IF Portland is to be the great and lovely metropolis I believe she will be, she with her fellow citizens must open Oregon's natural resources of mountain and

valley to this horde of eager immigrants we expect and hope to welcome from the ever-teeming East. What is not being put to use must be thrown open to those who will use it. And having brought Justice to her outside territory and filled it with a happy crowd, Portland must see to it that she herself is founded on a system which does not depend on the honesty of some particular man or men, but which makes it undesirable in human nature for any man to be dishonest, by:

First, limiting the power.

Second, making it easy to put your finger right on the weak spot.

I freely admit I am a crank. A crank is a person crazy on one idea, and here am I who was asked to prepare a Portland Rose Festival article, writing on politics! But I can't get away from it. I see so much joy and happiness and prodigal wealth overflowing into the basket of future Rose Festivals that I hate to see a torn and dirty basket for it to flood into.

And what greater work can man or city do than to struggle closer to the altars of Justice and make the children of men happier?

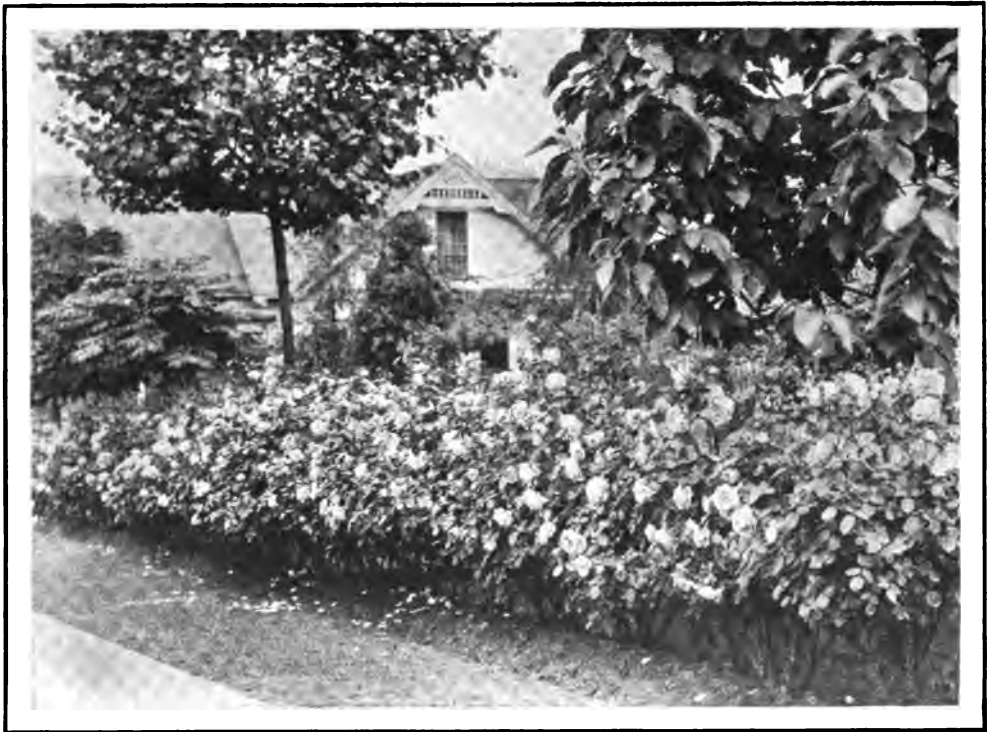
AS I write, in the middle of April, the sun is shining, the air balmy as June, the trees have all been seduced into their finest Easter raiment, cherry trees are great bouquets of delicate white, peach trees have blushed radiantly and are now putting out leaves, dogwoods are beginning to star the hillsides where

the larks, robins and song sparrows make continual music; and scarlet as a living coal, a redbird in a cedar tree whistles his clear, sharp, defiant challenge to the spring. Why is it that the tender peach tree comes forth so early and recklessly to the perpetual agitation of those who each year predict: "Total loss of the peach crop"? Bosh! Trees and babies are neither of them so tender as their owners fear.

Is it that the peach tree still remembers its early years in Persia, that it has its blooming habit? And the apple tree, native of more laggard lands, its later habit?

I do not know, but I am sure the characters of trees would be quite as interesting as those of men, and more fragrant. This persistence to live! It puts the politician's hunger for office far in the background.

The sure way to stimulate a tree is to threaten it with destruction, by pruning it; cut it down and it will send up new shoots. Stick a willow switch in a damp



Photograph by G. S. Crego, Portland.
HOW THE RESIDENCE STREETS OF PORTLAND ARE ADORNED AND MADE FRAGRANT.



READY FOR THE FESTIVAL.

Photograph by G. S. Crego, Portland.

place and it will grow. Portland will be just as persistent to live and grow. She is, as I write, a veritable bride of the spring, decorated with flowering trees and shrubs, Japanese quince going and lilacs just coming; but what if for this glorious April we pay with a rainy Rose Festival? It may be. If so, let us be resigned; and more, let us be thankful in the thought that the rain gives us all the wealth we have; gives us our Rose Festival. Without our abundant rain we would be a parched and barren land. The rain-drops coin for us not only roses but wheat, and Portland is the leading wheat port of the United States. Not only wheat, but timber; and Oregon

holds one-fourth the timber supply of our country. Portland is the great lumber city of the world. The rain gives us our ever green mantle of grass, which means so much to us in wealth as well as beauty. It fills the famous Oregon cherries with their nectar and brings to final perfection the Oregon apple, the finest in the world. In all this we must use the word Oregon in its original sense—for Washington and Idaho were once Oregon—and they are now tributary to the predestined city of their original territory.

It is not difficult to find a good climate almost anywhere for a month or two in the year, but Portland is not deceiving you with her wiles in Rose



Festival days, however exquisite they may be. Never very hot, never very cold, never very windy, never boisterous in any way; no thunder storms, or cyclones. Portland sits like a Greek goddess, calm, serene, beautiful: looking with inscrutable eyes into the Future. Though about as far north as her namesake in Maine, Portland raises almonds, figs and magnolias in her gardens. But truth compels me to say—and I never falsify where it is needless—that the fig trees, to bear good

man's; a Chamber of Commerce, besides numerous Sanitariums and Sanitaria, two great hospitals and a new jail. She is prepared to welcome and entertain her visitors. Of religions there is absolutely an unlimited choice. No man, be his views ever so peculiar, need fear he will want for company in Portland. There is a Single Tax Association. And great fortunes have been made in merely paving her streets. They are like the streets of the New Jerusalem.



A DISPLAY AT THE ANNUAL ROSE SHOW.

fruit, do need a south-wall exposure. But a fig for that! Portland holds the baseball pennant for last season. Portland is filled with nice people, hospitable with dignity, though not with effusion. She limits her skyscrapers to a twelve-story scrape. She has the Initiative and Referendum in her city affairs, the Recall, the Direct Primary, the ancient Order of Saracens and every other order and disorder peculiar to great crowds; a Municipal Association, Taxpayers' League, People's Power League; all kinds of clubs, from Press to police-

IT is very hard, two full months ahead of time, to get up the true Festival spirit, to sing *Tra-la-la*, throw verbal confetti, and pirouette even in imagination. It is not "hot dog" and "mugs of foamy" make a festival. Not blare of trumpet and shriek of "squawkers." By the way, we are to have a sane (quiet) Fourth of July in Portland.

The true festival is an absence of care; and we of Portland intend to see that our Rose Festival becomes an annual celebration of, and memorial to, our progress along the path of civic, economic

and human freedom, toward that goal where none need hunger or be afraid, but, in peace and plenty, the human plant may grow and blossom freely as everywhere today Nature is blossoming and growing; no chains, no bonds; public opinion so enlightened that it is tolerant of the new and strange; welcoming any chance of further progress; cherishing its geniuses, not strangling them.

Luther Burbank and a thousand other scientists and experimenters the world over are carefully watching millions of plants in the hope of something new. If any new, strange or peculiar trait appear, the little seedling is nursed and watched as priceless; all of the millions of the old and uniform are thrown away. But we of the human garden reverse this. We cherish the million which are all alike, and if, by the infinite miracle of the Infinite, one new and different appear, we beat him, uproot him, deprive him of rain, light, air, all that makes for growth; and if he finally triumph and, in

a later day, a monument is erected to him as a rare human flower, he has triumphed not in the sunshine of society, but in spite of its pitiless persecution. Can we not for our Festival time create a religion of joy and hope and tolerance by which it shall be our creed to listen well to him who preaches new doctrines? To crown him with flowers *now* and make glad the *living* heart—not with bronze when that heart has perished.

The citizens of Florence loved her as if she were a veritable mistress of their affections. It is so we ought to love our city. She sits in the Seat of the Mighty, prepared for her from the beginning. She is crowned with beauty. Her breath is fragrant. All things of joy and greatness lie at her feet. But all will be as iron, hard and black, if she be not spiritually beautiful. Her citizens who love her as their mistress must bring to her as jewels for her wearing: Freedom, Charity, Broad Toleration, Beauty, Hope. These be above gold.



Song

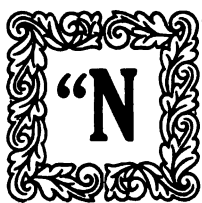
By James Henry MacLafferty

Was ever a year like this for roses?
 Did ever the birds sing half so gay?
 And is there a spot where nature poses
 As glorious in her wanton way?
 A poet's heart must break into singing
 For sheer delight at the lavish spread,
 While his fancy starts to rhythm a-swinging
 And songs are strung on a golden thread.

The "Cow-Chilly" "Zion"

By Herman Whitaker

Author of "The Settler," "The Planter," etc.



NOPE." The ranch-foreman thoughtfully rubbed his big nose. "I dont take any stock in it. The good old Baptist persuasion still fits me."

We were sitting in the shade of the bunkhouse, under our eyes the vast spread of sunwashed herbage that flowed off and away to the rugged mountains which had held back the settler and homeseeker, vanguard of civilization, from this, the last of the Californian ranges. Out of the open doors and windows of the shanty cookhouse on our right, floated the merry rattle of the combat from which my degenerate city appetite had obliged me to retire as from a stricken field. I shrewdly suspect that it was good manners that caused the foreman to cover my retreat and accompany me out to the shade; but in the face of his stout denial I was willing enough to resume a conversation which, after meandering all morning through every field of knowledge, had finally touched on the latest thing in religions.

"That reminds me," he went on, after a pause, "did I ever tell you about the Prophet that started in to build the 'City of Zion' on the line of Rancho Cow-Chilly? Well, just wait till I start this chew?" With it snugly fitted into his cheek, he proceeded. "First news of him was brought in by Old Sam Glover, ranch-boss and third-owner of Cow-Chilly—*El Rancho de Cuchillo Grande*, on the survey maps, too darn long for common use. Having been out all night driving in a bunch of three-year-old 'fats that had strayed over to the far side of the Post range, Sam had just taken his third sample of a new brand he was trying out to oblige a friend that tended bar at King City, and so was n't quite certain at first whether to put it

down as drunk, dream or mirage; and you'll allow that the spectacle of a prophet in black robes and a round dozen of pretty women—not to mention a few shiftless looking men—all down on their knees with hands raised to the rising sun, and this in the middle of a lonely range a hundred miles from nowhere, was enough to make even a sober man count back to his last drink. Sam was for riding on, not deeming it becoming in a man of his years and weight to take stock in such illusions; in fact, he'd laid the quirt to his nag when the Prophet suddenly jumped up and hailed him.

"Say, my man! Can you tell me is this the Post range?"

"Though he did n't like the 'my man' a little bit, Sam answers him quite politely. 'It sure is—for a whiles, at least.'

"Ah-h-h!" The Prophet breathes it that-away, satisfied, and as he comes walking up, them black robes flapping loosely in the wind like the wings of a crow, Sam notices that he has sea-green eyes set in the longest and yellowest face he'd ever seen off a horse. 'Ah-h-h!' he breathes it again. And perhaps Friend, we are not so very far from the Northeast Section of Township Thirty-Three on the old line of *Rancho Cuchillo?*

"That's me," Sam concedes. 'As for Thirty-Three? You are plumb in her center.'

"In the very center thereof," the Prophet repeats after him. Then, jest as though he did n't have map and compass tucked under his robe, he goes back upholding his hands over the women. 'We have been guided aright, Sisters. Let us give thanks.'

"With that they all dropped again to their knees, and while the Prophet was praying, Sam jest sat his horse and took stock of them all. The men, he soon

saw, were the usual orn'ary kind that tail on to sech movements, and we can pass them up quickly as he did, for their kind can't bear to run along with blooded men, and as soon as the punchers began to come round from Cow-Chilly they simply faded out of the landscape.

"But the women? How sech likely looking girls ever came to tangle up with sech a bunch passed the bounds of Sam's comprehension. Running betwixt twenty-two and thirty, they were all good-lookers—with one exception, the wisdest that ever proved a rule. Sandy-haired, soup-bones and freckled that thickly 'twas hard to find her eyes, she was sure a horror; but later we found out that she'd chipped in more money than all the others combined, and you can bet the Prophet was n't blind to the halo of respectability her age and ugliness shed over what otherwise might have looked pretty shady business. For the others, as I say, were too darned pretty to be running loose without a chaperon.

"What was better, they were good—even Sam read that, at a glance. In the red light of the low sun, their faces jest glowed with a sweet simplicity—not foolishness, but the innocence that's composed of love and trust. If Sam had been half as quick at faces as he was on a bargain, he might have divined their entire history out of that one expression. Either young widows or girls without folks, they'd tired of fighting it out against this hard old world and had so easily fallen for the pictures of the peace and plenty the Prophet had drawn of his 'Zion.' To look on them, kneeling there, 'would have been a heartbreak to a man that understood. But being no mind-reader, Sam was simply puzzled. After they got up, he made a play for information.

"'Going to picnic for a whiles 'round here?'

"For nearly a minute thereafter the Prophet regards him with plumb disgust. Then he gives solemn answer. 'We are going to build here the City of Zion.'

"'Yep?' Sam questions. 'Not, I hope, without consulting first with Old

Man Post? You see he's sech a material cuss that if you went to putting up buildings on his land—'

"'We have a two-year option on the land,' the Prophet interrupts him.

"'You have?' Sam, who had the keenest nose for a bargain on the whole Pacific slope, jumps right in. 'Then you'll be cal'ating to build? Now I can deliver you lumber right here on the ground—put it up, if you like?—for less than you can buy it out at the railroad. You see my teams aint working at this time o' the year and might just as well be hauling for you.'

"It was now the Prophet's turn to prick his ears. Studying Sam with them small green eyes, he says. 'We camped last night in tents a mile or two over yonder. We shall, of course, put up buildings later, but there's no hurry. Still it wont do any harm to make a note of your prices. How much might you ask to deliver fifty thousand board feet?'

"As I say, in the course of thirty years' trucking and trading in beeves and horses, Sam had acquired an instinct for a bargain that was almost prophetic. In fact he was so darned keen that, if you *must* trade with him, it was counted horse sense 'all over the ranges to jest lie down and let him yank the hide offen you without wasting energy on a single squeal. But he soon found that he was up against the sharpest proposition of his life. The Prophet had rock-bottom quotations on lumber and hauling from every station and company within a hundred miles, and cutting out half a day of hot dickering that went on while the women sat singing hymns in the shade of an oak, Sam woke up about noon to find that he'd set his fist to an agreement to erect a dozen frame huts and the two-by-four chapel the Prophet called 'The Temple', for a few dollars less than he'd first asked for the bare lumber.

"Just how he came to do it, he never, himself, seemed quite to know; always allowed that the Prophet had put him under a spell. But it's never safe for a man to juggle his liquors, and, between you an' me, I always laid it to the account of the new brand. Anyway, hyp-

notised or simple drunk, he signed the contract and, being a man that always lived up to his word, started right in to fulfil it; and the story really begins on the day that he and a round dozen of his 'punchers' descended with hammers and saws on the Prophet's camp."

Pausing here to rearrange the chew, the ranch-foreman gave me a considering look, then went on. "Say! did you ever night-ride under a blaze of stars that reached away over and was tucked in like a milk-white blanket under the dark edge of the range? Well, I have, and let me tell you that it's then a young fellow gets his for the sin of bachel'derhood. When the herd 'ud be nervously weaving there in the darkness with only my singing holding 'em back from a hot stampede, they'd always come, the faces of the girls I knew back home, blossoming like pretty flowers in the darkness. Some coquettish, others laughing with mischief, still others just plain sweet, they'd come, one by one, to tantalise me with their womanliness; make me curse myself for not having settled down like the other boys on a home farm. Sometimes, when the feeling would get too fierce, I'd ride in a hundred miles just to listen to the low laughter, murmur of women's voices, floating out of the open windows during the few minutes the cars would stand at the station; and going home I'd picture them women, at work and at play, 'tending their husbands and babies, loving and laughing, sometimes scrapping, but happy even in that, and living all the time to the top of their pretty bent.

"Well, that's your cow-puncher,—when you catch him alone and no one's looking—and seeing that he's built that-away, it aint going to be hard for you to imagine the situation while the Cow-Chilly boys were building the Prophet's 'Zion.' A woman could n't so much as pick up a pail and start for the creek without a half dozen of 'em springing to the rescue. You can bet they used their eyes as much as their saws, and as God never intended the bars to be put up betwixt healthy young men and women, you can be equally sure the girls were n't a bit backward. In the middle

of the hammering and banging there was n't a minute of the day that a game of 'Pussy, pussy, come to my corner' was n't being played to the limit in the language of eyes.

"It was astonishing, too, to see the sudden pious streak that hit them young rapscllions, and you'd have been more surprised if you'd ever seen them turn loose in town on a pay-night. They were that ripe-pickled with brimstone and blazes. Yet when the Prophet would call his flock together at the rising and going down of the sun, they'd stand around, sombreros in hand, and if reverence counts anything in religion, let me tell you they had it in stock and to spare. For the simple faith of them kneeling women never failed to set a bright reflection on their faces.

"Then at nights they'd take up at their own fire the hymn the girls started up in the tents, giving 'em verse for verse; and after silence slid from the mountain tops down over the range, they'd slip off, one by one, with their blankets, to lie out, dreaming and mooning, like so many spokes of a wheel with the camp for its hub. Though they never knew it, the girls were mighty well guarded. Not that it was necessary—to give the Prophet the benefit of the doubt. Anyway, he had the situation correctly sized and things went along quite smoothly until, night-riding on the herd, as you might call it, one fine moonlight, the love-lorndest young fool of them all came on the girl he had picked for himself, crying all by herself a few hundred yards from the camp. As that young idiot happened to be myself, I'm in position to tell you all about it.

"She was sitting on a boulder on the edge of the creek, so wrapped up in misery that she never heard me till I touched her shoulder while speaking her name. 'What's the matter, Mary?' But then she jumped up, every bit of her natural Irish flashing through her tears.

"'Who told *you* my name, Bill Chance?'

"'Same little bird that told you mine,' I answers her, laughing. "But that aint answering my question—what's wrong?'

"Is it any of your business?" she snaps back. 'Cant a girl come out to have a quiet cry all by herself without every—'

"It was n't a bit complimentary, what she said, but I set it down to her on-strung nerves, and when I tells her, very quietly, 'Anything that hurts you is my business, Mary!' she melts right away; it all comes pouring out of her.

"I'm so unhappy, Bill. However *could* I have been such a fool as as to join with that man? If I'd had any folks of my own I never would. But you see my mother died when I was little, and after Dad followed her six months ago, I felt just too lonely to live. In time I'd have got used to it. But in the very middle of my sorrow this man came along telling of the beautiful city he was going to build where all would be warmth and light and love. Out of sheer loneliness I joined them and turned in the little money I had for the common good. And now that it is gone—it turns out to be this, a few frame shacks in a solitary land. Worst of all, I've lost my faith in—' After a pause, she looks up at me through tears that glistened like moonlit dew—in him. I'm doubtful, sometimes, whether he's even—good?"

"Now you can be quite sure the Prophet's stock had n't been selling any too high among us boys. Though he'd delivered one sermon on the beauties of discretion with special references to the value of a still tongue, little things had leaked out; bits of this girl's story, fragments of anothers', but not much, yet enough for the dullest imagination to piece into a whole. And now as I looked down on this crying girl that I loved, the iniquity of the whole damned business set a tide of anger boiling within me. I'd dashed my hat on the ground and was twenty-one yards on my way back to the camp before Mary took me with a half-Nelson around the neck.

"Where *are* you going, Bill?"

"To choke that old son of a gun!"

"No, no!" she pleads. 'You must n't do that.'

"I was itching to do it, yet not so mad but that I could feel and thrill under the pressure of her soft arms around my neck. 'Twas n't exactly square to take

advantage of her fright, but love dont stop to split hairs any more than hate. So while hitching her along—just enough to keep her from breaking her holt—I thought up my plan.

"I will!" says I, very determined. 'I'll choke him till the green pig eyes drop out of his head.'

"Oh, no, Bill!" she keeps on pleading. 'No!'

"I will!" I repeats, still more firmly. 'I will, unless—'

"Yes?" she asks, eagerly. 'Yes?'

"Unless you promise to skip with me tonight?"

"At that she drops off'n my neck like it was hot. 'Oh, no, I could n't do that.'

"Very well."

"But I had n't moved a yard before she got me again around the neck. 'It is n't that I would n't like to. There's nothing in the world I'd love better than to be the wife of a fine strong man like you. But—after following that man away? I could n't, Bill, dear. Even if you did, I could never forget it. No, dear. The shadow of it would always be there.'

"Oh, shore!" I snorts. 'Nonsense!'

"But," she persists. 'Oh, yes, it would,' and seeing she was was n't to be moved. I stuck up a last big bluff. 'Well, you need n't to think that this softens me any toward the Prophet.'

"At first I thought she was going to let me go through with it, for she stood looking after me till I'd gained a full hundred yards. But I never looked back, and jest when I'd about given her up, she came running. 'Yes, yes! I will! But not—tonight!'

"Tonight or never!"

"Oh, very well," she sighs. 'That is, providing—'

"Providing?" I encourages her.

"That you never, never, never mention that man to me after we're married?"

"And if I do, Mary," I assures her. 'I'll blow the lying head off'n myself the next minute.'

"Then get the horses," she softly whispers. 'We cant get away any too quick for me.'

"Now chancing on Mary accidental that-away, I'm not claiming any credit

for being first in a business that provided a dozen of us young fellows with the finest kind of wives. But I do say that it was our example that set 'em at the bars, and it only needed the fillip Mary gave 'em when we called in at the camp on our way home from the parson's a couple of days later, to start the whole field a-running.

"Mary had n't really wanted to stop. 'I'd rather go straight home with you. Only there's little Betty Conners! She's dead in love with Lafe Williams, and if I can just whisper once in her ear, she'll up and do it.'

"To tell the truth, I've always thought, myself, that nary a whisper was needed. You'll have noticed, yourself, the quiet satisfaction that shines out of a good girl's eyes when she feels plumb certain that she's got her own right man? Well, it's the darndest infectious! Let a girl that's got it good and hard only walk past a bunch of marriageables and you can bet the preacher will soon be working overtime and Sundays; and you'd only to notice the kissing bee, that started the minute Mary hit the ground, to tell which way the cat was going to jump. I'm sure that the Prophet sensed it, for one, and was aiming to head the animal back when he came stalking among them like a black crow in a flock of canaries.

"This dear sister has chosen her part,' he says in his oiliest tones, 'and it is not for us to say her nay. Let the weaker brethren marry,' counselled the Apostle, 'and we who, like him, have turned our faces toward higher things, can only wish her well. Sister, our blessing goes with you.'

"If he'd been content to stop at that! But when he went to lay his fat hands on her hair, she suddenly ups and swats him, so smartly that the print of her fingers showed red on his sallow cheek. 'A receipt, in full, for all that you owe me,' she says, looking him over with steady eyes.

"I happened to be a full twenty yards away doing missionary work with Lafe Williams on my own account, but even at the distance we saw the green venom shoot out of the Prophet's eyes. But everlasting punishment lies in wait for the hypocrite because he's never able

for one moment to give way to honest feeling. After that single deadly glance, he raised his hands, protestingly, over the other women.

"Forgive her, Sisters. She knows not what she does.'

"However, Mary was n't to be put away easily as that. She jest stood looking him over with eyes of bright scorn, till he turned and slunk away. Then she calls to me, 'I'm ready, Bill. Let's go home.'

"You ought to have seen the look of them women when she said it—heart-breaking, so wistful it was. If you'd happened to catch the glance that passed between Betty and Lafe, you would n't have been surprised to hear, next morning, that they'd jumped it together; but in spite of that wistful look, we were n't quite ready for the news that two others had gone with 'em. Anyway, it was a right smart beginning, and once started, snow under the breath of the south wind aint a circumstance alongside the fading of that bunch of girls and widows. Riding over, a week later, to collect the amount of his contract, Old Sam Glover found the Prophet and the 'Exception' drinking coffee at one fire.

"But I have n't any use for them—now?" the Prophet answers Sam's demand for his money.

"Except, mebbe, for one?" the 'Exception' chips in. Eyeing the Prophet, she goes on, 'Seeing that all the others have gone to housekeeping 't would be a pity to spoil two houses with you and me. If you are willing, I—'

"She did n't get any further. The look of sudden alarm on the Prophet's face had flared up into yellow horror, and letting out a yelp that would have done credit to a dying coyote, he runs behind his hut and comes dashing out on the horse he had there all ready for his getaway. The last Sam sees of him, he's going over the horizon in a cloud of dust big enough for a herd of four-year-olds."

Coincident with the end of the story, came an irruption of cow-punchers from the cookhouse, but there was still time for a question. "So Old Sam got stuck?"

"Nary a stuck." The ranch foreman looked his contempt of the question. "He

just turned round and sold a cabin to
each of them couples at double the price
he'd have got from the Prophet."

"And the 'Exception'?"

"Went to cooking in the chophouse out
at the railroad."

"And the Prophet?"

"Oh, shore!" Rising, he stretched in
a mighty yawn preparatory to joining
his men. "You make me tired. Jest like
a kid. 'What became of the King's
cat?'"

Lazying

By Berton Braley

Lazying, that's all!

Lying in the springy grass with my legs a-sprawl;
Dreaming, while the shadows creep
Here about me, half asleep.
Breathing in the scent of June
All the long, still afternoon,
Caring not if kingdoms fall,—
Lazying, that's all!

Lazying, that's all!

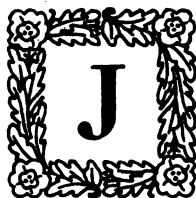
Something in June's drowsy magic holds me helplessly in thrall;
As I watch the clouds roll by
Billowing across the sky,
All the worry and the fret
Of the world I can forget;
Here within my roomy chamber, in my house without a wall—
Lazying, that's all!

Lazying, that's all!

Building palaces in dreamland, castles beautiful and tall;
Weaving rosy-hued romances
While the summer sunlight dances
On the leaves of all the trees
Waving in the lazy breeze;
Just a loafer—ah, but see
How I've found my Arcady!
Somehow all life's glow and glory seem to answer to my call
When I lie and dream about them, where the shadows slowly crawl—
Lazying, that's all!

Clothes and the Man

By Elwood S. Brown



JAMES SMITH pulled a dollar from his pocket and gazed at it lingeringly. It was the last dollar James Smith possessed, and he could well be pardoned for viewing it with slow deliberation. He was not a young man and there was a bit of tragedy in his manner; a wife and four children were dependent upon him for support.

Smith was a salesman. At times he made good money—exceptional money—and again there were long, lean, hungry periods. Always Smith's family expenses were high, for it takes a goodly sum to pay rent, food, clothes, doctor bills and school necessities. To provide a steady outlay of ready cash was Smith's perpetual problem. It absorbed all of his time and energy to keep the wheels in proper running.

Now James Smith was in the leanest period of many years. Business conditions were very close, and money at a premium, and many firms were dropping their calendar orders. Absolute business necessities, not luxuries, demanded their money, they told Smith, and he knew there was some justice in their opinions.

The salesman was beginning to lose snap. Discouragement and adding years are apt to take snap from a man, and a salesman without it is working at half mast. Depression was taking all the ginger out of Smith.

And he needed a new suit of clothes, new shoes, a new shirt and a tie; even an up-to-date stickpin would help him. He knew it and knew that their lack was costing him business; and the very knowledge still further incapacitated him. But one's last dollar cannot well be spent on raiment.

Credit was exhausted with Smith. He was two months behind in groceries, a month in arrears on rent; he had borrowed from all his friends and received

fifty dollars advances from the jobbing firm whose line he sold. He was banded by the C. O. D. sign, and it was pitiless. And Smith was past forty and a trifle gray at the temples.

He worked on commission. In his younger years he had scorned a salary; he felt that it weakened a man; that independence in its maximum degree came from strife with uncertain conditions, and he prided himself on the freedom of his position. Now he would have parted with a little of his pride for the sake of a very moderate surety. But he knew his firm would not consider such a proposition; he had worked with them too long and on salaries they were always taking risks.

James Smith turned the dollar over in his hand and studied it slowly. He searched for the little "M" and found it. "Liberty," he read, and on the reverse side, "In God we trust." Somehow he felt that he did not quite have his liberty and that, perhaps, his trust in God was all to no purpose. It made him feel a little bitter; the dollar was a mockery.

As he fingered this last dollar he planned how far he could stretch its purchasing power. Probably there were two or three days' provisions in the house. How much longer could his family—the family he loved so dearly—exist on one dollar? Smith worked it several ways. He tried bread and meat, bread and milk, mush and milk, and several other combinations. With what they had on hand he felt they could exist a week or ten days at the most. It was a big dollar. A dollar in necessity always is.

With a start Smith pulled himself together. He must not get morbid. Perhaps he could get other work. He ran his mind over all possible contingencies. But times were bad; men were walking the streets; jobs were at a premium; even day laboring was not to be had. He was a good average salesman, but he knew little about the lines to which a salary is

attached, and commission in other lines would be no better than in his, and he would have to work up his business. Quick sales are a rarity.

If only he could close a prospect or two! There was the rub. Smith felt his closing powers weakened. It takes the keen edge of tactful aggressiveness to cut through the last strand of resistance. He was just a little dulled. Perhaps because his cuffs were a little frayed, or his shoes too worn. He begrudged himself even a can of polish.

This would not do; he must get to work. The club of necessity would help. If it were only three months later! His prospective customers could not well wait beyond September, for calendars must be well in hand by that time. Now, the delay, the everlasting putting off, the "come again" was starving him.

"Fight your best today, Jim," his wife had encouraged him that morning. "We have seen close times before, almost as bad as this."

"But my clothes, Mary. I can't get in. I can't get to the right man."

"I sponged your suit off last night. It is as clean as—"

"But it's not new. It makes me feel old."

"You look better today, Jim. Go after the Roll Paper Company today. Get back your old smile. Smile to me, Jim. Fight and smile, like you used to. That's only half a smile."

"I will do my best, Mary, I will," he had said.

He put the dollar back into his pocket. How he dreaded to make his first call. A shrinking feeling of utter unfitness possessed him. His coat sleeves were too short—their ragged ends had been turned up once too often—his pants bagged from the long, continuous wear; his shirt band was cracked and chafed his neck. But his hands were clean and his face closely shaven. Smith was a refined man.

For five minutes the salesman stood in front of the Raymond Motor Company's house, fighting for his courage. It was a new concern and his first call on them. He must see the manager. Perhaps there would be clerks to be passed.

James Smith opened the door and hurriedly

dropped his sample case in the outer office. Stepping briskly up to the clerk he announced: "I wish to speak to Mr. Raymond."

The clerk surveyed Smith for an instant, finally fastening his eye on the salesman's coat sleeve just above his cuff. The gaze was partly unconscious, but Smith knew what it meant. A man's attire is the first bar of judgment. The clerk's mind instinctively labeled Smith "unsuccessful." Mr. Raymond did little business with unsuccessful men.

"He is very busy," he replied in a stereotyped way. "What can I do for you?"

"Give me just a moment with him, will you, old man? It is something to his interest."

The clerk's eye dropped from Smith's engaging smile to Smith's offending sleeve, as if to read his answer there.

"Really it will be impossible for Mr. Raymond to see you this morning. Come some other time."

James Smith felt discouraged. He pulled his sleeve down as far as possible over his cuff and went over to the corner and secured his sample case. His other hand went into his trousers pocket and felt for something to jingle. It struck the lone dollar. But one coin cannot jingle by itself, so Smith got it changed for two halves and sought encouragement in the tinkling of the two pieces. Smith was something of a psychologist.

"I must get in—I will get in," he muttered.

After several unsuccessful attempts he tackled another new concern, the Ford Creamery Company. The firm was a rushing one, progressive, and full of bustle and life. Smith felt they could well make use of his line.

Again dropping his case into a convenient corner, he stepped to the outer rail. His face beamed—a forced beam it was—but the clerk responded to it readily.

"You want to see Mr. Ford, do you? Well, the best I can do is to present you to his private secretary."

James Smith groaned inwardly. Secretaries are nightmares to salesmen. Their business is to shut off as much expense as possible, whether necessary

or no, and to guard the head from all save the mighty.

Smith pulled his sleeves almost over his cuffs, threw on all the look of prosperity he could muster, and, after the introduction and question, "What can I do for you?" went to the attack.

"You can do me a big favor, old man, if you only will. I have been wanting to see Mr. Ford for some time—"

"He is overloaded now—" began the secretary.

"I know that. He has heavy responsibilities. I have a splendid proposition, and I want the chance to put it to him personally. I give you my word he will receive it with favor. Now help me along, will you?" Smith's attitude of flattering appeal was gauged just right and the secretary asked:

"Have you a card?"

The salesman presented his pasteboard. "James Smith" was all it contained. Nearly every man has a friend or an acquaintance by the name of Smith. It was a little trick—one of the perquisites of his name—and frequently it secured an opening. The manager either knew or thought he knew James Smith, and he was taking no chances of offending a valuable friend or customer.

So Smith was ushered in. Mr. Ford sat at his desk, briskly running over his correspondence. He was a full-blooded, vigorous man, a typical executive, and traveling at high speed. The salesman knew he was a difficult kind to deal with, except at a leisure moment, or by special appointment. In spite of himself he felt his manufactured enthusiasm oozing from him.

"Mr. Ford, you are busy. I want only five minutes of your time. I have a splendid idea for your company." He paused a fractional instant, but in that time he noted Ford's quick survey of his attire and the final focusing of the eyes on the left trouser's leg just above the shoe. A little ragged edge ran across the front.

"Yes? Make it very brief." The eyes dropped from his eyes unconsciously to the overworn edge. It was a little thing, but just enough to destroy James Smith's equilibrium.

"You are starting a campaign," continued Smith, speaking less readily,

"among the housewives. Women are subject to little things—"

Suddenly the eyes raised to Smith's face, then, dropping slightly, became centered on a little darn which crept to view just to one side of Smith's well-worn tie. Perhaps Smith exaggerated the steadiness of the gaze; at any rate it further displaced him from his poise. He paused a moment and repeated: "Women are subject to little things, to little courtesies—"

Now the eyes rotated from the unraveled trouser's leg to the small darn, and then to his face. Perhaps Smith imagined his man was unduly concerned with his attire.

"—little attentions and appreciations—" he continued.

"Yes, yes, tell me your plan," Ford interrupted.

"When your solicitors or even your drivers—" Ford had now discovered the bag at the knees—"are out, let them leave a little gift, a useful reminder—" Here he pulled a small sample case from beneath his coat. "A calendar," as he drew out a tasty specimen.

But his argument had been without conviction.

"Am sorry, but calendars dont appeal to me. You will excuse me—will you please?" and the busy man returned to his work, while the salesman abruptly withdrew.

One home-made, cold sandwich for lunch did not tend to enliven the salesman's spirits, and in the afternoon he had no better luck than during the morning. He made a few calls on his prospects. One told him to come back in two weeks and another in three. Two finally decided not to place any orders at all.

He walked home to his family in the evening and tried to respond to his wife's cheerful greeting.

"What luck today, my Jim?" she asked brightly.

"Tried hard, but not much. But things must get better soon. One new prospect, but I lost two old ones."

"That's too bad; but tomorrow try again. Did you call on the Roll Paper Company?"

"No, I could n't. "

"Why?"

"Mary, I simply was not up to myself.

I was afraid I would undo my previous work."

"Try them tomorrow morning. How much will your commission be if you land it?"

"Two hundred and forty dollars, if they take the 'Russian Hounds' subject."

"I know you will close it; I just know it—tomorrow, Jim, and your firm will pay you three-fourths of your commission right away. You are a good fighter, my husband—"

"I could fight if only I had the weapons."

"What weapons?"

"Clothes." There was a little tragic tone in James Smith's voice. "Yes, clothes, Mary," he repeated.

"It is n't right—they should n't—" she said wrathfully.

"But they do, darling. There is so little sympathy. I cant put up the front I used to. They dont care for worth or what you've got. That short sleeve, Mary, and that frayed trouser leg carried more weight than my whole personality—"

"It is n't fair."

"But it's true. You cant tell a man you're poor and need the order. You cant say bread and butter are at stake—that your family is threatened with starvation. Mary, old girl, they dont give your Jim a chance, and I am so willing to work. I even put up with an insult from a little fourth-rate clerk today—"

"It's unjust; wrong; a burning shame."

"He had better clothes than I. Mary, even our business world is run on the sham of dress. This long, dry period is getting on me, sweetheart. I'm losing my nerve—"

"You're not. I shall not let you. Dont say that again."

"But the battle is unfair. Why should a necktie or a shirt; or a new suit of clothes count for more than character and ability and worth—"

"They dont; they shant. You must get that order tomorrow. Promise me you'll fight, Jim, like you used to."

"I will, Mary, you brave girl, I will."

And on the morrow James Smith fought. He waited one whole hour to see his man. He would not take "no" from any understrapping clerk. Finally

he secured entrance to the manager's office. But unfortunately two assistants were present and insisted on remaining.

One man is often hard to convince; two men are much more difficult; the best salesman alive will hesitate to bring three men collectively to the same point of view. And Smith knew the assistants would be harder problems than the chief himself. He knew that they would feel they must put in their little word; more often than not, their little damaging word; the little spiteful, unnecessary word that often blocks the rosiest chance for a sale.

But James Smith, salesman, was in to fight—a fight for Mary and the children, a fight for bread and butter. And he put forth all that was in him. He had no choice, no chance to handle each man separately. Probably he would be compelled to play them against each other. James Smith was not a brilliant man; his main asset was experience, now backed by dire necessity.

"Mr. Jordan," he began, addressing the manager, "I have given you the full points of the calendar argument. You agreed with me in our last talk on the essentials. You ran through my line and you were much pleased with four subjects."

"Just a moment. Please explain to Mr. Walker and Mr. Couch your proposition. I want their views on it."

James Smith expected it. But he went to the task with all the vim he could command. Briefly and concisely he enumerated the main benefits of calendar distribution. He noted that Walker seemed to agree, while Couch appeared skeptical. He further noticed that the latter gentleman was attired in the very latest fashion; he gave Smith the appearance of having very recently emerged from a bandbox. And further he was eying the salesman closely.

"Mr.—Mr.—" began Couch.

"Smith," replied the salesman.

"Mr. Smith, may I ask you one little point? What per cent of calendars are put on the wall and what per cent go into the waste basket? You know, here we receive many by mail and some are never used."

James Smith drew forth one of his handsomest specimens. "Mr. Couch,

you may judge for yourself," he said pleasantly. "If you received that calendar through the mail I believe your good taste would lead you to keep it."

"Perhaps," responded Mr. Couch, non-committally.

In displaying his subject Smith accidentally brought his elbows into view. On each of them was a good-sized patch, a patch that Mrs. Smith had not perfectly matched in color with the faded shade of the suit. The variance immediately caught the eye of the fastidious Mr. Couch, and Smith could see that it clashed on his artistic temperament. On the instant the salesman knew that the man, though probably unconsciously, was opposed to him and to his goods.

"Now," continued Smith, mustering all his courage, "it lies between these four samples. They are all splendid subjects and popular. Mr. Jordan, you seemed to favor the 'Russian Hounds'; it is a magnificent picture; really the best in my whole line, and in four thousand quantity I can give you a close figure of thirty cents."

"Do you think, Mr. Jordan, we need so large a quantity?" asked Mr. Couch. "That would give a very heavy distribution."

"It will be none too many. How do you gentlemen like the subject?" asked Jordan, turning to his assistants.

"First rate," said Walker.

"Someway it does not appeal to me," began Couch, "while for men it would do well; dogs do not appeal to women. I like that tri-color girl subject in profile."

James Smith was careful to keep his elbows down. He must win over the dissenter. "That tri-color certainly has a rich coloring. It is one of my best. What do you say, Mr. Jordan?"

"Artistic, but I like the other much better."

The nervous strain was wearing on the underfed, ill-clothed salesman and he decided a rapid closing was necessary.

"Gentlemen," he announced briskly, "let us close this up this afternoon. You are going to give me the order anyway; you don't pay until delivery near the end of the year; the earlier the order is placed the surer you are of your subject. I believe Mr. Couch will kindly waive his

choice and that we can all agree on the 'Russian Hounds.' Now I will just write down my order in duplicate," and James Smith, drawing forth his order book, rapidly began his writing.

"What do you say; shall we give it to him now?" Jordan asked.

"I think it would be well," said Walker.

"Do you agree, Mr. Couch?"

James Smith's heart rose in his throat. The order was partially written and his pencil was traveling at a brisk rate. Now it paused an instant, as he waited in the agony of suspense.

"I don't see any need of haste."

What adverse Fate had sent Couch to be present at this particular meeting? He had never attended any of the previous engagements. Why should he thwart a difficultly-laid sale at the last moment? Because—because of an old suit of clothes! A sign of self-sacrifice; a badge of honor!

James Smith whirled around, a wild fighting in his breast. But in an instant, by a supreme effort, he calmed himself, and then addressed Couch:

"We need this sale, Mr. Couch. I need this sale; I need it badly. Gentlemen, can we not close it now?" His voice held a little note of appeal; his pride would let him go no further. But it failed totally to reach Mr. Couch. He was thinking of the necessity of impressing his importance and individuality on the manager.

"Mr. Jordan, I do not recommend haste in this matter. I think it would be better to hold it open for the present."

The words were so easy to say; any ordinary clerk could have done as well. But they cut clear to the heart of James Smith in his desperate straits. Those patches on his elbows! The heartlessness and irony of it all!

"We can wait several months," continued Couch smoothly. "Something better may turn up. For instance, a little memorandum book in leather, with the customer's name stamped in gold—"

The sale was off. The little word had killed it all. Jordan was in no hurry to oblige the firm; a little push either way in selling luxuries will upset the finest of woven plans. The tearing down so easily of what had been so difficult to build up. The raiment, not the man,

ruled—yes, ruled the great commercial world as it ruled the social. Two little patches were to deprive James Smith and his of the necessities of life. He, James Smith, was too poor for whole sleeves, and whole sleeves, not hard, intelligent work were the essentials of success.

He went home early to his wife, a heavy discouragement gripping his heart.

"Mary, old girl, I could n't close. One of those damn knockers spoiled everything. It was going my way—"

"What kind of a man was he?"

"A dresser. A new-clothes man. I am an old-clothes man."

"Tell me all about it."

And James Smith told her, while her hands convulsed with suppressed wrath.

"Jim, give me that dollar will you? I must buy food."

He brought forth the two fifty-cent pieces.

"Make it go long, Mary, just as long as you can."

"I will Jim."

The next morning Jim awoke late. He lay for a few moments, brooding over his troubles. Then, glancing up, he noticed on the back of his chair something new, something unfamiliar, something fresh and bright. It was a new suit of clothes! And near it was a new shirt with a new tie carelessly laid across it; and under the chair were new shoes.

"Mary!" he called, "am I dreaming? What does it mean!"

"A new start for you, Jim."

"Where did you get them?"

"Never mind, now. I did n't steal and I did n't beg, I did n't borrow and I did n't sacrifice any of my pride. You get to work. Go right back to the Roll Paper Company and you tackle Mr. Couch. Win him over. You must. Kill him after you get the order if you want to." Mrs. Smith possessed enough energy for a whole family.

For the first time in many months James Smith enjoyed dressing. He handled his tie with great care, and put the stickpin in according to latest style. And with his new apparel came a straightening figure. Ten years dropped

from his shoulders and he felt a new man. Now he was equal to two or three of Mr. Couch.

He called and asked for the man who had cost him his order.

As the gentleman advanced to meet him, the salesman noticed a somewhat surprised expression on his features. He gave Smith several looks and then extended his right hand. Smith grasped it with an apparent heartiness and confidence that instantly led to a personal understanding. He treated Couch almost with flattery; discussed art and told him interesting anecdotes, of which he knew many. He displayed his clothes in all their freshness, and in fifteen minutes Mr. Couch's temperature was raised to the genial point of good-fellowship.

Smith's extreme necessity was all that carried him through as he said: "Now, old man, you rubbed it into me just a bit yesterday. I just got in from a barn-storming tour and I was a bit seedy. Your partners wanted to close on the 'Russian Hound' subject, but they respected your views. Just waive a point for my sake. You will now, wont you? I want you to come to a jolly little theatre party with some friends tonight. You will not mind telling Jordan you are coming to a better opinion on that calendar; some other year try the memo book. It's a go, is n't it?"

"All right I'll speak to Jordan."

Fifteen minutes later James Smith emerged with a very good order; an order larger than anticipated, and netting him some three hundred dollars. He drew a part down on delivering to his firm, and then rushed home to tell his wife.

"I win, sweetheart. Now where *did* you get these miraculous clothes?"

"I bought them for a dollar."

"Bought them for a dollar! What *are* you driving at?"

"A dollar down and a dollar a week. I ran across the ad. of a new firm. Gentlemen's attire complete for thirty-five dollars."

"You wonder! You darling!" and James Smith folded his braver half to his breast.



A SOLDIER OF DIAZ: KILLED IN RETREAT.

The Mexican Revolution

By John Kenneth Turner



OPERA BOUFFE," a term that for a generation has been used to conceal ignorance of Central American insurrectionary disturbances, is now doing heroic duty as a means to dismiss in a word the revolution in Mexico.

Of course our war with Spain was not opera bouffe. One hundred thousand brass buttons were given away. Ten thousand heroes were kissed. But—like our revolutionary forefathers—the rebels in Mexico are fighting in their working clothes. Some are even campaigning in bare feet. This is the humorous aspect of the situation. Nowadays all war without fine clothes is uproariously funny; it is opera bouffe. Brass buttons alone spell war.

But if the Mexican struggle is to be gauged by any other standard than that of sartorial fashions, then perhaps some points may be found about it to command respect. In the number of battles where fatalities occurred, in the total number of killed, in the extent of territory fought for and fought upon, even in the total number of persons who have been actually under fire, the record rather exceeds that of our glorious war against the oppressor of bleeding Cuba.

Take the matter of fatalities. True, in

our war with Spain, nearly 2,000 of our poor boys were killed by attacks of embalmed beef, but only 306 fell in battle. Of course no one knows or ever will know the exact number of deaths that have resulted from the Mexican revolution. It has been the invariable policy of the Diaz generals to bury their dead on the battlefield and then to either deny that there were any dead or extravagantly to minimize their losses. Newspaper reports have all been based on these official falsehoods, or they have been severely censored, or they have been based on wild rumors flying far from the scene of the engagement, as in only one or two cases have any of those raw youths, posing as war correspondents, witnessed the firing of a shot. So only the roughest kind of an estimate can be made. I believe, however, that six thousand already killed in the Mexican revolution, or twenty times our losses in the Spanish war, would be counted a conservative guess by those who have closely watched the situation.

Take a few reports from the State of Chihuahua alone. In a series of battles fought in the last week of December, during his march to succor Navarro, who, after sustaining severe losses found himself bottled up in Mal Paso, General Luque was repeatedly reported as losing not fewer than 1,000 men. During the

fierce fighting in the mountainous sections of the State that month, four battalions, consisting in all of 2,400 men, were reported as having been completely destroyed by the rebels. In a campaign fought in the latter part of January, Colonel Rabago, now General Rabago, was reported as having taken refuge in Casas Grandes with but 150 out of the 500 soldiers with whom he had sallied forth. In the battle of Galeana alone he lost 180. An American business man of Chihuahua swore to having seen 150 Federal cavalrymen killed in a dash after rebels just outside the city of Chihuahua about the first of the year. One hundred and seventy Federals were reported killed in a three-day battle near Ojinaga in the latter part of January. January 20 Abraham Gonzalez, Madero's provisional governor of Chihuahua, asserted that the Federals had up to that time lost 5,000 soldiers in Chihuahua alone, which he estimated as half the entire Federal force in that State. March 7 it was reported that Madero had defeated a Federal force near Moctezuma, killing and wounding 250 men. A few days later Government organs of Mexico City were admitting that in their "crushing defeat" of the rebels at Casas Grandes, the Federals lost in the neighborhood of 300, while the Madero forces placed their losses in this engagement at sixty. The number of engagements during these months in which anywhere from one to fifty were killed, actually went into the scores. General Gerald Brandon, of the *Mexican Herald*, the only correspondent whom I have heard of as having actually followed an army into battle and the only reporter who has seemed so far to deserve the name of war correspondent, told a bloody story of slaughter on both sides during Navarro's march into the district of Guerrero. At one point fifty rebels attacked 1,000 Federals from the top of a hill and held their position against repeated assaults until the last of them was wiped out. Brandon himself was wounded in the battle of Cerro Prieto, where the killed on both sides was in the neighborhood of one hundred.

And Chihuahua is by no means the only State from which heavy fighting

has been reported. In the battle that raged at Ures, Sonora, during the last week of March, the estimate of the killed, which was at first placed at 1,000, was afterwards scaled down to 300. After the battle of Little's Ranch, Lower California, April 8, Colonel Mayol gave his casualties as twelve dead and fourteen wounded, but Indians employed by him as grave-diggers, declared that they buried sixty-eight. In the capture of Agua Prieta, Sonora, April 13, by the rebels, forty-eight were killed and nearly 100 wounded. Twice during March and April the rebel forces under Juan Cabral in Sonora were reported as having ambushed Federal troops, each time killing in the neighborhood of 100 of them. Scores of other battles in which from ten to 100 fell have been reported from many parts of Mexico, and actual engagements in which fatalities occurred go high in the hundreds. Those timid young reporters who hover along the American side of the Rio Grande would have us believe that the men under arms spend most of their time sleeping, but they would go far to find a war or a revolution in which the combatants were under fire more frequently or where the percentage of fatalities was greater. I do not vouch for any of the figures that I have given, but most of them have been printed a sufficient number of days in succession in newspapers to pass muster as having been "confirmed." Doubtless some of them are exaggerated, but if they were exaggerated one hundred, two hundred, or even three hundred per cent, still the number of the killed in the Mexican revolution would run into the thousands.

One month after the first shot was fired, probably ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans believed that the rebellion had been put down, so effective was the press manipulation by Diaz and his friends. When the existence of the revolt could no longer be concealed, the Government bent its press energies toward convincing the world that the trouble was confined entirely to one State, that the rebels were chiefly men of low character who were after loot rather than liberty, that such political grievances as were held were held not against



Photograph by the Author.

INSURGENT COMPANY AT MEXICALI, FEBRUARY 17, 1911.

the national government, but against local authorities, and that the Government could crush the revolt very easily and would do so in a very few days. It was only gradually that the foreigner came to appreciate the strength of the revolution—and I do not believe that he appreciates it yet.

Of the thirty States and Territories,

Tamaulipas is the only one from which one or more outbreaks have not been reported. It has been asked why Diaz has not thrown his whole army into Chihuahua to crush the revolt in that State. The answer is that he has been using it against the revolution elsewhere, and where he has not needed it for actual fighting he has needed it to prevent act-



TWENTY-FIVE IMPERIAL VALLEY SCHOOL TEACHERS VIEWING THE ACTIONS OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS IN MEXICALI, FEBRUARY 11, 1911.



RED CROSS PARTY FINDING A DEAD CAVALRYMAN AND HIS HORSE AFTER AN AFFRAY NEAR THE BORDER.

ual fighting by its presence. In one of these two ways the entire army has been employed. After Chihuahua, the most fighting has been in Sonora, Yucatan, Durango, Sinaloa, Veracruz, Zacatecas, Guerrero, Puebla and Lower California. The most effective opposition has been offered in the northern States, not so much because of a less active sentiment against the Government further south, as because of the difficulty in getting arms. The determination of the people to take part in the revolt is shown by the desperate efforts to put fighting groups in the field in the face of every handicap in the way of equipment. Several times I have seen reports of a mob facing the soldiers with nothing but stones in their hands, or of slaves rising on some of the plantations and attacking their masters with clubs. In the States of Morelos, Tlaxcala and Puebla there have been tragic encounters with the troops where the rebels had little more to fight with than their bare hands. In April, at Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico City, in the shadow of Chapultepec Castle and almost within rifle shot of 10,000 soldiers, twenty-six enemies of the Government, lacking arms, entered into a plot with two soldiers to sneak into the army barracks at night, seize guns and steal away with them.

Now what could those twenty-six rebels hope to do? What chances would they have of escape even if they did get the guns in their hands? As it happened, the plot was discovered and all were trapped. The incident is but one of many which go to show the desperate efforts of the people to spread the revolution.

Few Americans can realize the tremendous odds against which the revolution has had to contend in a military way. To start was a tremendous difficulty. All the cities and most of the larger towns were quartered with bodies of regular soldiers and *rurales*. The barracks were situated in the heart of the city, the discipline of war was maintained at all times; always the soldiers were ready for a massacre. The police were very numerous. Political spies were everywhere. Shipments of arms and ammunition could not be made into Mexico by anybody for any purpose without special permission from the Government. Persons purchasing arms at the stores were closely scrutinized and in some localities purchases were not permitted without a special orders from the authorities. And when the first outbreak occurred the Government sent about the country buying up the guns and ammunition from the stores to prevent their falling into the hands of the insurgents.

Practically the entire military equipment of the revolutionists had to come from the outside. Every rifle and cartridge had to be smuggled past political spies and American officials in the United States, slipped across the border past the Federal forces in Mexico and into the hands of the rebels. Manifestly, it was next to impossible to import anything but small arms and impossible to put these into the hands of the great mass of the people without the revolution literally fighting its way to them. The Government had an army, a navy and a vast police system to start with. It had its equipment, tens of thousands of the best army rifles, millions of cartridges, millions of dollars' worth of machine guns, mountain batteries and artillery of every description. I remember viewing the Independence Day parade in Mexico City in 1908. There were miles and miles of artillery and artillerymen. The Government had millions of money to buy more equipment, to buy food. It had its base of supplies. It had everything. The insurgents had nothing—nothing in a military way.

Considering these odds, the fact that the revolution has gained a foothold, that it has progressed as far as it has, would seem to be nothing short of phenomenal.

I have heard it said by one recognized as more or less of an authority on political history, that there is nothing to equal it in modern times.

How were the revolutionists able to gain a foothold? How is it that they are gaining ground against the Government? Many persons have inquired of me the cause of the remarkable weakness the Diaz government has exhibited—why, with all its resources, it has been unable to crush the revolution.

The answer is that the Mexican people are passionately with it. Could anyone imagine a few Americans putting their heads together tomorrow on any existing issue and tearing up this country with revolution? And yet, in a military sense, Diaz is five times better equipped, in comparison to population and territory, to put down a rebellion than is the United States. The difference lies in the fact that the vast majority of the people of this country believe that they can settle their problems by peaceful means, while the Mexican people see their only remedy in war. Disinterested travelers in Mexico have repeatedly reported that nine-tenths of Mexico is in sympathy with the revolution. If the fraction were much smaller, it would be impossible for the revolution to live. War means de-



Photograph by the Author.

INSURGENT RIFLE PITS NEAR THE INTERNATIONAL BORDER.

struction of property, devastation of crops, starvation. If the majority of the people of Chihuahua, say, did not have very strong reasons to wish the revolution to succeed, is n't it reasonable that they would join with the Government to

among the masses is proved by the fact that he can get no one to fight for him voluntarily. The common soldiers are conscripted almost to the last man. The volunteers of which the newspapers sometimes speak are not volunteers at



TYPE OF YAQUI INDIANS, MANY OF WHOM ARE NOW FIGHTING IN THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMIES.

put it down? Suppose that the active revolution were confined to the State of Chihuahua, if it did not have the good will of the country generally, would not Diaz be able to raise a quarter of a million of volunteers to wipe it out?

That Diaz is wholly without popularity

all. They are conscripts seized and thrust into the ranks just before a battle. In transporting them from one point to another by train they are locked up in the cars for fear they will leap from the platforms while the train is going, and escape. All over the States where the fighting is hottest, men who do not wish to fight on either side are fleeing from the Government recruiting officers. In Cananea 200 laborers, conscripted from the copper mines, were drilled for many days without arms for fear they would carry their arms over to the rebels. About the first of April a Federal official, asking for reinforcements, was sent twenty-five "volunteers" bound with ropes with the promise that if the ropes were returned twenty-five more would be sent.

In order to make such soldiers fight the officers find it necessary to threaten them with death if they retreat and to tell them that the rebels will execute them if they are taken prisoners. Before the battle of Tecate, Lower California, the Federal commander, in order to rouse the martial blood

of his men told them that they were about to engage a band of Americans who had come to take their country away from them. There are records of battles in which the soldiers began fighting under the impression that they were fighting bandits and in which they were



At left: General Stanley Williams, who led eighty-five insurgents, the majority of them Americans, in sensational charge against 500 Federal troops before Mexicuitl, April 8. Williams was killed in the charge. At right: General Simon Berthold, rebel leader in Lower California.

dumbfounded to hear the supposed bandits shout, "*¡viva la revolucion!*"

Thus is revealed the reason why, with inferior equipment, the rebels have defeated twice, three times and even five times their number. Artillery alone has saved the Federal armies from being swept completely off the northern States of Mexico. So far they have proved their ability to occupy a given point, fortify it with artillery and stay there, but almost invariably where they have met the rebels with small arms only they have been put to rout.

The fighting which raged throughout the State of Chihuahua during December, January and the first part of February, fell off until during March there were only one of two important battles. This was not because of any weakening

of the rebels, but because the Federals changed their tactics from aggressive to defensive. About the time the twenty-odd thousand American troops were called to the border, Diaz seems to have made a sudden change of plan. Unable to hunt the rebels onto their own battle-grounds and there exterminate them, he decided to try the starving-out process. And in this program the United States has co-operated most cordially, as I shall soon show.

So much for the purely military aspect of the revolution. As to its causes, I have already set them forth in detail in previous articles in this magazine. I have described the terrible debt-slavery, the feudal system of peons and million-acre farms, the poverty of the cities, the oppression of the factory workers, the farcical administration of justice, the absence of any vestige of popular government. It was these unbearable conditions that prepared the Mexican people for armed revolt, and it was the blood-and-iron methods used to put down a last



INSURGENTS.



JOAQUÍN CASASUS, POSSIBLE SUCCESSOR OF DIAZ:
FORMER AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED
STATES, AND BOSS OF CAMPECHE.

heroic attempt peaceably to establish popular government, as described in my "Eighth Unanimous Election of Diaz," in this magazine in September, 1910, that brought the revolutionary spirit to a head. The party of reform went the peaceful route to the end. Following the election farce of June, it waited until the national "Congress" met, when it filed a formal demand that the election be declared invalid, presenting as evidence hundreds of affidavits from all sections of the country specifying acts or omissions of officials which went to show that there had not, in reality, been any election. Diaz's Congress refused even to consider the document and it was only then—in the latter part of September, 1910—that preparations for armed revolt began. The actual fighting started with the battle in the streets of Puebla November 18.

At the present writing there are two parties in the field fighting against the Government, the Anti-Relectionist, sometimes called the Maderist Party, and the Liberal Party. Against Madero it has

been asserted that he is an ambitious politician who would become a second Diaz, that he is backed by Morgan's money, that he has the friendship of the Catholic Church, that his property, being chiefly in lands, he is not the man to carry through the most crying need of the Nation, the breaking up of the million-acre farms, which alone can be depended upon to do away permanently with the system of slavery and serfdom.

Some of these accusations may be true; some of them are not. About the real purposes and motives of Madero I am so much in doubt that I do not wish to be placed either in the position of defending or accusing him. I certainly do not believe that he is backed by Morgan's money. Before I could believe that, my opinion as to the influence of Morgan in the Taft administration would have to change materially. To me the best evidence that Morgan is against the revolution is the fact that American troops at the border are being used unfairly and even illegally to hamper the revolutionists.



PABLO MACEDO, CONGRESSMAN AND RAILROAD
MAGNATE. PROBABLY THE LARGEST
INSIDE FIGURE IN THE DIAZ
FINANCIAL CAMARILLA.



JUSTO SIERRA,
Minister of Education.

JUSTINO FERNANDEZ,
Minister of Justice.

LEANDRO FERNANDEZ,
Minister of Communications and
Public Work.

THREE OF THE MEXICAN OFFICIALS DEPOSED BY DIAZ, IN AN EFFORT TO PLACATE
THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

So far, Madero has been a great strength to the revolution. He poured his money into it. However much the wrongs of a people may prepare their sentiments for opposition against the government, they cannot fight without guns, and Madero furnished the guns. Without his money it is extremely doubtful if the revolution could have gained a foothold.

In this Madero has been invaluable to the revolution, but how long he will be able to lead the larger wing of it, as he is doing now, is another question. It seems certain that he is a leader more by virtue of his having furnished money to buy guns than because of any personal popularity or because his program exactly suited the people. There is no doubt that many opponents of the Government accepted Madero's guns and ammunition and are fighting in the armies with the mental reservation that

when reconstruction time comes Madero will not be their choice for President. Indeed, at the beginning of the revolution, the Liberal Junta, having just begun the reorganization of the Liberal Party and being without funds, published a manifesto calling upon all Liberals to seize the opportunity to fight against

the dictator by joining the armies of Madero, but warned them against accepting any program except that of the Liberal Party. Prominent figures among the Madero forces have again and again been quoted as saying that it would be a crime to fight against one dictator merely to put in another, that they were not fighting for any individual, but for certain reforms, and that no individual would be permitted to stand in the way of the reforms.

Madero may be a real patriot or he may be an ambitious politician. If he is the latter, I



COLONEL MIGUEL AHUAMADA,
He was Governor of Jalisco, but was sent to Chihuahua to displace Governor Alberto Terrazas, whom Diaz blamed for much of the opposition to the National Government among the people of that State.

believe that he will be unable to realize his ambitions. I believe that the revolutionists generally know well enough what they are fighting for to make Madero deliver the goods or shove him aside. So far Madero has not faced squarely the real issue in Mexico. He has flirted with it, but he has not faced it. His paramount issues so far are the franchise and "no re-election." The real issue in Mexico is the abolition of feudalism.

The Liberal Party, weaker in a military way only because it cannot furnish as many guns, goes directly to the land question. "*Tierra y Libertad*," Land and Liberty, is its battle cry. Saying nothing of political reforms, it boldly announces that the basis of liberty is land and that its first step will be to divide up the big *haciendas* among the people. This it has been found necessary to do in all countries where feudalism has been abolished.



MEXICAN JAILER KILLED BY THE ONLY SHOT FIRED IN THE CAPTURE OF MEXICALI, JANUARY 29, 1911.

A slave or a peon 364 days in the year would still be a slave or a peon on election day. Without at least an amelioration of the land question "free" elections would still be a farce. Practically speaking, there is no land problem in the United States. Our problems are of machinery and of finance, principally. In Mexico these problems are secondary; the first step toward freeing the man and raising him up into the position of facing the problem of the machine is to give him access to the land. The theft of the lands of the Mexican people was the first step toward making slaves and peons of them. To become free they must get back to the land again.

This is the program to which Madero must come would he survive as a real patriot. The Liberals, having no money to pay for the lands, frankly admit that they will take them without paying for them, which makes them very undesirable citizens from the viewpoint of the men who own the lands. There is no question as to the necessity of breaking up the huge estates. Limantour has grudgingly admitted it. Diaz has promised it. But they would buy the estates, pay a good price, and therefore probably be unable to buy more than one estate a year. The *hacendados* are rubbing their hands over this plan of abolishing feudalism in Mexico.

Not only has Diaz admitted that the demands of the people for land are just—see his message to the Mexican “Congress” of April 1st—but he had admitted that all their other demands are just. He has admitted that there ought to be elections and that there ought to be no re-elections, and that *jefe politico* as an institution of petty despotism should be done away with, and that the courts should decide cases upon the law and the facts and not upon the orders of executive officials or in a way to line their own pockets. And he has promised to put these reforms into operation.

Then why dont the rebels lay down their arms?

Because they have had experience with Diaz for some thirty-five years. They know that he has made these “concessions to public opinion,” as he calls them, only because the public opinion was backed by armed men whom he had discovered he could not exterminate. They believed that he had no intention of putting the reforms into practice, but made the promises only that he might trick the revolutionists into his power and so destroy them. If Diaz really wanted to institute the reforms in question he would find himself unable to do it. The machine has worked one way for over thirty years and it would refuse to work another way. It will take another machine to do it, and when Diaz is really sincere in his professed desires for reform he will prove it by resigning. This the revolutionists—all of them—have always insisted that he do, and he has at no time shown the slightest willingness to do it. The peace talk of March and April was newspaper talk based almost entirely on the hazy intimations of Francisco Madero, father of the revolutionist, and other members of the family, none of whom had ever been identified with the revolutionist party, men who were apparently moved by a fear that the revolution would be beaten and that their large interests in the northern part of the country would be lost to them.*

It is hardly necessary for me to state that personally I should like to see the revolution triumph. A long time ago it

became evident to me that the only means for reform open to the Mexican people was armed revolt. A long time ago, also, it became evident to me that when the revolution came there would be grave danger of the United States interfering with an army against it. The awful debt-slavery which I first looked upon three years ago has been a nightmare to me ever since. The thought of my country using its army to maintain such a system was almost too shocking to entertain; but I had to entertain it, for the tendencies pointed that way. Therefore I dedicated my time as a writer, as an American citizen, as a human being who cannot contemplate the extreme of human suffering impassively, to informing the American people as to the real conditions in Mexico, as to what the revolution would mean when it came, in order that they might resist with public clamor any effort to use the army under any pretext against it.

The revolution came. It gained a foothold. American troops were rushed to the border, first a few hundred, then a few thousand, finally over 20,000.

What were American troops sent to the border for? What did they do when they arrived there? I went to the border to find out.

I went first to Calexico, California, arriving there February 17. Calexico is a border town opposite Mexicali, a Mexican town, and only one step away from it. With the capture of Mexicali the revolution had broken out in Lower California less than three weeks previously. Two days previously the insurgents had retained Mexicali after administering a decisive defeat to a body of Federals under Governor Vega.

At Calexico I found a troop of American cavalry and a part of a company of artillery, the commanding officer being Captain Conrad S. Babcock, of San Francisco. I found a line of American sentries strung along the border east and west out of Calexico. I found that before I could step peaceably across that boundary I must hunt up a military officer, explain to him my business and purposes on Mexican soil, beg of him a

*As this goes to press, news reports have it that an armistice has been agreed upon by Madero and the Mexican government, and that Diaz has “promised” to resign.—Editor.

pass, and if he gave it to me, to present the pass to an armed sentry every time I crossed from one side to the other.

I got my pass. In Mexicali I found perfect order. The town was well policed. Everything was quiet. But the insurgents complained that food was scarce, as Captain Babcock had ordered his sentries to prevent any supplies from crossing the line. Practically all the food consumed in that portion of Lower California had been coming from American soil. Now the source of supply was suddenly cut off. Why?

The insurgents also complained that friends of theirs intending to recruit in the insurgent army had been put to much trouble in getting across from the United States. A number had been stopped and when arms were found upon them the arms had been seized. Merely as a writer and an American citizen wishing to see justice done, I went to Captain Babcock to find out what it meant.

"I am here to enforce the neutrality laws," said Captain Babcock.

That sounded well. Of course if it was the law, then—

But, as it happened, I had acquired some information as to the neutrality laws. I knew that there was no neutrality law or any other law that gave Captain Babcock or any other representative of the State or Nation, in the absence of the formal proclamation of martial law, authority to prevent food from being shipped into Mexico to be peddled to the revolutionists. I knew that decisions on the neutrality laws by eminent jurists had repeatedly adjudged it not a crime for anyone, American or foreigner, to go from American soil for the express purpose of enlisting in a revolution in a foreign country, even though he carried his gun with him, even though he traveled with other men carrying guns, provided there was no enlistment or military organization effected on American soil, and no obvious intention of using the guns before the would-be recruits arrived at their destination. And I knew that these decisions stood as authoritative interpretations of the law on the statute books of the United States.

I pointed out some of these things to Captain Babcock and he was compelled to admit that he was not there to enforce

the neutrality laws, after all, that he was there to obey orders, that the interpretation of the neutrality laws upon which his orders were supposed to be based was "unusual." In support of his action he handed to me a copy of a document which he had sent to the insurgent camp a few days previously. It was as follows:

United States Troops,
Callexico, Cal., February 11, 1911.
Mr. Berthold, Commanding Insurgent Forces, Mexicali.

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that my commanding officer has ordered me by telegraph to enforce the following:

1. No American or Mexican insurgent will be permitted to pass the border between the United States and Mexico, either armed or unarmed.
2. The insurgents will not be permitted to purchase any arms or supplies of any kind in the United States.
3. Any insurgent crossing the border will be taken into custody and disarmed.
4. Copy of telegram from General Bliss enclosed. I shall enforce the provisions of this telegram very strictly.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) CONRAD S. BABCOCK,
Captain First Cavalry, Commanding.

While these orders do not exactly specify that no one shall export and sell supplies to the revolutionists, Captain Babcock so interpreted them.

"I will permit no one, not even a merchant of Mexicali, to haul a load of provisions across that bridge," he told me. Captain Babcock was indeed enforcing the provisions of the telegram very strictly.

During the battle of Mexicali on February 15, five Federal soldiers, running away, crossed the line into the United States. Captain Babcock arrested and disarmed them, but almost immediately let them go. An insurgent soldier who fell in a faint after the battle was carried across the line for treatment, as at that time the insurgents had no hospital service of their own. This insurgent soldier Captain Babcock arrested and held a prisoner.

I talked with Captain Babcock on this matter and he admitted to me that he had no more right to hold the insurgent soldier than he had to hold the Federal soldiers, but he continued to hold him, nevertheless. About this time Captain Babcock sent to Los Angeles to get

United States District Attorney McCormick to help him out of his legal difficulties. McCormick came and decided that he could find no grounds upon which to hold the insurgent soldier; whereupon Captain Babcock sent the insurgent to jail in El Centro, the county seat, as a *prisoner of war!*

I talked with Mr. McCormick and he, also, admitted to me that Captain Babcock was enforcing orders against the insurgents for which the statutes gave him no authority. After some days in jail at El Centro the insurgent prisoner in question was taken secretly to Los Angeles by an agent of McCormick. He was put through the third degree. When questioned by newspapermen, McCormick denied that the prisoner was in town, and only after his presence was made known by the newspapers, was the man released.

The insurgents were subjected to other annoyances by the military forces of the United States. One thing Captain Babcock did was to "suggest" to the commander of the insurgent forces that he leave his well-fortified position at Mexicali and move out of town at least two miles, lest in case of a second attack by the Federals the attack might be made from the south and some of the Federal bullets do damage to Calexico.

To this the insurgent general replied by asking why Captain Babcock did not follow the usual procedure and bring the matter to the attention of the attacking force, rather than the defending force,—a very pertinent question. As a matter of fact, the south presents the most difficult approach to Mexicali and

the one from which an attack would be least likely to come.

Some days before the battle I was told that Captain Babcock wired General Bliss, informing him that a fight was imminent and inquiring what he should do in case the levee the United States was building along the Colorado River should be endangered. As the dam was some sixty or seventy miles to the eastward and as neither the insurgents nor the

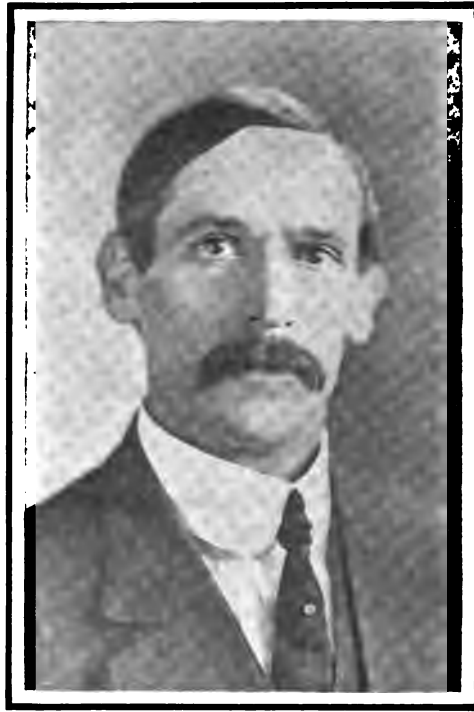
Federals could have any object in injuring it, the question was absurd. The Captain's propounding it was calculated to deepen the impression that he was seeking very far for an excuse to order his forces across the line to help Diaz put down the revolution.

About a month after these incidents, I made a second visit to Mexicali. This time I was met on American soil by Captain Babcock, who informed me that he would not permit me to cross, as it was *his opinion that I was too friendly with the insurgent cause.*

Thereupon I pre-

sented for the inspection of Captain Babcock a letter from an American publisher commissioning me to do some journalistic work connected with the revolution. This had no effect. Still I was not permitted to cross.

My first impulse was to stand on my rights as an American citizen and force the issue by attempting to walk peaceably past the sentry at the customs-house bridge. But from my previous interviews with Captain Babcock and my observations of the situation I was convinced that superior physical force would be exerted to prevent me from crossing, that I would probably be arrested, put to



JOHN KENNETH TURNER.

Author of "Barbarous Mexico." To his writings the world is chiefly indebted for knowledge of the truth about Diaz and the Mexican oligarchy.

the expense of hiring an attorney, and that it might be days or even weeks before I could get any satisfaction. I wanted to go to Mexicali and then back home to Los Angeles. Without arguing the question further, therefore, I watched my chance, slipped between two sentries, and climbing over a ten-foot wire fence, dropped down on the other side onto Mexican soil.

Within two hours I was told that United States Secret Service agents were following me around in the insurgent camp.

Before dark I was told that Captain Babcock had doubled his sentries along the line in order to intercept me in the act of crossing back into the United States.

Knowing that I had committed no crime, and that Captain Babcock or anyone else had no right to stop me, my impulse again was to cross at the customs-house bridge, but I had my business to attend to and I knew that others doing the same thing had been detained. Therefore I again essayed to slip past the sentries.

Captain Babcock's patrol was good and I would have been caught had I not taken the precaution to send another man ahead of me across the boundary ditch to see if the coast was clear. As I stood upon the Mexican side this man, an American rancher named James Wilson, who had visited the insurgent camp out of curiosity, got across the ditch and took a few steps into the darkness. I heard the click! click! click! of a cartridge being thrown into a Springfield barrel ready for action, and the command to halt. Wilson was taken before Captain Babcock and some of the first questions asked him were whether he knew me, whether I was still in the insurgent camp and what I had been doing there. While the questioning was going on, a Secret Service agent entered the room and made a report to Captain Babcock, informing him that I was still in the insurgent camp and attempting to tell him something of my movements there during the day.

Later that night I crossed the boundary ditch in safety and immediately started for Los Angeles. For the next

four days the Associated Press reports from Calexico were burdened with tales of my connection with the insurgent forces, the most frequently repeated statement being that I was in hiding somewhere near the border watching for an opportunity to cross and that I was armed with a commission to take supreme command of the insurgent army in Lower California. For these reports there was no legitimate foundation whatsoever.

I mention these happenings at Calexico in detail because I saw them with my own eyes and because, from all that I can learn, they are typical. The United States Government is not only illegally interfering with the insurrection from this side of the line, but it is also sending its agents into the insurgent camps to become military spies in aid of Diaz. A few days ago an American who had left Los Angeles to join the insurgent forces at Mexicali reported to me that, in attempting to cross the line, he had been arrested and his revolver taken away from him. Haled before Captain Babcock, he had been threatened that if he joined the insurgents United States Secret Service agents *would go over there and get him.*

After the battle of Tecate on March 17 the Federals took an American prisoner. He had been with the insurgents and the Federals supposed that he was an insurgent. He was taken to Ensenada and released, according to newspaper reports at that time, *only after he had succeeded in proving that he was a Deputy United States Marshal from Los Angeles.*

In the early part of April it was reported from the headquarters of General Bliss, commanding the Department of California, that the United States espionage had been so thorough that General Bliss had the description of practically every insurgent in Lower California.

During the battle of Agua Prieta, April 13, Captain Gaujot, of the United States Army, shot Bert Williams, an American, who was crossing the line to join the insurgents, wounding him in the leg.

Crimes of Diaz agents on American soil have met with strange inattention

from the military authorities. March 15 Mexican *rurales* in civilians' clothes gathered in the American town of Andrade and made an attack upon the insurgent garrison of Algodones from American soil. General Bliss wired Captain Babcock to take no action whatever in the matter.

Though the patrol of Calexico was sufficiently effective to interfere with the feeding and recruiting of the revolutionists, it was not sufficiently effective to prevent agents of Diaz from carrying large quantities of dynamite into Mexicali, planting a mine and running electric wires into Calexico. This happened in April. The Diaz agents planted the mine near a house, then set fire to the house, expecting the insurgents to rush to the spot and so give them a chance to blow up a few of them. The insurgents saved themselves by not rushing to the spot. The dynamite was afterward dug up and the wires traced to the boundary line.

In a cafe in Douglas, Arizona, March 12 an American shouted "*Viva Madero!*" Captain Gallegos, of the Mexican army, whipped out a revolver, and placing it to the American's chest, pulled the trigger. Captain Johnson, of the United States Army, grabbed the revolver just in time for the hammer to descend on his thumb, thus saving the life of the American. Instead of arresting the Mexican for assault with intent to commit murder, Captain Johnson helped him escape across the boundary. This I take from the news dispatches.

April 4 the military authorities at Calexico notified H. O'Neal, an old peddler who had built up a trade among the settlers in Mexico near the border, that he would have to discontinue his business, as it was suspected that he had been selling goods to the insurgents.

The Los Angeles *Times* of this date, April 16, says that the military authorities at Calexico have already arrested more than 100 insurgents or insurgent sympathizers. Some of these are mentioned in a petition addressed to President Taft and the American Congress and circulated by the people of Calexico during the week ending April 15. This petition seems worth printing in full:

We, the undersigned citizens of and near Calexico, Imperial County, United States of America, do hereby protest to your honorable body against the following described unjust treatment received at the hands of United States soldiers located at Calexico, being the troops of cavalry under Captain Babcock, and the company of infantry under Captain Griffith.

J. C. Amador, a non-combatant, a resident of Mexico, owning houses and property in Mexicali, has been repeatedly refused permission by the United States soldiers to cross the line and look after his property. There has been no reason assigned for this refusal.

Nuberto Amador, accompanied by Miss Rita de la Pena and Miss Josefa Amador, allowed to cross the border line Sunday, April 9, 1911, were refused permission to return to the United States, and were compelled to remain in Mexicali in dangerous proximity to the insurrectos and other occupants of the town. No reasons were assigned for this refusal on the part of the soldiers who executed the order, who were extremely gruff in their behavior.

Alfredo Collins, who looks after his building and property in Mexicali, has been summarily refused permission to cross the boundary line by the United States soldiers. The soldiers have arrested eleven young men and boys and have kept them in jail from April 9 to the present date, April 14, 1911, without charges being placed against them, with no trial, no legal appearance before any tribunal, no opportunity to defend themselves against any charges whatever, and with no reason whatever assigned for their detention. They are at this date held in jail in Calexico, Cal.

The Mexican federal army, at present in close proximity to Calexico, is permitted by the United States soldiers to send messengers into Calexico and into the country hereabouts, when it is known that the Mexican force has recently come from a district infected with smallpox, and we most emphatically protest against this careless and unwarranted exposure to our people and to the residents of Imperial Valley.

Four Mexican laborers, named Carlos Manuriguez, J. M. Peralta, E. Moran and A. Collins, employed on Mexican ranches, were arrested summarily and thrust into jail Tuesday, April 11, and released after two days' incarceration in an unsanitary jail without the most ordinary comforts and no bedding whatever, charged with no crime and allowed to make no plea before any officer. They were released by the jail guards without a hearing before any army officer.

B. Barrierow, a merchant of Mexicali, is denied his right to cross the line by American soldiers and look after his interests and business in Mexicali.

And now, whereas the conduct and actions

of the United States troops on the Mexican border at Mexicali and Calexico are shown to be partial, arbitrary and without excuse, and whereas the right of a judicial hearing has been denied those arrested and held in American jails, and whereas the crime of unlawful detention has been committed in the above named and many other cases, therefore be it resolved, by the undersigned citizens of the United States and of Mexico that these facts be laid before the Congress of the United States, now in session, and before the President of the United States, William Howard Taft, and that emphatic protest be sent against the unwarranted action of the troops of the United States stationed at these points on the boundary line, and further, be it resolved that an investigation of the above alleged violations of the powers and duties of the United States be ordered forthwith and that the guilty parties be punished according to law.

Regarding the right of the Administration to prevent the shipment of arms to the revolutionists, the The Associated Press sent out the following dispatch from Washington, on March 16:

Careful study of the neutrality laws has left the Administration's advisers doubting if the United States can prevent the shipment of arms and ammunition to the Mexican insurgents. The Department of Justice's view of the law is that there is no general statute which forbids the shipment of arms.

Attorney General Harmon, in 1895, gave an opinion to the State Department regarding the shipment of arms to the Cuban insurgents, in which he said "the mere sale or shipment of arms and munitions of war by persons in the United States to persons in Cuba is not a violation of international law."

Why was the American army rushed to the Mexican border? I trust that the "maneuvers" explanation and the "Japan theory" both have long ago been so thoroughly discredited as to render it a waste of words to discuss them. Whatever the thought in the mind of the executive who ordered the army to the border there is no doubt whatever as to what the army is doing there, or as to what effect its operations are having on the Mexican revolution. First, it is exerting itself to unlawful lengths to starve out the revolution by cutting off its source of supplies and recruits. Second, it is tending to take the heart out of the revolution by the constant threat that it will cross the line and interfere with the

fighting, with those ball cartridges. It is not going too far to say that the United States has already intervened with its army against the revolution and in favor of Diaz.

Why is this thing being done? Without any question it is being done because certain large aggregations of American capital in Mexico want it done.

I think that by this time the reader understands that the methods being employed in policing the boundary line constitute a public policy not only in opposition to every principle of political liberty upon which this nation is supposed to be based, but that they are in direct violation of our statutes. Many whose impressions on such matters necessarily come from the newspapers may be surprised to learn that armed intervention to protect American property invested in Mexico, which is at this moment threatened, is also contrary to the tenets of international law. It is a tenet of international law that an investor in a country whose political conditions argue a probability of war, revolution or destruction of property through governmental shortcomings, must take the risks involved; investors know these things, they consider the risks in making their investments. Many millions of American capital were destroyed in the Cuban insurrection against Spain before the United States intervened, and when it did intervene it did not do so on the plea of protecting American capital; nor did it intervene against liberty and in favor of despotic government. In our War of the Rebellion many millions of dollars worth of European capital were destroyed in the South, English capital, especially, but did England mass a big army on the Canadian border and threaten to rush them across, to maintain negro slavery?

These points have been set forth very convincingly by Senator La Follette in his magazine, and by John W. Foster, a former United States Secretary of State, in a circular which he caused to be published.

Having feared this thing for a long time I may be oversuspicious, but it seemed to me from the first that there was a plan, a plot, on the part of the sup-

porters of Diaz to find some particular case of destruction of American property, or, better, mistreatment of American women and children, with which to fire the sentiments of the American people against the insurgents and to furnish an excuse for our army crossing the line and putting a stop to the war.

But the insurgents, also, had thought of this, and the fact could not be hidden that they were much more courteous to Americans and considerate of their property rights than were the Federals. Some of the newspapers tried to prepare the way, but the American people were suspicious; the campaign fell flat. Then came the story of Alamo, Lower California, a story as lurid as it could be written, of Insurgent Berthold holding American women and children prisoners in a bull-pen, half starving them, with hints

of mistreatment in more brutal ways. The story was spread flaringly in the newspapers, it flashed to Washington, there was international correspondence. Then—it all proved to be “nonsense”!

Among the points that I should like to enlarge upon, but can not for lack of space, is the astonishing pro-revolution sentiment among Americans all along the border, even among that class of Americans whose business interests are likely to be injured, for the time being, by the revolution. Pick up the *El Paso Herald*, the *Callexico Chronicle*, or the *Douglas papers*. These three towns are all violently pro-revolution. They are too close to the thing to be fooled. They can see the difference in the class of Mexicans who are with the insurgents and the Federals. You cant keep them from shouting for the side fighting for liberty.

The Border

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

When the dreamers of old Coronado,
From the hills where the heat ripples run,
Made a dust to the far Colorado
And wagged their steel caps in the sun,
They prayed as the saint and the martyr,
And swore as the devils below,
For a man is both angel and Tartar
In the land where the dry rivers flow.

Ay, the Border! the sun-smitten Border!
That fences the Land of the Free,
Where the desert glares grim like a warder
And the Rio gleams on to the sea;
Where ruins, like dreamy old sages,
Hint tales of dead empires and ages,
Where a young race is rearing the stages
Of ambitious empires to be.

Came the padres to soften the savage
And show him the heavenly goal;
Came Spaniards to piously ravage
And winnow his flesh from his soul.
Then the miner and riotous herder,
Over-riding white breed of the North,
Brought progress, and new sorts of murder,
And a kind of perpetual Fourth.

Ay, the Border! the whimsical Border!
Deep purples and dazzling gold,
Soft hearts full of mirthful disorder,
Hard faces, sun-wrinkled and old,
Warm kisses 'neath patio roses,
Cold lead as the luck-god disposes,
Clean valor fame never discloses,
Black trespasses laughingly told.

Then out from the peaceful old places
 Walked the Law, grave, strong and serene,
 And the harsh elbow rub of the races
 Was padded with writs in between.
 And stilled was the strife and the racket
 That neighborly love might advance—
 With a knife in the sleeve of its jacket
 And a gun in the band of its pants.

Ay, the Border! the bright, placid Border!
It sleeps, like a snake in the sun,
Like a "hole" tamped and primed in due order,
Like a shining and full-throated gun.
But the dust-devil dances and staggers
And the yucca flower daintily swaggers
At her birth from a cluster of daggers,
And always the heat ripples run.

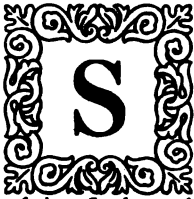
Fierce, hot, is the Border's bright daytime,
 Calm, sweet, the vast night on its plains;
 White hell on the mesas, its Maytime,
 A green-and-gold heaven, its rains.
 It is grimmer than Slumber's dark brother,
 'Tis as gay as the mocking-bird likes;
 It loves like a lioness mother
 And strikes as the rattlesnake strikes.

Ay, the Border! bewildering Border!
Our youngest, and oldest, domains,
Where the face of the Angel Recorder
Knits hard between chuckles and pains.
Vast peace, the clear sky's earthly double,
Witch cauldron forever a-bubble,
Home of mystery, splendor, and trouble,
And a people with sun in their veins.



Louise of the Limp

By Samuel Barclay



SAVE when Louise of the Limp trusted to its fragile security, the balcony was empty. The pain that had set Louise's hip on edge had robbed her frame of its flesh and she was as thin as the cool, first winds of the morning, and like a bird for weight. Even, she, however, went rarely upon the balcony save to water the geraniums in the box resting across an angle of its railing. The steep alley over which it hung led abruptly to the street a block below; and the street itself was like a terrace on the side of the hill. Sometimes Louise paused a moment and gazed across the city to where the ferryboats, trailing silver ribbons, shot over the blue waters of the bay. Then boys, scuffling down the cobbles of the alley would shield their mouths from the winds that blew there, and looking up, call out: "Limpy, limpy Lou! Limpy, limpy Lou!" for she was only the daughter of old Podesta, the tamale vendor of Portsmouth Square.

Louise would look down and smile; and sometimes, if there was any water left in her can, she sprinkled it on their grimy, upturned faces, and sometimes she broke one or two of the precious blossoms from their stems and tossed them into the air with a laugh. There was a scramble then, a chorus of staccato shouts and a vision of flying arms, with the victor escaping down the Alley, flinging back at her a triumphant glance as he tucked her scarlet flower safely behind his ear.

But oftener she cared to save the blossoms until there were enough to tie in a tight, flaming bunch, with a rim of their vivid leaves, and to carry them painfully to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, there to lay them at the feet of the miraculous image with many a prayer. And many another as she

turned at the door and peered back through the scented dusk of the church at her offering glowing on the white altar like another light. Ah, many a prayer! For Louise of the Limp had passed twenty, and looked more than thirty—and she was not yet married. Moreover, old Podesta, her father, was poor.

But it was not that, Louise knew, that made the difference. Next door, but one, up the Alley, lived Ollala, whose father did not even make tamales but lay all day in the gutter from drinking brandy, and yet Ollala, who was not even eighteen, could marry tomorrow did she but wish. She was a big-limbed creature with a beautiful face; and in the Alley it was said that a man who owned a shop on the Avenue was ready to marry her any day, and rent a flat where she might live with never a thing to do.

Sometimes Ollala, standing on the cobbles, told of these things to Louise watering her plants in the balcony. Louise would listen and toss her a flower.

"Does he love you?" Louise asked her one day. It was concerning a man—one of many whom Ollala had met while visiting her sister across the bay in San Leandro. Ollala was going back there again—to assist at the cherry-picking. "Does he love you?"

Ollala, with her head on one side, twirled the scarlet flower before her lips. "He says—" she shrugged her shoulders, "but a man's tongue is long at such times."

"But does he speak the truth?"

"How is one to know?"

"Love speaks to the heart!" Louise of the Limp cried softly. Her eyes shone and there was a smile on her tremulous, parted lips. "And the heart knows," she added confidently. Then she looked keenly at Ollala. "Do you love him?" she questioned.

Again Ollala twirled the scarlet flower

before her lips. She put her head on one side and held the flower out and looked at it.

"There are so many men," she said at last.

"There is only one man!" Louise leaned far out from her balcony, her hands tight on its railing, her face turned to the blue sky.

Ollala looked up curiously at her. "Your lover—" she questioned, a tentative glance upon the thin wrists of Louise, upon her twisted figure, "he does not come, eh?"

Louise turned swiftly and stood a moment with her back to the Alley, her face caught in such a spasm as no twinge of her hip had ever caused. "He will come," she called in a gay-sounding voice as she stumbled forward, "You will see!" but she clenched her tight fists against her scant bosom, and went into her room and wept.

Who shall say, then, what brought Miguel? Whether it was her offering, glowing like a passionate heart on the altar of Our Lady of Guadalupe, or because she answered with smiles and flowers the taunts of the street urchins, until "Louise of the Limp" came to be a cry of affection? All the Alley, resting on its door-steps in the pink glow of the setting sun, spoke softly of her and waited, watching anxiously the strands of husks of corn drying across her French window; and they pointed her out to passing strangers with affectionate becks of their heads. Miguel was one of these passers-by.

"Lou! Lou! Limpy Lou!" the boys in the Alley were calling the first night he passed. He put his violin case carefully upon a doorstep, and caught two of the boys by their collars. Louise cried to him from her balcony.

"It is all right," she said. "They mean no harm."

"To call out to you so! To say—" Miguel turned his glance upon the boys struggling in his grip.

"Is it not true?" Louise questioned, a little sorrowfully. The smile with which she had always borne her bitter pangs had kindled in her eyes such a light as is seen but now and then in all the world; and when she broke off two flowers and looked at him, Miguel suddenly lifted

both his hands. She dropped the scarlet blossoms into them and, with another glance, turned swiftly into her room. There while the minutes flew, in the falling dusk, she stood with a hand on her high-beating heart.

Soon all the Alley was nodding and glancing and whispering when Miguel passed. Sitting on their steps they nudged one another when the sound of his violin drifted up the Alley on the evening breeze. Miguel was a musician on one of the ferry-boats, and his evenings were his own, so that he might come every night and play to Louise of the Limp sitting on the sill of her low French window in her balcony.

"The heart knows!" she sang to herself, to the rhythm of his music.

The women of the Alley passing as Louise watered her flowers in the morning, called to her and asked, with sly smiles and lifted brows, about wedding clothes.

"When Ollala comes back," she said to them, hunting quickly for an excuse. "It will be time enough when Ollala comes—she knows much of such things." Ollala had gone to her sister's in San Leandro and it would be time enough, indeed, when she returned, for Miguel had as yet said nothing of a wedding. But—"the heart knows," sang Louise to herself. Twice a week she carried to Our Lady of Guadalupe, great bunches of geraniums and laid them, flaming, upon the altar. Spring was approaching and the flowers bloomed as never before in their box on the balcony. Her father had climbed carefully up and strengthened the balcony at that corner; and now another box rested there which she had planted full of rose geraniums to grow for Miguel alone.

At last Ollala came back, but Louise did not know it until she went out that evening to tend the flowers. It was time for Miguel to pass; but he did not come. He did not come, but she could hear his voice. She could hear his voice—his laugh—his music . . . She could hear another voice—another laugh. Other sounds were afloat on the evening breeze, but this mingling of two voices and a violin's cry came from two doors above, and Louise of the Limp knew that Ollala had come home.

Every day as before Louise tended her plants, but she did not look off toward the bay, nor up, nor down. She looked only at her geraniums as they bent a little in the fresh breeze. Some one called out to her that Miguel had lost his place on the ferry-boat. She knew that he spent all his days at Ollala's.

With showers and laughing skies, spring came nearer, and the flowers bloomed until that corner of the balcony was aflame. The rose geraniums sprouted, lifting crinkled, odorous leaves. Louise saw only these, heard only the sigh of the evening breeze bringing the hushed echo of many sounds—and the cry of a violin.

"Louise, Louise! Louise of the Limp!" called the boys, but she did not look at them. She dragged herself into her room and, safe on the other side where none could see, she knelt with her face against the wall.

It came finally that she drew together the rickety shutters of her French window open always until now to the morning sun, and waited, peering between the slats, until the Alley was empty before she went out to care for her flowers. Late at night, listening at her window, she could hear the murmur of voices and the soft gurgle of smothered laughter—a man's and a woman's laughter. Sometimes, a scrimped figure, wrapped from head to foot in a black shawl, she crept out at night and peered over the railing; for Miguel and Ollala, seeking the sheltered shadows beneath the balcony, talked there until late now, night after night.

One night when Louise crept back to her room, she carried with her the big box of rose geraniums she had planted for Miguel. In her room she pulled up the plants carefully and put them into water. She took out the earth and in its place put the heavy irons with which she smoothed out the wrinkles from her linen. She took wire and bound the sides of the box with it; and then, for every nail that held it together she put another. This done, she dragged the heavy thing to the balcony and hitched it along until, by degrees, she had it in place again on the railing. She got more irons and carried them out two by two and put them in the box. From a place on the chimney where the plaster had fallen,

she dug out bricks, and with these she filled the box. Over them she placed a thin layer of earth, and it was dawning morning when she stuck the rose geraniums back into their box.

Later, when she was sitting behind her shutters and peering out, Ollala called from the Alley. "Louise! Louise of the Limp, I have not seen you for days. Is it that you are sick? I am coming up. Eh?"

Louise, with a quick glance at the gouged hole in the chimney, at her stove without its lids, flung open her shutters and stepped out upon the balcony. "I am not sick," she said. "What is it that you want?" She kept her eyes upon the rose geraniums, wilting a little in their box.

"I have not seen you lately—there is much I would tell you—" Ollala began.

"I have been too busy to spend the time gossiping." Louise sprinkled the flowers with a hand that trembled, and her eyes traveled sharply from Ollala to where the rose geraniums drooped. "What would you tell me?" she questioned at last.

"Miguel is coming tonight—"

"He comes every night—and every day—I can hear him!" Louise caught her breath quickly and drew her lip beneath her teeth. "His chatter keeps awake the whole street," she added, "and the squeak of his violin!"

Ollala tossed her be-shawled head. "He will not come today," she declared. "He has to practice. He has another place now. He plays at Paul and Frank's every night for the dance. He is coming late tonight after his work—he is coming to—" Ollala's glance dropped and she fingered at the great comb that kept the coil of her black hair in place.

Louise leaned far over and gazed at her. "Yes. Yes!" she said. "Why does he come late tonight—after his work eh?"

"He is coming at midnight after the dance." Ollala threw an end of her shawl over her shoulder and, bending her head to one side, began to tap with her fingers upon her chin. "Now that he has a place we can—" she broke off and lifted her face to the gaze of Louise. "He has asked me to marry him!" she said at last.

Louise of the Limp clung to the fragile

railing of her balcony with claw-like fingers. "Ah?" she said, burying her face among her flowers.

"Tonight is the last night of Lent, you know. Tomorrow is Easter, and after his work tonight—it will be midnight then and moonlight—"

"Yes! Yes!"

"He is coming, and I will tell him—"

"You will say 'Yes' to him?" Louise questioned. She did not take her face from among her flowers.

"I came to speak to you of that," Ollala lifted sober eyes to Louise. "You are wise up there in your balcony—"

"There are so many men," Louise almost whispered; her thin fingers moving in and out among the rose geraniums caressed one here and there.

"There are likewise many women," Ollala declared, practically.

"Then—" Louise picked a flower or two and looked at them, "you will say 'Yes' to him when he comes tonight in the moonlight—"

"Playing his violin," Ollala interpolated. "He has learned many new things and tonight he will play one that he has made for me—"

"Ollala!" burst out Louise suddenly in a high voice, laughing. "I have a plan!" She took the watering can with quick hands and poured water over the rose geraniums she had raised for Miguel and that were now wilting a little in the sun—poured it over until it dripped through upon the cobbles of the Alley. She leaned far out—a scarlet patch on either cheek—and pointed. "See!" she cried. "The flat cobblestone with the water on it?"

Ollala stared at her, and then at the flat cobblestone beneath the edge of the balcony.

"Tonight," Louise went swiftly on, "when Miguel comes down the Alley playing—"

"The tune he has made for me," Ollala's eyes shone.

"When he comes," Louise shook her finger at the cobblestone, "you must stand there and I, above here in my balcony, will shower you with a cascarone—"

"But the cascarone is only for the masque at Shrove-Tuesday night," objected Ollala.

"This will be an Easter cascarone—for it will be dawning Easter—and moonlight."

"Will it be large," Ollala considered as she spoke, "or small like the ones at the ball?"

"Oh, large!" Louise looked at her with glittering eyes. "And I shall shower it over you as you stand there waiting for Miguel, and— you—" She stood erect, her hands tight on the edge of the weighted box.

"And I—?"

"And then I will go in and leave you to your Miguel," Louise laughed in sharp tones. "You will do it?"

"Assuredly. It will be a fete!"

"You must stand on the flat cobblestone."

"See! Like this, eh?" Ollala stepped beneath the edge of the balcony. With trembling hands Louise poured more water over the box and when it dripped again, she leaned out. "You can feel it?" she questioned.

Ollala moved quickly, laughing. "My shawl is wet," she cried, tilting back her head until the shawl swung from the high comb in her hair. "But will it not be odd? One is to fancy a cascarone at Easter!" A note of doubting sounded in Ollala's voice and Louise, half turned to enter her room again, paused.

"It will be a joke," she called back, "a joke among ourselves—you and me and—Miguel!"

"When he comes down the Alley playing the song he has made for me—" began Ollala, but Louise went into her room, closing the shutters behind her with a clatter.

All that day, until late at night, were the shutters closed; then, wrapped from head to foot in her black shawl, Louise of the Limp came out into the moonlight on her balcony. She stood back in the corner where the shadows clung and, flat against the house, she waited while the hours passed. Night was pressing hard into the new day when a step sounded in the Alley two doors above. Louise leaned forth, her thin white hands resting lightly upon the box of rose geraniums she had raised for Miguel. It rocked a little under her careful touch—a thing of great weight nicely balanced.

"Ollala," she whispered, peering over.

"Yes—Yes?" Ollala's voice came from the Alley.

"The flat cobblestone," Louise of the Limp said breathlessly.

"I can see it."

"You will make no mistake—then?"

"It glistens in the moonlight."

"Ay, it glistens—" Louise breathed. She stood erect among her shadows. Her hands were upon her bosom, and she looked down upon Ollala in the moonlight. Once or twice as they waited thus, out shot her white hand, and the box swayed gently under her touch.

Suddenly Ollala stirred, breathing quickly in the still night. "He comes!" she whispered softly.

At the end of the Alley, distinct as a black cameo on white onyx, appeared a figure. Ollala stepped beneath the edge of the balcony and stood upon the flat cobblestone. "Wait 'til he is close," she called under her breath. Louise peered over into her upturned face.

"Yes," she whispered, "'til he is close." She put both her hands upon the balanced box.

"Hush! He begins to play!" Ollala's voice reverberated from beneath the balcony. "It is my song! It is my song!"

Down the Alley danced the echoes of Miguel's violin. The sound of his advancing steps as he came through the moonlight was lost in the flood of music. Passionate strains swelled into the night, fell to a monotone filling the air like the fumes of a lighted incense—mounted again, a very flaming sound that danced and darted in trills and runs. On he came, his figure swaying to the rhythm of his music.

"Now! Now! The cascarone!" Ollala called in passionate undertones. "Now, Louise!"

But, in the balcony, Louise drew back her hands from the balanced box. She

swayed and stepped back from the railing. Her white hands were raised in the moonlight and fell upon her face—went out toward Miguel, and were drawn back to rest on her bosom that rose and fell as she swayed to the music. Miguel had played for her, but never had he played like this! The lilt and quiver—the laugh and hum of his notes sang in her heart and it knew!

The night was full of sweet sound. The hum of soft strains, bursting into a passionate flood swung through the air, and the rhythm and rollic of tinkling notes danced on the moonbeams. Swiftly Louise moved back to the box of rose geraniums. She gathered the wilting plants and, crushing their fragrant leaves in her nervous fingers, dropped them down. She leaned a little over as the odorous shower descended.

"An Easter cascarone!" she cried. "See! Already in the sky—" but she had leaned too far and the heavy box began to sway from her. She cried a loud warning. The music had stopped and Ollala and Miguel looked up with smiling faces. Louise tugged at the box. With strained arms she tried to drag it toward her. She called to them to beware! But they stood looking up at her and smiling, and Ollala raised her hands.

Louise flung her whole weight upon the box that was slipping from her grip. She pulled and grappled with it, and at last she drew it over the railing. With a sigh she loosened her hold for a moment. Then it fell. It dropped to the floor of the balcony and crashed through. The stanchion that old Podesta had put up gave way beneath it, and the balcony tore from its fastenings.

Ollala and Miguel leaped back to safety locked in each other's arms. There was the crash and tear of splitting timbers, and one high cry went up. . . .





SHOSHONE FALLS (210 FEET), THE NIAGARA OF THE NORTHWEST.
How the Snake River is cutting through the great lava-rock sheet in Idaho.

Volcanic Cave Wonders of the Northwest

By Randall R. Howard



MAN was digging a well on a dry-farming ranch in Central Oregon. He was down fifty feet and drilling through a lava ledge when suddenly the bottom began to drop out of the well and his tools went clanging into the weird unknown. At the same time his hat was swished from his head and whirled into black space. He had wit enough to throw himself into the suspended tub and signal to the surface. The windlass at the top of the well has never been used since.

The contractors for a large irrigation ditch on one of the high plains of Crook County, Oregon, wished to test the first section of the artificial channel, just completed in accordance with surveyors'

stakes. A large head of water was turned in as the crew quit work in the evening. Next morning the waste gate and the middle section of the ditch were as dry as the original desert. Following on up the ditch they found the whole head of water surging into a lava crack, and the torrent could be heard dashing against a rocky surface far below. The only remedy was a flume or a detour, for doomsday would have found the earth-crack still thirsty.

Two Central Oregon cowboys were following a herd of wild steers from where they had been "jumped" on the open grassy ridges of the High Desert, toward the round-up grounds near Deschutes River. The long-horned leaders were in a well-worn trail pointing in the right direction, so the "buckaroos"

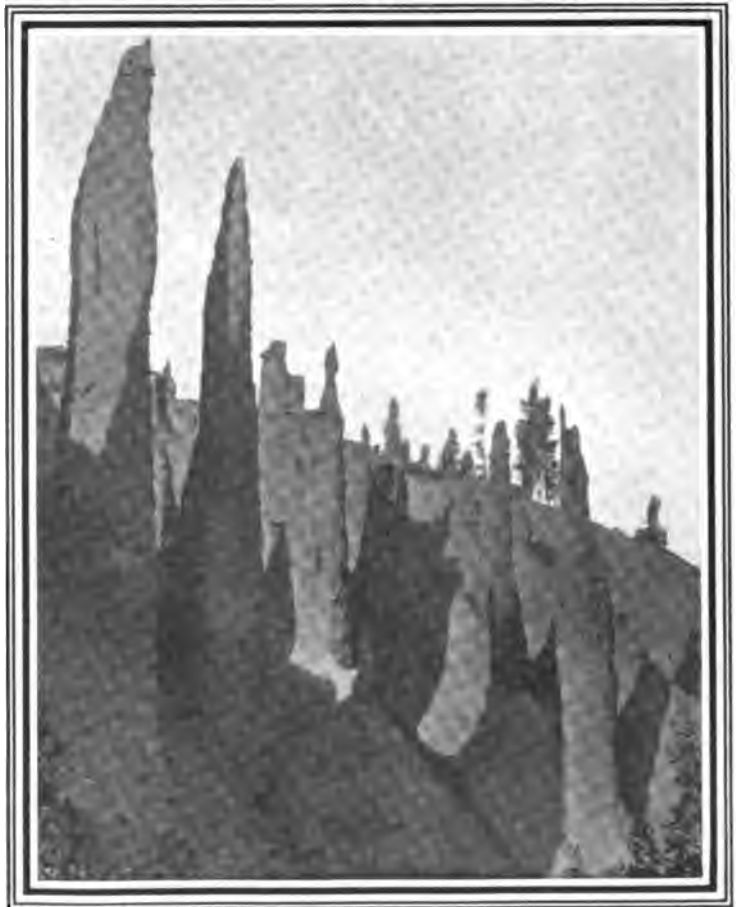
jogged along far behind with the hope that the "cow-brutes" would quiet down and save their tallow for the 200-mile fall drive to the railway. One of the horsemen aroused himself from a half-reverie to find the beef steers nowhere in sight—though there were no hills nor trees for several miles about. He galloped to the top of a ridge—but still no cattle. They had been swallowed up in their dust, and their dust had become desert air. The cowboy rubbed his eyes and called to his companion. They did not choose to admit a miracle, nor that they had been in a dream, so sullenly fell back to instinct and the trail of fresh tracks.

Suddenly this trail and half a dozen other converging ones disappeared in a great gaping earth-hole at the end of a little scooped-out hollow. They were still wondering at the strangeness of it all when a band of horses dashed out of the blackness of the cave and went clattering and snorting past them. They rode down the sandy slope and back into the semi-darkness and could see creatures which they found to be the lost steers. Back a hundred yards along the level floor and through the wide high-vaulted passage they came to a sharp turn, beyond which was an overhead circular opening to the surface, forming a perfect skylight to the horse and cattle mansion of the desert.

This cave, located a few miles east of Bend, in Crook County, Oregon, has been appropriately named Horse Cave. A few years ago, before the section had been re-

claimed by a large irrigation project, worn trails led from all directions to Horse Cave, which is much warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the surface.

Others of these volcanic caves of the Northwest have been utilized by the stockmen for corrals. The traveler across the plains has also marked their location, for many of them contain the only water supply for miles around. With the coming of the village and the town, some of these caves, with an inexhaustible storage of ice, have become commercially valuable and have been converted into city ice plants. Weird cave stories are frequently current in the Northwest. Every now and then comes the discovery of a new cave—"bigger and more



Photograph by A. J. Armstrong.

PINNACLES LEFT BY EROSION IN A DEPOSIT OF VOLCANIC ASH AND SCORIA, WEST SAND CREEK CANYON, CRATER LAKE PARK, OREGON. HEIGHT ABOUT 175 FEET.

marvelous than Mammoth Cave," the newspapers say. One tells the story of a man who followed a system of caves in Idaho twenty-two miles; but many of the caves have never been fully explored. Great regions of the Northwest are honeycombed with fantastic, mystic and weird underground passages that tell interesting geological stories.

Nor are the caves of the Northwest without their life tragedies. A merry-making party, including two young men, their wives and several accompanying women and children, started out to explore the famous "Marble Halls" caves near Grants Pass in Southern Oregon. The party had reached the third chamber on the upper floor of this intricate system of caverns. Some fantastic story of the cave being the rendezvous of a band of robbers had made some of them very nervous. The leader was advancing, with a pistol in his hand, when he lost his footing in attempting to climb to an upper cavity. In the fall the weapon was discharged, the ball entering the leader's left eye and passing into his brain. One badly frightened member of the party shouted "Murder" and all but the injured man and his wife precipitately fled. Only one torch was left, and it soon went out. The wife was alone in under-world darkness with the husband whose life blood was flowing from a fatal wound. She desperately tore up some of her garments for use in an effort to check the flow and save his life. She cried time after time for aid, while trying to coax the limp form back to consciousness, but the only answer was the hollow echo from the Stygian darkness. One can hardly imagine the agony of the devoted woman as she felt her husband's blood slowly pouring out over her hands and person. She sat thus for four hours or more, listening to the steadily-weakening breathing, which was the only sound that came from the blackness, and doubtless wondering in bitter grief at her desertion by her friends.

At last she realized that her husband was dead. Exhausted and grief-stricken, she groped about on hands and knees over the slippery floor and found the guide-string, which luckily was not broken. Its end she secured to a rock

which she placed by the lifeless body so that she could return for a long last vigil should she not reach the cave entrance. Painfully picking her way through the utter darkness and over sharp, ragged rocks, she followed the cotton thread. By perseverance and good luck she at last saw the speck of light that marked the cave entrance, and escaped to daylight after five hours of soul-breaking strain. The other members of the party had left no traces of themselves even at this point, and the woman, with wild eyes, disheveled hair and torn garments saturated with her husband's blood, climbed four miles along steep mountain sides to the nearest settlement.

The other members of the party were so terror-stricken that none could be induced to return to the cave. They retreated in the wildest haste from the cavern, stopped only long enough to tell the first man they met of the supposed murder, and then hastened on to the ranch of one of their relatives. Aid was summoned by telephone and a searching party organized to rescue the body. The brave but widowed woman was left a nervous wreck.

The cave wonders of the Northwest, with the closely-related surface-lava flows and extinct volcanic craters, have received National recognition. Oregon has two National Parks, both created because of their cave and volcanic marvels. One of them includes the previously-mentioned "Marble Halls" of Josephine County, which are so extensive and intricate that they never have been fully explored. The other reserved area is Crater Lake National Park, a volcanic region of majestic beauty, reached from Medford and Klamath Falls.

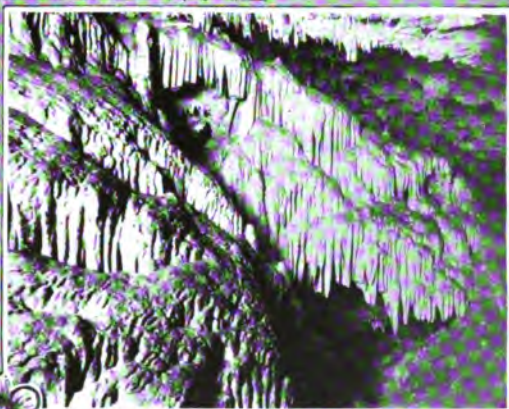
The caves of the Northwest were popular even before the days of the stockmen of the desert or even the first travelers across the plains. In Harney County, Oregon, about forty miles from Burns, is a cave which was doubtless a noted fortress of the desert for the early-day Indians. Possibly it was a hiding place where the old men and squaws were left when the braves went to war, for it is approached from a small gouged-out place on a level plain. About the entrance are wagonloads of flints,



ABANDON HOPE TRAIL



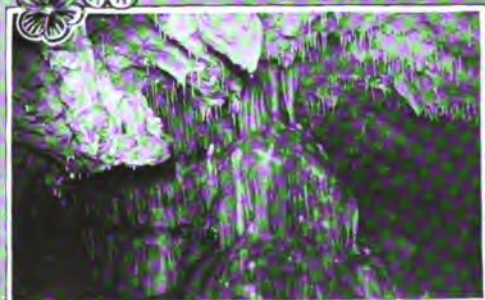
THE DEVIL'S NUBBIN



GROTTO OF WORMS



CHAMBER OF HORRORS



"HIS MARK" CHAMBER

such as the Indian used to make arrow heads for the battle and the chase. Among the scraps are finished and half-finished points of all sizes. A great mass of rocks and earth is piled about the opening, leaving a narrow passageway that could be defended by the few against the many. The opening broadens into a large chamber where several thousand savages could find shelter. Behind the first chamber is another fortified opening and a second cavern, and in this second cavern is a deep lake of fresh water.

On a recent trip through Central Oregon, our party had decided to explore some of these cave wonders. We were near the vigorous town of Bend, on the Deschutes River, in the heart of one of the most notable volcanic-cave regions in the Northwest. This region is now traversed by a railway, but at that time it was a hundred miles from the sound of the nearest locomotive whistle.

We inquired where we might find a cave. The first man was impatient and in a hurry, and with a vigorous wave of

an arm about his head, said, "Oh, just go anywhere and you will come to one, all right."

The possibilities were bewildering. Each man gave us a different direction, one of them adding: "But you dont get me into any of them caves. I've seen too many well-bottoms drop out, and too many hell-holes in the desert with water roarin' two or three hundred feet below."

We decided to drive ten miles up county to what is called Dillman Cave. This cave is near an immense black lava flow—one of the most recent in America—and only a few miles from a picturesque extinct volcano called Lava Butte.

We secured as a guide a young man who once had his "Fourth of July" at the cave. A sack of pitch splinters for torches was cut from a charred pine stump on the way. So common are caves in this region that the wagon tracks through the open timber were followed with difficulty, though the cave entrance is only a mile from a much-traveled road.

Our guide proved a good woodsman



LOADING ICE FROM ONE OF THE ICE CAVES IN THE ANCIENT LAVA BEDS OF THE NORTHWEST.



THE "DEVIL'S POST PILE," MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.
An example of quaint basaltic formation in the volcanic overflow region.

and we were soon at the edge of a deep, ragged trench, fifty feet wide and a hundred yards long. The sides were steep and at either end of the depression were black openings which nobody needed to tell us were the entrances to two caves that reached out in opposite directions. More properly the trench only marked the spot where a portion of the roof of the formerly continuous cave had dropped—truly a "cave-in."

Every cave of the region has its peculiar history of discovery, though some of them are open secrets of Nature and have always been known to the Indian and the later white man. Hunters have followed bears into the concealed openings, and the horse of the cowboy, scared by the noise of rushing wind through a small hole, has located still others. This particular cave, or system of caves, is credited to and bears the name of one Dillman, a stockman and trapper who lives near and who accidentally happened

upon the opening during one of his hunting trips. His hunter sense may have drawn him to it, for just within the unexplored one of the two caves, deer horns and bones are numerous.

The guide led us through wonders and weirdness to a point, perhaps two miles from the entrance, where washed-in sand abruptly filled the passageway. Here the fame-seeking tourists who had gone before during the past few years had written their several scores of names on a penny tablet and left the register sealed in a Mason fruit jar. Pitch smoke had blackened the roof and torch stubs littered the floor.

We had returned again to the entrance full of wonder and awe. My scientific inquisitiveness was fairly steaming and I was for going into the other cave—"which nobody has ever been through," the guide had told us. It was getting near time for the guide to drive up the cows at the ranch several miles away,



HOW AN "ICE TRUST" WAS BUSTED.

Getting natural ice down from the entrance to Ice Cave, Central Oregon

and the other members of the party were cave-saturated for the day. So I was left alone with my scientific spirit and a pitch torch. I started in to do this new cave alone, all in good faith, fearing neither darkness, nor beast.

It was painfully slow progress in some places, climbing over the sharp rocks of the floor and hunting out a passageway when there were several from which to choose. I had heard that cave ex-

plorers unwound balls of twine as they advanced, so as to insure their return passage: I had no twine. The floor was level and smooth in most places, and of formerly molten lava. The walls, from twenty to sixty feet apart, were regular and perpendicular, meeting overhead in an arch, sometimes forty feet, sometimes a hundred feet from the floor. Occasionally the passageway broadened into a chamber fit for a prince—the Prince of Ghosts—and then narrowed to the "Fat Man's Misery," which all caves have. Then there would be a season of stumbling through a mass of jagged rocks fallen from the roof or of crawling over a great bank of clay which reached nearly to the ceiling.

The very darkness, as you shamble along alone, jabs mouldy fingers at you; your torch sputters and almost curses as big ruffian drops of water jump

recklessly from the ceiling; a stone loosened bounds hilariously from jag to jag and sends back waves that go screeching like demon laughs up and down, back and forth, through the passageway. The sepulchral stillness of the place, when self-made sounds cease, as you listen, is made nerve-straining by the hollow plunk—plunk—plunk, irritatingly regular, of the drops of water into the little pools at your feet. Everywhere is al-

ways the same, no suggestion of life, no evidence of man's hand, nothing to inspire, impel; nothing but stumbling, blackness, freaks, fantasies, fancies, goblins, devils. Getting enough at last, I fled to outer light, which I reached with relief.

From Dillman Cave we drove back about three miles to Lava Butte, toward which the cave seemingly pointed. We made our camp at the edge of a great field of jagged lava, the first dyke rising abruptly fifty or sixty feet. We were near a thirty-foot-wide earth crack leading away from the lava bed and extending for miles through the open forest. By following the worn trunk of a tree thirty or forty feet down into this crack, the August air was changed into a mid-winter chill and we were able to get a bucketful of snow and ice for the camp.

Mountain sheep have made steep trails on the south side of Lava Butte which rises symmetrically five or six hundred feet above the surrounding surface and is a landmark for miles about. We ascended the wooded north side of the extinct volcano, for only mountain sheep could climb through the loose sand and lava pebbles of the opposite side. All of the smooth sticks at the top of the butte had been used as a roll-of-honor register for those who had previously made the climb, the largest stick bearing, in addition to a pencilled name, the carved greeting: "Yours for socialism." Over the rim of the rounded top is a great cup-like crater, more than a hundred feet deep. Crumbled red lava rock



HUGE ICE FORMS IN A SOUTHERN WASHINGTON LAVA CAVE.

fills the bottom of the crater, and stunted pine trees are struggling for life in the former furnace opening to the molton interior of the earth.

We looked out across the twenty or thirty square miles of black lava desolation for which Lava Butte crater is responsible. In the distance the lava flow was as a fresh-plowed field of the giants, with no evidence of animal or vegetable life except for a twig standing here and there. Nearer, the lava surface was sharp, ragged and rough, with scattered



A BIT OF WALL IN A LAVA CAVE.

Seemingly cooled but yesterday, instead of probably thousands of years ago.

gnarled junipers and twisted little pine trees sending their roots down into the surface cracks.

It is very difficult to make one's way across such a lava field. If one's shoes are not of the whole-leather, sheep-herder type he will most likely find himself barefooted before he has gone a mile. Three miles of such lava is crossed by the old McKenzie wagon road through the Cascades, and these three miles are the terror of the trip, the tales of which have caused many a traveler to drive a hundred miles out of his way to escape it.

The lava fields about Lava Butte are among the newest on the Continent—perhaps only a century or a century and

a half old, geologists say. Early settlers declare that when they first came the now cold water of the Deschutes was so hot near the lava as to be undrinkable. Indian tradition tells of a time when Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens became angry at each other and shot fire and hurled great stones and darkened the sun with clouds of ashes. Then it was that the "Bridge of the Gods," said to have been a natural bridge across the Columbia where Cascade Locks is now located, dropped into the river, and the falls above The Dalles were lowered enough so the salmon could leap them and go their way to the mountain-brook spawning grounds.

Probably many years later than this tradition day the dusky-skinned natives of Central Oregon saw the terrible week that left Lava Butte a notable landmark. There may have been a long period of

earth writhing and groaning, or maybe there was but a single great convulsion that shattered tepees and prostrated every savage form in petition to the Great Spirit. The result was a deep, wide earth fracture, miles long, one side of the surface dropping down ten to thirty feet. Lava Butte now stands over one point in this fracture, according to geological theory. The fracture extended miles downward, and to the interior of the earth, which interior is under such pressure that it becomes liquid, hundreds of degrees hot, wherever it is suddenly released. The surface moisture was converted into clouds of steam shooting miles into the air. The terror-stricken savages then saw the steam cloud mingled

with and followed by an immense spouting, hissing and exploding geyser of livid lava, ash and sand. There followed a stream of thin molten lava that raced three and two-thirds miles in four minutes. Other volcanoes have shot out boulders weighing tons and hurled them hissing fiery trajectories crashing to the earth forty miles away. The clouds of accompanying lava ash brought the darkness of night and destroyed all vegetation for miles away in the direction of the prevailing wind. At many points volcanic ash is found, sometimes to the depth of thirty feet.

No lava passed through the top of Lava Butte crater, geological evidence shows, but the molten stream burst through the side of the mountain that was being formed. The lava followed the slope of the land

and turned toward Deschutes River, a few miles distant. The river was crowded from its banks for five or six miles and a large lake created by the obstruction.

Dillman Cave is a by-product of an earlier lava flow in the same region. A lava stream flowing out across the land soon cools on the surface and on the bottom, since lava is a very poor conductor of heat. These surface crusts most often break up, which is one of the causes of the extreme ragged appearance of a lava



UNDER THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE LAVA CAVES OF WHITE SALMON VALLEY, WASHINGTON.

field. Under the most favorable conditions the bottom and the top crusts, forty or fifty feet thick, will become a long shell, and the still molten interior lava will flow on. The result is a Dillman Cave, or a Horse Cave, or one of the hundreds of other caves of the volcanic regions of the Northwest. Perchance surface moisture also enters into the formation of some of these caves, creating steam that fashions the larger caverns and produces the "blow-out" surface openings that some of them have.



Photograph by A. J. Armstrong.

PINNACLES FROM EROSION IN A DEPOSIT OF VOLCANIC ASH AND SCORIA, EAST SAND CREEK CANYON, CRATER LAKE PARK, OREGON.

As many as forty or fifty extinct volcanoes may be counted from some of the higher look-out points of the Inland Empire, though very few of them are as recent or as interesting as Lava Butte. Professor Israel C. Russell, in one of his reports published by the United States Geological Survey, says: "The lava fields and volcanic mountains of the Northwest are probably the most extensive on earth and demand attention as furnishing one of the most instruc-



AN EARTH CRACK IN THE LAVA REGION.

tive chapters in the geologic history of the planet." He estimates that not less than 150,000 cubic miles of dense rock have been transferred from the interior of the earth to the surface of this region. Imagine, for example, this dense lava mass of 150,000 cubic miles in the form of a rectangular block, 388 miles square, and one mile thick. Place one corner of the square at New York, and the diagonal corner would reach beyond Detroit, while the other two cor-

ners would almost touch Ottawa, Canada, to the north, and Richmond, Virginia, to the south. Or sliced up, all of the New England States could be covered a mile deep with lava, and there would be enough remaining to cover Pennsylvania, and all but a county or two of Ohio, to the same depth.

Where was all of this immense volume of lava stowed away in the Northwest? To prevent strain of imagination we must go many centuries and perhaps millions of years further back than the volcanic era. Professor Condon tells the interesting story in his, "The Two Islands."

In beginning days, but two little portions of what is now Oregon were above the surface of the ocean — one island

in the southwest corner and the other in the northwest corner. The Cascade-Sierra Nevada range later grew out of the ocean as a continuous seadyke, and the Inland Empire region became a great lake which in time lost its saltiness. As the Cascades upfolded, the Central Oregon lake deepened, reaching an estimated depth of from 2000 to 3000 feet. The bottom of the lake gradually lifted, and volcanoes may have been active even at this time. The Northwest was now a land of great lakes and low hills. Palms grew luxuriantly, and the rhinoceros and hippopotamus found their natural homes in the semi-tropics. Later the primitive, three-toed, horse arrived, there being traces of several species, ranging in size from that of the Newfoundland dog of the present day to the antelope.



QUAINT LAVA-ROCK (BASALT) FORMATIONS ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

The Cascades grew taller, shutting off more and more of the Coast moisture. The interior of the earth cooled and contracted and the earth crust wrinkled as a withered apple, often cracking and allowing great volumes of lava to pour out and fill the Inland Empire lakes. Some of this lava was blown fine and sifted over the land as ashes and sand. The Inland Empire became semi-arid. The northern drainage basin changed from a chain of lakes into a great river which we now call the Columbia. The north and south drainage basin became the Deschutes River which parallels the Cascades to the Columbia River. The primitive horse lost his two useless toes and there later came the fleet Indian pony that found in the interior Northwest the ideal grazing land, and that carried his master about in a hunter's

paradise. The present lava caves of the Northwest were created, and the formerly rough lava surface weathered into a rich soil covered, as it were, with an everlasting fertilizer—a soil which with water, in favored locations, is not excelled for productiveness.

The lava caves of the Northwest are more than interesting, weird, mysterious. Some of them are useful; not a few have present commercial worth. Take as an example, Ice Cave, about twenty miles from Bend, in Central Oregon, in the center of the dry desert. In the early village days of this inland town one of the ambitious and very modern business men of the place decided to corner the ice supply. It happened that this individual also owned a saloon. There were two other drink-oases in the desert metropolis—but they were competitors. This was before the “dry” wave swept over Crook County, and the summer air seemed to make cool, sizzling drinks very popular. The outside-of-the-trust saloon-

keepers went as usual to buy their ice for the day. “The price is now ten cents per pound. How much do you want?” was the chill greeting.

After all of the paying customers of one of the outsiders had gravitated to the “with-ice” place, he found he had time to do a little thinking. Very early the next morning he had a surveying crew at work and a light wagon went crunching across the desert. Before two days were gone the Bend Ice Trust had evaporated. To “cinch” the new-found ice supply an obliging friend of the resort-keeper filed on Ice Cave as a homestead.

Ice Cave—or Ice Farm—is fifteen miles from the nearest known water and located at the crest of a little ridge with an elevation of about 4000 feet. A few rods from the opening is a floor of pure clear ice, the bin being as large as a good-sized room and of unknown depth. Beyond this first bin is another of about equal size. The supply is inexhaustible, for the ice re-forms constantly.



Photograph by Gifford.

LAVA BUTTE, CENTRAL OREGON.

Scene of the most recent lava flow in the United States.

A decorative border of repeating floral and leaf motifs surrounds the text.

At the Apothecary's Shop

By George Sterling

Its red and emerald beacons on the night
Draw human moths in melancholy flight,
With beams whose gaudy glories point the way
To safety or destruction—choose who may!
Crystal and powder, oils or tincture clear,
Such the dim sight of man beholds, but here
Await, indisputable in their pow'r,
Great presences, abiding each his hour:
And for a little price rash man attains
This council of the perils and the pains—
This parliament of death, and brotherhood
Omnipotent for evil and for good.

Venoms of vision, myrrh of splendid swoons,
They wait us past the green and scarlet moons.
Here prisoned rest the tender hands of Peace,
And there an angel at whose bidding cease
The clamors of the tortured sense, the strife
Of nerves confounded in the war of life.
Within this vial pallid Sleep is caught,
In that, the sleep eternal. Here are sought
Such webs as in their agonizing mesh
Draw back from doom the half-reluctant flesh.
There beck the traitor joys to him who buys,
And Death sits panoplied in gorgeous guise.

The dusts of hell, the dewes of heavenly sods,
Water of Lethe or the wine of gods,
Purchase who will, but, ere his task begin,
Beware the service that you set the djinn!
Each hath his mercy, each his certain law,
And each his Lord behind the veil of awe;
But ponder well the ministry you crave,
Lest he be final master, you the slave.
Each hath a price, and each a tribute gives
To him who turns from life and him who lives.
If so you win from Pain a swift release,
His face shall haunt you in the house of Peace;
If so from Pain you scorn an anodyne,
Peace shall repay you with a draft divine.

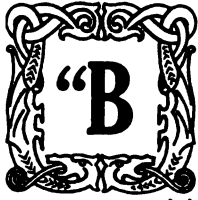
Tho' toil and time be now by them surpast,
Exact the recompense they take at last—
These genii of the vials, wreaking still
Their sorceries on human sense and will.

Sam and His Head

A Tale of the Samoan War

By Stanley R. Osborn

"The Whole Head is Sick, and the Whole Heart Faint."



UT. Your Excellencies, you damn fools! you cant cut off *my* head."

In answer Tanifa, the Shark, whose hooked nose made him look almost as fierce as a white man, spat viciously with his fingers against his lips. Tu-mau chuckled till his square body shook. But Até-valu, the Eight Livered, only smiled down at his leaf-wrapped cigarette.

Sam, the white prisoner, gave but a glance to the first and the second, then turned on the excellency that smiled. But he could not read the veiled smile.

"They wont take my head," he assured himself at length for the hundredth time. "Of course they wont; of course they wont. Five years I've lived among 'em, the big soft Kanakas, and they would n't hurt a kitten. They must have their joke—that's all."

But he shivered, nevertheless, though he would not acknowledge the doubt. Hostile chiefs and rulers dozed on his porch, wound in their print-stuffs, like dead men in a row. A loopholed barricade of stones marched out of the encroaching jungle, straight across his clearing, and away again into the silent bush. His eyes turned wistfully to these silent trees that cut off his view of the warships down below and the white men's town upon the beach, around which his captors drew their line.

For Sam had stayed too long on the wrong side of this wall, protecting his little plantation, in the civil strife among the Samoans which raged over the succession to the kingship. The ruler being dead, Sam had seen both old Mata-afa and young Malie-toa put forward to claim the place; had seen the followers of the former, now his captors, sweep the

followers of the latter into the sea; and the American and the British ships of war then join actively with the defeated to drive the victors in turn from the capital town into the surrounding bush. There the frustrated faction built its wall, and challenged the white men to come out and make it surrender its pretensions.

Aiding neither side, Sam at first had seen no reason to fear. Even when these ships of his own country, to break the defenders of the wall, had begun to burn houses and boats, to kill men, to shell villages left to the women and children, he had not realized until too late what his fate might be at the hands of the exasperated natives.

As if to give point to his fears a shell now came across the tree tops. "Prrrrr-rrr-rr-r-r-r-r-r—" and burst on the mountainside in the rear, blundering and impotent. For the ships' gunners must fire without mark. They could only guess where this single thread of pugnacious brown wove through the up-tilting tapestry of tree green.

The echoes came flapping down from the hills and the sleepers stirred. "Who is afraid?" muttered a drowsy ancient, rising on his elbow. "Jehovah makes of his protecting love a breastwork unto us, and leads astray the fury of the shoots-over-the-ground. Who is afraid!" And he covered his head with his cloth again and sank upon the bamboo pillow.

Tanifa, the Shark, spat between his fingers. "If one of those fool things does alight upon us," he said, "I *will* cut off Samu's head."

"No," said Até-valu, the Eight Livered, "if you please, no. Not you—but me. Samu is my man."

Sam laughed. He was not sure about his head, so he must laugh. But it is not easy to jest—when you do not know.

"Thus far," continued Até-valu, "we smile at Samu's horizon-bursting white men of the warships and would take no great joy of Samu's head rolling upon the pebbles. These white men, in their pride, refuse to see that we mean to fight till Mata-afa, the chosen, is king. If this were plain to them they would make a good arrangement at once and end the war. But it is ever in their minds that we are but big brown children and must give to their desire. This mistake must be shown them. Otherwise Samu's head is cut. For if they should make dead some high man among us; if, say, Tu-mau here lay dead, the heart within us would turn cold as a corpse. Then we would warm it in Samu's blood. Let the matter stand thus, Samu; your excellent head against Tu-mau's head."

The white man shrugged his shoulders. Tu-mau chuckled till his body shook. "Then I t'ink you die too quick," he said in English, and patted Sam on the back. "Me, I been say I catch 'im three heads belonga that Falé-ata place. Three head, you see?" and he held up three big square fingers. "Before, in otha war, those pig been kill Tu-mau, tha's fatha for me. You see?"

"Give me a fair chance," urged the white man. "Everybody knows Tu-mau is brave as a fool. But, Até-valu, I'll bet my head against yours—and feel safe enough."

The ever-ready laugh rose at this sally, but it fell upon silence for, out from the pall of trees, four had come and now swung along the wall. They came in silence, these four, and no man spoke; but all along and along gleamed the white of eyes. For, of the four, one swung beneath a pole, his splendid young body going home to the soil of his own place. Sam knew the first man. He wondered if he had known the second; but over the horrid red disc between the shoulders a leaf hung close down with sheltering caress, and beckoned, "Flap, flap," to the crone that trotted behind. "E-e-e-e—" wailed the mother all along the wall, and "E-e-e-e—" when the trees had reached out and taken them in.

Slowly the muscles of the white man's throat rose and swelled until he could scarcely breathe. He found, with a start, that the eyes of Até-valu, the Eight Liv-

ered, were fixed upon those crawling muscles. The eyes dropped to their owner's long brown fingers, and rested in an odd smile. Tu-mau, with head thrown back, had launched into a meaningless ditty. He stopped short.

"You see. Bymby, s'pose, I no get those three head from Falé-ata place, I come home alla same—my head in a basket."

He arose and stalked down to the wall. Presently Sam followed him. "About those Falé-ata men—" he began. "It is an old scar by now, and you are already known for very brave. What is the use?"

Tu-mau shrugged his shoulders. "Three," he insisted.

"Dont be a fool," urged the other. "For how many kegs of beef do you owe Berger in your town?"

Tu-mau chuckled. "Four kegs."

"More likely only two," said Sam. "But never mind. I am your friend, and an easy man. I will pay for the beef."

"Maybe six kegs?"

"Am I a fool?" growled the white.

"Am I a coward?" chuckled the brown.

"No!" said the white; "you have n't sense enough to be a coward. But if I am alive to give and you to take, six it shall be."

The brown shook with delight. "Oe! you will give six? Then I t'ink you too much afraid!"

The white swore under his breath. "Since there are two of us in this matter," he said, "I will make it eight—eight good kegs."

Tu-mau patted him on the back. "I sorry. But Falé-ata place too much pig. My boy all wait. We go quick, look see—shoot Falé-ata now."

With their guns Tu-mau's party clambered over the barricade, and the bush took them, also, into its deep bosom. The prisoner turned back with darkened face. "I tell you, they wont take your head," he repeated dully. They're no butchers." But his restraint broke in a flood of curses. "If I just knew, if I knew for sure that grinning Até-valu would, I'd be better off. This doubt—I cant stand it—I'm going all to pieces. God, if I only knew!"

As before, Até-valu, the Eight Livered, sat in his place against the cabin. But

beside him, now, lay an axe and a head-knife. "The knife has an edge almost like no edge at all," he volunteered at length; "and the axe has a nick."

"From chopping the neck-bone of Tanga-loa's son," added Tanifa, the Shark.

Sam grunted. "If either of you ever took a head, I do not know it," he answered. "If, in this whole war, a dozen are taken, I miss my guess." But he could not overlook the silent question of their eyes. "Well?" he snarled at last.

Até-valu smiled. "If perchance the chiefly Tu-mau returns not; then—which?"

The blue eyes flared up, but the black were as soft as velvet. Sam tried to laugh, but ended with an oath. "You cant cut off *my* head," he blustered; "you cant cut off *my* head."

"If the knife were not so dull—" ventured Até-valu, the Eight Livered. "A file, now—"

Sam glowered at his tormenter, and the chiefs and rulers laughed long and loud. He turned on his heel but, in a moment came back and held out his hand. "Give me the knife," he said. "Many the banana its cut, you cookhouse warrior. I'll sharpen it now for you to dull again—on bananas."

Sam filed sullenly. Now and again, as he paused, the silence of the bush fell upon them. Far away a pigeon cooed, the surf murmured sleepily, and the brown men nodded as they sat. Then, of a sudden, as if a street door had been thrown open, there came to them sharply the "Pop, pop—ke-bang." of a ragged volley. Tu-mau had found Falé-ata town.

The white man listened, with file held rigid. Far away the pigeon called, the surf murmured on; but the bush told no more. "Curse the trees," he whispered. "I'm here, buried alive, and that reckless idiot is down there in all that hell and trouble and I cant see, I cant hear!"

He turned to the knife with a shrug, for again he had found the eyes of Até-valu, the Eight Livered, upon his throat. He worked steadily at the big Sheffield blade that, by a turning of plowshares into swords, had become a "tooth of death." Somewhere among the trees was Tu-mau—who had got the three heads of

Falé-ata town, or was being brought back, his own head in a basket. And if the latter, if Tu-mau were dead—what then?

Suddenly, as Sam worked, a bloody man ran from among the trees. He sprang upon the barricade. The prisoner saw that he waved his arms, that he spoke excitedly. Even as the man gave the alarm, a shell flew across the tree tops. Another set the echoes flapping, another and another, and a dozen more. An attack, led by officers from the ships, would find and cut the one brown thread that hid in the tapestry of green.

"Gr-r-r—" growled the wall, and shook itself awake. From the shelters all along they scurried like ants; binding white turbans upon their heads, fastening belts and pouches, cramming rifles. Chieftains bellowed, women ran with water, children wailed. Then they swarmed over the stones, these big brown ants, going out to meet the enemies of Mata-afa, the chosen.

The white man sprang to his feet. "Come on," he cried; "come on. We cant stay here. They're going now—they'll all be gone!"

Até-valu, the Eight Livered, stretched himself and smiled. Sam ran into the little house and brought out a thin sheet of steel, that had come from a wreck. It would stop a leaden bullet and there was a bolt-hole through which to fire.

"Where's Tu-mau?" he demanded. "Where is that Tu-mau?"

The jungle was awake now, wide awake. Turbulent man in a moment had shattered the silence of a thousand years. "Come on," panted Sam. "We must find Tu-mau. Run—run, Até-valu. We'll be too late."

They plunged into a Babel of many-tongued weapons. Behind each tree a defender of the wall waited. Now and then, through the smoke, the red-turbaned head of an assailant flashed, and was gone. Stricken leaves came fluttering down and the dirt flirted from the spinning lead. A man, dashing the blood from his eyes, went staggering with monotonous "Oe-oe-oe-oe—"

Thank Heaven! there in front was Tu-mau. Sam struggled up to him with the shield. Tu-mau's eyes were ablaze.

"Falé-ata," he exulted; "Falé-ata

place come. You see—bymby, three head for me.” He stared at the shield. “Oe, for me?” and he chuckled till his square body shook. “No,” he said. “Betta for you. You go back quick—bymby too much fight. For me—” He held up three stubby fingers.

They were giving ground, the defenders; drawing the assault on and on, where the trees stood close and the loopholes waited in the wall. Sam stumbled from tree to tree, dragging the shield. Tanifa, the Shark, fired savagely. Tu-mau ran ever in the hottest of the fight. But Até-valu, the Eight Livered, kept always at the white man’s elbow, watchful and smiling. As for the white man, he saw nothing else, only that Tu-mau did run ever in the hottest of the fight. “I cant stand here like this,” he groaned. “If I had a gun, now—if I only had a gun to help.”

A taro flat lay in their way. Already the fighters, with heads held low, were beginning to scuttle across the open to take up the defense among the trees in the rear. Sam threw down the shield: Tumau did not want it. He ran with the others. The planted land would be a hot place for the last man that crossed.

At the farther side he turned to look—Tu-mau was the last man. The red turbans of the assault flashed among the trees, but Tu-mau defied them. There, in the open, the bullets flirting around his feet, he challenged—leaping into the air, beating the ground with his rifle, bellying like a bull. It was the way of his fathers; splendid in the day of club and spear, dreadful now to see.

A bullet scorched the white man’s cheek. He brushed the place impatiently, as if to drive away a fly. There he, also, stood in the open, unconscious of his own peril, fascinated by the splendid danger of this other man.

A bullet cut the strap of Tu-mau’s cartridge pouch. “I can’t bear it!” cried the watcher; “I cant bear to stand and watch!” He turned and fled.

Stumbling among the trees he ran and crossed the wall, but could not leave behind the fierce outcry of battle. He threw himself, panting, upon his bed, but sprang up desperately.

“I could n’t watch,” he whispered; “and now—I cant see.”

A dozen times he threw himself down upon his bunk and gripped his hands upon his ears. A dozen times he sprang up to rush back into the fighting. God, what was going on out there among the trees!

But the torturing outcry ended. He became aware that the attack had failed; it had not cut the thread of brown. The firing grew more distant, dwindled, ceased; a straggling shot or two, and then the silence of the bush came settling down.

But this silence—it was far more dreadful. It was like death. He licked his lips and stood, waiting, with knotted hands upon the door. He listened, and heard no sound. Who was dead out there? Why didn’t the devils cheer? Were they creeping, crawling for him through the silence?

Then the silence itself ended. Shrill, startling, from among the trees came a cry of exultation, a chorus of victory. The defenders of the wall were trooping back. Sam’s hands relaxed. The sweat broke from his forehead and he laughed weakly. He had been a fool. They would n’t cheer so if the—the other man were dead.

But even as he laughed he was aware of a new sound; a drone of pity, a wail of death. Into the clearing they came and they bore a limp body. Was it—was it the man?

Sam started forward, then drew back in panic. A moment later he had plunged down the path among them, shouldering them away. It was Tu-mau.

A little hole was in the broad breast. It was such a little hole, so round, so clean, to have done this thing. As they laid him down Tu-mau’s eyes opened and he smiled at Sam. “Falé-ata place,” he said thickly and tried to hold up three square fingers. But he was dead.

Tu-mau was dead, and the prisoner stood, staring, with blanched face. It was as if the end had already come to him, as if his own body lay there dead. Moments passed before he realized, with a start, that his own heart still beat, that the breath of life was still hot in his nostrils.

They were gathered close around him. He turned furtive hunted eyes, and found no hope. In an instant they would for-

get their grief; their hands would be upon his throat. But even as he looked, the sorrowing faces were blotted out, the drone of grief was lost in a blinding sulphurous roar. At last a shell had blundered upon the wall.

For a breath, silence. Then a shorn branch fell with a startling crash, the smoke lifted to show gray faces staring from the ground. A moment more, and a dazed fellow fled scampering under the trees. Sam sprang to his feet, seized an axe, and bounded toward the wall.

But Tanifa, the Shark, was no less quick. "Pigs of white men!" he screamed, and his rifle flashed. He threw the lever; this time he would fire with deadly aim. But Até-valu, the Eight Livered, struck the weapon from his hands.

Sam faced them, desperate. Até-valu slipped upon him; smiling, lithe and long,

with empty hands. Sam sprang forward. He struck with all his power. But the brown slipped under the swing and, catching the axe handle as it crossed above his head, sent the white sprawling among the stones.

For a moment Sam lay still. Then, "You devil," he panted; "hit straight, I tell you—hit straight!"

"Kill Your Excellency? No!" cried Até-valu, and this time he did not smile. "You, Samu, have seen all too well. You can, you *will* go to these white men of the warships and make them to understand. Go to the horizon-bursters and say: 'We fight and die till Mata-afa is the king!'"

And Sam, joyfully realizing that the Kanaka had the good sense to see that his head was more valuable on, than off his shoulders, went speedily.

The Sexton of the Sea

By Dick Fargo

You scatter flowers on the grassy mound
That marks the spot where your loved ones be;
You bring them emblems with never a thought
For the dead beneath the sea.
For every ship that the hands of men
Have builded with chart and wheel,
The bones of men in a hundred-fold
Are laid beneath its keel.
A canvas shroud and an iron bar
At the weary head and wasted feet,
And lo, from the deck they move away,
From the hearts that throb and beat.

Soldiers and sailors and captains grand,
Babes from a mother's breast
Wet with the lips they will touch no more,
Come down in my arms to rest.
And I lay them gently alone to sleep,
Where the bed of sand is clear;
And none may wander, and none shall stray,
For I keep them, oh, so dear!
And hark! When the bell-buoy tolls at night,
Above the wave where fishes swim,
You may know that I keep my Father's watch,
For the day I shall give them back to Him.



A BIT OF MY PANSY PATCH.

A Little Klondike in a Dooryard

By E. J. Steele



WE will say that you are an amateur rose crank, and dissatisfied with your *Caroline Testouts*: you decide that you want to double the size of the bloom, and to eliminate all imperfections as well. Could you make it pay as a business proposition? And how would you go about it?

So you can understand what my story is,—only, it is about pansies.

During the panic year of 1893 I managed to purchase a house and lot in a suburb of Portland. All around us was wilderness; the only signs of civilization

being the white stakes marking the lots and blocks of a newly-platted "addition" to the city.

At that time everybody was talking prunes, and nearly everybody was planting prunes, so I was delighted to find that nearly all my spare ground was indeed planted to prunes. However, the prune trees did n't quite live up to my expectations and I wanted to remove one tree to make room for a potato patch, but my wife was a fruit optimist, and would n't stand for it, so I compromised by sawing off the entire top.

Passing by a seed store one day, a box of pansy plants attracted my attention,

and I bought a dozen, brought them home, planted them; they grew and prospered wonderfully.

One day I visited a neighboring florist who had several thousand very good pansies. He told me that pansies could be grown profitably at twenty-five cents per dozen, but that the demand was not great enough to make them attractive as money-makers.

This being true, how could I, an amateur, expect to accomplish very much with no experience, no capital, no place to grow pansies, except a tiny garden, and no market at all.

One day I visited Mr. Lind, who was then superintendent of Riverview Cemetery, and saw his pansies. They were superb. I went home convinced that the pansy is the queen of flowers, the rose boosters of the Rose City to the contrary notwithstanding.

Permit me to mention here one reason for my belief: Never in eighteen years has there been a month that I have not seen pansies in full bloom in the open garden; and many times I have seen their faces smiling upon the winter snow. Perhaps their cheerfulness, even when pinched by the icy fingers of Jack Frost, and their bravery when chilled by the fiercest east winds that blow hereabouts, strengthened my faith in their future glory.

But I could n't find a single soul who would "see anything" in growing pansies for the market. The plant dealer thought he might be able to sell a few dollars' worth in the spring, if they were good ones, and yet both for pleasure and for profit I started to grow pansies.

My neighbors looked upon my mental condition with some concern. No wonder; for it

was a common thing to see me wandering around in the garden in the dead hours of the night, and once a new motorman of an approaching car saw my headlight lantern, and came to a sudden stop to avoid a head-on collision.

At another time, a wise neighbor, in a whisper, informed her friends that the reason I grew fine pansies was because I stole out under cover of the darkness and "doped" them, and that as soon as they were transplanted into a new environment they would degenerate into Johnny Jump-Ups; and so forth, and so forth.

It will be readily seen that finally I had adopted pansies as a part of my family. It seemed to me to be necessary in order that I might do them justice. In fact as I studied their lives they appeared to live like little people. The only difference was that I had to bear with the frailties and deficiencies of the human membership of the family, while those belonging to the plant membership I could destroy when they did not behave.

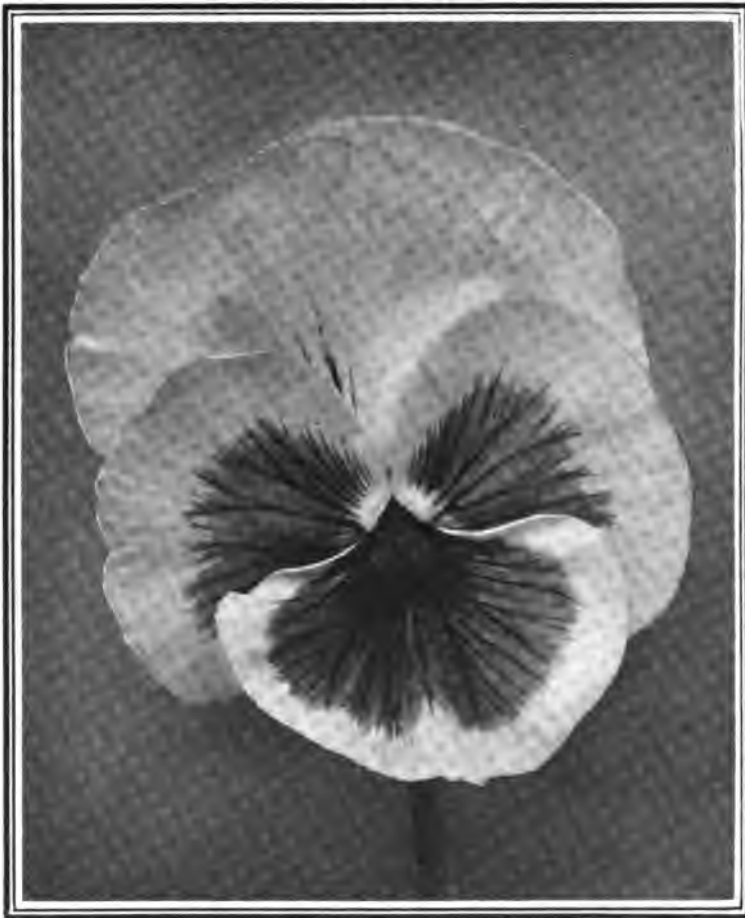
As to environment I found conditions ideal: a warm sunny western slope, a fertile soil, and plenty of moisture. But heredity was there barring the way to success, and heredity is here barring the way yet.

Heredity obstructs the development of every living organism in the world. It is the Nemesis of evolution and the Mephistopheles of science.

As I saw it, the pansy should not be two inches, but four inches, in diameter. Here is a fact worth mentioning: As the diameter of the flower increased, the selling-price increased in the ratio of the square of the diameter. Putting it in a concrete



▲ BASKET OF GIANT SPECIMENS.
From the author's pansy patch.



Photograph by the Author.

THE NEAREST PERFECT PANSY EVER PHOTOGRAPHED (EXACT SIZE).

form, the highest price I received for pansies last year was exactly five times the highest price I received for pansies seventeen years ago. Surely this increase pays for the midnight oil burnt in the garden.

Heredity had decreed that the overlapping upper petals should form deep notches in the periphery of the bloom. Also, that the lower petal should be narrow, with sloping shoulders. Now, the ideal pansy should have no notches whatever in its entire circumference, while the lower petal must be very large with wide and square shoulders, and as round as a silver dollar. Many are the points of a perfect pansy, but I have never seen one. And so it is that every spring morning as the years go by I walk out into the gardens, and the pansies

pass in review, companies battalions, divisions, thousands and tens of thousands of them; some that are plebeians; many that are grand; a few that are magnificent, but never a single one that is perfect.

About the time when failures were many, and successes few, something happened. A nocturnal visitor came, a genuine lover of flowers he was, and he left in his wake the imprints of a pair of plow shoes, and carried away with him a considerable number of my plants. He came once, twice and three times more. But the advent of neighbors and arc lights, or perhaps prosperity, caused him to desist, and his visits ceased.

"He never did any harm,
But killed the mice in father's barn."

This incident gave me an inspiration.

If a man would lose a night's rest, and risk getting into action with the dog, then surely they must, indeed, be good pansies.

A gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind once asked me to reveal the "secret" of producing these flowers. When I assured him that there was none, and that he, or anybody else could do likewise, he smiled.

"Why not," I said: "Allow me to show you. Here is the seed bed. A thousand plants are selected from one hundred thousand plants. Even the thousand fittest do not all survive long enough to bear seed.

"Here are the trial beds; plants from all parts of the world to be weighed in the balance, and, I am sorry to say, usually found wanting. I call them the disappointment beds.

"There are the beds where the seed is sown in August, and the little plants, like cabbage plants, are germinated.

And, finally, here is the field where the little plants are reset in order to give them size and root action. This is their home for the winter, and where they reveal their splendor in the warm sunshine of the springtime."

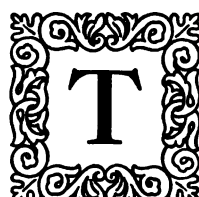
Year by year the little garden has grown until now it is a small field, and the field bids fair to grow into a farm. The demand has gradually widened until it reaches from ocean to ocean, and always in excess of the supply. I found a little Klondike in my dooryard.

The income from an acre planted to any farm or orchard product, when compared with what an acre of pansies would yield, would be something like the contrast between the "Busy Bee," of the first reader, and "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," of the "Arabian Nights."

Have I grown a four-inch pansy yet? I regret to say that I have not. But there is hope. One-eighth inch more to gain, and the trick is done.

The Pioneer Reminiscences of George Collier Robbins

Part I.

HE call of the West is in my blood. It is part of my heritage.

In the year 1819 my father and mother, who were living in Troy, New York, decided that they could better their fortunes by going West. It took them a year, traveling by wagon, by flatboat, and by pack-horse to reach the pioneer French trading-post of St. Louis.

My father settled on the Mississippi River at a rapids called "The Chain of Rocks." Here he built a store and put in a stock of goods to trade with the Indians, later moving a few miles inland where he founded a town which he named Troy, after my mother's birthplace in New York. My earliest recollec-

tions are of the Indians, who were my father's principal customers.

In the summer of 1831, when I was eight years old, Black Hawk moved across the Mississippi River into the disputed territory and precipitated what was called the Black Hawk War. One afternoon in late spring, while we children were all busy with our lessons in the little school-house, we heard for the first time in our lives the stirring music of a bugle. The bugle call was followed by the sound of horses' hoofs, the creak of leather, and the metallic clink of arms and accoutrements of the horsemen. School was soon dismissed and when I ran home to tell the wonderful news I was astonished to find the soldiers camped in front of our house. The captain of the troop of scouts was my father's brother, and he

and his soldiers were on their way to take part in the Indian war. They spent the next few days with us. These were busy days. Our negroes were kept busy cooking sheep, hogs, chickens, and sweet potatoes for the soldiers.

The Indian war ruined my father's trade, which was mostly with the Indians. We moved to St. Louis and I knew by my father's and mother's troubled looks that some calamity was impending. My father was in debt and was compelled to sell his property to pay his debts. Most of his property consisted of his negro slaves. Aunt Morning, my negro mammy, her husband, Uncle Dave, and their daughter, Charity, who were our house servants, were taken with our field hands and placed on the block in front of the Court House in St. Louis and auctioned off to the highest bidder. This was my first knowledge of the darker side of slavery, and when I saw Aunt Morning, who had been my wet-nurse and my mammy, and whom I loved as much as I did my mother, sold under the hammer and then taken to the slave pen, I was inconsolable.

I hung around the slave-pen all next day peeking through the palings to get a glimpse of Aunt Morning and Uncle Dave. Finally, the pen-keeper warned me to stay away, and when I returned he struck at me with his long black-snake, and Aunt Morning begged me not to come back. When I saw her with the rest of our servants and about fifty other slaves, handcuffed to a chain and marched, in charge of a guard armed with guns and whips, aboard a steamer bound for New Orleans, and consigned to a speculator to be sold to the sugar planters, my cup of woe was full, and I took a dislike for slavery which I was never able to overcome.

My boyhood days were spent in old St. Louis. Fishing and swimming, and hunting and skating were our boyish pastimes. Underlying the town of St. Louis was a series of limestone caves. The entrance of one of these caverns was near our swimming-hole, and by following the winding underground caves we could pass under the town and come out into the river near the Arsenal.

Our favorite swimming-hole was a

pool known as the Chouteau Pond. This was near what is now Fourth and Vine Streets. Another favorite swimming-hole and fishing place was a pond located near what is now Fourth and Chestnut Streets. It covered the land where the Planter's Hotel was afterward built.

One's boyhood recollections are more vivid and the events occurring then stand out much plainer than the more important events of later years. Such happenings as the fatal duel on Bloody Island, between Colonel Biddle and Mr. Pettus; the Mormon riots and the excitement of driving the Mormons out of Nauvoo; the burning at the stake of the negro who had killed Sheriff Hammond—these and other events are as clear in my memory as though they had happened but yesterday.

It would be hard to say which I enjoyed the more, the arrival of the Mexican traders from Mexico and Santa Fe with their pack-mules laden with silver bars, or the arrival, at the old trading-post of the American Fur Company, of the trappers and voyageurs, who with their bateaux laden with furs from the headwaters of the Missouri and Mississippi, came to exchange their wares for the joys of civilization. In their picturesque buckskin garb, and with their wonderful stories of adventure with the Indians and wild animals in the far Northwest, they completely won me and my comrades, and one and all we decided to be trappers.

Another source of unfailing interest to us was the old county jail at the southwest corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets. Here we would often see men, and occasionally women, flogged and placed in the pillory or the stocks. Delinquent debtors were confined here until their friends could redeem them. They, however, were allowed to walk around the block, so long as they did not leave the jail limits or cross the street.

I remember when I was a boy, crossing the Missouri at St. Charles on the horse-ferryboat there. The horses, which operated the ferryboat, were blind, and when we drove up the ferryman asked us to wait until he could put out the eyes of two horses that he had just bought for service on the boat. He had a red-hot iron

with which he put out their eyes, and for days I could not banish the dreadful sight from my memory.

When I was eighteen years old I started out to seek my fortune. I departed on horseback, visiting Burlington, Rock Island, Galena, and Dubuque. At the last-named place I secured work in the lead mines. Next year I went up the Ohio to Portsmouth, and thence by canal packet to Cleveland from Cleveland going to Detroit, where I settled and secured employment in the manufacture of gold pens. Here I met the daughter of a British officer who had commanded the post at Fort Malden, and as the young lady's mother did not encourage my suit, we were quietly married in Detroit, my wife's mother subsequently forgiving us and making us welcome.

The introduction of steel pens in the late forties began to affect the business which I now owned, that of making gold pens, so I sold out in 1848 and went to Hartford, Connecticut, to visit Colonel Colt, and arranged while there to act as his agent in the West for the Colt revolving pistol. I moved back to St. Louis, where I conducted a very profitable business in the sale of Colt's revolving pistols, handling watches and jewelry as well.

In May of '49 fire broke out which practically left the city in ashes. I lost everything I had. This taken in connection with an epidemic of cholera, which was proving very fatal, and with the news which was just brought of the discovery of gold in California, decided me on trying my fortune in the new gold-fields. Our plans were interfered with, however, and I was unable to leave until the spring of 1851, when my wife and I started out by wagon for California.

The spring of '51 was unusually stormy and we were delayed by high water and heavy rains, which made the roads impassable, compelling us to wait for several weeks at Council Bluffs. Waiting with us were a large number of emigrants, among them Judge Braskus of Philadelphia, who had been appointed Territorial Judge of the District of Utah, with headquarters at Salt Lake. The Indians had been troublesome, so the Government provided Judge Braskus

with a cavalry escort and mountain howitzer.

We finally got started and crossed the river in a scow, which was used as a ferryboat. The only house across the river, at what is now Omaha, was the log-cabin used by the ferryman. Here, on the west bank of the river, we joined, for protection, a train of Mormon emigrants bound for Salt Lake.

Captain Munroe, who was in charge of the train, had purchased thirty wagon-loads of goods in St. Louis, and to transport his goods he had manufactured thirty iron wagons. They were all of iron except the wheels. Iron was in great demand in Salt Lake and his plan was to break the wagons up when they arrived at Salt Lake, and sell the iron. My outfit consisted of four strong mules and two ponies.

The night we joined Captain Munroe's train Indians crept into camp, cutting the picket ropes of about twenty of our animals and stampeding them. Among them were my two ponies. We pursued the Indians all of the next day and finally recovered five of the twenty stolen animals. By great good fortune my two ponies were among the number recovered. We made arrangements with a widow and her daughter who were going to Salt Lake, to board us, and we also made arrangements for some one to drive our team, so that my wife and I spent most of our time on our ponies riding ahead of the train. We had not gone far before the iron axles of Captain Munroe's wagons began bending with the weight of their loads, so that we had to stop and cut timber to fit the axles which we lashed to the iron axle with green rawhide. The hide, drying rapidly, bound the iron and wood closely together and prevented further trouble from this cause.

Though we left the Missouri River on the twentieth of April, we did not reach old Fort Kearney until the eighteenth of July. From Fort Kearney westward we were rarely out of sight of buffalo. We saw vast herds of buffalo, numbering hundreds of thousands, along the Platte, and we were often obliged to stop and park our train, placing our wagons in a circle, within which we placed our oxen

to prevent them being stampeded by the passing herds of buffalo. Being freer from duty than the other members of the party, I would often go ahead and kill buffalo along our line of march, and thus manage to keep the train in fresh meat. We cut up the choicest pieces in strips and dried them in the sun. By riding a considerable distance ahead of the train I was frequently able to kill an antelope, and occasionally a deer along some wooded stream, and I often caught a good string of fish, which made a welcome change from our regular bill of fare.

On August 10 we reached Scott's Bluffs, where we camped for a day or two to repair our wagons. While we were here, much to my amusement and my wife's indignation, an Indian, accompanied by several of his squaws, visited us. The squaws greatly admired my wife's long golden hair. The Indian brave was also equally struck with admiration, and offered me two of his squaws and twenty ponies in exchange for my wife, and was much hurt at my refusal to make the trade.

At Independence Rock we added our names to the hundreds of other names carved on its surface.

On the sixteenth of September we arrived at Fort Bridger, where we found mail that had been brought from Salt Lake to intercept us on our westward trip. This was the first news we had had from home for nearly six months, and you can imagine how glad we were to hear from our Eastern relatives and friends. Captain Munroe, who was in charge of our wagon train, received a letter from his uncle, who lived in Salt Lake, advising him to turn the wagon train over to Captain John Homer and return to the States, as his life would be in danger if he went on to Salt Lake, a man named Howard Egan having arrived in Salt Lake with the avowed purpose of killing him. Captain Munroe, however, decided to face the music and refused to turn back.

As we traveled down Echo Canyon we camped one night where the Weber River enters the canyon. In the morning, as the wagon train was pulling out, two horsemen rode up to the train. Mun-

roe's wagon and mine, on account of our both having mules and being able to travel faster than the ox teams, usually traveled together. One of the riders rode up on the bluff overlooking our wagons, dismounted, and pointed his Sharp's rifle toward us. The other rode up to my wagon and asked for Munroe. I told him Munroe was in the next wagon. The stranger, riding up to Munroe's wagon, asked him to step to one side, as he wanted to give him some important information. They had only gone a few steps from the trail when the stranger drew a Colt's dragoon revolver, thrust it into Munroe's face and fired. Munroe pitched forward dead and the stranger ran to his horse and mounted it. As I ran toward him he called out:

"Don't come any nearer. My name is Howard Egan. Munroe deserved his death. I trusted him and he betrayed me. You had better not interfere."

We dug a grave and buried Munroe where he fell, covering his grave with large stones to prevent the wolves from digging up the body.

When we arrived at Salt Lake, Howard Egan was tried before Judge Snow for the murder of Captain Munroe. Bishop Smith defended Egan and said that the law of the church and the law of God demanded an eye for an eye and blood for blood, and that the higher law should prevail, so Egan was acquitted.

We spent that winter in Salt Lake City, boarding with Bishop Knowlton during our stay. The only stores in Salt Lake City at that time were those owned by Ben Holladay, who afterward secured control of the staging business of the entire West, John Kincaid, who was afterward Governor of Nevada, Doctor Shropshire and Tom Williams. J. Q. Cannon, who was later a delegate to Congress from Utah, kept a daguerreotype gallery.

At that time Salt Lake was a trading point, not only for the Indians, but for the trappers who came down from as far as the Red River, to trade horses or furs for goods. Neil McArthur and John Grant of the Hudson's Bay Company, made Salt Lake their trading point, coming down from the British posses-

sions, while the Mexicans came from our Southern border, bringing silver and horses, as well as captive Indian children to be sold or traded to the Mormons. It made very indignant to see the cruel and cold-blooded way in which these little Indian children were treated by their Mexican captors.

Having been engaged in the making of gold pens and also in the sale of jewelry, I visited with a great deal of interest the Mormon mint, which was in charge of two men named Cane and Barlow. Their gold coins bore upon one side the "All-seeing Eye," with the inscription "Holiness to the Lord" and on the other side a bee-hive.

Brigham Young was a frequent visitor at Bishop Knowlton's home. He was an entertaining talker and we greatly enjoyed listening to the stories he told us of his experiences. He told us that when he had been "called" to go out and preach the Gospel he was so poor that he had to take a quilt from his baby's cradle, which he used as a shawl in place of an overcoat. Though it was mid-winter, he started out on his mission without a cent in his pocket and though penniless, was always able to secure the money for his stage or steamboat fare, or to take care of any other emergency that arose.

Next spring—it was April, 1852, to be exact—we left Salt Lake for California. Captain Hooper was sending a herd of cattle and a number of horses to California for sale, and inasmuch as the animals traveled better when yoked, he told me to use as many of his oxen as I cared to for hauling my wagon. We had with us over two thousand head of cattle, seven hundred of them belonging to Ben Holladay, in charge of Captain Wells; eight hundred being the property of Livingston and Kincaid, in charge of Howard Egan, who had killed Captain Munroe in Echo Canyon; the remainder being owned by Captain Hooper. We also had in our train twenty large wagons built for hauling quartz from the mines to the mills in Eldorado County, California. They were laden with salt, which was used in milling the ores in California. In addition to the wagon in which my wife and myself traveled, I had an

extra wagon, loaded with butter, eggs and cheese which I had bought in Salt Lake and took along as a speculation. On the tenth of May we were overtaken by a severe snowstorm in the Grouse Creek Mountains. The snow fell to a depth of several feet and the storm lasted for several days. We were unable to hold the cattle that drifted ahead of the blizzard, and when the storm was over, it took us ten days to gather them in again, many having drifted back as far as Bear River.

When we had reached the Humboldt River we were annoyed by the Shoshone and Piute Indians, who hung about on the outskirts of our herd of cattle and shot several every night. We had no time to stop and chase the Indians and they were too cowardly to put up a fight, so there was nothing to do but to stand our nightly losses of cattle.

We were compelled to carry barrels of water across the desert to the sink of the Carson River. In crossing this desert we came across scores of wagons and hundreds of dead animals, horses, mules and cattle, that had been abandoned by their owners in their desperate efforts to get across the desert and reach water. At Ragtown, on the Carson, I noticed a large corral, the posts being formed of wagon tongues, connected by wagon chains, the chains being interlaced in a most ingenious fashion, making a very tight corral. The owner of the corral had secured all of these tongues from wagons abandoned in the desert, and he had also secured medicine chests, cooking utensils, and many other varieties of supplies from the abandoned wagons. At Ragtown I found for my produce ready sale to the miners, who were returning to the States, at a uniform price of seventy-five cents a dozen for eggs and seventy-five cents a pound for butter or cheese.

At the mouth of Gold Run, on the Carson, I had my first sight of miners washing gold, and saw for the first time the gold-pan, the rockers, long-toms and sluice-boxes in use. I stopped at a nearby ranch, owned by H. T. P. Comstock. This was long before the silver mines had been discovered, which were destined to become famous under the name of the

HUTCHINGS' PANORAMIC SCENES.—CROSSING THE PLAINS.



EMIGRANT TRAIN PASSING WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS



SIOUX INDIANS



INDIANS CHASING BUFFALOES, SCOTT'S BLUFFS



STUCK FAST



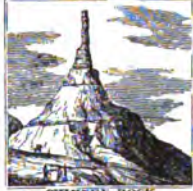
COURT-HOUSE ROCK



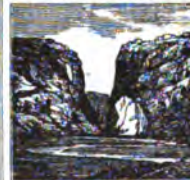
FIRST NIGHT ON THE PLAINS



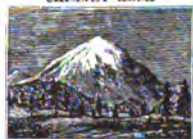
MOUTH OF ASH HOLLOW



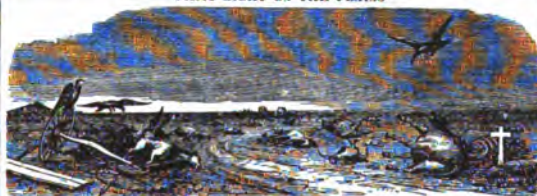
CHIMNEY ROCK



DEVIL'S GATE



LARAMIE PEAK



SCENE ON THE DESERT



CASTLE ROCK



DRIVING STOCK ACROSS THE PLAINS

Published by J. M. HUTCHINGS, Placerville. Copyright secured.

(Views drawn from Nature in 1855, by George H. Baker.)

From an old print lent by Frank Robbins, son of George Collier Robbins.
"CROSSING THE PLAINS."

"You will note that the printing is upon letter paper. There was a blank sheet also for the letter. I think they were called 'Hutchings' Overland Letter Sheets'—prototypes, precursors, of the picture postal cards of our own day."—(Letter from Frank Robbins.)

Comstock Mine. The snow was still so deep in the Sierra Nevada Mountains that we went into camp in Eagle Valley, near where Carson City was later built. The miners were glad to pay what seemed to me to be an enormous price—\$1.50 a pound for butter and cheese. Here we lost Howard Egan,—the sheriff of Eldorado County, California, coming with a posse of armed men to arrest him for the murder of Munroe. Egan, however, escaped, and the sheriff had his trip for nothing.

We passed through Hangtown, Diamond and Mud Springs, and descended the snow-clad Sierras into the fertile Sacramento Valley, where we found the season so far advanced that the grain had already been harvested. We arrived at Sacramento on the Fourth of July, and as ours was the first emigrant train of the season to arrive, we were made a part of the parade, in the celebration of the National holiday.

I decided to settle at Sacramento, and sold my wagon and the four horses I had purchased and bought a half-block of lots on the corner of R and Second Streets. I soon sold my property, however, and moved to San Francisco. I had brought with me from Salt Lake

a soft-eyed two-year-old cow, which had been given me by Bishop Knowlton. Not caring to part with her, I shipped her on board the boat with us to San Francisco. Upon our arrival at the wharf in San Francisco, I was besieged by buyers and finally I reluctantly accepted three hundred dollars for her.

Shortly after arriving in San Francisco I rented a storeroom opposite Woodward's "What Cheer House," paying \$500 in advance for two months' rent. Both my wife and myself took sick before I was able to move into the storeroom, and during the next three months I spent \$1,800 in doctor bills and drug bills. This discouraged and disheartened me, and as soon as I was able to be about I took passage for Oregon on the steamer *Columbia*, commanded by Captain William Dall.

When the steamer tied up at the dock in Portland the captain told me that he would start south again in two days. My freight bill upon my goods was fourteen dollars, and inasmuch as I had only \$1.50 in the world, I was greatly disconcerted to be told by the captain that his custom was to sell, upon the wharf before the ship sailed, any freight upon which the charges had not been paid.



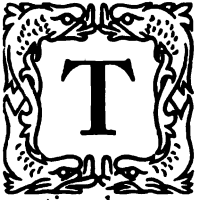
GEORGE COLLIER ROBBINS, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-TWO OR EIGHTY-THREE YEARS.

(To be continued)



Reed College: Its Unique Foundation

By William T. Foster



THE founding of Reed College by the Trustees of the Reed Institute, in the City of Portland, Oregon, is proving of interest to the world of higher education because of certain unique features. For the purposes of this sketch, I will not discuss the topics already treated in the first number of the *Reed College Record**. Nor will I deal with characteristics held in common with many other colleges. Nor will I mention the obvious advantages, now enjoyed by other institutions, which the students who enter Reed College in the fall of 1911 will have to forego. Here I will confine myself to brief comment upon eight of the extraordinary circumstances under which Reed College begins its history.

In the first place, it is a college without buildings, libraries, students or teachers. This, however, is but a temporary distinction. Applications for admission are coming literally every day, and a thousand letters are on file from those who are willing to form the first faculty of the college. For the next two years, the college will be the only one in the country in which the faculty is devoted to the underclassmen, for the sufficient reason that there will be no upperclassmen. No students from other institutions will be admitted to advanced standing.

In the second place, Reed College is in this extraordinary situation. Although it has no buildings and is prohibited from using its endowment for constructing buildings, it has ample funds to care for such buildings as wise benefactors may provide. American colleges are usually in quite the opposite predicament.

*Editor's Note.—Reed College, without doubt destined to be one of the best institutions, of its class, in the world, is being established by the Trustees of Reed Institute, in fulfillment of the wish of Mr. and Mrs. Simeon G. Reed, pioneers of Oregon, "for the founding, establishment and maintenance" of an institution of learning at Portland. The Reed bequest amounts to about \$3,000,000. The Trustees, having full discretionary power, decided upon a College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. To quote from the "Reed College Record": "Reed College proposes to take full advantage of its splendid freedom from harassing traditions." It will be, if the ideal of its president is realized, a "college free to pursue its mission as the maker of men and women and enlightener of mankind, with unobscured vision of the truth and power to proclaim the truth without fear or favor of politicians, or religious sects, or benefactors, or public cries, or its own administrative machinery.

"It is a college that mistakes not bigness for greatness; that having fixed minimum qualifications for entrance, makes no catalogue professions that are exaggerations of its actual demands, and offers no special openings for the unfit. It is a college open only to minds capable of good scholarship and ready, if not eager, to make the sacrifices it involves. It is a college that shuts its doors promptly on idlers, by means of a discipline from which there is no escape; a college, in short, that refuses to grow in numbers and tuition fees at the expense of intellectual and moral vigor. * * * It is a college that resists the temptation to shift any considerable part of its teaching to temporary, inexperienced and underpaid instructors whose chief interests do not center in their students. It is a college that sees the folly of putting large sums into fine buildings and small sums into strong men; that pays its professors enough to leave them free to put their life-blood into the daily work, and thus protects its most vigorous teachers from the temptations of wealthier universities.

"Thus it becomes a college that gives comparatively few courses, but gives them honestly and thoroughly; that presents no unhappy contrasts between the promise of the catalogue and the performance of the college; that tolerates not a single course whose demands can be satisfied with superficial work, or by two or three short periods of overstrain; that will never sacrifice its chief ends by allowing groups of students, on any pretense, to neglect college work for college advertising.



THE FORTY-ACRE SITE FOR REED COLLEGE AND CAMPUS, DONATED TO THE

ment, having more buildings than they can properly care for with their income-bearing funds.

A third distinction is the endowment. With property now worth approximately three million dollars, and rapidly increas-

ing in value, the college enjoys the supreme advantage of an endowment larger, possibly, than that with which any college has ever begun its career. Indeed, there are today one hundred *universities* in the United States, each with

"Rather than this, it is a college that insists at any cost, on daily application, genuine intellectual effort, exactness, thoroughness and promptness in the performance of duty, and the other requisites of moral manhood that alone can satisfy the growing demands of American citizenship.

"It is a college that rigidly holds to the only safeguard of the elective system—that what a boy chooses to do, that he must do creditably; a college that knows history too well to attempt to prescribe the essentials of a liberal education, but does insist that every student shall do a considerable amount of good work in the department of his choice; it is a college that distributes its credits on a scientific rather than a personal basis, and then puts a further premium on sound scholarship by making quality as well as quantity of work count toward graduation in a definite way."

William Trufant Foster, President of Reed College, is scarcely more than thirty years of age, therefore the institution may reasonably expect the guidance, throughout its formative stages, of a leader having his best years ahead of him and a vast store of that enthusiasm and spirit for devoted labor which is essentially the treasure of youth. This, together with the splendid attainments, character and reputation achieved by Mr. Foster, led to his selection by the Board of Trustees after a lengthy search over the United States, and the consideration of many prominent educators. Mr. Foster was born in Boston, in 1879, and attended the Boston public schools. Harvard College gave him the degree of A. B., and from Harvard University he received the degree of A. M. in English language and literature, and from Columbia University the degree of Ph. D. in education and sociology. He taught English at Bates College for two years. In 1905 he became Professor of English and Argumentation at Bowdoin College, and later Professor of Education. In 1909 he was lecturer in the Principles of Education at the Harvard Summer School, and in 1910 lecturer in Educational Administration at Columbia University. He was for one year Fellow in Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University. He is the author of "Argumentation and Debating," and "Administration of the College Curriculum"



COLLEGE BY THE LADD ESTATE. CITY OF PORTLAND IN THE DISTANCE. Copyright by Kiser Photo Company.

less than one-third of the endowment now available for the maintenance of Reed College. The large endowment is significant on many accounts, among others, because it provides sustained assurance that such buildings, scholarships, libraries, laboratories, museums, and other equipment as are given to the college from this time forth will be most efficiently cared for and used in the highest interests of higher education. The annual income from the endowment, which must be used mainly for current expenses, will be transformed into its highest possible service to the community only when the friends of the institution provide the necessary material equipment. There is not the slightest doubt that the response to these needs will be prompt and generous.

A fourth feature of Reed College,—which is unusual, though I will not venture to call it unique—is the body of trustees, which is five in number and one in spirit. The first number of the *Reed College Record* bears witness that already many important and far-reaching decisions have been made concerning the policy of the institution and the care of

its property. In every decision, the trustees have been unanimous.

One of these decisions is to devote the present resources of the institution to a single purpose—the maintenance of a college of Liberal Arts and Sciences. There will be no preparatory students, no special students, no conditioned students, no students admitted on probation, no graduate students; there will be no technical, professional, trade or graduate schools; no academies of art or music or elocution. In short, Reed College will be almost unique in this fifth respect, that it will be nothing but a College and will admit only those who are *fully* qualified to pursue a liberal education leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Equally noteworthy is a sixth condition of the college—its absolute freedom to carry forward its work toward its highest ideals. It is neither hallowed nor hampered by traditions. It is unharassed by denominational control, by the unwise limitations of benefactors, living or dead, by dependence on politicians, or by the desire for students and their tuition fees. When one considers this



A PORTION OF THE REED COLLEGE GROUNDS, LOOKING WEST.

splendid freedom and then looks upon the unbroken contours of its beautiful campus, one sees that both literally and figuratively Reed College has before it an open field.

The great need for a College of the proposed type at precisely this location may properly be regarded as a seventh distinctive circumstance in the founding of Reed College. Many colleges have been started, and left to struggle along with hopelessly inadequate support, through misguided loyalty to denomination or town. But the question of the type of institution most needed by Portland and the Northwest was submitted to the most competent and unprejudiced group of educational experts for this purpose to be found in the country—the General Education Board of New York. After years of study of the needs of every part of the country, the Secretary of the General Education Board, Dr. Wallace Buttrick made a special thorough examination of the present educational offerings and needs of the City of Portland and

of the Northwest. The evidence he collected was submitted to the full Board, and, on motion of Dr. Eliot of Harvard University, the Board concurred with the Secretary in the judgment that "there is no better unoccupied spot in the United States for establishing a College of Liberal Arts and Sciences." When we consider the present unquestioned need, and add thereto the evidence of the census, that the need in one respect is increasing at the rate of one hundred and twenty-seven per cent in a decade, we perceive that the demand for Reed College is one of the dominant causes for the widespread interest in its establishment.

An eighth cause of this interest is the fact that the new college begins its career in a storm-and-stress period for higher education. The present decade is a transition stage in the history of the American college. For several years it has been under fire. Criticism from within and from without has been abundant. The college has been called "a club for idling classes," "the most gi-

gantic delusion of the age," "a seat of educational disadvantages," "the pedagogical football of university presidents," and "an educational vermiform appendix." Scarcely a journal in the country has failed to discuss the shortcomings of the American college; and most journals have agreed with the *Columbia University Quarterly* that the question is not whether there should be radical changes in the college, but what those changes should be.

This storm of adverse criticism, many American colleges have met in fine spirit. They have admitted the need of reforms and have made genuine gains in efficiency. The progressive members of faculties and governing boards, however,

have usually found thoroughgoing reorganization, maintenance of high standards, and adaptation to twentieth century needs, impossible because of the opposition of conservative majorities among teachers, trustees, and alumni. The older colleges have been hampered as well as hallowed by traditions. The fact that the opportunity has arisen, at just this critical period, to organize a college without the hindrance of teachers, trustees or alumni—with no traditions to combat or mistakes to outlive,—with as great a measure of freedom as any institution has ever enjoyed—is the most significant of the unique conditions enjoyed by Reed College at the beginning of its history.



A VIEW OF REED COLLEGE GROUNDS ACROSS CRYSTAL SPRINGS LAKE.



Photo by Harris & Ewing
MRS. ROBERT W. LAFOLLETTE, WHOSE WASHINGTON HOME HAS BECOME FAMOUS FOR ITS
INFORMAL GATHERINGS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION AND ACHIEVEMENT.

Government but reports to Speyer & Company, J. P. Morgan and Company, and John D. Rockefeller, and Daniel Guggenheim, and the Wells-Fargo people, and the Union Pacific.

Speyer & Company, of New York, are the fiscal agents for the placing of Mexican bonds, Henry W. Taft, brother of President Taft, is chief counsel for Speyer & Company, George W. Wickersham, Attorney-General of the United States, is a law partner of Henry W. Taft, who has only temporarily suspended activities with the New York law firm, at least, so far as surface indications go, during his incumbency as Attorney-General. Secretary Dickinson, head of the Department of War, was a Harriman railroad attorney; came directly from the legal offices of the Illinois Central to his portfolio in Washington, and, after he had taken the oath of office, returned to Springfield, Illinois, actually to argue a case as Harriman's counsel.

Secretary Knox, head of the Department of State, has been a creature largely made by the steel trust.

Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, was attorney for the Standard Oil in St. Louis.

Porfirio Diaz, at eighty, designated President, but actually a despot, sits upon a tottering throne. The spirit of liberty has stirred the breasts of the Mexican people in all levels of society. Francisco Madero, wealthy, and promised still greater wealth if he will but agree to a continuance of the Diaz rule, and other persons of the so-called upper classes, realize that tyranny oppresses their people. The middle classes, the same. The peons, the next grade, and the actual slaves have awakened to the same truth.

Vast natural wealth has been seized by foreigners from the United States, Canada, France, England, and Germany. The profits on the operations of what private-owned railways there are, and on the smelters and from the express business, and upon the development of the steel industry, and from the development of rubber, go not to the enrichment of Mexico, but are shipped out to foreign lands.

The Mexican Minister of Foreign Af-

fairs, Enrico Creel, formerly Ambassador to the United States, owns, in Sonora, a tract of 10,000,000 acres. This land was obtained for nothing. Draw a line across the State of Oregon east and west, running through Salem, from the Pacific Ocean to Idaho. The area north to the Washington State line would about be equal to the Creel estate in Northern Mexico, on which Mexican citizens are of two classes, peons and slaves; the peons virtually slaves and the slaves not called so sentimentally, but actually in slavery.

This is one of many such estates. A damnable system of land tenure, condemning the people to conditions as bad as the lowest peasant on the Steppes of Russia.

This is but an index to the conditions in Mexico which account for the revolution. The down-trodden Mexicans were not only taxed without representation, but were taxed to enrich the coffers of foreign mercenaries. They were denied the blessings of truly representative government. There has not been an honest and untrammelled election in Mexico for a third of a century. Opponents of Diaz have been thrown in jail for no other reason than that they were opponents of Diaz. He has reached out and imprisoned, in our National Capital City, the Mexican editor, Juan Sanchez-Azcona, with whom I have talked and who, to any unbiased, honest-minded man, is as truly an apostle of liberty as was Benjamin Franklin, our Ambassador to France.

And now comes the striking coincidence of the threatened overthrow of the Diaz régime and the massing of 20,000 of our troops in Texas and Arizona and New Mexico. Day after day, we, who write Washington events for the American people, sought an explanation. At first we were told the troops were sent down there merely for maneuvers, to train the officers and men in the quick mobilization of an army. Later we were told that the real reason was that American property interests were at stake; and that *was* the real reason. Our men were taken down there to bolster up the holdings in Mexico of American syndicates; the express monopoly of

Wells-Fargo must be protected; the steel trust's Monterey investment must be safeguarded; the Morgan-Guggenheim smelters must not be damaged; the Standard Oil's control of oil and rubber must not be interfered with; the Harriman railway lines must not be injured.

They told us in hesitating manner that that Monroe Doctrine was involved in the Mexican embroglio; that "representations" had been made by Germany. But, if such representations were made (the assertion was denied by Germany later), the whole transaction was based on the sacredness of property rights, in contradistinction to the sacredness of the love of liberty by the Mexican people.

It is pertinent to consider the claims as to American investments in Mexico which were the basis for the movement of troops to the Mexican border.

We should eliminate Japan from this situation. There never was a greater absurdity than to inject the Japanese-fear-habit into this Mexican embroglio. Japan is busy watching Russia, China, Manchuria, and Korea. Russia has been writing ultimatums to China. China has been replying. Russia has been returning demand for more satisfactory answers from China. Disputes have arisen between Russian soldiers and officials and Chinese soldiers and officials. Japan has quite all she can handle in watching for and preparing for any possible complications in her own Far East. The reported 100,000 Japanese in Mexico, upon investigation, dwindle to a possible 10,000, and it may be interesting to the far West to learn how this comes about.

I was told by an American mine-owner in Mexico that he arranged for the importation into that country of several thousand Japanese. They came, landed on the south coast of Mexico, and were taken north to his mines, which are within one hundred miles of Texas. The men worked to their first pay-day, and the next heard of were across the line in the United States, where the people of San Antonio and other Texas towns received them gladly and gave them employment as house servants. The little brown men remain-

ed through one or two pay-days, whereupon a railroad contractor in the State of Washington heard about them, came to San Antonio, and, forthwith, every housewife in that part of Texas who had rejoiced over her solution of the servant problem, awoke the next morning to cook breakfast for herself, husband, and children, the while the Japanese were hurrying *en train* to the Pacific Northwest to lay rails and to drive spikes and tamp ballast, etc. It is impossible to keep the Japanese in Mexico when they get more wages on this side of the line. I care not what may be the immigration laws, the fact remains that people from that region testify that Japs brought into Mexico invariably find their way into this country, in pursuit of the lure of higher wages paid here.

It is, of course, true that Japan's commercial interests have a steamship line, running to the southern coast of Mexico, and connecting with the Tehautepec line, and running on to Callao. This, however, instead of being a war menace, is a peace insurance policy. No one pretends to deny to Japanese commercial interests the right to expand their trade, and at the present time thirty-five per cent of all Japanese foreign trade is with the United States. As well regard this thirty-five per cent proportion as a war menace as to regard Japan's upbuilding of commercial interests with Southern Mexico as a war menace.

And as well ask England to cease commercial relations with Japan, as to ask Mexico to desist from forming them.

As to American investments in Mexico, figures have been bandied back and forth, which purport to show that our financiers have invested from one billion and a half to two billions of actual dollars in the industries of that neighbor Republic. As a criterion whereby to judge these tables and estimates, I quote a statement by an American who owns an interest in a large paying mine in Mexico:

I invested in a mining company in Mexico which expended \$27,000 and began immediately to get a return profit, so that four months after work began we had received back every dollar we put in. Our capital was thus all paid back and was negligible

in amount, anyway. I called on the Consul General of the United States in Mexico and incidentally asked him if I might see the list of his estimates of American investments in that country. He showed it to me, and I found written there the name of our mining company credited with an investment of \$10,000,000. I asked him if the rest of his figures were as accurate as those. He said, "Those figures are accurate—the company is capitalized at \$10,000,000." I let it go at that, but, of course, I know that my own company did not have an investment of \$10,000,000, and at no time had ever actually invested more than \$27,000, and that the value of our property was not investment by us, but actual wealth of Mexico, of which we simply had taken possession and were now reaping substantial profits from it. I also have an interest in another mining company in Mexico. We did invest in that \$250,000. However, on the list of the Consul General we were credited with an investment of a million and a half, six times our actual investment.

Some of the lists in question credited to the Wells-Fargo Express Company an investment in Mexico of \$500,000. Subjected to the test by experts in transportation at the Interstate Commerce Commission, these figures dwindled until there is left only a beggarly few thousands practically negligible, the estimate running to various points under \$50,000. A list of American investments accredited the Harriman railway system with \$50,000,000 invested in Mexico; the Kansas City and Orient Railway with \$10,000,000 invested in Mexico, and the Fairbanks road running south from Mexico City, with another \$10,000,000. Again referring to expert tests, we find the Kansas City and Orient has not even entered Mexico; that the Fairbanks road has barely laid a rail south of Mexico City; that the Harriman road running south from Douglas, Arizona, to Guaymas on the Gulf of California, 550 miles, could be duplicated easily for \$15,000,000, and then allow considerable water in the stock. I do not intend to load this article with any more dry figures on this point, but it is my desire to give the reader some criterion whereby to judge the accuracy of reported investments by Americans in Mexico, which were the excuse for taking our troops there.

However, let there be a differentiation between investments and property held

in Mexico. The truth is that the Diaz administration has given away the natural wealth of Mexico in untold fortunes, and that out of the corruption of his tyrannical rule foreigners from this and other countries have gone there and had handed to them, by reason of their machinations with Diaz's officials, gigantic slices of the natural resources which should have gone to the enrichment of the people of Mexico.

THE Pacific Coast had its inning during March before the Interstate Commerce Commission. Considered from the fundamental standpoint, the hearings were locally more important to the Western States than were the celebrated hearings conducted last fall, involving the proposed increase of rates on Eastern and Middle Western railroads. There was, however, a marked similarity in all of them. Ignoring for the moment, the question of the rates themselves, it was discovered in all these cases that articles produced by the big trusts are favored East and West in the schedules of freight rates, made up by all the railroads. Louis D. Brandeis, representing Eastern shippers last fall, demonstrated that the proposed higher rates affected practically none of the trust-made articles, and applied to practically all products of independents. J. N. Teal, of Portland, counsel for Portland, Seattle and Tacoma shippers, demonstrated during March that the same principle of discrimination in favor of the trusts has been applied by the railroads, although in a different manner. As to the rates westward, the points beyond the Missouri River, an analysis of the schedules shows that the railroad traffic managers have adjusted charges in favor of the products of trusts, so that Eastern trusts are able to ship into Pacific Coast selling territory clear across the continent, and compete unfairly against the West Coast concerns.

While Mr. Teal, W. R. Wheeler and Seth Mann, of San Francisco, were arguing these Western rate cases, the Alpha Portland Cement Company was filing a complaint with the Interstate Commerce Commission against 124 railroads in the East, charging discrimination in freight rates in favor of the Universal Portland

Cement Company, which is owned by the steel trust. The Alpha Company's complaint alleges that rates on Portland cement from the steel trust's plant at Universal, Pennsylvania, averaged twenty per cent lower than rates from Manheim, West Virginia, where the independent company's cement works are located.

This might seem to be a comparatively trivial matter, and it would be, were it merely a question of rate discrimination, which could easily be adjusted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But vastly more important is the discovery, made within a year, that the steel trust has laid plans to control the cement industry. A year ago an independent Portland cement company passed its dividend, saying to the public that the reason for this was that the company purposed to invest its yearly earnings in extensive building of new plants. The truth of the matter was that, at the time the dividend was passed, this independent company had several plants already fully equipped, which were shut down, and the reason the plants were shut down was the entrance of the steel trust into the cement industry.

But the full significance of these facts does not yet appear until it is added that the steel trust is in control of practically all large construction firms of the East, and either is now, or soon will be, in control of such concerns in the West.

The steel trust controls structural steel. Its plans are laid to control cement. It controls the big building concerns in the East, and will control them in the West. All modern buildings of magnitude involve three elements, the

price of structural steel, the price of cement, and the contractors' price, because all modern buildings of any size are constructed of reinforced concrete on a skeleton of structural steel.

To go back: The cement company complained of discrimination by 124 Eastern railroads. It is discovered that the steel trust officials for the greater part are directors in these railroads. Commissioner Prouty, in the rate increase decision, said:



JOSEPH N. TEAL.
Counsel for Northwestern shippers, in the rate cases.

It is also well understood that the same men who are potential in the United States Steel Corporation and the American Locomotive Works are influential in directing the policies of our railroads. Now if, to use the popular nomenclature, the steel trust is to determine the price which shall be paid for rails and for bridges; if the locomotive trust is to determine the prices of engines; the car trust, the price of cars; and the labor trust, the price of labor; and if the railways have only to meet the demands made by these combinations, and charge over to the public by an increase of rates whatever is paid, a most unfortunate situation has developed.

We have here an excellent illustration of that which President Roosevelt and Senator La Follette and the Interstate Commerce Commission brought to the attention of the American people three years ago—the evil of intercorporate ownership and relationship.

The March cases before the Commission involved not only millions of dollars of yearly revenue to the railroads, but a possible revolution of methods in rate-making which have been in force throughout the entire West for many years. There was also raised the question as to the interpretation of the "long and short haul clause" of the act to regu-

late interstate commerce. All intermountain and coast rates were involved in the hearings, and cases had been filed, all of them coming up at that time, on complaint from Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Reno, Phoenix, Salt Lake, Ogden, Boise, Walla Walla, and other points. While there was some agreement between the coast and interior cities on the question of the reasonableness of rates *per se*, there was sharp division between them on the question of distributive rates from the West Coast to the interior. The coast cities were demanding that distributive rates be such as to enable them to get into the Western interior region, against the competition of Middle Western jobbers and manufacturers, which, they claim, they cannot do under the conditions which have existed.

It was discovered that Chicago, St. Louis, and allied shipping centers were backing the railroads in attempting to maintain the rate adjustments as they have existed for many years. Those cities read in any change of past rates their doom as to West Coast business, unless they be allowed to meet Atlantic water rates from Chicago. The Pacific and Atlantic Coast cities took their stand upon the historic principle, heretofore always recognized in our transportation jurisprudence, that water rates should control in the making of rail rates to the Pacific Coast.

Expressed more simply, the Coast cities argued that they can, if they will, ship by water from the East to the Gulf of Mexico, thence by rail across the Isthmus, either by the Panama railway or the Tehautepec route, thence by steamer to destination, and that this water rate should control the rail rate, even although the commodity be shipped across the continent by rail to the West Coast.

It developed during the hearings that some advantages were accruing to Chicago and St. Louis, but that the West Coast trade is now, and probably will be, by far the most important. By West Coast trade is meant the territory 250 to 300 miles wide along the Coast.

Bearing on this point, under the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a check of rates was made to show prospective losses to the railroad under the proposed rates, with the following result: Great Northern, \$650,000; Northern Pacific, \$1,100,000; Harriman lines, \$1,250,000. These prospective losses were much less than had been anticipated, and this was taken by the Western men as an indication that the greatest volume of traffic is to the West Coast.

Following these cases came the Willamette Valley lumber cases. A very dry designation, indeed. But, to my knowledge and to the knowledge of all who have followed the history of the contests over freight rates on the Coast, there is enough of romance and human interest and business tragedy wrapped up in this subject to furnish material for a library of heart-interest stories. The entire lumber business, from Portland to the southern line in Oregon, was developed on the basis of a rate of \$3.10 a ton to Bay points, which means the California market. The Southern Pacific raised the rate to \$5.00 a ton. Lumber could not be sold in California on the basis of \$5.00 a ton freight rate, consequently, the mills between Portland and the California line were cut out of the California market, and had to seek an outlet elsewhere. This is a simple statement of cases involving many volumes of testimony which was taken in Coast cities by Examiner Prouty, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and over which learned lawyers have contended for several years.

NEW MEXICO and Arizona will be admitted to statehood during the special session. Such a prediction at this writing is apparently a safe one. The struggle between the administration forces and the Bailey Democrats on one side, and the progressive Democrats and Republicans on the other, has been memorable. Some wise observers of political events think that perhaps the popular government laws, which were the basis of this contention, may supply the issue upon which will be determined a realign-

ment of political forces in this country. It has not been a case of two political parties fighting, the one against the other, along the old lines of demarcation, but the line of division has run with a group of Republicans and a group of Democrats, on one side, and a group of Republicans and a group of Democrats on the other.

Largely, though not exactly, the same division was marked in the Lorimer case when brought to vote in the Senate. It is illuminating to observe, during these struggles in Congress, how closely the group of Republican progressives is in sympathy with the Democratic progressives, with the same close affiliation between the reactionary groups in both parties.

Matters have proceeded to such a stage that it is conceded on all sides that compromise is impossible, as well as undesirable. The fight will proceed to the end of the conventions in 1912, in both parties for the mastery by either the progressives or the reactionaries, and every voter may as well begin at this time to study the situation, for he will have the issue presented to him in primaries and elections, leading up to the campaign of 1912. It is obvious that it will be impossible to occupy middle ground, for the situation may be summed up in the words of some great man, who said, some time, in some country, "Peace? There is no peace!"

BY common consent, Senator Bailey stepped to the real leadership of the conservative forces in the Senate, and to some degree, of the conservative forces of the country, succeeding to the position so long held by Former Senator Nelson W. Aldrich as the representative of "the interests" in Washington. Senator Bailey's known affiliations with the Wall Street financial interests warded off such surprise as might have been felt at his succession to the Aldrich dictatorship.

He assumed his functions as such representative when he went behind Senator Thomas Martin of Virginia, and backed him for the nominal leadership of the Democrats in the Senate. It was regarded by the progressive Senators as unfortunate that a Senator of Mr. Mar-

tin's acknowledged machine political connections, allied to the railroad and dominating forces in Virginia, of which he is the visible head as the State boss, should have been elected Senate leader of the Democrats. A bitter fight ensued, and there were some scars when the battle ended. Senator Chamberlain was active in the fight against Martin, supporting Senator Shively of Indiana, who was chosen as the candidate for the Progressives.

The inside history of that fight shows Senator Clarke of Arkansas as the apparent tool used by Bailey in getting Martin elected. Senator Clarke came from the contest with his man in possession of the minority leadership, but himself suffering material loss of prestige and confidence for that he had, as the Progressive Democrats alleged, engaged in double dealing and thus involved the Senate minority in complications, without which a Progressive would have been chosen as their leader.

So clearly was the issue defined, however, that Senator Martin will probably be able to do little harm, and will find his wings clipped.

WHEN the Sixty-second Congress opened on April 4, W. J. Bryan and Judson Harmon were present; Mr. Bryan sitting on the floor of the House through his right as a former member, and Governor Harmon, through his right as a chief executive of a commonwealth. An interesting study of the two men who sat close together was afforded, while Champ Clark, the new Speaker, was giving his inaugural address. Clark's speech was a manly, clear statement of the responsibilities assumed by the Democratic Party in the campaigns of 1908 and 1910, an admirable review of current issues. Harmon, cold, impassive, applauded formally at times, but was never more than coldly formal; Bryan interested, his face suffused with pleasure in, and sympathy with, the utterances of the new Speaker, was in marked contrast.

TO bring the East and the West together in social relations, enabling an interchange of thought upon a

level of equality and justice to him or her who has ideas of value, is to perform an important function. It is gradually dawning on the people of the National Capital that Mrs. Robert Marion La Follette, wife of the distinguished Senator from Wisconsin, is helping much to this desired result. Not before, in the history of the National Capital, since the days of Dolly Madison, has there been a real salon. Society here has been afflicted with the false standards of what might be called the professional society set. But Mrs. La Follette, aided by Senator La Follette, has achieved a brilliant success in making their home in Wyoming Avenue a place to which men and women of purpose and serious thought, and yet of true social graces, habitually resort. Many women here have held most charming, and even democratic, social functions, but always at stated intervals. In other words, one was not free to "drop in." Invitations were issued, or, on stated occasions, the public even has been free to assemble in different homes to meet the host and hostess.

Perhaps the only official home in Washington which has made people know they were welcome at any time is the La Follette home. I do not mean to convey the impression that these gatherings are bourgeois. One meets people of distinction; that is, of real distinction

—men and women who are achieving important things. This lady from Madison, Wisconsin, is remarkable indeed. Her husband, the Senator, would not resent, but, rather, would be proud to have it written here, that Mrs. La Follette is, in a large measure, the assistant Senator from Wisconsin. This is not to detract in the least from Senator La Follette's abilities for leadership, but only to recognize that he has taken his wife into partnership in his activities as a publicist, legislator, and progressive leader. The La Follette family has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, and at one time in past years a temporary reverse of politics left Mr. La Follette outside the breastworks, depleted in purse, and compelled to start anew. A shingle was again hung out, "La Follette and La Follette, Attorneys-at-Law." This firm, which had been formed several years before, consisted of Robert Marion La Follette and his wife, Belle Case La Follette, and they proceeded once more to the practice of the law and soon recouped their financial fortunes, and then again to enter the fight as soldiers of the common good.

It has become quite "the thing" for visitors to Washington to drop in unannounced and uninvited at the La Follette home. They always are welcome, though by the law of natural selection, frivolous persons go not there.

The Pioneer

(A Tribute)

By Claude Thayer

He left the bleak Atlantic's strand;
 He drove into an unknown land.
 He camped by clear Ohio's stream;
 He heard the panther's raucous scream.
 He blazed his way o'er beetling crest,
 O'er-topped the eagles' eyried nest.
 Through torrid plain, through flowery dale,
 On snow-crowned peak, he left his trail;
 Not counting toil nor labors done,
 His guiding star the setting sun.

He woke Kentucky's bloody ground
To ringing ax and rifle sound;
He stemmed Missouri's sluggish tide,
Crossed rolling Champlain, burned and wide.
He climbed the Rockies' rugged bars,
And stood, bared head, among the stars;
Then, clinging to the Snake's scarred side,
He dropped to meet Pacific's tide,
And down Columbia's rushing stream,
He raced to catch the sun's last gleam.
His memory to consecrate,
He left each camp he struck a State;
Close nestling in each solitude
A lowly church, a school-house rude;
And to each state, its greatest boon,
Foundation timbers truly hewn.
The vanguard he, behind his stride
The hardy settlers scattered wide;
On sun-kissed plain, in dense, dark wood,
They swarmed where once but tepee stood.
He passes now; the long years spanned:
Again he seeks an unknown land;
His tent is struck, his brave eyes bent
On heights beyond the firmament.
Still undismayed, he hears that call
Which bade him scale the buttressed wall,
And breast the brush of brawling stream
To follow far his wide-eyed dream.
Again he heareth, loud and clear
The summons to the pioneer.
Now we, his heritors, low bow
Before his venerable brow,
Questing from those grave, kindly eyes
The secret of his high emprise.
Vain! All vain! We only know
O'er the blind trail he'll fearless go;
Adventuring lone, he'll fare again
Beyond all human voice and ken.
His lights once more the lonely stars,
He'll pass that Range our sight debars.
Into Death's Canyon's sunless gloom,
Threading arroyo of the tomb;
Where earth and sky and ocean blend
He breaks this final camp,—the end
Of that long road, through all the years
He blazed,—our last of pioneers.

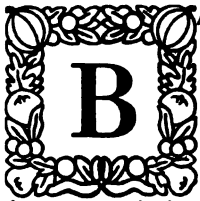
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The Elbow Canyon Mystery

By Francis Lynde

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE LABORATORY.



BALLARD had a small shock while he was crossing the stone yard with Fitzpatrick. It turned upon the sight of the handsome figure of the Craigmiles ranch foreman calmly rolling a cigarette in the shade of one of the cutting sheds.

"What is the Mexican doing here?" he demanded abruptly of Fitzpatrick; and the Irishman's manner was far from reassuring.

"'Tis you he 'll be wanting to see, I'm thinking. He's been hanging 'round the office f'r the better part of an hour. Shall I run him off the reservation?"

"Around the office, you say?" Ballard cut himself instantly out of the contractor's company and crossed briskly to the shed where the Mexican was lounging. "You are waiting to see me?" he asked shortly, ignoring the foreman's courtly bow and sombrero-sweep.

"I wait to h-ask for the 'ealth of Señor Bromley. It is report' to me that he is recover from hees so-bad h-accident."

"Mr. Bromley is getting along all right. Is that all?"

The Mexican bowed again.

"I bring da message from the Señorita to da Señor Wingfiel'. He is som'where on da camp?"

"No; he has gone back to the upper valley. You have been waiting some time? You must have seen him go."

For the third time the Mexican removed his hat. "I'll have been here one, two, t'ree little minute, Señor Ballar'," he lied smoothly. "And now I make to myself the honour of saying to you, *Adios.*"

Ballard let him go because there was nothing else to do. His presence in the construction camp, and the ready lie

about the length of his stay, were both sufficiently ominous. What if he had overheard the talk in the office? It was easily possible that he had. The windows were open, and the adobe was only a few steps withdrawn from the busy cutting yard. The eavesdropper might have sat unremarked upon the office porch, if he had cared to.

The Kentuckian was deep in the labyrinth of reflection when he rejoined Fitzpatrick; and the laying-out of the new side-track afterward was purely mechanical. When the work was done, Ballard returned to the bungalow, to find Bromley sleeping the sleep of pure exhaustion on the blanket-covered couch. Obeying a sudden impulse, the Kentuckian took a field-glass from its case on the wall, and went out tip-toeing to avoid waking Bromley. If Manuel had overheard, it was comparatively easy to prefigure his next step.

"Which way did the Mexican go?" Ballard asked of a cutter in the stone-yard.

"The last I saw of him he was loungin' off towards the Elbow. That was just after you was talkin' to him," said the man, lifting his cap to scratch his head with one finger.

"Did he come here horseback?"

"Not up here on the mesa. Might 'a' left his nag down below; but he wa'n't headin' that way when I saw him."

Ballard turned away and climbed the hill in the rear of the bungalow; the hill from which the table-smashing rock had been hurled. From its crest there was a comprehensive view of the upper valley, with the river winding through it, with Castle 'Cadia crowning the island-like knoll in its centre, with the densely forested background range billowing green and grey in the afternoon sunlight.

Throwing himself flat on the brown hilltop, Ballard trained his glass first on the inner valley reaches of a bridle-path

leading over the southern hogback. There was no living thing in sight in that field, though sufficient time had elapsed to enable the Mexican to ride across the bridge and over the hills, if he had left the camp mounted.

The engineer frowned and slipped easily into the out-of-door man's habit of thinking aloud.

"It was a bare chance, of course. If he had news to carry to his master, he would save time by walking one mile as against riding four. Hello!"

The exclamation emphasized a small discovery. From the hilltop the entrance to the Colonel's mysterious mine was in plain view, and for the first time in Ballard's observations of it the massive, iron-bound door was open. Bringing the glass to bear on the tunnel-mouth square of shadow, Ballard made out the figures of two men standing just within the entrance and far enough withdrawn to be hidden from prying eyes on the camp plateau. With the help of the glass, the young engineer could distinguish the shape of a huge white sombrero, and under the sombrero the red spark of a cigarette. Wherefore he rolled quickly to a less exposed position and awaited developments.

The suspense was short. In a few minutes the Mexican foreman emerged from the gloom of the mine-mouth, and with a single swift backward glance for the industries at the canyon portal, walked rapidly up the path toward the inner valley. Ballard sat up and trained the field-glass again. Why had Manuel gone out of his way to stop at the mine? The answer, or at least one possible answer, was under the foreman's arm, taking the shape of a short-barrelled rifle of the type carried by the express messengers on Western railways.

Ballard screwed the glass into its smallest compass, dropped it into his pocket, and made his way down to the camp mesa. The gun meant nothing more than that the Mexican had not deemed it advisable to appear in the construction camp armed. But, on the other hand, Ballard was fully convinced that he was on his way to Colonel Craigmiles as the bearer of news.

It was an hour later when Otto, the Colonel's chauffeur, kicked out the clutch of the buzzing runabout before the door of the office bungalow and announced that he had come to take the convalescent back to Castle 'Cadia. Bromley was still asleep; hence there had been no opportunity for a joint discussion of the latest development in the little war. But when Ballard was helping him into the mechanic's seat, and Otto had gone for a bucket of water to cool the hissing radiator, there was time for a hurried word or two.

"More trouble, Loudon—it turned up while you were asleep. Manuel was here, in the camp, while we were hammering it out with Wingfield. It is measurably certain that he overheard all or part of the talk. What he knows, the Colonel doubtless knows, too, by this time, and—"

"Oh, good Lord!" groaned Bromley. "It was bad enough as it stood, but this drags Wingfield into it, neck and heels! What will they do to him?"

Ballard knitted his brows. "As Manuel could very easily make it appear in his tale-bearing, anything that might happen to Wingfield would be a pretty clear case of self-defense for Colonel Craigmiles. Wingfield knows too much."

"A great deal too much. If I dared say ten words to Elsa—"

"No," Ballard objected; "she is the one person to be shielded and spared. It's up to us to get Wingfield away from Castle 'Cadia and out of the country—before anything does happen to him."

"If I were only half a man again!" Bromley lamented. "But I know just how it will be; I sha'n't have a shadow of chance at Wingfield this evening. As soon as I show up, Miss Cauffrey and the others will scold me for overstaying my leave, and chase me off to bed."

"That's so; and it's right," mused Ballard. "You've no business to be out of bed this minute; you're not fit to be facing a ten-mile drive in this jig-wagon. By Jove: that's our way out of it! You climb down and let me go in your place. I'll tell them we let you overdo yourself; that you were too tired to stand the mo-

tor trip—which is the fact, if you'd only admit it. That will give me a chance at Wingfield; the chance you would n't have if you were to go. What do you say?"

"I've already said it," was the convalescent's reply; and he let Ballard help him out of the mechanic's seat and into the bungalow.

This is how it chanced that the chauffeur, coming back from Garou's kitchen barrel with the second bucket of water, found his fares changed and the chief engineer waiting to be his passenger over the ten miles of roundabout road. It was all one to the Berliner. He listened to Ballard's brief explanation with true German impassiveness, cranked the motor, pulled himself in behind the pilot-wheel, and sent the little car bounding down the mesa hill to the Boiling Water bridge what time the hoister whistles were blowing the six-o'clock quitting signal. The Kentuckian looked at his watch mechanically, as one will at some familiar reminder of the time. Seven o'clock was the Castle 'Cadia dinner hour: thirty minutes should suffice for the covering of the ten miles of country road, and with the fates propitious there would be an empty half-hour for the cajoling or compelling of Wingfield, imperilled in his character of over-curious delver into other people's affairs.

So ran the reasonable prefiguring; but plans and prefigurings based upon the performance of a gasoline motor call for a generous factor of safety. Five miles from a tool-box in either direction, the engines of the runabout set up an ominous knocking. A stop was made, and Ballard filled and lighted his pipe while the chauffeur opened the bonnet and tapped and pried and screwed and adjusted. Ten minutes were lost in the testing and trying, and then the German named the trouble, with an emphatic "*Himmel!*" for a foreword. A broken bolt-head had dropped into the crank-case, and it would be necessary to take the engines to pieces to get it out.

Ballard consulted his watch again. It lacked only a quarter of an hour of the Castle 'Cadia dinner-time; and a five-mile tramp over the hills would consume at least an hour. Whatever danger might

be threatening the playwright (and the farther Ballard got away from the revelations of the early afternoon, the more the entire fabric of accusation threatened to crumble into the stuff nightmares are made of), a delay of an hour or two could hardly bring it to a crisis. Hence, when Otto lighted the lamps and got out his wrenches, his passenger stayed with him and became a very efficient mechanic's helper.

This, as we have seen, was at a quarter before seven. At a quarter before nine the broken bolt was replaced, the last nut was screwed home, and the engines of the runabout were once more in commission.

"A handy bit of road repairing, Otto," was Ballard's comment. "And we did it five miles from a lemon. How long will it take us to get in?"

The Berliner did not know. With no further bad luck, fifteen or twenty minutes should be enough. And in fifteen minutes or less the little car was racing up the maple-shaded avenue to the Castle 'Cadia carriage entrance.

Ballard felt trouble in the air before he descended from the car. The great portico was deserted, the piano was silent, and the lights were on in the upper rooms of the house. At the mounting of the steps, the Forestry man met him and drew him aside into the library, which was as empty as the portico.

"I heard the car and thought it would be Mr. Bromley," Bigelow explained; adding: "I'm glad he didn't come. There has been an accident."

"To—to Wingfield?"

"Yes. How did you know? It was just after dinner. The Colonel had some experimental mixture cooking in his electric furnace, and he invited us all down to the laboratory to see the result. Wingfield tangled himself in the wires in some unaccountable way and got a terrible shock. For a few minutes we all thought he was killed, but the Colonel would not give up, and now he is slowly recovering."

Ballard sat down in the nearest chair and held his head in his hands. His mind was in the condition of a cofferdam that has been laboriously pumped out, only to be overwhelmed by a sudden and irre-

sistible return of the flood. The theory of premeditated assassination was no nightmare; it was a pitiless, brutal, inhuman fact. Wingfield, an invited guest, and with a guest's privileges and immunities, had been tried, convicted and sentenced for knowing too much.

"It's pretty bad, is n't it?" he said to Bigelow, feeling the necessity of saying something, and realizing at the same instant the futility of putting the horror of it into words for one who knew nothing of the true state of affairs.

"Bad enough, certainly. You can imagine how it harrowed all of us, and especially the women. Cousin Janet fainting and had to be carried up to the house; and Miss Elsa was the only one of the young women who was n't perfectly helpless. Colonel Craigmiles was our stand-by; he knew just what to do, and how to do it. He is a wonderful man, Mr. Ballard."

"He is—in more ways than a casual observer would suspect." Ballard suffered so much of his thought to set itself in words. To minimize the temptation to say more he turned his back upon the accident and accounted for himself and his presence at Castle 'Cadia.

"Bromley was pretty well tired out when Otto came down with the car, and I offered to ride around and make his excuses. We broke an engine bolt on the road; otherwise I should have been here two hours earlier. You say Wingfield is recovering? I wonder if I could see him for a few minutes, before I go back to camp?"

Bigelow offered to go upstairs and find out; and Ballard waited in the silence of the deserted library for what seemed like a long time. And when the waiting came to an end it was not Bigelow who parted the portieres and came silently to stand before his chair; it was the king's daughter.

"You have heard?" she asked, and her voice seemed to come from some immeasurable depth of anguish.

"Yes. Is he better?"

"Much better; though he is terribly weak and shaken." Then suddenly: "What brought you here—so late?"

He explained the ostensible object of his coming, and mentioned the cause of

the delay. She heard him through without comment, but there was doubt and keen distress and a great fear in the gray eyes when he was permitted to look into their troubled depths.

"If you are telling me the truth, you are not telling me all of it," she said, sinking wearily into one of the deepest of the easy-chairs and shading the tell-tale eyes with her hand.

"Why should n't I tell you all of it?" he rejoined evasively.

"I dont know your reasons: I can only fear them."

"If you could put the fear into words, perhaps I might be able to allay it," he returned gently.

"It is past alleviation; you know it. Mr. Wingfield was with you again today, and when he came home I knew that the thing I had been dreading had come to pass."

"How could you know it? Not from anything Wingfield said or did, I'm sure."

"No; but Jerry Blacklock was with him—and Jerry's face is an open book for any one who cares to read it. Wont you please tell me the worst, Breckenridge?"

"There is n't any worst," denied Ballard, lying promptly for love's sake. "We had luncheon together, the four of us, in honor of Bromley's recovery. Afterward, Wingfield spun yarns for us—as he has a habit of doing when he can get an audience of more than one person. Some of his stories were more gressive than common. I dont wonder that Jerry had a left-over thrill or two in his face."

She looked up from behind the eye-shading hand. "Do you dare to repeat those stories to me?"

His laugh lacked something of spontaneity.

"It is hardly a question of daring; it is rather a matter of memory—or the lack of it. Who ever tries to make a record of after-dinner fictions? Wingfield's story was a tale of impossible crimes and their more impossible detection; the plot and the outline for a new play, I fancied, which he was trying first on the dog. Blacklock was the only one of his three listeners who took him seriously."

She was silenced, if not wholly convinced; and when she spoke again it was of the convalescent assistant.

"You are not going to keep Mr. Bromley at the camp, are you? He is n't able to work yet."

"Oh, no. You may send for him in the morning, if you wish. I—he was a little tired tonight, and I thought——"

"Yes; you have told me what you thought," she reminded him, half absently. And then, with a note of constraint in her voice that was quite new to him: "You are not obliged to go back to Elbow Canyon tonight, are you? Your room is always ready for you at Castle 'Cadia.'"

"Thank you; but I'll have to go back. If I dont, Bromley will think he's the whole thing and start in to run the camp in the morning before I could show up."

She rose when he did, but her face was averted and he could not see her eyes when he went on in a tone from which every emotion save that of mere friendly solicitude was carefully effaced: "May I go up and jolly Wingfield a bit? He'll think it odd if I go without looking in at him."

"If you should go without doing that for which you came," she corrected, with the same impersonal note in her voice. "Of course, you may see him: come with me."

She led the way up the grand stair and left him at the door of a room in the wing which commanded a view of the sky-pitched backgrounding mountains. The door was ajar, and when he knocked and pushed it open he saw that the playwright was in bed, and that he was alone.

"By Jove, now!" said a weak voice from the pillows; "this is neighborly of you, Ballard. How the dickens did you manage to hear of it?"

"Bad news travels fast," said Ballard, drawing a chair to the bedside. He did not mean to go into details if he could help it; and to get away from them he asked how the miracle of recovery was progressing.

"Oh, I'm all right now," was the cheerful response—"coming alive at the rate of two nerves to the minute. And I would-n't have missed it for the newest

thousand-dollar bill that ever crackled in the palm of poverty. What few thrills I cant put into a description of electrocution, after this, wont be worth mentioning."

"They have left you alone?" queried Ballard, with a glance around the great room.

"Just this moment. The Colonel and Miss Cauffrey and Miss Dosia were with me when the buzzer went off. Whoever sent you up pressed the button down stairs. Neat, is n't it? How's Bromley? I hope you did n't come to tell us that his first day in camp knocked him out."

"No; Bromley is all right. You are the sick man, now."

Wingfield's white teeth gleamed in a rather haggard smile.

"I have looked over the edge, Ballard; that's the fact."

"Tell me about it—if you can."

"There is n't much to tell. We were all crowding around the electric furnace, taking turns at the colored-glass protected peep-hole. The Colonel had warned us about the wires, but the warning did n't cut any figure in my case."

"You stumbled?"

The man in bed flung a swift glance across the room toward the corridor door which Ballard had left ajar.

"Go quietly and shut that door," was his whispered command; and when Ballard had obeyed it: "Now pull your chair closer and I'll answer your question: No, I did n't stumble. Somebody tripped me, and in falling I grabbed at one of the electrodes."

"I was sure of it," said Ballard, quietly. "I knew that in all human probability you would be the next victim. That is why I persuaded Bromley to let me take his place in the motor-car. If the car had n't broken down, I should have been here in time to warn you. I suppose it is n't necessary to ask who tripped you"

The playwright rocked his head on the pillow.

"I'm afraid not, Ballard. The man who afterward saved my life—so they all say—was the one who stood nearest to me at the moment. The 'why' is what is tormenting me. I'm not the

Arcadia Company, or its chief engineer, or anybody in particular in this game of 'heads I win, and tails you lose.'

Ballard left his chair and walked slowly to the mountain-viewing window. When he returned to the bedside, he said: "I can help you to the 'why.' What you said in my office today to three of us was overheard by a fourth—and the fourth was Manuel. An hour or so later he came up this way, on foot. Does that clear the horizon for you?"

"Perfectly," was the whispered response, followed by a silence heavy with forecastings.

"Under the changed conditions, it was only fair to you to bring you your warning, and to take off the embargo on your leaving Castle 'Cadia. Of course, you'll get yourself recalled to New York at once?" said Ballard.

Wingfield raised himself on one elbow, and again his lips parted in the grinning smile.

"Not in a thousand years, Ballard. I'll see this thing out now, if I get killed regularly once a day. You say I mustn't write about it, and that's so. I'm not a cad. But the experience is worth millions to me—worth all the chances I'm taking, and more. I'll stay."

Ballard gripped the womanish hand lying on the coverlet. Here, after all, and under all the overlayings of pose and craftsman egotism, was a man with a man's heart and courage.

"You're a brave fool, Wingfield," he said, warmly; "and because you are brave and a man grown, you shall be one of us. We—Bromley and I—bluffed you today for a woman's sake. If you could have got away from the excitement of the man-hunt for a single second, I know your first thought would have been for the woman whose lifted finger silences three of us. Because you seemed to forget this for the moment, I knocked you down with your own theory. Does that clear another of the horizons for you?"

"Immensely. And I deserved all you gave me. Until I'm killed off, you may comfort yourself with the thought that one of the gallant three is here, in the

wings, as you might say, ready and willing to do what he can to keep the curtain from rising on any more tragedy."

"Thank you," said Ballard, heartily; "that will be a comfort." Then, with a parting hand-grip and an added word of caution to the man who knew too much, he left the room and the house, finding his way unattended to the great portico and to the path leading down to the river road.

The mile faring down the valley in the velvety blackness of the warm summer night was a meliorating ending to the day of revelations and alarms; and for the first time since Wingfield's clever unravelling of the tangled mesh of mystery, the Kentuckian was able to set the accusing facts in orderly array. Yet now, as before, the greatest of the mysteries refused to take its place in the well-nigh completed circle of incriminating discoveries. That the King of Arcadia, Elsa's father and the genial host of the great house on the knoll, was a common murderer, lost to every humane and Christian prompting of the soul, was still as incredible as a myth of the Middle Ages.

"I'll wake up some time in the good old daylight of the every-day, commonplace world, I hope," was Ballard's summing-up, when he had traversed the reflective mile and had let himself into the office bungalow to find Bromley sleeping peacefully in his bunk. "But it's a little hard to wait—with the air full of Damocles-swords, and with the dear girl's heart gripped in a vise that I can't unscrew. That is what makes it bitterer than death: she knows, and it is killing her by inches—in spite of the bravest heart that ever loved and suffered. God help her: God help us all!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GEOLOGIST.

IT was Miss Craigmiles herself who gave Ballard the exact date of Professor Gardiner's coming; driving down to the construction camp alone in the little motor-car for that avowed purpose.

A cloudburst in the main range had made the stage road from Alta Vista

impassable for the moment, leaving the Arcadia Company's railroad—by some unexplained miracle of good fortune—unharméd. Hence, unless the expected guest could be brought over from Alta Vista on the material train, he would be indefinitely detained on the other side of the mountain. Miss Elsa came ostensibly to beg a favor.

"Of course, I'll send over for him,"

said Ballard, when the favor had been named. Did n't I tell you he is going to be *my* guest?"

"But he is n't," she insisted, playfully. Bromley was out and at work, Wingfield had entirely recovered from the effects of his electric shock, and there had been no untoward happenings for three peaceful weeks. Wherefore there was occasion for light-heartedness.

(To be continued)

The Need

By Frances McNeil

Out of the North, I've seen the warriors ride,
 Filled with a strength that bade no mercy give,
 Draining the heart-blood from a foeman's side
 Or dragging captives back, in chains to live.
 Over the desert land, I've watched a horde
 Of mounted horsemen spurn the shifting sand,
 Hastening forth to scatter death, and lord
 Their savage power o'er a fallen band.
 In crowded towns, I've watched the daily strife
 That lurks in shadow and patrols the street,
 I've heard the muffled undertone of life;
 I've heard the dreary tramp of tired feet.
 This I have seen and heard, as far apart
 From all on earth, I watched its awful crowd,
 And scanned the features of each passing heart;
 Some pure and happy, and o'er some the cloud
 Of sin hung like a pall, that darkened all the soul
 And left the life in shadow, like the night
 Darkens the light of day; and some were brave
 Bearing all pain and sorrow to the last,
 Hiding the scars they bore, until the grave
 Claimed as its own the records of the past.
 If I but knew the right, I would be strong—
 Strong as the rushing tide that bears away
 All in its path, and as it sweeps along,
 Stays not its course, nor brooks the slow delay
 That marks the sluggish stream. Tho' I may know
 The path that other feet must tread, I cannot see
 What I must do, or which way I must go,
 To keep the course that was marked out for me.
 Therefore I would have by me just a friend,
 One I could trust to guide my steps aright,
 When doubtful shadows round my pathway blend
 And Truth's star pales in Error's glaring light.



"Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X"—A Review By Felix Benguiat

"Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X," by a Modernist. Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Company, Limited, London, agents.

This book is composed of two parts. The first is twenty-one letters addressed to the Pope, protesting against medievalism in the Papacy. The second is a discourse on faith and the harmony of the higher criticism with faith and Christ's kingdom on earth. The volume is interesting because of its explanation of that disturbance in the Catholic Church called "Modernism," which most of us know very little about. It is interesting because of the learning and ability with which the subject is treated. But it is particularly interesting because it is a voice from within the Church itself, and is the first American protest. Each chapter treats a distinct phase of the movement, but the sum of all is that a church should be a spiritual body, designed to bring men nearer to an understanding of the Christ character and a practice of the Christ life. The author deprecates sect and dissensions and begs for a broad human brotherhood. He pleads that the more a church grasps after political power, or is allied with the State, the less spiritual it will be. The more it has earthly ambitions, the less can it minister to the soul of man. The more it is founded on the manner of princes, the less it can conceive of the Kingdom of God.

The author separates the Catholic Church distinctly from the Roman Pontificate and never lets go this distinction. He insists throughout that the entire revolt of Modernism and his own attack are against the Roman Pontificate, not against the Church. He holds the Church to be a great body of earnest men, priests and laity, seeking after spiritual things, and the Pontificate a dominant Italian sovereignty, essentially medieval in its thought and its traditions, and he claims that it rules the Church spiritual with views and upon precedents too often selfish, political and local to the Italian hierarchy. He points out that such a church, or, rather, such an official administration, will inevitably, for its self-perpetuation, suppress free thought and advanced knowledge, individualism and character-development. What it prefers, as really necessary to its existence, are obedience and discipline, rather than personality and progress.

In the introduction, written by another hand, the author is spoken of as "An active priest for many years and devoted to his pastoral work." The internal evidence supports this statement. None but one educated for and in the priesthood could be so instinctively familiar with church history, the writings of the Fathers, the edicts of tribunals and councils, the bulls, decretals and encyclicals of the Curia and with the subtleties of creed and dogma. This complaint, then, is by a son of the Church, a priest consecrated

to her service, who finds this protest not only consistent with his vows, but required by his spiritual loyalty to Christ.

Speaking of himself, the author says: "Who I am is of the smallest consequence. Suffice it to say that I am an American, penetrated to the heart with the love and the traditions of my country. That as an American I cannot tolerate bondage and must detest whatever man or institution endeavors to check the ever-growing, ever-rising personality of man in its aspirations for larger freedom and more perfect truth. That, furthermore, I have been drilled and disciplined in the Roman system from my youth. That for years I could see no distinction between Romanism and Catholicism." The book is primarily addressed to the Catholic laity, and its purpose is to draw this distinction. The Papacy and the Catholic Church are very generally accepted by non-Catholics as identical.

In his brilliant review of Von Ranke's "History of the Popes," Macaulay falls into this error. Speaking of the Papacy, he says: "The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. * * * * *

The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and useful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the new world have more than compensated for what she lost in the old. * * * * *

Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical institutions which now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had yet set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Gre-

cian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca, and she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Macaulay never let a fact interfere with his sonorous periods. Buddhism and Confucianism existed as religions and as institutions five hundred years before Christ, and so exist today. Camelopards did not bound in the amphitheatre, and Popes are not confronting hostile kings with the same spirit which kept the Emperor Henry waiting three days in the snow at Canossa.

The writer of this book is nearer the truth than Macaulay when he says that for the Church to remain as of old means death. The human intellect never has retraced one step in its evolution, nor ever will, for that is its instinct and destiny. Whatsoever institution cannot conform to that destiny must die. There is no institution more divine than the human intellect itself.

It is itself the reflector, if not the creator, of deity. But the Catholic Church will not die. It will do as it has done before: adjust itself to the changed thought and conform to the new ideals. It will change slowly, for it is conservative; more slowly because it is in bonds to hierarchical authority; but change it will, even though it be obliged to modify or repudiate that authority. The Catholic Church is greater than the Papacy, as the spiritual is greater than the temporal.

It was the Catholic Church, not the Papacy, which gave ecstasy to the martyrs. It was the Catholic Church, not the Papacy, which sent missionaries into the waste and savage lands. It was the Catholic Church, not the Papacy, which kept alive the spirit of Christ in its priesthood, and protected the poor against tyranny, and made tolerable the lot of the peasant in the Dark Ages. It is the Catholic Church, not the Papacy, which animates the thousands of pure and earnest priests today. When once the distinction, drawn by this writer, is clearly grasped, it is easily understood that the Borgias belong to the Papacy, not to the Catholic Church; that the desire to rule, to dic-

tate, to grasp principalities and Peter's Pence is all of the Papacy, not of that religion which, in spite of Papal princes, has kept ever on its altars the flame kindled by Him who despised riches; who dwelt with the poor; who said: "Leave unto Caesar the worldly kingdoms and take ye the Kingdom of God"; who said to His priesthood and agents: "Ye shall be the very servants of servants." Unless the Catholic Church can so readjust itself as not only to meet, but to welcome the awakened intellect of Modern Times, it is indeed moribund—but it will awaken, even though in so doing it put the Pope and the Consistory of Cardinals in the background. If this book truly declares "Modernism," "Modernism" is surely to triumph now as with Galileo, for it is Truth. The only thing which lies in doubt is the hour of its triumph.

Of his Church the author says:

Nothing is dearer to my heart than the best traditions of Catholicity. Its splendid sanctity, its divine fecundity of heroism; its priceless mysticism should gain access to the souls of modern men and sanctify and save them.

Deploring the apathy in America, the author says:

Father Tyrrell, less than a year before his too early death, said, speaking of Modernism in America: "I cannot understand America. With its freedom and intelligence, its representatives ought to be in the forefront of the Modernist Movement. Yet Modernism has produced there hardly an echo. The Church in America is asleep; and I can conceive nothing that will awaken it, but the production of some book native to the soil, which will raise so loud a cry of reform that all who have ears must hear."

Houtin said that Roman Catholicism in this country was in almost primeval darkness as to one of the most momentous agitations in Christian history. Loisy wondered at the lack of intellectual activity among American Catholics, and Ehrhardt has expressed himself in terms of summary contempt, declaring that the Church in America has yet to show the first sign of the possession of scholarship in the face of modern problems.

This book is intended to be that cry which Tyrrell hoped would be raised in America and arouse American Catholics from their ignorance and indifference.

The writer (page ten) points out that the Modern European countries reject Roman Catholicism because they do not

find it a purely religious and spiritual society existing for no purpose but to reproduce the Christ life on earth, but they do find it to be a

Mischievous political institution that has done its best to oppose civilization and knowledge in the past and is still a deadly menace to the civilization of today. They can see nothing resembling Christ in the Roman Curia and the Papacy.

The fourth letter (page eleven) defines the author's concept of religion:

It is the name for our God-obeying Godward-growing life. * * * Character culture, in the pursuit of infinite Truth, Justice and Love.

The Christian religion signifies the type and method of these spiritual relationships as shown forth and taught by Christ.

A Christian church is a brotherhood of Christ disciples; and that church will be the best and truest church which teaches in the most pure and perfect way the Christ-life, the Christ-character.

Religion is not the sole activity of man: In all other departments of the higher life, too, we must grow, we must be forever dropping the less to reach forth for the greater. Growth in Truth and in Liberty is the law of the beneficent Providence which has made us men.

Oh, Sovereign Pontiff, the standard of men and institutions is not canon-law, but He, the Master; not ancient tradition, but the everlasting God as shining out upon us in the perfect Christ.

With these ideals he proceeds first to state the importance of Modernism, and then to vindicate his right to address the Supreme Pontiff and then to take up one by one the counts of his Indictment. He says (author's preface, page xv):

It (Modernism) is not a squabble, *intra parietes*, one of the petty ecclesiastical quarrels which the student of large problems can afford to despise. It is fundamentally a great question of spiritual liberty, attended as advancing liberty nearly always is with the tragic element of suffering. It has brought a crisis of life and death, perhaps, to the mightiest religious organization which has ever existed among men.

He points out (page five) where in the earlier history of the Church, Popes were freely rebuked and remonstrated with, and gives the precedents, but says now nothing is left, even to bishops, but slavish submission; and the inevitable consequence is that weak, poor, docile, unintellectual men are appointed who are subservient to the Italian Congregation and conceive it their highest duty, as well as

most politic act, to make this year's Peter's Pence more opulent than last. He calls to witness the harsh rebuke to Thureau-Daguin de Vogue and d'Haussonville because they dared advise the Pope to give the Briand Separation Law a loyal trial (this was the law separating Church from State in France) and the same severity was visited on the Bishop of La Rochelle for the same cause. Three German bishops were crushingly rebuked because they favored a monument to the great and pure-minded scholar, Herman Schell.

Thus early in his argument the author begins to point out the detriment to individuality and to the Church of a foreign absolute monarch, a subject to which he devotes Letter XIII: "Italian Absolutism."

The core of this book, however, is its discussion of Freedom of Conscience, and the attitude of the Papacy toward Liberty of Thought and Speech in the historic past and at the present day. That lies at the very root of Modernism and the author has treated it directly in Letters VI, VII, VIII, X, XI, XIX, XX. It threads its way throughout the entire book. Connected with this is the dogma of infallibility, because if Peter's successor be infallible, he is infallible not by virtue of his qualities as a man but by the divine virtue of his office. That divinity was the same yesterday as today. It changeth not. The dogma is based on Divine Omniscience. Therefore if history and the growth of man's intellect and knowledge show that Popes in the past, acting as Popes, that is, discharging the divine function (Christ's Vicar), committed errors, then they were not infallible, and infallibility does not exist.

To disprove the infallibility of the Papacy the author shows that in the domains of scientific knowledge and of freedom of conscience the Church has in the past denied what even the Church now admits; for example, the sun as the center of the solar system. Thus the absolutism of the Church is shown to be vicious (in common with all uncontrolled power over human beings), and the infallibility of the Pope impossible.

Still continuing his argument that the human fallibilities of the Rulers of Christ's Church and their misconception

of the Christ Spirit pronounce against the dogma of infallibility, he discusses at length the Inquisition called the Holy Office, in its relation to the extirpation of heresy, and shows that this hunting down of heretics was claimed as peculiarly the office of the Holy Church, and Urban IV pronounced a universal excommunication against civil authorities who delayed the work, and under Pope Gregory IX the Inquisitors were armed with direct authority from the Papacy, such that they could override bishops or other local authority. This step, he says, has an historical importance in that it was the commencement of the Bishop of Rome's contempt for his fellow-bishops and the assertion of the supremacy of the Papacy over the divine institution of the episcopate. The Papacy was by a natural step led to seek its executives in the monastic orders: thus the Dominican and Franciscan orders became everywhere the particular agents of the Inquisition, and thence by a natural step for the execution of other purposes of the Papacy. The author says that his object is not merely to revive and rehearse the horrors of a dark institution belonging to a dark age, but to emphasize the fact that the Papacy which originated and empowered such an institution could not possibly be the successor of Christ on earth, clothed with his divine authority over his children.

"It is not by such straight-jacketing of the mind (by blind obedience to Papal authority) that God educates the race, but rather by the ventures, vicissitudes and perils of a free mind and an assertive spirit. * * * an obedience purchased by the sacrifice of reason is immoral."

Continuing the subject by Letter X, the author goes on to demonstrate what he insists upon throughout, that the Papacy and Catholicism are not identical. That Catholicism is a religion, very fruitful in sanctity, true morality, charity and wonderful self-abnegation and heroism. He calls to witness the fact that today Catholic and non-Catholic neighbors live together in mutual respect and esteem and cautions the reader to understand the writer's purpose in turning over the foul waste-heaps of History, saying that nothing could more frustrate his whole

purpose than to arouse any bitterness or intolerance against Catholicism as a spiritual religion, but:

The Catholic church has reached a crisis in comparison with which every peril of her past history was insignificant. She is now in conflict with ideas. * * * To adopt your own words, Oh, Roman Pontiff, she is in the storm and stress of conflict with Modernism.

And after putting in evidence the fact that the world of intellect and ideas never has gone backward on its path of progress, he says (page forty-eight) that the present Pope's letter on Modernism defies this universal law of intellectual progress and growth of knowledge and idea, and seeks to arrest it by the arbitrary theocratic authority which grew up and was accepted in a superstitious and medieval age, and he cites present-time instances to show that the Papacy has not changed. As late as 1805, Pius VII, in an instruction to the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, regrets that the times are so evil that the laws of Innocent III against heretics can no longer be carried out. In 1832, Gregory XVI and, in 1868, Pius IX bitterly censured the Belgian and Austrian constitutions, respectively, for allowing liberty of worship. And the author might have cited the opposition to the recent decree permitting freedom of worship in Spain, and the antagonism to the free thought and free schools in that country.

As late as 1841 and 1856, respectively, Inquisitor-Generals Bertolotti and Airildi still required, under penalty of excommunication, that all who knew of offenses against ecclesiastical laws should reveal them to the Holy Office, and in 1855 *La Civiltà Cattolica*, the Papal organ, styled the Inquisition "A sublime spectacle of social perfection." The author then announces his conclusion with Gerson, that, "The Pope is not above the gospel of God, and that a man in the faith of Christ can save his soul, though in the whole world not a Pope could be found."

Continuing his examination of the Papacy in its attitude toward Modernism, he shows that the modern world rests on the American soul-cry that non-representative government is tyranny, and predicts that unless the government of the Catholic Church become representative,

as it was in the beginning, the growing independence of modern thought in the Church will throw off that government entirely.

Men will be ruled no longer by absentee autocrats and alien legislators. Were a despotism the mildest and most beneficent in the world, it would be intolerable to men of spirit and intelligence. * * *

The Papacy is foreign to every country but Italy. To every other nation it is an alien rule, an exclusive corporation. Italians alone pass supreme judgment. Italians alone revise every important detail of ecclesiastical policy. Italians alone approve whatever legislation we frame for our local needs. Italians alone as Apostolic Delegates. And yet it is only since Catholicism began to be overlaid with Italianism that Catholicism has been in the path of decline. What reason on earth justifies the supreme control of Vatican politicians in either England or America?

To support these statements the author (pages sixty-five and following) shows that even in the appointment of that local minister of the Church, the Bishop, all nominations by the local representatives are often rejected and a man is appointed from Rome for no reason but that he is subservient to the Papacy and will be "a good servant to the Pope."

He then outlines, somewhat in detail, the absolutism of the Pope even in the United States.

As bearing upon the dogma of infallibility, and also in relation to the Papacy's grasp for power, the author then treats somewhat in detail the superstitions fostered by the Roman Curia as a means to power and profit, and discusses the institution of indulgences as a combination of religious superstition and commercial sordidness.

Beginning in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, based on a superstition more to be expected in that age, indulgences commenced humbly enough, but today they bring the Church into scandal and derision. Indulgences have been given as rewards to road-builders and to informers against heretics; and for purposes of revenue they have been awarded to this church and that church; to this order and that order, each engaging in a rivalry for the benefits derived from the sale of them. By the authority of Pius VIII and Pius IX every step of the Scala Santa has an indulgence of nine thousand years and nine thousand quaran-

tines. The little Church of Portiuncula is enriched with a plenary indulgence to the recipient each time he enters the Church on its great festival in August, but as this was too great a favor to be monopolized it was extended to every Franciscan Church on Portiuncula-day, with the result that these Churches on this favored day are the scene of an undignified racing in and out to pile up indulgences.

He proceeds to show how certain orders, not satisfied with their grants of indulgences, forged others, which have been officially proved as fabricated indulgences and condemned.

* * * The Council of Constance protested against the abuse of indulgence, so did the Council of Trent. So did every commission "de reformanda Ecclesia."

Naught else is needed to show the uselessness of all protests and all scandals than your own pontificate, Pius X, for not within the memory of living men have indulgences been so bewildering and meaningless in their prodigality as under your regime. * * * Prayers for deaf mutes, prayers to Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, to St. Rita, to St. Joseph and to other inhabitants of the ghostly world too numerous to mention have been poured out upon us, laden with indulgences, until the pure exercise of interior religion, character-making religion, is endangered by being stifled with Pharisaism. * * * You have conceded fifty-six plenaries a year to lay folk who belong to the third order of St. Dominic. You have augmented the long list of Sacred Heart indulgences. You have enriched with similar treasures the Franciscan's crown of Seven Joys of Our Lady. You have attached indulgences to the medal of the Pious Union of the Children of Mary, and you have set us wondering whether we are dealing with Christianity or Heathenism by granting, on petition of the Master-General of the Dominican Order, an indulgence of forty thousand five hundred years once a year to such as merely carry the rosary-beads in their pockets. * * * It is not for the sake of these abuses that I speak of them, but for the sake of the fundamental Roman error out of which they all proceed. Not character, not personality, not knowledge, but conformity, constant submission to authority, is the gospel according to the Vatican.

Those interested in a more minute discussion of this subject are referred to Letters XV and XVI.

By contrast to the ignorance which permits such superstition for the benefit of a governing hierarchy, the author pleads for a clergy not so aloof from the

laity; for more opportunity for personal expression and personal development; and in that connection he attacks the discipline of celibacy in Letter XVII.

In this connection the author discusses the position of a boy postulant taken at the early age of adolescence, the age of youthful romance, of aspiration for self-sacrifice; shutting him up first in the *petit seminaire*; thence into the *grand seminaire*, and binding upon him at about the age of twenty-four, really an ignorant boy, the irrevocable obligation of celibacy, and he demands that if Rome wishes to retain its celibate clergy, every sentiment of honor and justice demands that those men who desire to be delivered from the yoke thus imposed be released from it, without subjecting them to a flood of orthodox vituperation, ostracism and persecution.

One of the most interesting letters to American Catholics is that on Church and State, No. XVIII, in which he states (page 132) that the Papacy condemns uncompromisingly the principle of separation of Church and State and permits no Catholic to advocate it. The syllabus of Pius IX reprobates any such doctrine. Leo XIII warned American Catholics that their country was imperfect because of the policy of separation and, "You, yourself, Pius X, in your Encyclical to the French 'Vehementer Nos,' declare 'that Church and State should be separated' is a most false and pernicious doctrine. Wherefore the Roman Pontiffs have not omitted to refute and condemn it as occasion arose." The author claims that the Catholic Church as administered by the Papacy says to the American people, "Not only have we a theological, but a political creed, for you; of that political creed one of the tenets is that Church and State should be united; therefore, you Americans, ere you adopt our soul-saving doctrines, ere you find Christ perfectly, you must firmly hold that your Constitution is fatally defective." Then follows one of the most interesting historical reviews in the book, showing that this claim of Church and State united has really meant through all the middle ages, even down to today, that the State shall be subservient to the Church.

In this portion of the indictment against the Papacy, the author masses a for-

midable array of historical facts: the sale of soldiers by Popes to help kings crush Freedom; the rebuke by Popes to countries struggling against despotism, bidding sorely-tried people to lay down their arms against their rightful oppressors; even down to the present day when, by the *propaganda* in 1883, an instruction was issued prohibiting Catholics from contributing to the relief of the mortgage on Parnell's estate; and the constant interference of Rome in Irish affairs, such as led Michael Davitt to protest that Rome seemed to consider Ireland as standing in the relation of a great temporal fief of the Holy See. He brings, this also, home to our day by quoting from the present Pope (page 149): "It is our strict duty to direct all men without exception according to the rules and standards of morality in private life and in *public* life, in the social order and in the *political* order, and thus to direct not only the governed, but rulers as well."

In his chapter on Freedom of Intellect, Letter XIX, he, as usual, fortifies himself with historical quotations from the records of the Papacy and again brings it down to the present time by quoting the present Pope (page 154):

The idea that certain departments of human thought are absolutely forbidden to candid examination is repeatedly announced and enforced from Rome. "Love of novelty," "seeking to know too much," "unbridled liberty of research," "temerity in the use of the intellect," "audacity of inquiry," are phrases one may be certain of finding in the Papal lamentations of the evils of the day. In your own letter on Modernism, you quote Pius IX: "Philosophy must not search into the high mysteries of God, but piously and humbly revere them," and from Gregory IX: "Some among you, swollen bladder-like with vanity, are endeavoring by profane novelty to transgress the boundaries established by the Fathers," and from Gregory XVI: "Heartily to be deplored is that madness of human reason whereby men are giving themselves to novelties and against the Apostolic Order are seeking to know more than it behooves them to know, and are presumptuously imagining that truth is to be sought outside the Catholic Church, in which it is found without even the slightest stain of error." This last citation your Holiness prefaces with the observation that curiosity and pride are remotely the twin-causes of Modernism; and curiosity, you declare, unless it be wisely restrained, suffices for the explanation of every man-

ner of error. * * * "What tribunal is it that thus holds human reason in a straight and narrow path? What conspicuous marks does it possess of a supernatural ability to lead us into all truth and to check our impulse toward knowledge lest we fall into error? It is the tribunal which condemned belief in the existence of the antipodes; which made it formal heresy to hold that the earth goes round the sun; which has struggled against every advance of human thought from Francis Bacon to Alfred Loisy; which has inscribed on its Index practically every book that marks a new era of human intellect in the last three centuries; which fell headlong into the hoax of Diana Vaughn; which grants over forty thousand years' indulgence a year for carrying in one's pocket fifty-nine beads strung on a chain; which propagates devotion to saints who all scholars know never existed; which has shown itself so hostile to science and so favorable to superstition that the nations which still acknowledge Papal supremacy are the lowest in intelligence and the most primitive in worship of the civilized world. With these guarantees the Papacy demands that the profound and specialized scholarship of this age shall surrender itself unconditioned into its hands and submit its methods and conclusions to a congregation of Italian scholastics. The persecution of intellect by the Index and the allied agencies of censorship in the Roman Church has been as deadly as the persecution of conscience by the Inquisition.

The author then takes up special instances of the persecution of scholars by the Papacy, from Richard Simon, 1712, to Alfred Loisy of the present day, and conformably to his general practice he brings his instances down to the acts of the present Pontiff, saying, page 162:

You, Pius X, have shown yourself the worst enemy to human intelligence that the Papacy can boast within the memory of living men. The lists of your scholarly victims and of your obstructive decisions are almost as great in number as the weeks of your pontificate. You have condemned Loisy, LeRoy, Laberthonniere, Denis, Viollet, Fogazzaro, Dimnet; directly or indirectly you have suspended Tyrrell, Murri, Minnochi; deposed Francassini, Turmel, Battifol, Gennochi, Klein; censured Von Hugel and "Il Rinnovamento"; anathematized the "Lega Democratica Nazionale"; put an end to clerical congresses, and stopped the publication of "Demain," "Studi Religiosi," "La Vie Catholique," "La Justice Social," "La Revue de l'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses," and doubtless, if the whole truth were known, "The New York Review."

You have issued a Syllabus, many of whose propositions rejected by you as false,

are part of the very alphabet of critical scholarship. You have sent forth an Encyclical on Modernism which closes the door in the face of science, and opens a highway to the most brutal persecution. In that document you command superiors of seminaries to allow their students no books or magazines which will reflect the scholarship of the day. You order Bishops to ordain no studious candidate who is suspected of leaning toward the conclusions of the world's most eminent scholars. You strictly enjoin upon Bishops to expel from the schools subject to them any teacher who may come under the same suspicion. You stringently require of the Episcopate that they appoint a vigilance-committee in every diocese to hunt out and denounce Modernist Catholics, this committee to report to Rome, under oath, every three years. You have declared that the mad decisions of the biblical commission bind in conscience. You have given forth the edict that all contradictors and gainsayers of your Syllabus and your Encyclical "Pascendi" incur excommunication reserved to the Roman Pontiff. You have left untried no expedient for separating Catholics into a mass of illiterates unacquainted with the scholarship of the last hundred years. And if we ask who is this Pontiff who defies the laborious acquisitions of our generations of illustrious scholars, who makes it, so far as his words can, impossible for any Catholic to study scripture, the history of doctrine, the science of religion or philosophy, we must answer, he is a product of an Italian seminary of fifty years ago who is an absolute stranger to the sciences he condemns. He knows nothing of biblical criticism; he entered his pontificate ignorant of every modern language but Italian; he is unread in philosophy, in historical theology, in modern psychology. He is the man who has flung out indulgences in torrents. He is the man who wrote these words in 1904: "The Hebrew patriarchs were acquainted with the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and found consolation in thinking of Mary in the critical moments of their lives." * * * Does your policy of sweeping condemnation, of deposing professors, of keeping modern works out of institutions of learning suggest a Church that fears no truth and welcomes every accession to human knowledge?

Still adhering to his plan of showing that the combat between Modernism and the Papacy is not a combat between Modern Thought and Catholicism as a religion, but is an antagonism merely between the growth of human intelligence and a medieval Italian political institution, he, concluding a long historical review of the matter, again brings the question down to the present time, saying, among other things, page 176:

In his brief, *Gravissime Nos*, December 30, 1892, Leo XIII took the final step which commits the Jesuits forever to a rigidity which cannot make them other than slaves and incompetents to whom it must be a species of outrage to entrust the minds of young men.

And the author quotes from this brief somewhat *in extenso*. I select a few phrases. After approving the ordinance of the Jesuits that a candidate is asked before taking the vows whether he is prepared to set aside his own judgment and to think as the Society commands, Pope Leo says in his brief:

Therefore, the character and written laws of the Society have excluded that freedom of thinking which many enjoy outside it. * * * Whoever examines the rule of the Society concerning study must see clearly that the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas, not only in theology, but in philosophy, is to be followed absolutely.

And then the brief goes on at some length to say that the doctrines of St. Thomas and the philosophy of Aristotle must be rigidly adhered to "as being more useful to theology":

Let the governors of the Society not doubt that in their office of choosing professors their authority is strengthened by ours. Let them show favor and grant promotion to such as they see of a submissive spirit in the study of St. Thomas, but those whom they know to be disinclined to Thomism they must exclude from professorships and allow no respect of persons to hinder them from doing so. We decree, moreover, that the regulations laid down in this brief shall be enforced forever.

The author cites many historical instances showing the hostility of the Jesuits to every advance in thought, though he does not refer to one of the most notable, the persecution of the Encyclopedists in France, D'Alembert, Diderot, Voltaire and others because of their stimulus to free thought and research.

The concluding chapter of this work is eloquent with earnestness—Letter XXI. The author shows that he knows the crisis for the Church because the Church is so identified with the Papacy in the popular mind. He begs that history be examined to decide whether he has spoken in malice and pleads with the laity to awaken to the real issue, that the Italian Papal Autocracy is identified in common understanding with the Church and is believed to be in prac-

tical and active hostility to the main principles of Modern Civilization—Freedom of Conscience, democracy, respect for individual personality and liberty of intellect. "Reform in the Roman Communion is always from the people, never until the coercion of Public Opinion becomes irresistible from the Popes." "A courageous and intelligent laity is the sole hope for a better day."

He says while he has formally addressed the Pope, his real hope has been to reach the American Catholic laity and strengthen them to speak out boldly for reform. He emphasizes again and again that his criticisms concern only the "Official," "Papal," "Roman" Catholicism—the soul of the Catholic Church they do not touch at all.

Once more, too, he begs for a full understanding by non-Catholic readers. He says Catholics as a body are tolerant; they are believers in freedom and in the utter disunion of Church and State. They are but little aware of the extent to which these fundamental ideas of the civilized world are rejected by the official leaders of the Church. And non-Catholics must not interpret these letters as an attack upon Catholicism as a religion. Catholics he begs to meet their twin duties as

Catholics: to seek the truth candidly, bravely, and to cultivate that form of religious living which best answers to the standards of Truth, and best develops the free personality within each one. To the Pope he addresses this final exhortation:

Roman Pontiff, too seldom have you and your predecessors lifted the hand of healing. Go out among the poor. Fling aside these apostate ambitions for a Papal Kingdom. Turn the vast energies of official Catholicism toward simplicity, fraternity, sympathy. Preach the Christ life, live the Christ life. Not intellectual, but spiritual, is the religious problem of the world. Unloose the captive aspirations of mankind, by showing them a divinity of service and a deity of love. The Christ life we know, the Christ we possess and worship. God is within us to love. He awaits us. Life is divinely beautiful and sacredly serious. Let the Church's beauty as the beauty of the King's daughters, be from within. Let vain philosophies and hoary bigotries be forever buried, and only human service and heavenly love remain upon the altars of our faith. Oh, then will the Church be God's Kingdom. Then will no barriers of men's making divide into hostile sections the children of the Infinite Father, the kinsmen of the Immortal Christ.

No Christian can challenge such an aspiration; none condemn such a policy for a Christian Church.

Aviator

By C. E. Fisher

Thou new-conceived brother of the bird,
 Explorer of unfathomed azure skies,
 Whose fluttering pulses high o'er earth are heard.
 Pray, what ethereal passions prompt thy rise?
 The drone of mighty beetle on the wing?
 Or condor, cormorant, or vulture bold,
 Presaging direful wars unseen? Or sing
 Thy blades of peace? Thy fairy craft doth hold
 Communion with the clouds, and gracefully
 Performs ellipses intricate, or, vain
 As swallow e'er the storm, dips carelessly
 Of death. Thou art the eye, the soul, the brain—
 So guard this vantage that thy destiny
 Be not black-plumed and hated bird of prey.



BOTH the analogies of the past and the inherent necessity for change teach us that the time will never come when man's goal will be reached. As he arrives near one, it will fade like the desert mirage and continually another will arise upon the far horizon. Change is as inevitable as Death and Birth. It is a part of them. Not necessarily progressive, it may become retrogressive. But it is inevitable. We wonder at the inconceivable reaches of time in those two eternities, the limitless Past and the limitless Future. And yet when we consider the slowness of man's evolution we see that all eternity is not enough for full development.

After some thousands of years we still retain kingships and kowtow to birth, medals and uniforms. Worse, we retain all those special privileges which make Kings and Classes. We worship the drones of the hive, which in burnished steel support them. The hero is still the soldier. We have not attained to the first perception of education. True education is to let the human plant grow: to give it all of sun and air: to remove obstructions and leave it free. We toss our children into a hopper by the millions and force them into certain moulds; we teach them to reverence authority, discipline and all which makes against Freedom. We cram them with a dead-and-past learning; we teach a reverence for the "Ancestors" worse than Confucian, and are blind to the Living; we make them afraid of being original or bold; they are early put into fetters to society, to convention, to "What will people say?" When will children have a school which opens the world to them as a fresh book. Which says: Read for yourself, think for yourself. Which encourages free thinking, bold thinking, and does not damn it. Which lets each little plant scramble for itself in the search for air and sunlight and sets no reward for this or condemnation for that achievement.

Our schools and our ideas of education are almost as backward as our penitentiaries and our ideas of crime.

WHAT is Knowledge? What is Truth? What is Happiness? Two of the happiest men I ever knew were Nah Sakh and Uncle Phil.

Nah Sakh was a young Thlinkit Indian; alert, bright-eyed, lithe and as harmonious with his setting in Nature as a star in a clear midnight sky. He snatched life from the breast of Mother Earth; well knowing how to trap the bear, to shoot the deer, to snare the sable. In a nut-shell of a canoe, which would capsize at a cross look from a stranger, he could hold and capture the monster halibut weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, or more. His lunch was ready in any cove, as he voyaged the Alaskan archipelago; either the delicate sea-urchin, dripping with salt water for a sauce, or mussels, or edible seaweed, or the leathery "shawm," a univalve, which clings to the rocks between high and lower-water mark, which though tough, nevertheless has that piquant and refreshing flavor of the sea. His cabin was warm; its bark roof was tight. Wood, for the central fire which sent the blue spiral out through the square hole in the roof, lay on the beach for his taking. If the storm raged without and the sea swept its thunders almost to his door, he twisted halibut-lines from the fibrous root of the cedar, or fashioned a paddle; while his squaws wove beautiful baskets, or from the wool of the mountain-goat, blankets. In the cedar-boxes back of them and against which they leaned while at work, feet to the fire, were stowed the skins of mink and bear and sable for the fur-trader, and if a silver fox was trapped there was more joy in the hut than that of the civilized trapper who has captured a United States senatorship. The taking of a sea-otter was the good fortune of a lifetime. It showed the favor of the gods. It was a far greater blessing than if a decayed lord had married an American heiress.

He rejoiced in good weather, in the bright sunshine, in glorious sunrises and

sunsets; not because they were glorious,—though who knows?—but because they bespoke comfort. He housed himself during storms and bided his time as patiently as a dog snug in his kennel. At the end of a day of fishing, hunting or trapping, his canoe drawn well above high tide, he ate heartily of roast halibut, dipped in seal-oil, or steamed clams, or bear or venison, with roots, or, perhaps most delicious of all, porpoise, steamed in its own blubber, and if a handful of tobacco was his portion, then not the faithful in the Seventh Heaven could know a bliss seemingly more complete. He was not illuminated with useless knowledge. All that went to make up the art of living he knew, but he believed the stars were bits of ice which Yethl had kicked into the sky from a sort of Pandora's box where once they had been kept. Fire was brought by Yethl from the great Fire Mountain, and thunder was the flapping of Yethl's illimitable wings. But whether these surmises were true or not, what did it matter? There were the stars, here was the fire, and the thunder rolled in the sky. No conception of either evolution, or revolution, had ever entered his mind. To him Life's problem was but to be well fed and well housed. To live as Yethl lived, warm and well fed and with abundance of leisure. Well, what more is needed, be we savant or savage? One firm conviction he had as savage which we savants have lost, and that is that each man was as free as he himself, to seek his living from the Mother breast and live his own life in his own way, and that what each one wrested from the Mother, or made with his own hands, was his own. That what the great Mother held out for the taking was free to all.

I can see him now, at the end of a hard day's paddling, reclining on the dry sand just above the shingle and (being well fed with halibut and hardtack), puffing from his carved pipe some of the handful of tobacco which has been given him, and looking abroad over the glittering waters, at peace with the world.

UNCLE PHIL was a negro gardener. As a slave, he made and tended the kitchen-garden and as a freed man he continued the same occupation without break or alteration, except that he received five dollars per month as wages beside his "house and keep," by which latter he understood homespun clothes, dyed in butternut-juice, cabin and food and all that he had before freedom, with five dollars added. He knew his seedlings and plants as a mother knows her flock: when they should be fed and when given drink; when aired in the hot-beds, when coaxed and when chastised. Poppies, or cornflowers, invading his carrots or asparagus, were to him weeds, with no excuse for their beautiful existence. His was a religion of the useful. Everything to its place, and a poppy flaunting its beauty

in one of his vegetable-beds was hateful. He was an ebony puritan. Beauty out of the narrow path was sin. His world was bounded by the locust trees which fenced for him two acres of Mother Earth. He saw not the satin ribbons and feathery plumes of the maize, but "roastin' yeahs." The glorious golden trumpet of the squash-flower only fixed for him a future date when he would eat squash-pie and ginger would be hot i' the mouth. The purple-veined, glossy leaves of the beets were simply greens for boiled bacon. The scarlet blaze of the tomatoes hanging heavy on their stakes, the polished purple globes of the egg-plant, visitor from far Araby, the festoons of grapes just over the garden-hedge and the red peaches hanging heavy among the whispering leaves, filling the air with a fragrance almost sensual, all spoke to him, as they would to a cave-dweller or a gorilla, through the stomach.

The Civil War passed over him as a thunderstorm which dies away on the horizon. During that turbulent period his chief care was his hot-beds, his early tomato, pepper, okra and cauliflower plants. No sound of shot or shell passed through those locust trees, naught but the innocent trill of the thrush or the cat-bird and the drone of bees. He became free and he never knew it, save as to a bonus of five dollars per month. He could neither read nor write, but he did know that the earth was flat with some considerable humps in it, and what it was like on the edges he did not care, for he had no business so far from home. He was never out of his home county, in which he was like many other great men; Shakespeare, for example, was in but two or three counties of England.

Uncle Phil's work was his joy. Is not that happiness? In all the wondrous alchemy of his garden and the miracles that were there wrought from tiny seeds, he considered Nature a mere vaporous assistant and brushed her rudely aside. He regarded his celery, canteloupes and watermelons and his other children as purely his own creations. He watched them grow with parental pride. The world-wide problem to tell when a watermelon is exactly ripe was to him no problem at all. He put his finger unerringly on each one, to the very hour of its perfection, when it must be haled to the ice-house on a barrow, with its companions, to spill its blood next day under the festal guillotine.

As winter with its dolor of "rheumatiz" was the winter of his discontent, so summer was made glorious by his loafing hours under the shade of the kindly locust trees on the edge of the garden, when he split a watermelon and devoured it, the sweetness running over him as the oil of sanctity down Aaron's beard. He took no note of the exquisite color of crystalline pink, fretted with its polished ebony seeds, but filled his mouth greedily with its lusciousness and blew the seeds out upon the

grass from his thick, pursed-up lips, as if he were a geyser of watermelon seeds in active eruption. He knew absolutely nothing of the embattled forces which sway this world to and fro. What to him was the graft in municipal franchises, or in the protective tariff? What to him was the money question, save five dollars a month? which came to him in some mysterious way he never questioned. He knew not of transubstantiation, predestination, original sin, or any such nonsense. Heaven and hell were countries too remote and uncharted to be interesting. He was a grasshopper of the field and trusted to luck when his summer should end. He sought to make no man or woman good or bad, but left each to his own devices. O, wise man of ebony. He was weather-wise, a good deal of a philosopher, and in an amiable way something of a thief. He was a philosopher in a stoical submission to what must be and a thief as a child is, principally as to food. I myself absolve every one who steals to eat. I would do so myself. I see no reason why under the same necessity my morals should be higher than the robins in my cherry-trees. When freedom brought him the five dollars per month he became intensely avaricious, hoarding secretly and lying to his children and wives. He had two wives, a perfectly harmless arrangement which suited everybody; that is, everybody concerned. The younger wife was a sort of servant to the elder, but Death first relieved him of a complication for which some good person might have sent him behind bars (poor grasshopper) and then finally set him wholly free. He had but one trouble, as the dog has, physical pain, and when all is said and done that is our real trouble in this world, and his silver only came forth to pay Aunt Seraphin to "conjur" "de misery in de loins." For this affliction he also carried a small bone, excessively polished by ages of wear in his pocket. Possibly it was a 'possum bone, but he gave out to us children that it was the bone of an infant, and from the sacred mystery with which he treated it it is possible he believed this himself. It was the extreme mark of his favor and intimacy when he showed you this treasure in some secret corner of the garden, as among the raspberry-vines, and told you in a blood-curdling whisper, his little yellow eyes rolling, that it was the bone "of a niggah baby sacrificed in a conjurin' rite."

His joy was to potter in his garden, sometimes swinging his watering-pot in the moonlight over his plants, like a censor in the ritual of the god Pan, or, again, in the sweet cool of summer dawn; putting his green and fragrant house in order for the heat of the day. So it might be said of him he toiled not and certainly he did not spin, except fables of impossible 'possum dogs of the past. In summer time he was arrayed in a pair of coarse cotton trousers rolled up above his lean jetty knees and a coarse

cotton shirt, open to the waist, the trousers held up by a narrow strap around the sinewy loins. He was a black lily of the garden and probably Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed just like him. His was the very densest ignorance. Every page of history was closed to him, yet he knew much. He read the winds and the skies; he knew when rain would come and when it was useless to hope. He knew when and where and what to plant. He knew where the rabbits would run in winter and where the 'possums would be found on any particular autumn night. He had seen ghosts, but he regarded them for the most part as harmless creatures without bodily strength to do real injury, and rather inclined to timidity, but he did not undervalue the powers of witchcraft in the solid human. These were dangers far more real. There were, of course, risks in the malevolences of the spirit-world, for he himself had been lured into the great bog where the skunk-cabbages grew by a gentleman (or possibly lady) spirit walking ahead of him with a lantern. But as a whole he felt the universe was kind to him and its evils easily averted, by spitting on the ground, walking three steps backward, throwing salt over the shoulder, carrying a horse-chestnut, or a rabbit's foot, or bathing in punk-water from an oak stump. He was not afraid of the dark and night after night, about the time persimmons were crinkly and sweetest, could be heard the faint bark of Rap, the 'possum dog, who, like the rest of us, was not to be supremely great until he was dead; then we knew that Uncle Phil was 'possum-hunting.

He did not consider the brilliant vault above him, showering its sparks through luminous tender blue, nor my lady moon making all things silver clear and all things vague and mysterious, now sailing through the tree-tops and now frolicking among the clouds. His soul did not grow pensive at the weird tremolo of the owl, or respond to the melancholy cheeriness of the whippoorwill. These were to him but markers of the night and prophets of the weather. In reality he preferred the nights curtained with the soft drapery of clouds, or even a gentle mist which made noiseless the carpet of new-fallen leaves, for then the scent lay well and hunting was good. He did not feel the smell of the earth and the moist leaves, the subtle traceries of bare stems against the night sky; his eyes were only keen to detect the tiny grey blot against the sky which meant roast 'possum with crisp crackling skin and sweet potatoes, and yet who shall say he wholly missed Earth's poetry? Even Rap, his dog, did not hunt to fill his belly, but he evidently joyed in the hunting, and the scent of the 'possum-trail was to him what pleasure? who knows? And so, vexed by no ills but trifles, happy in mere life, ignorant of all things, longing for no world greater than five miles away, Uncle Phil lived his simple, ignorant, con-

tented life and was each day happy in his living. Happiest in the gentleness with which Nature withdrew from him slowly all his senses and let him, like an old hound, fall asleep.

THE chief end of man is to be well fed and comfortable. Happiness is to live free from pain; a sound mind in a sound body; and then to feed the hunger of our desires. The poorest of us may be the richest in the limitless beauty of the world and in the imaginings of our dreams. Man's imagination will never die. The creations of his imagination are more real than any reality. Behold the Desert, how bare and sparse it is; yet no place is so populous with the creations of the imagination. The Arabian Nights is a fruit of the Desert; Homer and Theocritus the blossoms of a narrow and meagre land. Simplicity is the handmaiden to Happiness and Happiness is not the child of either exact or vast knowledge, but of a knowledge which, even if it knew all things, would put all things in due relation to each other and to Life. Life is the supreme boon and to live is to live well, broadly and deeply and highly. There is but one life and, alas, how few are as yet permitted to live it. He who would truly live it, to its depths and its heights, sound mind in sound body, has always been and is today measured by the money-grubbing multitude and existence-grasping multitude as a crank. Men of distinction seen by the commonplace are always cranks. A knowledge of truth is well for the human race, for by truth we know Life and its relation to the universe. What is best for the whole race is best for each member of the race, but that knowledge which is useful to promote healthful and happy living is better than that which is not so useful. The knowledge of cleanliness as a prevention of disease and the knowledge that disease is propagated by living germs is useful, but the knowledge that the earth is round, or that the angle of the ecliptic causes climate, is not so useful. Being awake to the germ theory of disease, we may somewhat control conditions, but nothing will enable us to control in the least degree the earth's orbit or the angle of the ecliptic. Knowledge is useful in proportion in which it enables us to control our mundane conditions. The belief in a God, a soul and a heaven is not so important as a belief that we must live this life rightly; be just and treat all men as brethren, and it is better to be just to all men because of a love of justice than in order to win a heavenly medal. It is better that we recognize that justice unites the great natural law of selfishness with the Golden Rule. We must do right unto others if we wish others to do right unto us. To know what crops to plant and how to increase the yield of Mother Earth is better than to know her orbit; and to know the chemistry of living is better than to guess at what comes after Death, for be

assured that the great mystery will never be solved and well it is that it is so, for without Death Life would be in bonds and would become stagnant and unendurable. Death is the Great Emancipator of Life. So I would say to each, waste not your life with your eyes upon a possible future life and struggling like schoolchildren for a reward from the master, but live this life as if it were indeed your only glimpse upon existence—a precious vase—with precious contents, to be shattered and spilled and lost on some fateful day.

Hand on to the succeeding generations a better concept of how this life should be lived in truth and justice. Waste not your time in the magpie pursuit of gathering together a lot of useless things like bits of glittering glass, but rather strive to be yourself. Shake off dogma, convention and the authority of the dead past or the dead present which binds you. Be free. Be yourself. Develop as an individual plant and seek to know those things which in your own life and in your own environment will be the most useful to you, your society and the human race; leave others free to do the same, and be not afraid to dream, for there is absolutely nothing real; nothing which endures but the dreams of man. Set not your heart on the mere accumulation of things, lest they enslave you. Seek to live in harmony with Nature, for harmony with Nature is truth and happiness. Still I find unanswered the questions: What is Knowledge? What is Ignorance? What is Truth? What is Happiness?

TOM L. JOHNSON is dead. Well, it will not be very long before that will be said of all of us. But of how many will it be said as of him: He died beloved? He left the world better for that he had lived, and the unborn generations will come into a happier life because of him. Millions who never heard of him will receive an inheritance of happiness from him.

The lust for fame is a meretricious thing born of vanity and hero worship. He had it not. He was content to do his work asking nothing. See how simply the trees about us today are becoming great bouquets, making redolent the air, and later will become soft masses of whispering foliage, and still later will hang heavy with fruit. They think not of praise or blame—or what this one thinks or that one says—they harbor in all their cells no longing for monuments, remembrance or worship. So of him. He went about his work as simply as the trees about theirs. He lived to do good, not alone in the inefficiencies of Charity, but in the efficiencies of Justice. He fought in Cleveland the people's battles—fought for honesty; common honesty. Fought for economy, saying the people's taxes were the people's blood. Fought for a police which would really be the guardians and helpers of the poor and unfortunate; not their oppressors. Chief Koehler

and the Golden Rule Police idea are his. The civic farm and parole on honor are his. Cleveland the model city to which men turned in hope was his, and the streets for the people and three-cent car-fare would have been his were it not for those eminent and respectable citizens whose lives, when they die, will be placed in dark contrast with his life. Men of greed, men of grasp, men who want more and care not for the wan toilers and the little children with thin arms, pinched faces. Vested Rights have ruled and still rule the world. To Tom L. Johnson there were no vested rights, but the right to live and live happily in a world big enough and fertile enough for all. Love of the race was born in him. He was a lovable man. To him all men were brethren. Dollars never blinded his eyes or weighed down his sympathies. He fought his own interests and his own class for the masses and that there might be no more class. In Congress, a manufacturer of steel, he fought the tariff on steel. A street railway magnate, he set out to show that there was a good profit in three-cent fares in the larger cities, and we know there is—and some day that, too, will come from the seed he sowed.

But the seed he sowed cannot be gathered up and counted in Police Reform, Honesty, Economy, Street Railway Reform or any other accomplishments. You cannot list and label the work of a good man. Influences radiate from him and warm the hearts of men and fertilize their brains as the sun the earth. Tom L. Johnson was a good man; not in a narrow, churchly idea of goodness. He was a man among men, of broad sympathies, of infinite toleration, of a great yearning to help the wretched to happier lives; not the wretched of Cleveland; not some particular sick ones or unfortunate ones, but the unhappy ones of the earth. Not by doles and charities, but by opening men's eyes to the light so that they would see Justice which is indeed Very

God—and men seeing Justice, there would be no more dire poverty and wretchedness among the children of men. As one path to this millenium he gave all that he had and followed Henry George, hoping by the Single Tax to set free Mother Earth to her children. And if sympathy, actual, practical, militant sympathy with the poor and oppressed be to follow Christ, he followed Christ. He gave all that he had—Money, Time and Life itself—to the cause of Justice, that the submerged masses might be lifted up. No soldier ever served as he served, or sacrificed as he sacrificed. Because he died not slaughtering, but saving; not to the blare of trumpets, but to the sound of the poor sobbing, he is not a hero. Thank God, no man cared less than he for Praise, Glory and Fame. He said, "Build me no monument when I am dead, but give the children a playground and let their happy feet romp over me." If his friends create any memorial, let it be such an one. A monument of stone to Tom L. Johnson would be cold. He belongs not to the old order of conquerors, but to the new. Those who would triumph over that dragon Injustice which feeds upon the poor and licks up the sweat of men's faces. Make him a memorial of sunlight and sweetness—where birds will come and young lovers to listen to them—and the feeble and aged, and where those shut in all their lives may take breath and dream for a moment of Freedom. But for him it is little matter. He is more careless of what you do than ever he was. He may be forgotten as thousands have been who died for humanity's sake. After all, what does it matter either to him or to anyone? You cannot reach up a hand and shake the earth in its orbit. You cannot stay the wave he struck into motion. It will be lost sight of, but it will vibrate to the uttermost shore of time.

The distortions of Injustice perish, but the ripples of Truth are eternal.





The Modern Pageant

By George L. Hutchin

Portland, Oregon, enjoys the distinction of surpassing all other cities for magnificent pageantry during its Rose Festival celebrations, which occur annually in June. These fiestas are witnessed each year by fully 250,000 persons. Mr. George L. Hutchin has been the general manager of the Portland Rose Festival since its inception and the designer and builder of its pageants.

THE production of a modern pageant, with all its glittering splendor and gorgeous trappings is a fine art. The public has a very faint conception of the work and attention to detail necessary to create the wonderful tableaux floats that delight the vast crowds.

The first step is the selection of a theme which must be portrayed in a manner strikingly near to nature. When the subject has been chosen, artists are called to sketch the several designs that tell the story the author wishes to con-

vey. Their aesthetic adherence to his motif insures his success. These sketches, completed in the proper color shading, might be considered in the same category as an architect's drawings for the construction of a building.

By far the most important part of a pageant and by far the most difficult of accomplishment is the designing. It means many sleepless nights, a poetic nature and a vivid imagination. A great story is to be told by allegory or by symbols. Every tableau float must be a thrilling climax that closes a period of the theme.

Years of experience in producing great

spectacles has taught me that the greatest success comes in keeping close to nature. First, nature must be exaggerated to rivet the attention. Every figure on the floats should be given at least a striking attitude and wherever possible they should be given mechanical action to simulate life, which, of course, is the perfection of our art.

A mammoth building, called the "Den," is used for a work-shop. Car tracks are laid into the building and heavy motor-trucks are brought into requisition. Massive beds are built upon these trucks that carry the floats. The dimension of the average float is eight feet by twenty-four feet, with a total height of seventeen feet, a height that is just sufficient to clear the cross-wires.

The builders are given the sketches and the mechanical work begins. A diagram of each float is drawn upon the floor in the exact size of the car. The carpenters take their measurements and the frame work rapidly rises. When the foundation and skeleton are completed, the electricians lay their cables, laterals and subsidiary wires, often using more wire than is required to illuminate a large building.

Next comes the modeler, a sculptor of no mean genius, who deftly forms the potters' clay into the figures that grace the floats. The artisans cast these in plaster, and from these moulds the *papier mache* workers reproduce the originals in vivid and striking reality.

The *papier mache* workers also create dreamy clouds and ponderous boulders. They lay the foundation and groundwork for many of the wonderful effects that follow.

The canvas man has an important mission to fill, as he follows the light and airy *papier mache* creations. He must be an adept in the art of stretching canvas, for poor workmanship means a blotch upon the desired effect.

The painter then tries his hand and much depends upon his skill with the

brush and the blend of harmonious colors. He strives for striking and artistic effect and, inspired by the theme, he must produce a picture that thrills and charms everyone beholding it.

When the painter has put his last dash of gold and foil or tinsel upon the proper lighting points, the decorator takes his turn. With drapes and flowers and vines of emerald hue he brings out to perfection the flat surface of the painted canvas. The picture actually grows from chaotic and meaningless pigment to a gem of the purest ray spectacular.

Again the electricians come forth and now conjure from the depths of iridescent light the shades that blend harmoniously with the rich trappings and gorgeous color schemes. The thousands of incandescent lamps are colored and often re-dipped in dyes that blend the proper shading and make the float a dream of bewitching beauty.

When the painter, the decorator, the electrician, and all the others have placed their mark of approval upon the work, the designer makes a most careful and critical examination of the creation as a whole. The mechanical devices are given a thorough test and when he places his final O. K. upon the work, the costumer gowns the subjects of the floats in raiment that comports with the characters to be portrayed.

Then comes the dress rehearsal and every one of the scores and scores of participants, in full costume, mount to their positions on the cars and await the approval of the one moving spirit of the pageant. And when he says, "All right," the parade can move whenever desired. When well into the center of the city, ten or more bands join the procession, and with hundreds of men bearing red fire and reflective torches, the gorgeous, dazzling spectacle moves on.

Portland has the proud distinction of showing the most magnificent and beautiful tableaux floats ever seen anywhere in the world.

Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada,
Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska,
Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RANDALL R. HOWARD

GENERAL.

Modern Mineral and Water Power Laws Needed.

A late report from the United States Geological Survey indicates that more than eighty-seven million acres of public mineral lands in the United States are now withdrawn from entry.

The greater part of the total area—more than eighty million acres—is coal land. Oil and gas land withdrawals include more than three and one-half million acres of the remainder; phosphate lands two and one-half million acres, and water power withdrawals nearly one and one-half million acres.

To use the words of the report, the withdrawals of water power sites is "in aid of proposed legislation"; the phosphate lands "are now withdrawn from entry awaiting legislation to safeguard them from monopoly"; and "the present gold-placer law, under which oil or gas land must be acquired, is absurdly inadequate."

The coal lands have been withdrawn pending their full classification, and the passage of laws that will satisfy the public demand that such lands in the future be leased by the Government on the royalty basis, or at least sold for a value that will be determined by the actual amount of underlying coal. It was the former practice of the Government to sell all coal land at flat rates of ten and twenty dollars an acre, regardless of its actual value. If the coal-deposit land was less than fifteen miles from a railway the price was twenty dollars an acre, and if more than fifteen miles away, ten dollars an acre. According to the new method of classification—the actual measurement of the coal—some coal land has been valued by the Government as high as four hundred and six hundred dollars an acre.

More than thirteen million acres of coal land has already been classified by the Geological Survey, and the selling value fixed at over \$637,000,000. Under the old methods of classification, with a flat rate of ten and twenty dollars an acre, these lands would have a total valuation of but \$218,000,000. The new method has thus resulted in a gain to the Government and the people of \$419,000,000.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that the "reclamation fund" is credited with the proceeds from sales of coal lands. Some of the tracts of Government-owned coal lands are of immense value, with high-grade deposits from thirty to eighty feet and more in thickness. Besides the Alaska coal fields, enormous deposits have recently been located in Montana.

It was estimated by the Geological Survey, two years ago, that there was deposited in California, alone, more than eight and one-half billion barrels of oil. Developments since that date seem to show that even this enormous estimate is over-conservative. The three and one-half million acres of oil lands withdrawn from entry, awaiting the passage of better laws, are in California, Oregon, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado and Louisiana. The withdrawal of the oil lands may have been hastened by the decision of the Government to install oil-burning furnaces on all new battleships. Under the old laws, the Government has no means of retaining an oil supply for the navy.

Thousands of water-power sites have been withdrawn "in the aid of proposed legislation" during the past two years. One hundred and sixty-one streams in twelve states are covered, and a total of 1,403,054 acres of land included in the temporary reservations.

Phosphate is a necessary plant food, and the known world-supply is very small. The two and one-half million acres of phosphate lands withdrawn in the United States, awaiting legislation that will prevent monopoly, are in Montana, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Florida.

It is to be hoped that the present session of Congress, or at least the next regular session, will pass laws that will enable these vast withdrawn mineral and water resources to pass into public use. The conservation of resources, in the broader sense, means their rational use; or in the words of the National Conservation Commission, it means "the use of our natural resources for the benefit of us all and not merely for the profit of a few." Rational use of resources, however, must begin with rational laws.

Centennial of First White Settlement in the Northwest.

August 10 there will begin an official celebration to commemorate the founding of Astoria, the first white settlement in the Northwest, continuing to September 9.

The history of Astoria dates back to 1811, when John Jacob Astor founded a fur-trading post near the mouth of the Columbia River. Astoria has had a varied and a romantic history since that early day. The American flag was replaced by the English flag during the War of 1812; but a short time afterward the Stars and Stripes were again raised. The Post and the Fort were all but abandoned at times, and during a long period the territory was jointly occupied by both American and British subjects. White habitation was continuous, however, which today gives Astoria the distinction of a centennial year. The founding of Astoria, a full century ago, which was a very early date in the history of the Pacific Coast, and its continuous habitation, have great historical importance, though it is perhaps an exaggeration to say that John Jacob Astor's action saved the States of Oregon and Washington to the Union.

It is the plan, at the Astoria Centennial, to allegorically review a number of the early romantic and historical events of Astoria and the Pacific Northwest. These will be typified by floats on the water, and by pyrotechnical pageants. The large harbor also gives space for an elaborate regatta, including naval parades, motor-boat racing, and expert and spectacular aquatic sports. Indian war-dances and sham-battles will be chief land features of the celebration.

Experiments With Pulp Woods.

The last session of Congress made a special appropriation which the Secretary of Agriculture will use in experimenting with new woods for the manufacture of paper.

The model pulp mill is located at Wausua, Wisconsin, and many new varieties of wood will be used in the experiments. However, especial attention will be given to woods that are abundant in the West, and found in the National Forests. The first wood that is being tested is the jack pine, which

grows in nearly all parts of the West.

These experiments are of great economic importance, since the supply of the commonly-used pulp woods in the United States is almost depleted, and the cost of paper has greatly advanced during the past few years. Such a demonstration, if successful, would also be important toward the preservation and the improvement of the forests of the West. If the scrub jack pine and other varieties of woods are found commercially valuable, they can be cut and more valuable varieties of woods grown. Otherwise, the great expense makes such a substitution impracticable, at least for a long period of years. At present, such forest land is of almost no value, and is even a menace, since non-merchantable trees continue to mature, and are then blown over and become a fire-trap that endangers the adjacent tracts of valuable trees.

The Government experiments with possible new pulp woods are being conducted on a commercial scale. The mill is equipped with the latest electrical machinery, and the methods of manufacture are being copied after those employed in operating plants. It has been already demonstrated that paper can be made from the chemically-prepared pulp from these cheaper woods. But the test is not complete until it has been demonstrated that these woods can profitably be utilized under commercial conditions.

As an Easterner Sees the West.

"The development of the West is such that statistics are no longer of much value to Eastern business men, and personal inspection has become necessary in order to keep pace with the growth," is the quoted saying of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, president of one of the large New York City banks, when in Los Angeles recently.

"It struck me forcibly on the present trip," he continues, "that there is so much to be done in the country. This Western territory has hardly been scratched. There is opportunity for capital and development everywhere.

"I was struck, too, with the great strides made in irrigation and scientific treatment of the soil that has been made in the West. The enterprise that is taking land worth \$2.50 an acre and making it into land worth \$100 an acre or more, is wonderful."

OREGON.

Millions for the Development of Oregon.

During the next two years large projects in Oregon will be completed at an estimated total cost of more than \$181,000,000. Some of these enterprises have been under way for a number of years, and their completion, in the near future, is a promise of rapid industrial growth in the State and a substantial increase in population.

The largest single item in the total expenditure will be for railway construction in Eastern Oregon. More than fifteen hundred miles of railway are expected to be completed in this part of the State during the next two years, at an estimated total cost of \$75,000,000. This will include double tracking on main east and west lines, the two roads through the center of the State up the Deschutes River, and at least one

projected branch road east and west through the center of the State. Besides, it is expected that a number of other branch railways will be begun in the near future.

The second largest item of expenditure in Oregon is the construction of 580 miles of steam railway in Western Oregon at an estimated cost of \$30,000,000. This item might properly also include an estimated expenditure of \$25,000,000 in the extension of electrical roads through the Willamette Valley, south of Portland.

Irrigation projects under construction in the eastern part of the State will absorb an estimated \$20,000,000 during the next two years. These include the Umatilla and the Klamath Government projects, and a number of Carey Act and private projects.

Perhaps the most important items in these large expenditures for the development of Oregon is the sum of \$31,663,366 for the improvement of the rivers and the harbors. Four million dollars will be expended by the Government on harbors; the Columbia River jetties will absorb more than nine million dollars; Port of Portland improvements, and work on the deep-sea channel from Portland to the ocean, will require almost ten million dollars in the total; and the Government work for the removal of the last obstruction that will make the Columbia and the Snake Rivers navigable into Washington and into Idaho, will require more than eight and one-half million dollars.

Extend Electrical Power Lines Along the Columbia River.

All of the towns along the Columbia River between Hood River and Umatilla, in Oregon, and between White Salmon and Kennewick, in Washington, are to be ultimately connected by electric power lines, according to announcement made by an official of one of the largest electrical power companies of the West.

The main power lines will thus extend for about two hundred miles along both banks of the river, and branch lines will extend for thirty miles up the Hood River in Oregon and the White Salmon River in Washington. The initial points, Hood River and White Salmon, will be connected with a tension wire across the Columbia. The Hood River power plant will be increased from 600 to 3,000 horsepower, and plans are made for the appropriation of all of the water power along the White Salmon River, from its head to the Columbia.

A power line will also be extended across the Columbia River at Umatilla. It is stated that a line will probably be extended to Luzen, Washington, across the Horse Heaven country to the main line of the

company at Prosser. It is expected that a part of the large available electrical power of the company will be used for the operation of electrical railway lines and the pumping of water for irrigation.

Plan to Develop 24,000 Horse Power on the Rogue River.

The first of three units that will develop a total of 24,000 horsepower near Prospect on the Rogue River, in Southern Oregon, will be constructed at once, it is stated. The approximate cost of the completed enterprise is placed at more than one million dollars, the second and the third units of the power project to be completed when the demand for power justifies.

A power plant is already under operation by the same company at Gold Ray, between Medford and Grants Pass, and with the completion of the first unit of the new project the old plant will be used for emergency purposes. The transmission lines of the company will be fifty miles in length. It is stated that a part of the new power to be developed will be used by three large cement manufactories, one of which will require 2,500 horsepower. The site of the power plant is at a point where, with a short diversion, a fall of seven hundred feet is secured.

Railway Extensions in the Willamette Valley.

Preliminary work is being done for the construction of a \$200,000 drawbridge across the Willamette River to be used by the Salem, Falls City & Western Railway in the extension of their line through Silverton and to the Abiqua Basin, where are large tracts of timber. The western extension of this road reaches to the summit of the Coast Range, where is also a large quantity of merchantable timber.

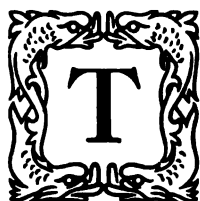
A franchise has been granted which will also permit the extension of the Oregon Electric from its present terminus at Salem, south to Albany. It is stated that 4,000 men will be at work on this latter extension this summer and that trains will be placed in operation before next winter.

Immense Strawberry Nursery.

The Pacific Coast agency of the company that is said to be the largest growers of strawberry plants in the world has recently been established at Canby, south of Portland, in the Willamette Valley. It is stated that forty-eight different varieties of plants will be grown this year and that 250,000 plants are to be distributed in Mexico and in Honolulu, California and other Western states.



A Modern Meat Packing Plant



THE plant of the Union Meat Co. is one of the largest and is the most modern equipped in the United States west of the Missouri River. It is strictly up-to-date in every particular, containing every facility which makes for the economical, quick and efficient manufacture of meat food products.

The capacity of the plant is about 2000 head of livestock per day, including cattle, sheep and hogs. The finished product includes fresh meat of every description, hams, bacon, lard, sausage, etc. The distribution from this plant covers that portion of the United States lying west of the Rocky Mountains, also Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Philippines and the Orient.

All food products leaving this plant are U. S. Government inspected. The principal items of manufacture are put out under Columbia Brand trade mark, the company's modern methods having built up an enviable reputation for Columbia Brand.

Something over 3000 carloads of prod-

ucts were shipped from this plant last year. Union Meat Co.'s plant is the first big packing industry to locate in this territory. There are others coming, but as yet the packing industry is in its infancy in the Pacific Northwest.

The packing industry depends upon the livestock raiser. At present the demand for cattle, sheep and hogs is far in excess of the local supply. Nearly a million dollars a month is the volume of business done at present, the greater part of this amount being sent east of the Rocky Mountains for livestock.

Owing to the insufficient supply here the wide-awake livestock raiser can come into this fertile territory and take advantage of the almost limitless opportunities in this important line of industry, which is without a doubt the most important of any in this territory today.

The Portland Union Stock Yards are conducted along the same lines as those of the large stock yard centers of the Middle West, and assures the stock raiser an open competitive market from the large packing houses in Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, as well as many smaller ones now here and others in prospect.



TYPE OF INTERURBAN TRAIN USED ON THE CAZADERO AND OREGON CITY LINES.

Ten Years of Progress

Marvelous Growth of Electrical Transportation and Power Industry in Portland During the Past Decade

REMARKABLE as the growth of Portland has been during the past ten years, the growth and development of the electrical business in Portland during the same period has been even more remarkable. One has only to stop and consider what the elimination of electricity would mean, to realize its almost universal use and its money-saving and time-saving possibilities.

Just consider for a moment what would be the result if you dispensed with everything which was operated by electricity. You come down to your work on an electrically driven street car. You go to your office in an electrically operated elevator. You make appointments by the agency of electricity through the use of your telephone. You turn on the electric fan to make

your office more comfortable. You press the button and flood your office with artificial sunlight, no matter how gloomy the day is outside. In fact, you call upon electricity unconsciously a score of times a day to serve you.

What is commonplace, we accept as a matter of course, and yet it was only a comparatively few years ago that electricity came into general use.

Telephones began to be used about 1878 and they were followed shortly afterwards by the use of electric lights and electric motors. It was only so short a time ago as 1889 that the first electric generating station in Oregon was installed at Oregon City, by the Willamette Falls Electric Company. This plant has the distinction of having had installed in it the first high potential generators ever built in this country and furnished light and power to Portland, fifteen miles away, over



C. M. CLARK, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY.

conquest after another, and wherever it wins a foothold it demonstrates its superiority over former methods. Greater efficiency, lessened cost and greater speed are some of the reasons for its conquest.

Probably in no better way can the marvelous growth of the electrical business be shown than in comparing Portland's present use of electricity with that of ten years ago.

In 1901 Portland had three hundred users of electric lights and approximately one hundred consumers of electric power. Ten years later, on January 1, 1911, more than 27,000 customers are being served light or power in Portland. The connected motor load totals 27,356 horsepower and the lighting load totals over 600,000 sixteen candle-power lamps. In addition to this there are over 15,000 electric irons in use in Portland, also a very large

the first long distance transmission line.

Who would have believed a score or even ten years ago, that the application of electricity would become so almost universal? From the curling iron in your wife's dressing room to the installation of untiring motors of thousands of horse-power in the mills and factories, electricity is making one

variety of appliances for industrial and domestic use.

Ten years ago there were one hundred small cars used in the street railway system of Portland, many of which were old fashioned cable cars, and none of which were heated. Today there are four hundred and eighty-seven passenger cars in use in Portland, in addition to which ninety new

cars have been ordered for June, 1911, delivery.

Ten years ago there were four separate companies operating cars in Portland. These companies issued transfers only between cars of their own lines, so that to get from one point of the city to another would frequently cost ten or fifteen cents, while today the universal system of transfers enables one to get to any part of the city for the five-cent fare.

Ten years ago the average number of passengers carried in one day on the combined lines was 51,056. During the Rose Carnival last year the average number carried per day was 318,087.

During the ten years just past the old lines have been reconstructed and the number of miles of track more than doubled.

Ten years ago there were four hundred and fifty street railway employees. Today there are more than twenty-nine hundred.

The single track mileage has gone to two hundred and forty-four miles and the number of cars passing a certain point in a given length of time has increased eight-fold. Not only is the service eight times as frequent, but the seating

capacity of the cars, on account of the retiring of the old style small car and the purchase of up-to-date pay-as-you-enter cars, has been increased sixteen times. All of the old cable cars and steam dummies have been retired and the new cars are equipped with powerful motors, some of the cars having four 65 horse-power



B. S. JOSSELYN, PRESIDENT PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY.

motors. These 260 horse-power cars can be operated at almost any desired speed and with perfect safety on heavy grades, as they are equipped with mod-

to-date gasoline automobiles, equipped with Trenton Towers for use in repairing breaks in the trolley wires, have been added to the equipment.



F. W. HILD, GENERAL MANAGER PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY.

Few people realize the large amount of freight handled by the Portland electric railways. Over 500,000 tons of freight were handled on the Cazadero and Oregon City lines during 1910, this freight consisting of building material, merchandise, brick, logs and cordwood. Approximately 100,000 cords of wood were brought into Portland during 1910 on the electric railway.

Portland has good cause to congratulate itself upon the fact that on account of the ample power possibilities in the immediate vicinity of Portland, power can be had at a much less rate than elsewhere. Take, for example, the Buffalo Electric Company, of Buffalo, whose power is generated from Niagara Falls, or the Brooklyn-Edison Company of New York, or, for that matter, most

ern magnetic brakes as a safeguard against accident.

During the past ten years one hundred and eighty-two freight cars and seventy-five work cars, as well as up-

of the other electric companies of the country. Their rates show a higher cost to the consumer for power purposes, than the rates of the Portland Railway, Light and Power



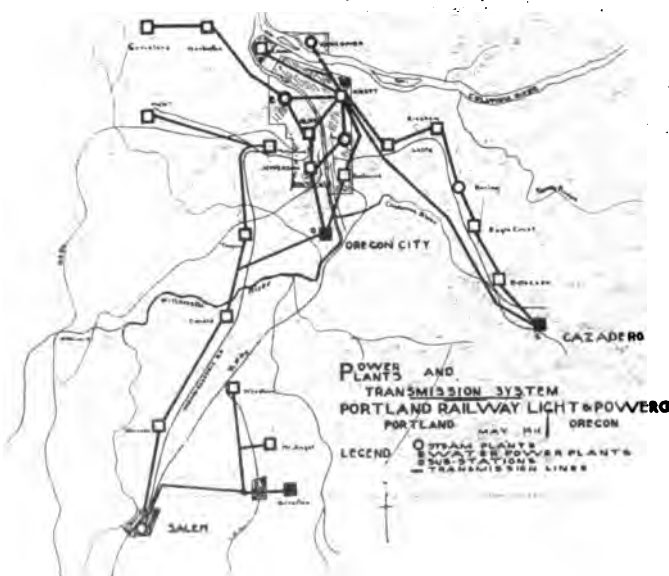
ELECTRIC BUILDING, GENERAL OFFICES OF THE PORTLAND RAILWAY LIGHT & POWER COMPANY.



STATION "L1," ONE OF THE STEAM POWER PLANTS IN PORTLAND.

Company. This means that Portland is an especially favorable location for manufacturing companies in which the cost of power is one of the important

elements. The hydro-electric plants of Portland Railway, Light and Power Company, with their modern steam auxiliaries, together with the Storage Battery system which occupies the basement of the Electric Building at Seventh and Alder Streets, aggregate 50,000 horse-power. In addition to these a new hydraulic power plant with a capacity of 20,000 horse-power is in course of construction and will be ready for operation October 1st. No better proof need be given of the low price of electric power than to say that there is not a gas engine operated in the city, and that gasoline is used for power purposes only where the lines of the company do not penetrate. There are eight generating plants, capable





TYPE OF CAR USED IN 1888; SEATING CAPACITY, EIGHT; CROWDED, TEN.

of delivering over 50,000 horse-power of electrical energy and fifteen substations for converting this energy from alternating to direct current or vice versa as well as for stepping the voltage up or down as required. The three steam plants which are used chiefly as relay systems are ready at all times to send current into the distributing system in case of trouble elsewhere in the system.

The western foot of the Cascade Range, from the Columbia River in Oregon to the Feather River in California, is one of the most important water-power belts in the United States, and the truth of this statement can be readily demonstrated by investigating the possibilities of the Clackamas River. The Portland Railway, Light and Power Company has here under way and in contemplation, three hydraulic developments capable of delivering an additional 95,000 horse-power of electric energy. One point of particular interest in this connection is the dam at Cazadero. It is the only one of its kind West of the Rockies and is known as the Ambursen type, the entire structure consisting of hol-

low compartments built of reinforced concrete girders and decking, and the power houses being located in the dam structure and forming a part of it.

One of the improvements planned for the future is the putting in of a concrete dam one hundred and thirty feet high, about three and a quarter miles above the present Cazadero dam. A large amount of preliminary work has already been done, such as solidifying the foundations by pumping cement under high pressure, into the bed rock, as well as excavating the earth covering this bed rock. This plant will be ready by 1915 and will add 40,000 horse-power to the system. In a space of ten miles on the Clackamas River the water is to be used three times, and will furnish over 95,000 horse-power of electrical energy.

There is now under way the building of a steel tower transmission line which will be double the capacity of any of the present power lines. This will parallel the Oregon Water Power Railway right-of-way from Estacada to Station L, and will carry ninety-one miles of

copper wire and will cost \$150,000. This, in connection with the rebuilding of the present lines and other new



TYPE OF CAR IN USE IN 1900; SEATING CAPACITY, SIXTEEN.



TYPE OF CAR IN USE IN 1911; SEATING CAPACITY, FORTY.

extensions, will entail an expenditure of over half a million dollars.

In addition to extensive improvements already made, there are many new ones under consideration. A large amount of track, during the past year or two, has been laid in concrete paved with stone blocks embedded in cement. Over 600 men were employed almost continuously during the entire year of 1910 in this one department alone, entailing an expense of over a million dollars.

The Portland Railway, Light and Power Company put into circulation a very large amount of money in Portland. During the past five years their expenditures for improvements in their system are as follows:

1907.....	\$2,300,000
1908.....	1,000,000

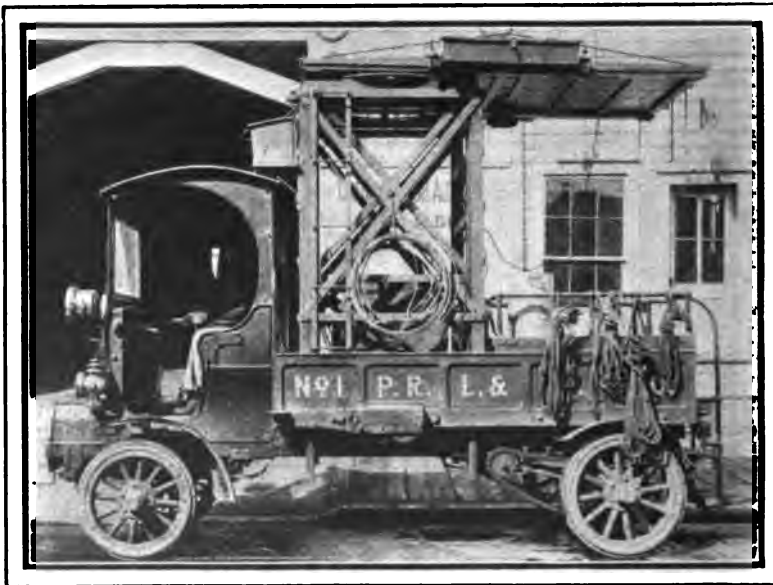
1909.....	2,260,000
1910.....	3,375,000
1911.....	6,000,000*

*Estimated.

A card addressed to the General Manager of the Portland Railway, Light and Power Company will bring full information as to the cost of installation and operation of light and power.

The interests of the Portland Railway, Light and Power Company and the public are mutual and you will find this Company at all times anxious to co-operate in securing better service and better results.

One of the assets which this Company values most is the approval, good will, and co-operation of the public and it will at all times welcome suggestions and constructive criticism.



MODERN AUTOMOBILE REPAIR TRUCKS ARE USED IN EMERGENCY CALLS.



Civilization—from Signal Fire to Telephone

THE telephone gives the widest range to personal communication. Civilization has been extended by means of communication.

The measure of the progress of mankind is the difference between the signal fire of the Indian and the telephone service of to-day.

Each telephone user has a personal interest in the growth of the whole telephone system.

He is directly benefited by every extension of his own possibilities. He is indirectly benefited by the extension of the same possibilities to others, just as he is benefited by the extension of the use of his own language.

Any increase in the number of telephones increases the usefulness of each telephone connected with this system.

The Bell System is designed to provide Universal service.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

An impressionistic painting of a young boy running towards the viewer. He is wearing a light-colored short-sleeved shirt and dark trousers. In his right hand, he carries a box of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, and in his left, he holds a small bucket. The background is a soft, painterly depiction of a landscape with a horse and other figures in the distance. The overall style is soft and artistic, with visible brushstrokes and a warm color palette.

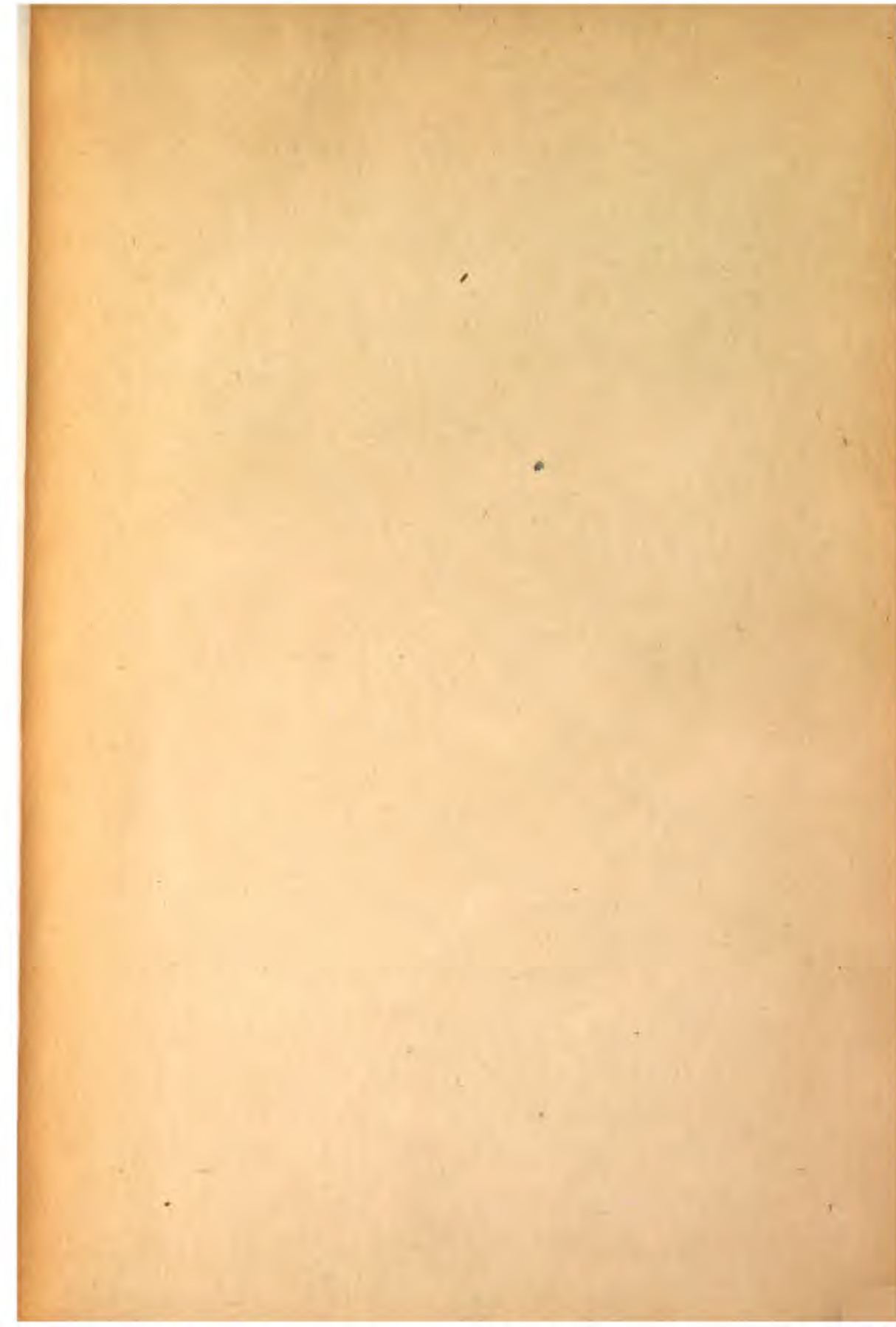
The Chase

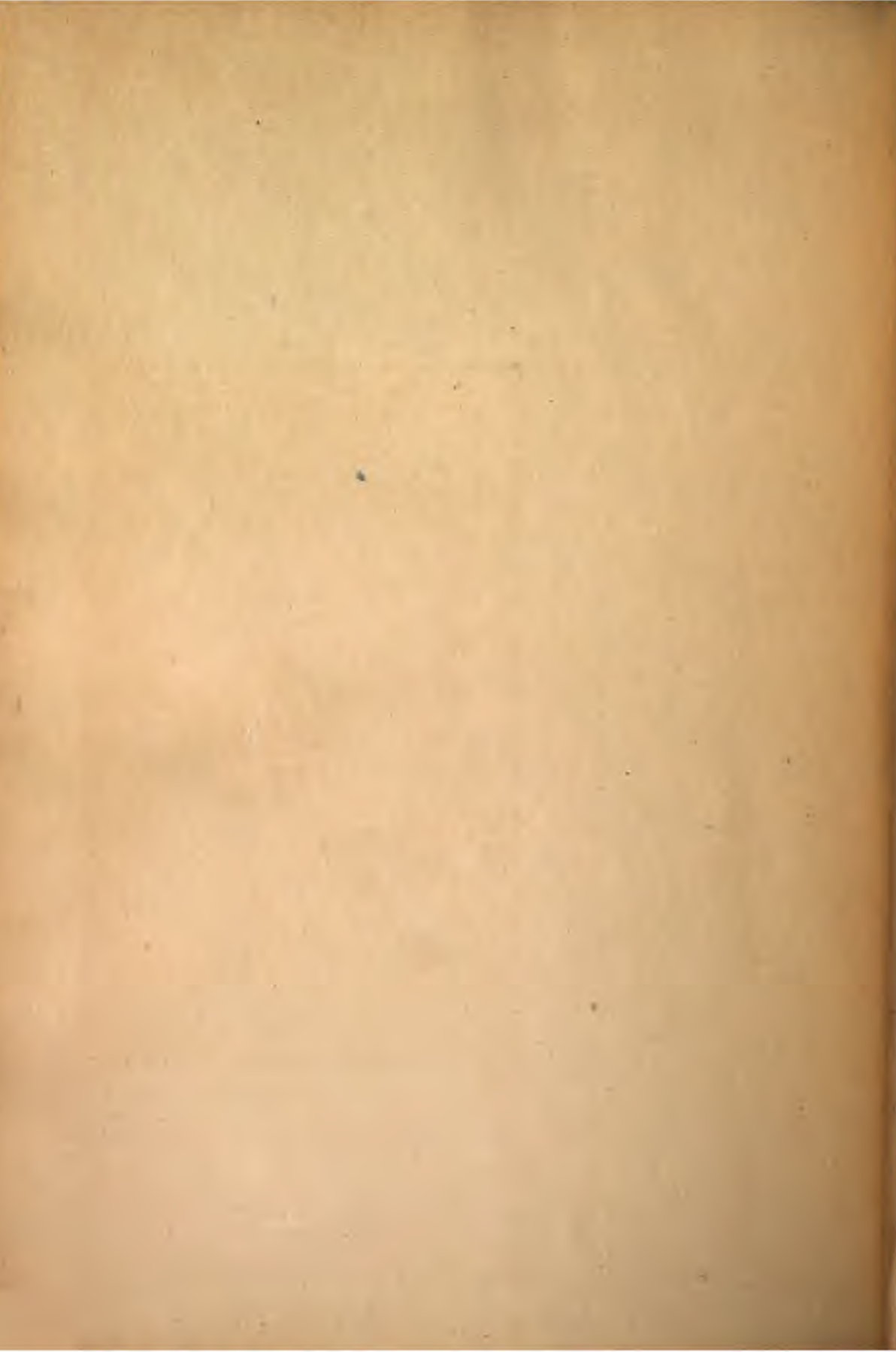


WON ITS FAVOR THROUGH ITS FLAVOR
—MADE FROM SELECTED WHITE CORN

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

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